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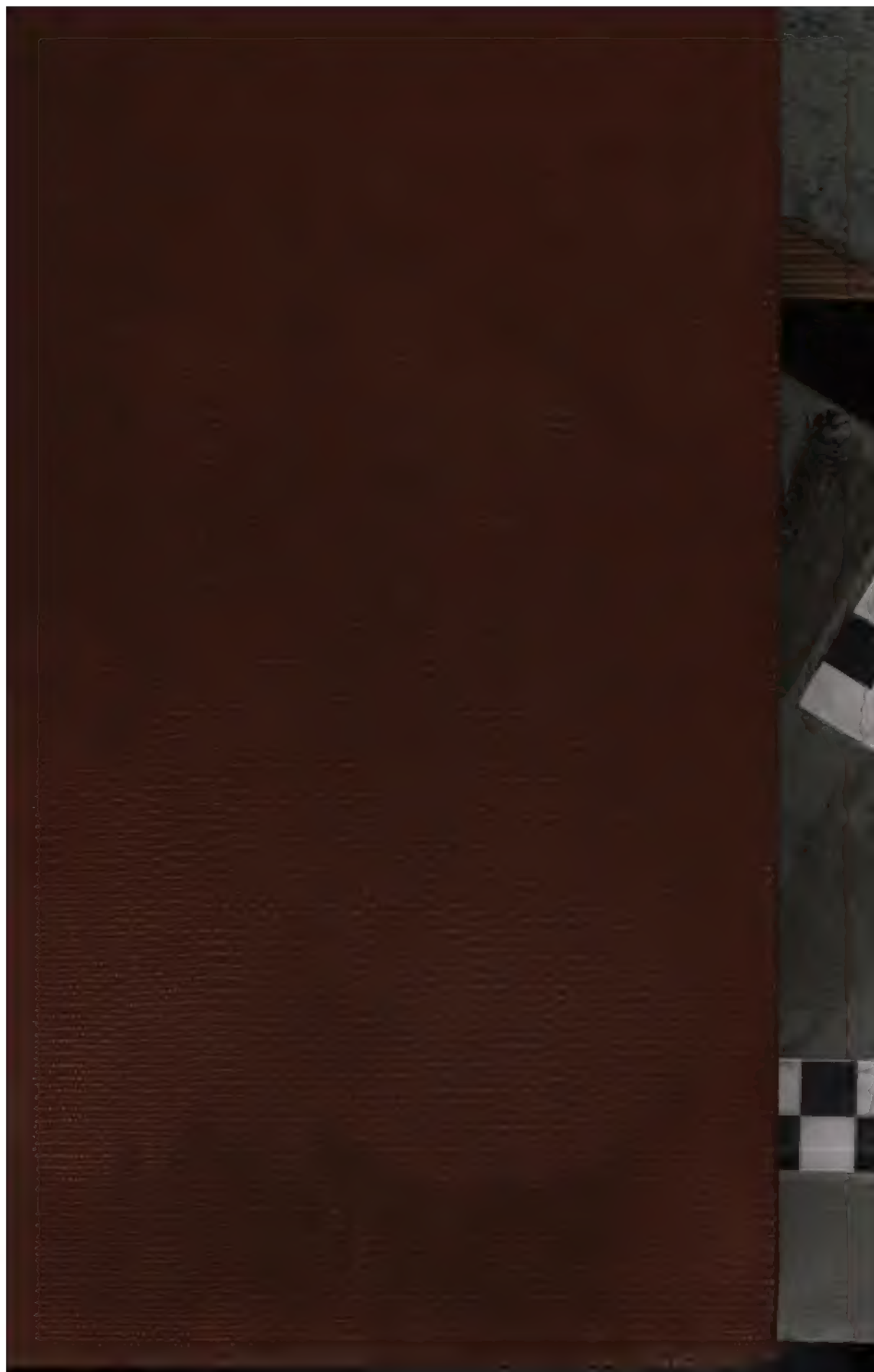
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LELAND STANFORD JUNIOR UNIVERSITY



LELAND STANFORD JUNIOR UNIVERSITY





1880

ONCE A MONTH.

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An Illustrated Australasian Magazine.

CONDUCTED BY

PETER MERCER, D.D.

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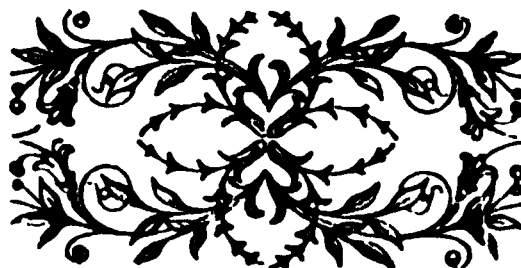
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Yours Truly
Peter Mercer

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JOHN DUNMORE LANG



JOHN DUNMORE LANG D.D

2020



The Cave of St Maurice, Switzerland.

ONCE A MONTH.

No. I.

JANUARY 1, 1886.

VOL. IV.

GALLERY OF EMINENT AUSTRALASIANS.

No. XIII.

JOHN DUNMORE LANG, D.D.

By DAVID BLAIR.

On the morning of Thursday, the 8th August, 1878, at his residence in Sydney, the Rev. Dr. John Dunmore Lang ended his long and troubled life. He had attained the ripe age of seventy-nine. No more remarkable man, no more remarkable career, stand recorded in the annals of the Southern dependencies of the British empire.

In these new countries, which are still in the heyday of juvenile vigour and activity, the memory of a distinguished colonist, as a rule, dies with him. The generation that knew him, that witnessed his actions, and discerned his real character, has passed away already; and the younger generation is both too inapprehensive and too busily occupied to give attention to the facts of the history that lies behind the brief obituary notice. A column of biography may appear in the morning paper; it is scanned with a languid interest by a select body of readers; a few words of regret are exchanged between citizens passing each other in the street; and the next day the pall of oblivion hides the very name that is linked to a stirring and eventful life story.

In any country in the civilised world save Australia, the name and fame of

John Dunmore Lang would be a household possession of the people for many generations. No man ever attempted more, no man ever accomplished more, for the land of his adoption. He was one of the most energetic, enterprising, and indomitable sons that Scotland ever sent forth to found new settlements for the ever-expanding British empire. He was zealous even to enthusiasm in this cause, albeit his zeal was not seldom untempered by discretion. His was a character made up of many great qualities, but all of them crudely developed, and not harmoniously combined. Like many another man of similar stamp—like Daniel Webster, Daniel O'Connell, John O'Shanassy—Dr. Lang only just missed of being a really great man.

Born of a race of hardy Scotch lairds by both lines of descent John Dunmore Lang was a typical Scotchman, possessing every marked national quality of mind and temper in an extraordinary degree. He had the national pugnacity of disposition, the national self-assertiveness, the deep religious fervour, the *perfervidum ingenium Scotorum*. His native place was Ayrshire, the county of Robert Burns.

Like his famous fellow-countryman, Dr. Lang possessed the poetical faculty, but in a much less striking degree. As a theologian, he was an almost exact copy of John Knox. As a politician, he was another William Cobbett. He was a scholar, well-educated, well-read, and full of information. He was an indefatigable author, and the number of his publications — pamphlets, newspaper articles, printed speeches, sermons, volumes of verse, histories, and topographical monographs—is legion. His collected writings would of themselves form a considerable library.

A brother of Dr. Lang's—George Lang—was the first to emigrate from Scotland to Australia. This was about the year 1820. Upon George's representations of the religious destitution prevailing amongst the Presbyterian section of the colonists at that time, John Dunmore resolved on following him, and having been ordained by the Presbytery of Irvine, he arrived in Sydney in May, 1823. Sir Thomas Brisbane, a brother Scotchman, was then Governor of New South Wales—that is to say, of all Australia. The youthful minister was received with open arms, and at once set about the performance of his sacred duties under the patronage of the Governor. The foundation of the first Presbyterian Church in Sydney was laid by Sir Thomas Brisbane on the 12th July, 1824. But things did not go on very smoothly. The new minister fell out with his patron the Governor, on the matter of salary, and a month after the ceremony of laying the foundation he sailed for England, with the purpose of laying his complaints before the ruler in Downing Street. Earl Bathurst held the office at that time, a very worthy man, and an excellent administrator, and he generously supported the cause of the aggrieved minister, whose services to the colony he rated highly. He sent out orders that a salary of £300 per annum should be paid him from the public treasury. Dr. Lang thus came off victorious in the first of his numberless disputes and quarrels with the Governors of New South Wales. He returned to Sydney in 1826, and at once set about making suggestions to the new Governor (Sir

Ralph Darling) upon the best means of improving the intellectual and spiritual condition of the people; but he received little encouragement. His next project was the establishment of a college for the higher education of young men generally, but especially of candidates for the ministry. A second time he went home to the old country, to ask substantial aid from the Imperial Government in the prosecution of his plans. He succeeded in persuading the Colonial Minister (Lord Goderich) of the *bona-fides* and public utility of the college scheme; and an order was sent out to the Governor to pay him a subsidy of £3500, on condition that a like sum should be raised by private subscription. But on his return he met with much opposition, and he was obliged to sell his private property to pay off the debt he had incurred in connection with the project. In 1833, he was again in England asking assistance. In 1836 he was back again in Sydney, and publishing a weekly paper called the *Colonist*. When Governor Darling's term was up, a proposal was set on foot to present him with a testimonial. Dr. Lang, unforgetful of past affronts, ridiculed the proposal so mercilessly that it was abandoned. From his first arrival in the colony he interested himself deeply in the subject of immigration. His heart was moved with pity at the depressed condition of the working classes in the old country, and on his visit to England in 1831 he brought back with him a shipload of Scotch mechanics at his own cost and charges, awaiting repayment from those of them who should prosper. This was the first of a long series of batches of immigrants introduced in a similar manner; and it must be added, in justice to Dr. Lang, that the immigrants were of the very best type of colonists, so that even his enemies—and they were many and bitter—were constrained to admit that his disinterested and public-spirited exertions in this direction, extending over nearly twenty years, resulted in the introduction into the colony of a large number of its most industrious and estimable citizens. Many a man still living owes all his worldly prosperity to Dr. Lang. Many a family now enjoying affluence are

indebted to him for rescuing them from permanent poverty. His immigrants have, collectively, done more than ten times their number of the miscellaneous crowd of adventurers that rushed to the goldfields in 1851-4, to make Sydney and New South Wales, and even Brisbane and Queensland, what they are to-day. In his forecast of the future greatness of these colonies, Dr. Lang showed all the clear insight of a true statesman; and in his personal exertions to develop that greatness he evinced all the large-heartedness of a genuine patriot.

At that period New South Wales was a penal settlement, known only to the people at home as "Botany Bay," of infamous association. One motive Dr. Lang had for introducing respectable emigrants was to leaven colonial society with a large element of virtue and true worth. The amelioration was very much needed. The population of the colony consisted of three classes only—prisoners of the Crown, emancipated convicts, and the officials. The emancipists were, as a rule, a thoroughly demoralised class, who gloried in their shame. Vicious to the last degree, reckless, and God-defying, they lived in open iniquity, and in the practice of every evil deed. Marriage was an institution unknown amongst them, and concubinage universally prevailed. There were many smart fellows amongst the class—ruined "swells," broken down gamblers, and debauched profligates, the sweepings of the London "hells" and betting rooms. The Sydney press was in the hands of this class, and the high officials, or many of them, patronised their journals. Truth to tell, these same officials were, many of them, just as flagrantly immoral in their private lives as were the reprobates they consorted with—and despised. Between these two classes of Sydney society and Dr. Lang a perpetual warfare was waged. He scourged their vices soundly in his organ, the *Colonist*, writing many a bitter prose diatribe and versified lampoon against them. No wonder they were filled with rage against their severe monitor, and did all they could to crush him. The wonder is that his life was not in constant danger. But Dr. Lang was not a

man to be crushed. If prosecuted for libel, he went into court as his own advocate, and fairly overwhelmed his accusers by his earnestness and eloquence. Once and again he came off victorious in these legal conflicts; but upon one occasion a fine of £100 was inflicted on him for an alleged libel. In a few hours the amount, with costs, was raised by public subscription. To the last day of his life this intrepid champion of private virtue and public propriety waged incessant war with the workers of iniquity around him, fearless of consequences. He owned that he was not accustomed to spare the rod. "Speaking the truth in love" was not his method. A sincere Christian at heart, beyond any question, Dr. Lang had two very marked failings which detracted greatly from his character as a Minister of the Gospel of peace. He was passionately vindictive, and he never forgave or forgot what he deemed to be a personal injury. No marvel that his whole life was a continual succession of fierce battles, both with individuals and public bodies, and that his personal enemies were both numerous and implacable.

His power of persuading the Imperial Government to adopt his views was remarkable. In 1833 he induced Lord Glenelg to obtain a subsidy from the Treasury in aid of emigration to New South Wales, and no less than 4000 valuable and worthy citizens were thus added to the population. He induced the German Lutheran Church to establish a mission to the aborigines at Moreton Bay. He it was who first (in 1836) directed the attention of the Imperial Government to the expediency of colonising New Zealand, and four years afterwards Captain Hobson was sent out to take possession of the islands in the name of Her Majesty.

A born politician, if ever there was one, Dr. Lang had missed his vocation when he consented to receive ordination at the hands of a Presbytery of Scotch ministers. But he was in his proper element when addressing a crowd of electors from a platform or stump, or fighting a hotly-contested election, or attacking a Government on the floor of the Legislative Assembly, or writing slashing political leaders for a

party journal. As an ecclesiastic, it may fairly be affirmed of him that his whole life was one long warfare with his brethren in the ministry. No doubt he sincerely believed that his motives and aims were always of a high and self-denying kind; but not the less did he scatter personal enmities in his path as thickly as the sower in the field scatters his seed. It would indeed be better, in reviewing the life of this remarkable man, if all mention of his ecclesiastical career were dropped out of view. His character in that relation may be summed up in a single word—he was *impracticable*. He could dictate or command, but he never could co-operate. A clerical Ishmael, his hand was against every man, and every man's hand was against him. The history of his clerical life for nearly half-a-century would comprise almost the whole of the history of Presbyterianism in Australia during that period; but it would be a very painful history to read. After all, this part of the story of his life is of very secondary interest and importance to the world at large. In a free democracy, church quarrels affect only church people. He founded the Synod of Australia; he subsequently quarrelled with it and left it in disgust; the Synod then deposed him from the Ministry; twice was the deposition confirmed by the Presbytery that had ordained him, and twice was it ratified by the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland; and, nevertheless, Dr. Lang came off triumphant at last. The Supreme Court of Law in Scotland declared the deposition to have been arbitrary and illegal, and the victim of mingled ecclesiastical jealousy and envy was restored to all his clerical rights. But all through this fierce and prolonged warfare, his congregation adhered loyally to their leader; and in December, 1872, the jubilee—or fiftieth year—of Dr. Lang's pastorate of the Scots' Church, Sydney, was celebrated with great *éclat*, many of the leading public men of New South Wales attending the festival to do honour to their old political friend and colleague.

As a politician, it must be said that Dr. Lang was indisputably one of the foremost men that Australia has ever

produced. He possessed the lofty views, the keen sagacity, the comprehensive aims, the large-hearted philanthropy, of a true statesman. He first entered political life in 1842, as one of the representatives for Port Phillip under the new Constitution just established. The Legislature then consisted of only one Chamber—the Council—and two-thirds of its members were nominees of the Government. The whole system was, in fact, a burlesque on representative institutions, and as such Dr. Lang never wearied in ridiculing and denouncing it. Naturally, for this he incurred the deadly enmity both of the Government and the nominee members. A small clique in Sydney wanted to keep the whole vast territory of Eastern Australia all to themselves; and what was worse even than this, they were resolved to keep it a convict settlement in perpetuity. No wonder that they were enraged at a man whose aim it was to break up the territory into several independent colonies, to free it from the curse of convictism, to break down an odious and intolerable monopoly, and to throw the whole country open to settlement by a free, industrious, virtuous population. The clique did all they could to disgust him, to drive him from public life, to ruin his reputation, to blast his character before the world. But they failed, and Dr. Lang came off victorious at last. He lived to see every one of his projects accomplished. He lived to see Port Phillip separated from New South Wales, and raised into the independent colony of Victoria; and he lived to witness the amazing prosperity of the new colony of which he was one of the earliest founders. He lived to see the district of Moreton Bay separated from the mother colony, and elevated into the noble colony of Queensland. He lived to see the establishment of free constitutional Government in all the Australasian colonies, with one trifling exception. He lived to exult in the downfall of the detestable convict system. He was much ridiculed when he first pointed out that the soil and climate of Queensland were admirably fitted for the culture of sugar and cotton; but no one laughs at this statement *now*. He

was the ardent and uncompromising friend of popular education ; of providing means for the higher education of the more prosperous classes of the community ; of church extension ; of universal suffrage, cheap postage, untaxed newspapers, and a free press, the establishment of public libraries and mechanics' institutions, and every means and agency adapted to elevate the masses of the people in the intellectual, moral, and religious scale. If these aims be of a specifically and thoroughly Christian stamp, then was Dr. Lang, assuredly, as good a Christian as ever lived. Ecclesiasticism works in a totally different region ; and within that region a man of his peculiar bent and large calibre was just as much out of place as a noted demagogue would be in the pulpit. "Every man in his own order."

As a promoter of immigration of the very best class, Dr. Lang stands at the very head of all Australian patriotism. To promote this end he worked incessantly, and never spared himself. Seven times or more did he compass the globe in his untiring labours. Shipload upon shipload of estimable people from the old country did he send out or convoy personally to the Eldorado in the South. His immigrants were a proverb for every excellent quality all over the eastern half of the continent. He was always careful in their selection ; and in this endeavour he was signally successful.

He was a powerful public speaker, although not a great orator ; and he could enliven his speeches at times with flashes of genuine eloquence. He spoke with a broad Scotch accent, and his manner in the pulpit was rather ponderous and Johnsonian. But the people greatly delighted in hearing "the Doctor" (as they affectionately named him) thundering in denunciation of

some enormous public abuse, or some recreant politician, or some venal hack of the Government, or some flagitiously immoral Governor. Of him it might be said with as much truth as it was said of John Knox, that he never feared the face of man. He had the heart of a lion, and the spirit of a hero.

As a writer, he was indefatigably industrious. He wrote the "History" of New South Wales, of Queensland, of Port Phillip, and New Zealand. He wrote works on the "Origin and Migrations of the Polynesian Races ;" on "Transportation and Colonisation ;" on the certain "Coming Event" of complete "Freedom and Independence for the Southern Colonies ;" on "Religion and Education in the United States." He published a volume of poems, in Sydney, in the year 1826. He published a translation of the Psalms of David. His pamphlets were innumerable. How he found time to write so much amidst his varied labours and many journeyings, appears at first sight unaccountable ; but the truth is, he was a ready penman, and he employed his leisure time on board ship, in his long sea-voyages, in composing his larger works. His pen, like his tongue, was sharp as a razor, and his powers of invective and sarcasm were of the very highest kind. He was, in literary warfare, almost as tremendous an opponent as Swift. Evidently, such a man would make numberless enemies in the course of a life extended to beyond the limit of three score and ten.

"Take him for all in all, we ne'er shall look upon his like again." Never will Australia possess another citizen whose character, for combined real greatness and solid virtues, mingled with many grave defects, will present that of the unique John Dunmore Lang.

VIOLENT DELIGHTS NOT LASTING.

These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die ; like fire and powder
Which, as they kiss, consume.

—*Shakspeare.*

EVELINE HOWARD.

By "MINA."

CHAPTER I.

"A man is mad who marries too young," were the words made use of to me one night by my father. That such an expression had been made use of by him before to me, I knew perfectly well; poor consolation for me however, as I repeated the words to myself; when, then, would there be a hope of my marrying? I was just twenty-three years of age. My father was by profession an architect and surveyor, and was recognised, in our small town, as the leading man in his line of business. I was an only son, and in consequence people were of opinion that mine was an enviable position. My aspirations had been in favour of the bar; I had longed to become the wearer of a wig and gown, and my father had done all he could to promote my interests. As yet, however, I had not made much progress. Ours was a proud family; my father, a hot-tempered handsome man; my mother, naturally a timid sensitive woman; my only sister, Sophia, a tall stately girl, who inherited her father's disposition as to temper and pride.

It was a bright spring morning, as I made my way across the dewy meadows of Abbotsmead, repeating to myself these words, "A man must be mad who marries too young." With this thought in my brain, I made my way along, until I came to the open road, a mile down which stood Stafford House, where lived Dr. Abbott, his wife—a comely lady of middle age, and their niece Eveline Sherwin. I will describe her to you, for she was one of those highly gifted girls, both physically and mentally, with whom it is but once in a lifetime we are permitted to meet. In appearance she was slightly above the medium height, easy and graceful

in her movements, with eyes of the deepest violet, and masses of hair of that shade of brown which artists love to copy; her features were by no means perfect, but the expression of her face was so innocent and pure, and withal so reliable, that instinctively one felt hers was a nature in which the purity and freshness of youth were combined with a true woman's warmest and noblest feelings. I soon made my way to the house in which the doctor lived, and there in the garden I saw Eveline with her gardening gloves on, standing in almost a bower of roses.

"Good morning," I said, joyfully, "you are an early bird; it is barely half-past seven."

"I was awake before six, a long time; and I thought I might as well get up as soon as it was fairly light, and enjoy the early morning air," she answered.

"I am very glad to see you," I replied.

"Are you?" And she looked up at me in that bright, coy way, which I so often noticed in her. The fact of the matter was, that I was over head and ears in love with the doctor's niece, and to my unspeakable happiness, I had little or no doubt that my love was returned. I was going away for a fortnight on business for my father; and so I had chosen to come down thus early to see Eveline, when I could have her all to myself, and bid her a fond farewell.

"Will you think of me when I am away, dear Eveline, and look forward to the day when we may always be together?"

"Together?" said Eveline.

"Yes; together," I said; "it is my earnest prayer that in years to come

you and I may be treading life's path together—together as man and wife."

My hand was on her shoulder, my head was bent down towards the dear face, which was averted—I could feel her frame quiver.

"Stay," she said, as she lifted up her beautiful eyes to mine, "have you thought of this—have you fully considered that I am simply Eveline Sherwin, a girl without a fortune, without a farthing to call her own, a girl whom your father would never care to see his son marry?"

"You are a lady, Eveline; one of whom the highest in the land might be proud; the only one I shall ever love; the only one I shall ever marry. I am of age, and can please myself, and you will see that I shall make a fortune yet, with such an incentive for work. My only fear is that you may be sought by many, richer, more attractive, and more worthy than I, and that you may learn to love another better." As I said this, my heart was very heavy, for it seemed that if such a thing did happen, life would indeed be a blank.

"I will love you always—for ever," said Eveline; "nothing shall ever cause my love to cease but death;" and as I looked at her, I knew that this was true, and that nothing could ever change her love for me, no matter how unworthy I might be.

"I trust you fully, my darling," I said; "ere long the clouds that surround us will disperse, and our future will be as bright as truth and love can make it."

We had been so absorbed in ourselves that we had not observed approaching footsteps. Now as we looked up we were face to face with Eveline's cousin, Hugh Everard Abbott, the doctor's only son; who had just been ordained, and through the influence of the bishop, had been presented with the living of St. John's Church, Abbotsmead, left vacant by the death of the Rev. Peter Ormond.

"Ah!" I exclaimed, as we shook hands, "you are an early riser, too."

"The early bird gathers the worm," said Hugh, laughing; at the same time I noticed that he turned deadly pale, and a stricken look came into his frank, beautiful face, while Eveline

coloured to the roots of her dark-brown hair.

"You don't look half well this morning," said I, for he seemed to be inwardly pulling himself together.

"Oh! I feel well enough, thank you; perhaps the early morning air has robbed me of my colour."

CHAPTER II.

Gloomy reflections as to my future means of earning sufficient to make Eveline ere long my wife held no place in my overjoyed brain. It was enough for me, on that golden day, to know that her heart was mine. Before the hour of twelve was chimed by the old church clock, I found myself on my way to the station, my thoughts, however, not much occupied with my father's business. I had not gone far before I was overtaken by Hugh Abbott, who said, linking his arm in mine, "I will walk with you; I am on my way to see one of my parishioners."

"That is right, old fellow," I answered, "but I have not much time to waste: I leave by the 12.30 train for London."

"You went this morning to see my cousin Eveline?" he said, very quietly, as if asking a question.

I felt the colour rush to my cheeks, as I stammered out, "Yes, I went—to say good-bye to her."

Hugh passed his arm through mine in that affectionate way I loved so well, and said, "Do you know, Harold, I have a great suspicion that some day or another you will be a connexion of mine; but, understand me, I do not wish you to tell me anything save of your own free will. I only wish you to understand that at any time, should you find you need a confidant, I should feel happier than words can express to stand your friend, or to give you any assistance or advice I could."

In a moment our hands were clasped, and the secrets of my heart were revealed to my more than brother.

Dear Hugh! had I but then known your unselfish, noble heart, and what you were inwardly enduring for my sake, I could have fallen down and worshipped you as more than human. Alas! we are but actors on the blind

stage of life, the curtains of which are drawn often but too rudely from before our mortal eyes—too late oftentimes, showing us all our sins and follies, opportunities misused or neglected, time and talents wasted, ourselves truly seen without mask or disguise in the glaring light of day.

* * * *

The days of my engagement to Eveline Sherwin were very happy. It was much against her wish to keep it a secret from her uncle, and it was not until after much persuasion that she consented to do so for a time. The Doctor was a good-hearted, large-souled man, and I suspected that if he did notice any understanding between us, he would have no objection, as my father was reputed to be well off, and was universally respected. It was in our early morning walks that we enjoyed the uninterrupted society which was so dear to us.

We had not been engaged long before my father came to my door one evening shortly before dinner. "Harold," he said, "I want a few words with you." He seated himself, and began without preamble the lecture which I had felt sure for some time had been hanging over my head.

"I am here, Harold, to say a few words to you on a subject which has annoyed me much lately—your marked attentions to Miss Sherwin. You must be aware, that highly gifted as she is, she is simply living on her uncle's bounty, and, except for a trifle which he may leave her, the whole of his money will go to his widow and only son. In marrying her you would be wedding a portionless girl, who but for her uncle's goodness would be at the world's mercy, earning her own living. Do not forget the position your relatives are holding in the world. Your uncle Richard is a confirmed bachelor, who is never likely to marry, in the event of whose death you and Beatrice will doubtless become wealthy. Remember also that you are a manly, handsome-looking fellow, whom many girls would be proud to marry."

So spoke my father, and inwardly rebellious though I was, I waited calmly till he had finished, revolving in my mind how best I should parry

his attack. I had great respect, and much affection for him; whatever might be his opinions with regard to me, he had been a most indulgent, kind parent, and it grieved me sorely to think how I should disappoint all his hopes. That I should give up Eveline never for one moment occurred to me; "until death" we had pledged to be true to each other; so turning quietly, and speaking as respectfully as I could, I said, "Any man who is favoured by Miss Sherwin's regard and affection must be most fortunate. She is a lady with few equals; one who might win the highest in the land, and grace any position."

"I am aware of her personal attractions," said my father, "and I am willing to do ample justice to her merits; but I have other views for you, my son. And I must remind you that hitherto our family has borne an unblemished name, on which for generations no stain has ever rested, while Miss Sherwin's father—you will recollect—"

"Stay," I said, "is it fair to the young lady, who has lived among us, and been received as one of us, to lay upon her head the iniquities of her father?"

"It may not be fair, but it is the way of the world, the way in which matters are viewed in our society, the laws of which we cannot ignore. But I need not say I believe you have too much sense, and too much affection for me, to go so very far contrary to my wishes."

In a moment all the love in my heart for Eveline rose up in arms; and although we had agreed between ourselves to keep our engagement secret until I should be in a position to claim her as my wife, I saw then that the only honourable course was to acknowledge it. So turning round from the fire and facing him, I said, as quietly as I could, "Dear father, your words come too late; I am already engaged to Miss Sherwin."

"And without my consent?" said he.

"Yes; I am, as you know, of age, and I delayed telling you until I was in a position to keep a wife, which, however, I hope to be able to do before long."

"With my consent you will never marry her, and it will be some time before you are able to 'keep a wife,' as you say."

Without another word he rose and quitted the apartment; I saw that I had wounded him in his deepest feelings, and that should I carry out my intention, I might lose a father, though I should win a wife.

CHAPTER III.

Three months from the date of our engagement, and how many clouds there were in our sky! I was standing on the Doctor's lawn with Hugh, waiting for Eveline to make her appearance.

"There is something the matter," said Hugh, pursing his lips in his determined fashion.

"In what way?" said I.

"Why, my father called Eveline into his surgery just now, and is having a long talk with her."

"And what do you suppose," said I, "is the matter?"

"I expect that Mr. Howard has been talking to my father about Eveline."

There was a moment's silence, as I tried to imagine how far my father's resentment might have been carried. Before we resumed our conversation Eveline joined us.

"What has happened?" I exclaimed, excitedly.

"Your father has been talking to my uncle," she replied, with evident emotion. It did not need any vast amount of intelligence to see through the plot, which was being carried on against me.

"Eveline, what did he say? Surely your uncle would not seek to put barriers in our way? I flattered myself that I was a favourite with him."

The good old Doctor had known of our engagement for some time, I felt sure, though we had not said anything to him as yet; we had been waiting for some token of relenting on my father's side, or for some turn of fortune in my favour.

"I am going away," said Eveline, simply, "to visit some friends in Cumberland; I have often promised to go, and this will be a good opportunity."

My father, as I have already explained, was anxious for me to make a good match in the way of money. This he had been telling the Doctor, who, naturally a proud man, would brook no interference, nor any remark in the slightest degree disparaging to his niece. The consequences had been a few sharp hot words between our respective relatives, and Eveline's contemplated visit to Cumberland. My sister, of whom I had never been particularly fond, I felt sure had abetted my father. They had discussed the matter together previously to this, and little did I thank her for it in my heart. However, the plot to divide us had been formed, and carried out. True, it need only be a temporary separation, but it was a severance at the least. To get Eveline away from the neighbourhood was the most they could do; there their influence ended. And with me what could be done? No one could make me marry a woman against my will. The idea was ridiculous. My father, I knew, could prevent the speedy completion of my professional studies and render me helpless, by keeping me in a condition of impecuniosity. That was the worst, but it was an evil which could be overcome.

Our last day came; our last walk through the Abbotsmead meadows; our last walk in the Doctor's grounds beneath the summer sky. Hugh, God bless him! always our friend, had secured for us a quarter of an hour together without fear of interruption. Eveline and I were alone beneath the pleasant summer stars, about to say farewell. I took her in my arms, and held her to my aching heart, and then she was gone. Gone! my darling. Had I but then known what troubles were in store for us, ere we met again, I could not have let you go. How true it is—*l'homme propose, mais Dieu dispose*.

Time passed rapidly; for a month or two Eveline's letters came regularly in answer to mine once a week; then her uncle told me she was going to travel on the Continent with some friends. I wondered that she had not told me anything of this, but supposed that matters had been arranged very hurriedly for the journey. So I wrote

as usual to her Cumberland address, knowing that her letters would be forwarded; and for several weeks I was not much surprised at receiving no answer. In the meantime, Dr. and Mrs. Abbot removed from Abbotsmead to Liverpool, where a more lucrative opening offered, while Hugh remained behind as incumbent of St. John's. My father had taken chambers for me in London, where I was pursuing my profession. But weeks passed on, and not one word from Eveline; I knew that my letters must have reached her, for I had written to Hugh, and obtained her latest address. I never for a moment doubted my father; I never

for a moment dreamt that he had given private directions to the boy he had engaged to attend me at my chambers, "to forward to him any letters with which he was entrusted for Miss Sherwin, or any addressed to me from her." This was a boy from our neighbourhood, in whom I placed perfect confidence, who appeared fond of me, and seemed most anxious to please me. Alas, for my father's boasted vaunt of unstained honour, and unsullied name! Alas, for the weakness of human nature where self-interest and money are concerned!

(To be continued).

HUMAN LIFE.

I stood by the towers of Ardenveile,
And the bells rang forth a jocund peal;
Loudly and merrily rang they then,
O'er field and valley, and silvan glen
And each cheek look'd bright as the blush of morn,
And each voice sounded gay as the huntsman's horn,
And each heart was glad, for an heiress was born.

And again by those portals proud did I stand,
And prancing forth came a gallant band;
And there was a priest in his robes of white;
And there was a maiden youthful and bright:
And a gallant knight rode by her side,
And the sounds of joy echoed far and wide,
For the heiress was Rudolph de Courcy's bride.

I stood by those time-worn towers again,
And once more came forth a gallant train;
And I saw that same priest, but sad was his pace,
And I saw that same knight, but he shrouded his face;
And I saw not that maiden in beauty's bloom,—
But a shroud and a bier and a sable plume!
For the heiress was borne to her forefathers' tomb.

And such is human life at best,
A mother's, a lover's, the green earth's breast,
A wreath that is formed of flow'rets three,
Primrose, and myrtle, and rosemary;
A hopeful, a joyful, a sorrowful stave;
A launch, a voyage, a whelming wave;
The cradle, the bridal bed, and the grave.

—Neele.

SKETCHES BY THE WAYSIDE.

A VISIT TO THE CAVE OF ST. MAURICE.

By HELEN ADAMS.

To those who have had the opportunity of travelling in Switzerland, and especially of visiting the celebrated Rhone Valley, the town of St. Maurice, situated near the boundaries of the Cantons of Valais and Vaud, will not be unknown. The town is said to have been named after a commandant of the Theban Legion, who suffered martyrdom here about the year 202, near the Chapelle de Verolliaz. Situated on the west bank of the Rhone, and sheltered by a precipitous rock, the ancient town commands the valley, which, at this point, is very narrow.

Near the stone bridge, built in the fifteenth century, by which the high road crosses the Rhone, stands the castle, an unimposing looking structure. Above this, half-way up the hill, is the entrance to the "Grotte des Fées," well worthy of a visit, either from the tourist who passes St. Maurice on his way to or from Martigny, the point of intersection of the routes over the "Simplon," the "Great St. Bernard," the "Tête Noire," and the "Col de Baum," or as a pleasant day's excursion from the many favourite resorts on the Lake of Geneva, or in the Rhone Valley.

In England, people do not usually choose a day in December as the most seasonable time of year for an excursion into the country, but in the beginning of that month in the year 18—the winter at Montreux, on the Lake of Geneva, had not yet commenced, and the 4th of December was a bright warm day, with cloudless sky, and only enough wind to give a refreshing crispness to the air.

Leaving Montreux by train at about 9 a.m., we journeyed by the side of the lake as far as Villeneuve, passing the

celebrated Castle of Chillon, noted, as readers of Byron will remember, as the prison where Bonivard was kept in confinement by the Duke of Savoy for about six years. Leaving the lake for the valley, we stopped at Aigle and Bex for a few moments, admiring the mountains which rise on either side. The "Dent du Midi," with its snowy peaks, appeared glorious in the sunlight, from whichever point of view we saw it. As we approached St. Maurice, the train passed through a tunnel cut in the rock, which here slopes down towards the river, scarcely leaving space for the high road at the side.

We alighted at the station on the far side of the tunnel, and taking tickets for the "Grotte," walked down the long narrow street through the town, as far as the fortifications, and there turning off to the left, followed a winding pathway which leads up the hillside; in about ten minutes arriving at a small house inhabited by the guide whose occupation it was to conduct visitors through the cavern, the entrance to which was close at hand. Meeting us with a smiling face, and evidently pleased at the opportunity afforded him of having, at this time of the year, a little variety in his necessarily monotonous existence, he took us to the entrance of the cavern, and providing us each with a lamp, led the way, we following in single file.

Most of the way we were able to walk in an upright position, and sometimes the roof arched upwards to a height invisible in the gloom, but occasionally it was necessary to follow the guide's injunction of "baissez la tête" (bow your head) in order to escape coming in contact with low projecting rocks. The sides of the cavern

are rounded and hollowed by the constant friction of the water which oozes through crevices in the rock, and trickling down into the stream flowing at one side of the path, disappears in a dark hollow, its outlet not yet having been discovered. After walking some distance the path sloped downwards considerably, and according to our guide's information, we learnt that at certain times of the year, the cave is inaccessible beyond this point, the stream swelling to such an extent, that the hollow is almost if not entirely filled.

Here our attention was called to a faint musical sound in the distance, and the guide informed us that it was the fairies who dwelt unseen, in recesses of this gloomy cavern, at work upon their tiny anvils! This was the origin of the name given to the cave. As we proceeded further, the noise became louder, lessening the weird effect it had previously caused, as being the first sound excepting that of our own footsteps and subdued voices that we had heard since entering the cavern.

At length we arrived at the place whence the noise proceeded, and discovered that it was caused by drops of water falling from a great height on to a piece of tin placed beneath! Thus our illusion vanished, the mystery of the Swiss fairies disappeared, and the chief idea which occupied our thoughts as we penetrated further into the heart of the mountain, was what insignificant atoms we were, regarding with curious eyes the wonderful result of nature's patient work, the path we now trod having taken ages of time to accomplish. The awful grandeur of the masses of rock, ice, and snow, which latter we had seen glistening in the sunlight, and which we knew were towering for thousands of feet above our heads, seemed to overpower us. Had one small piece of rock become dislodged from its place above, it would have crushed us beneath its

weight. However no such catastrophe happened; we arrived at the end of our journey in safety, and were well repaid for our pains by the sight which awaited us.

The cavern here arched upwards to a considerable height; and, oozing from crevices in the rocks, the glacial water fell in thousands of drops, forming a beautiful cascade, which in turn became a small lake, feeding the stream we had before noticed.

A small wooden platform overhanging the lake, has been attached to the rock at one side. This we mounted by steps, and thus came immediately in front of the waterfall, which the guide illuminated by an electric light; also enabling us to see the roof of the cavern in all its details. A small boat on the lake is at the service of those who care to make use of it, but as we were not particularly anxious to have a shower-bath, we contented ourselves with admiring at a distance the beauties disclosed.

Near to the Cascade, the cavern takes a sharp turn, but owing to the bad air, further exploration has been impossible; though some think that the passage extends the whole way under the mountain, an opening having been discovered on the opposite side.

We retraced our steps to the mouth of the cave slowly and with care; but in spite of all precautions, our hats had occasional encounters with the lower portions of the rocks overhead.

We had provided ourselves with warm wraps, expecting to find the atmosphere cold in the cave, but hitherto had made no use of them, as it proved to be considerably warmer there than outside, although during the summer it is generally chilly. We were glad to avail ourselves of them when we reached the outer air; and, after purchasing some views of the Cascade and cavern, we bade adieu to the guide, and returned to the town.

Lucia thinks happiness consists in state;
She weds an idiot, but she eats in plate.

THE RECENT SURVEY OF PALESTINE.

By ROBERT STEEL, D.D.

FIRST PAPER.

The land of Palestine has gathered interest around it for nearly 4000 years. If the period of the Call of Abraham be regarded as the commencement of authentic history, his visit to the land so long afterwards connected with his descendants must be one of the earliest historical facts. It is well known, however, that Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob sojourned in the land as strangers, but they cherished the hope that it would be the ultimate possession of their posterity. This hope was not extinguished by the migration to Egypt or by the long oppression endured there. The patriarch Jacob was buried beside his fathers in the Cave of Machpelah, and Joseph in dying made mention of his bones, and requested that they should be borne to Palestine when his people returned. The Exodus came at length, and after the desert pilgrimage and the conquest of Canaan, the Promised Land became the home of the Hebrews. The sacred Scriptures have made us familiar with the various localities of the Holy Land in which they dwelt for a long succession of centuries, till the captivity of the northern tribes by Assyria, and till a similar fate befel the southern tribes at the hands of the King of Babylon. But the captivity did not end the occupation of the Promised Land. Though the ten tribes did not return, the Jews came back in considerable numbers, and for 600 years kept up the sacred interest. The history wrought during this period has an undying interest. In so contracted a locality and among so small a people, Christianity had its cradle. This, more than all other events, has shed an immortal halo around the land. It is emphatically "the Holy Land" for ever. Hence during nineteen cen-

turies, Jewish, Christian, and Moslem pilgrims have gone to visit those spots around which so many hallowed Old and New Testament memories are entwined, and where every step was historic. A vast library of works on the Holy Land has accumulated during the ages. The sacred books themselves led the way, and have continued to enjoy a spreading popularity, rendered into many languages. Then came the itineraries of pilgrims during early Christian ages. Next followed the Chronicles of Crusades. And modern times have added an immense number of works of travel. It might, then, have been supposed that the land of Palestine was thoroughly and accurately known, and that all the ancient sites connected with the sacred history were clearly identified. But the very reverse of this has been the case. Tradition had long taken the place of history, and superstition the place of faith. With very few exceptions, such as Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Hebron, and some other places, localities were very doubtful, and even in the cities and towns about which there could be no reasonable doubts very many of the spots associated with Biblical events were either quite unknown, or altogether so different in local surroundings as to make their identity distrusted. It was not likely that this state of things could long remain amidst all the inquiries which have characterised the nineteenth century. It has sometimes, and justly, been said that professional classes are most slow to yield to new inquiries, and that the clerical mind has been long educated in ruts, and is indisposed to adopt new views. But historical criticism at length awoke the slumber of the traditionalists, who, if

they still adhered to the old beliefs, had to stand on the defensive. It was plain that the Holy history and the Holy Land and the Holy Bible must alike pass through the crucible, and be tested by careful examination. The Scriptures had to meet it, and they are still undergoing the ordeal. The Holy Land is now being examined in a scientific spirit. The first to lead the way was Dr. Edward Robinson, professor at Andover College, and afterwards at Union Theological Seminary, New York. He was well skilled in sacred learning, and had studied some time in Germany—that great land of patient and philosophic inquiry. Dr. Robinson spent fifteen years in reading and mastering the literature which had grown up in the course of time around the Holy Land. When therefore he started on his journey he was thoroughly equipped for investigation. He knew what he wanted to see, and he knew what had been already professedly ascertained. But it was his purpose to test all localities by strictly scientific inquiry. He found a companion specially fitted to assist him in Dr. Eli Smith, of Beyrout, an Arabic scholar second to none, and who had other qualifications suited to careful observation. They made their first journey in 1838, going by way of the desert to Jerusalem, and thence towards the north. Dr. Robinson had come to the painful conviction “that all ecclesiastical tradition respecting the sacred places in and around Jerusalem, and throughout Palestine, is of no value, except so far as it is supported by circumstances known to us from the Scriptures or from contemporary history.” He thus questioned all traditional sites. He published the fruits of his researches

in two large volumes, in 1841. His work made a great sensation, and produced several critical rejoinders. The Rev. George Williams, M.A.—a man of much erudition, combated Dr. Robinson’s views. Dr. Robinson made a second visit in 1852, and carefully re-examined the country. He had again the happy fellowship and the accurate Arabic scholarship of Dr. Eli Smith. A third volume embodying the narrative of his tour was issued in 1856. These works are a vast storehouse of learning and information—those to which they gave rise are also of great value. Travellers henceforth went with better preparation, and each contribution to the literature of Palestine possessed additional interest. Yet when in 1863 the great modern Bible Dictionary, edited by Dr. William Smith, was published, Sir George Grove complained there remained still a great want of accurate knowledge about the sites in Palestine. In 1865, chiefly through his exertions, the Palestine Exploration Fund was started, for the purpose of making an accurate survey of the Holy Land, and for otherwise exploring it. The objects to be promoted were the geography, the archæology, the botany, the zoology, the geology, the meteorology of the Holy Land, the manners and customs of the present inhabitants, the careful examination of all Arabic names, and everything which could throw light upon a country so closely connected with the correct interpretation of the Bible. The fund was inaugurated under the patronage of the Queen, and a general committee of distinguished men interested in antiquarian and biblical research. What it has succeeded in doing will be the subject of a few monthly papers.

A LAPSE OF MEMORY.

When Jack was poor, the lad was frank and free ;
 Of late he’s grown brimful of pride and pelf ;
 You wonder that he don’t remember me ;
 Why so ? You see he has forgot himself.

—*Hackett.*

LOST IN THE BUSH.

By R. R. HAVERFIELD.

It is hard to conceive a position more cheerless—to say the very least of it—than that in which a man finds himself on being compelled to give himself up for lost in the bush. I cannot speak from personal experience, because I may say without egotism, I have a very fair faculty of finding my way, and have never had the misfortune to be placed in any position from which I could not extricate myself by the help of a little patience and self-deliberation. And I have been thrown into some rather puzzling predicaments in the bush, too. It has, therefore, always been a matter of wonder to me that many very sensible men, immediately on losing their way should seem wilfully to set themselves to work to get rid of their wits.

I remember when I was quite a “new chum” in this country, hearing some gentlemen in Melbourne relate, with much glee, how His Honour Mr. Justice Willis, the first judge ever appointed in Victoria, had been lost in the bush. His Honour resided at Heidelberg, on the Yarra, about eight or nine miles from Melbourne. It appeared that the Judge, after his day’s work in the court, was proceeding homeward alone on horseback. Having his head full of some knotty points, no doubt, he got off the road; and when he awoke to a sense of surrounding circumstances, he found himself in what he considered the wild bush, and without any conception whatever of his whereabouts. My belief is that the road being winding or serpentine in parts, as most first bush-roads were, his horse was making a short cut, and that it would have been far better for his Honour if he had remained in his reverie a little longer, as the horse would, no doubt, have brought him on to the road again. As it happened, however, he roused himself, became alarmed, and, taking the navigation

into his own hands, rode about for several hours in all directions, you may depend upon it, but the right one. How he contrived to get home I can’t tell you; but he did at last, rather late in the evening. In relating the story to his friends, the Judge was wont to say:—“I can assure you that in the whole course of my life I was never before in such a state of mental excitation.” Now, that is what they all say, though they may not express themselves in precisely the same terms. They lose their heads, in point of fact, and all of them not being so fortunate as Judge Willis, they ride wildly about until both themselves and their horses are completely exhausted. Then they lie down overcome with fatigue, and, being tormented not only by their fears, but by the pangs probably of hunger and thirst, they fall into a state of fever, upon which, unless help should providentially reach them in time, supervene delirium and death. It is lamentable to think how many valuable lives have been sacrificed in this way. The instances that have come to my knowledge are so numerous that I could occupy the whole of the space at my disposal in giving the harrowing details. But it is not my intention to ask my readers to submit to any such infliction. That Judge Willis should have got off his road, and found himself entangled, as he supposed, in the mighty mazes of the primeval forest, or that other persons as little experienced as he should have lost their way at various times in the bush, is not a matter for wonder; but that men long used to travelling in our trackless wastes should fall into a state of confusion and excitement, bordering on madness, on becoming puzzled as to the course they should take, to my mind almost surpasses belief, and yet instances of the sort have frequently occurred.

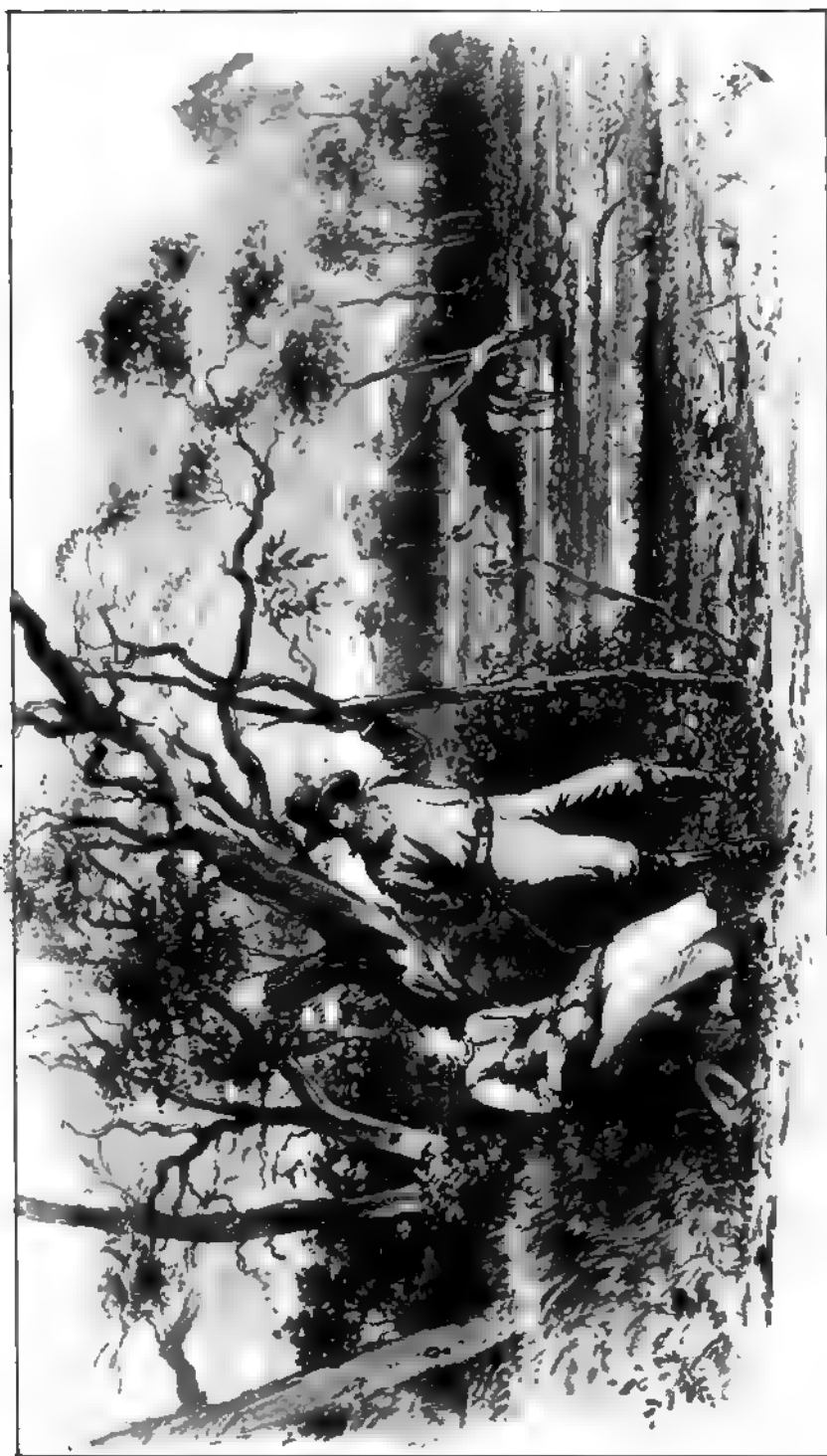
Mr. Eyre, the great South Australian explorer, a man of wonderful endurance and great courage, was once lost in the Mallee somewhere to the north of Lake Hindmarsh; was thrown, as I have heard, into a pitiable state of "mental excitation," and was found by one of his men in a delirious and nearly dying condition within a short distance of his own camp. Certainly great excuses may be made for Mr. Eyre. The weather—it was in February, 1838—was intolerably hot. He was attempting to make his way from Port Phillip to Adelaide with a herd of cattle, and a large party of men, for whose safety he was responsible; and had found himself blocked by a waterless tract of scrub, in attempting to get through which, by himself, he became lost; and his anxiety not on his own account merely, but on account of his charge, may be readily imagined. Yet this gentleman performed so daring and difficult a feat of exploration two or three years afterwards, in crossing from Fowler's Bay to Albany in Western Australia, along the great Australian Bight, that he was considered by the Imperial Government worthy of a high reward. He was, as may be remembered, at an after time Governor of Jamaica.

In the same part of the country as that in which Mr. Eyre lost himself, Mr. Edward White, an experienced surveyor, and a gentleman who had been engaged for a considerable time in squatting pursuits, very nearly lost his life. Mr. White had been employed by the Government to run the boundary line between Victoria and South Australia, from the coast near the mouth of the Glenelg to the Murray. All went well until he got into the Mallee, when he had a really dreadful time of it from want of water. At last he sent back his men to a place where there was permanent water, and proceeded himself in the direction of the Murray. Some time before reaching that river his horse had knocked up, and if I remember rightly, he had been compelled to leave him in the scrub. There can be no doubt that Mr. White lost his senses completely on this journey. Fortunately, however, at last, more certainly by good luck than good navi-

gation, he emerged from the Mallee on to the banks of the Murray. He had been some days—I do not know how many—without food or water, and was voraciously hungry. Meeting a blackfellow with a fresh-caught fish in his hand, in his mad eagerness for food, he knocked the unfortunate savage down, and, as I have heard people say, who were living in the neighbourhood at the time, devoured the fish there and then, raw as it was.

Captain Francis Cadell, the well-known explorer, who, by the way, was brutally murdered in his own vessel by one of his crew, whilst engaged in pearl-fishing in the Sea of Arafura, a few years ago, was about the pluckiest and most venturesome man I ever met with. No dangers could daunt him, and no difficulties turn him from his purpose. And I must here add, as a passing tribute to his memory, that he was as kind, and good, and generous as he was brave. But the captain, although undoubtedly a superb seaman, had one great fault as a bushman; he *would* lose himself! The fact was he always rode hard when by himself, and was continually attempting what he called "short cuts;" his numerous mishaps in which attempts failed to teach him the value of the axiom that "the longest way round is generally the shortest way home." His daring disposition and supreme self-confidence made him despise so homely a precept and laugh to scorn all the warnings of his friends. On one occasion, being in a great hurry to get to Adelaide, he left one of the stations on the Middle Darling, with the intention of making one of his "short cuts" to the North-west Bend of the Murray—a distance, I think, of about 150 miles. He rode, of course, in his usual style, at a great pace, until he got into some scrubby country, when his horse began to show signs of fatigue, and the captain, hardy as he was, felt not a little knocked up.

"I was so precious hungry," he said, in relating his adventure, "that I could have eaten my boots, and did gnaw off an inch or so of one of my bridle reins. But after a while I was attacked by a raging thirst, and I do believe I would have given the best steam-vessel I



I found a white woman with a baby in her arms, sitting at the foot of a tree.

own" (he had several then plying on the rivers) "for a quart of good water. I became very faint and weak, and indeed really ill at last, and began seriously to think I should have to leave my bones in that confounded desert. I always carry pen, ink, and paper with me on my travels, and I was getting some out of my valise, when I found a pot of pomatum, which I had quite forgotten, stowed away in a corner. *That* saved my life. I ate every bit of the pomatum, and longed for more. Upon my word I never tasted anything more delicious in my life, and I had no sooner devoured it than I felt myself a new man. All fear of dying vanished 'like the baseless fabric of a vision.' I remounted my tired horse, and, after a most fatiguing ride, got on to the river. I am compelled to say it was not the river I had intended to make—I had returned to the Darling. Taking all things into consideration, however, I think I did very well."

Now, there are not very many men who would carry pomatum about with them in their bush swags. But the captain was a very natty man, very particular about his appearance, and ever careful to provide himself with nick-nacks for personal adornment; such as those which, as Byron says, ladies require "to keep them beautiful or leave them neat." I was out with him on one occasion for some days in the country to the westward of the Darling; and having run out of provisions, we had been on short commons for a couple of days. We agreed therefore to make for the river. When we were approaching it, he asked me—for I would take the lead, much to his disgust—what part of the Darling we should strike.

"Kinchega station," I replied.

"Kinchega!" said he; "hem! there's a lady there."

"Yes, and a very handsome one too."

"Ah!" he said. "Well, now, couldn't you make the river a mile or so below the station?"

"Of course," I replied; "but why? I'm jolly hungry; ar'n't you?"

"I am, but I should like to have a wash, and do myself up a bit before showing at the station."

To please him I ran into the river a little below the station, and I thought he would never have done brushing and combing, and scenting, and oiling, and putting himself into tip-top order.

"That's a wonderful valise of yours," I observed. "No one would believe it could contain such a lot of things."

"A lot of things!" said he. "Only a few necessary toilet appurtenances."

And that was a man who could rough it with the hardiest, on the seas or in the bush. Notwithstanding his little eccentricities, I never can think of my lamented friend without a feeling of admiration for his many high qualities, and of deep grief for his sad end.

Some years ago, an old and experienced stockman went from the Murrumbidgee into the back country, and cloudy weather coming on and the sun being obscured, he got puzzled as to the direction of the river; and he did what it is surprising a man of his knowledge of the bush should have done and which no man should ever do, and what he himself would have blamed anyone else for doing. He galloped wildly about until he completely fagged his horse, and got himself into a worse state of bewilderment than ever. He could find no water, and fell into an altogether wretched condition. On the morning of the third day, being very light-headed, and feeling convinced that his end was near at hand, he let his horse go—saying to the poor tired animal, with a great deal more generosity than good sense—"Away you go, old fellow! You'll find your way to the river, and there's no occasion for us both to die." If he had only reflected calmly on the matter, he would have remembered that if the horse could find his way to the river he could take him there. But, as I have said before, it is passing strange that many men of sense will not take time to reflect in such circumstances.

Well, having parted with his last hope, he laid himself down to await the coming of death. For some time he remained there with his eyes closed, preparing himself, no doubt, for that end which he believed to be so near. At last he opened his eyes, and what

should he see but a great snake, which he knew, or believed, to be of a very venomous kind, gliding towards him. In his terror he sprang to his feet and caught up his stock-whip, which every stockman, from habit, is careful to have near to his hand in the bush. With a few well-directed cuts he settled his snakeship's accounts with this world, and, as he stood looking at the reptile writhing in the agonies of death, his senses returned to him.

"What a fool I am," he thought to himself. "I have plenty of strength left, and here I am giving myself up for a lost man. I'll make one effort more, anyhow, to save myself," and he walked away. That afternoon he got on to sheep tracks, and by-and-by came in sight of a large flock. Finding the shepherd, he told him his story, and the man took him to his hut, where, with good tendance and plenty of wholesome food, he soon recovered, and in a few days found his way home. I may have a snake story or two to tell by-and-by; but I do not think I ever heard one that so distinctly pointed a moral—that moral being, in the language of the true British shell-back, "Never say die whilst there's a shot in the locker."

Whilst in Melbourne on one occasion some years since, I heard a story which interested me so much that I took it down in writing. It was told by a gentleman from New South Wales in the course of conversation among a party of squatters and managers of stations, in reply to a remark by one of the company. I think I may say it is correctly reported, with this exception, that the real surnames of the parties alluded to are not given.

"Yes," said the narrator, "I knew Brigalow Brown intimately. He was called Brigalow by his friends because he had been a good deal in tropical Australia where the scrub of that name flourishes. Brigalow Brown was as good a man, and as thorough a bushman, as ever stood in shoe leather or bestrode a horse; and though he was no drawing-room knight, he was a gentleman, every inch of him. It would take too much time to give you all the details of a strange story which he once told me, but I will

endeavour to make it comprehensible in as succinct a form as possible, preserving, as far as I can, Brigalow's own words. "A little over eighteen years ago," he began, "I was managing a station belonging to David Wool-smith, situated about thirty miles from that at which he lived himself when not in town and which was managed by poor Charlie Carlton. I was running out of some stores, and had sent requisitions to the head station twice for a fresh supply, which, to my surprise and annoyance, had not been forwarded. I therefore determined on riding in there myself. I left my own place late in the day, and had performed rather more than half the journey, riding leisurely along, when I observed a strange object on a bush by the road side. It appeared to me to be a piece of a woman's cotton print dress, and on dismounting to examine it, I was confirmed in this opinion. At first I thought it must have been left there by a black lubra, who had obtained it from some of the stations. But then it struck me immediately that if she had valued it so much as to carry it so far, she would not have thrown it away, and would have been careful not to lose it. It appeared to me too, from the look of the tears, that it had been dragged away violently from a larger piece, and had it belonged to a lubra this could not have been done without her knowledge; and she certainly would not have left it there.

"I therefore began to examine the ground carefully for tracks; and it was not long before I discovered the imprints of a small-booted foot—evidently that of a female. Black women, thought I, do have boots given them sometimes; but they never wear them in their travels. Looking more closely at the tracks, I noticed that the wearer of the boot turned out her toes. Black women, as you are aware, never do. On the contrary, they walk with their feet straight before them, and, if anything, a little turned in. I now felt much interested, and determined to fathom the mystery. I went along the road a little way in the direction from which the tracks had come, in order to see if the boots had

been worn any distance; because, said I to myself, I may be sold after all, and toes out or toes in, some lubra may have amused herself by trying on her boots just here and mimicking the gait of a white woman. This, at all events, I assured myself had not been the case; and I further observed that the tracks had the appearance of having been slightly swept over. This convinced me that the traveller, black or white, had worn a gown; and another noticeable thing was that a much deeper impression had been made everywhere with the toe of the boot than with the heel. Some reason for that, said I, and it must be that the female—for female it certainly was—was carrying a weight, and it must have been in her arms otherwise she would have gathered up her dress; another proof that she was not black, for the blacks do not carry burdens in their arms. I then returned to the bush on which the rag had been hanging, and I found that the tracks there left the road. I now concluded that in turning sharp round the bush, the dress had been caught; that the wearer had stumbled, and thus the rent had occurred. I became more sure of this as I proceeded, following the tracks slowly into the bush, because it was made clear to me that the woman, whoever she was, had turned off the road in the dark; for I perceived from unmistakable marks that she had run against obstacles which any one would have avoided in the daylight. This was a finally convincing proof that she was a white woman, for the blacks don't travel in the dark, or if compelled to do so, would be far more careful. Further on I had evidence that the woman had grown tired, and had sat down on the grass once or twice; and once on a bare place which was dusty; and here I saw that she had laid something beside her on the ground. I examined the impressions very minutely, and I was as certain as that I was alive, that it was that of the form of an infant. I then pushed on as fast as ever I could follow the tracks, and at about two miles from the road I found a young white woman with a baby in her arms sitting at the foot of a tree. What was my amazement, as I approached her, to perceive that she

was the wife of my friend and brother-manager, Charlie Carlton! She appeared to be utterly worn out with exhaustion and fatigue, but she was perfectly sensible, and knew me at once. She quickly told me her story: her husband had been sent off with a draft of fat cattle to market, and Woolsmith had since so insulted and terrified her that she had determined on leaving the station and making her way to a small township about fifteen miles distant, there to await the return of her husband. She had left after dark, but there was a moon, and she could follow the road very well until the night grew cloudy and the light was obscured.

“‘But,’ said I, ‘you took the wrong road.’

“‘I suppose so,’ she replied; ‘and the worst of it is my poor baby is suffering through my mistake.’

“I had hitched my horse's rein to the bough of a tree whilst I was talking to her, and at this point he managed to slip it off and walked away. It would never have done to have lost him, for the lives of the woman and child might depend on my bringing them succour quickly. So I followed him, and was much pleased to find that he had gone to a fine little creek close by, at which he was drinking, and still more pleased to perceive a camp of blacks on the opposite side. Catching the horse and going over to them, I found that I knew them all, and, on telling them that Mrs. Carlton had lost herself they followed me to the spot where I had left her. The poor thing was quite unable to stand, far less to walk, so they lifted her tenderly, and carried her down to the camp. Fortunately I had a pair of blankets with me, and a little tea and sugar. We were therefore able to make some sort of a bed for her, and the lubras soon made some tea. Nothing could exceed the kind and gentle attentions of the blacks. The men stood aloof, but ready to do anything that might be required of them, leaving the poor thing entirely in the hands of the women. After a while the baby began to cry. ‘I have nothing to give it,’ she said, piteously; and at a signal from one of her attendants, a fine young woman with an infant came forward,

and giving her own child to another woman, took the poor little white thing in her arms, gave it the breast, and soon soothed it off to sleep. Well, the mother's face was a picture during this operation. It expressed reluctance (amounting to disgust) to have her baby nursed by a black woman, and yet a feeling that it was absolutely necessary, and thankfulness that it should obtain some sustenance. Leaving her to the care of these people, and promising to return as soon as possible, I mounted my horse and rode off to the station, which I reached some time after dark. There were lights in a hut which I knew to belong to old Mrs. Morny, who acted as housekeeper and manageress in general of the domestic arrangements of the station; but none that I could see in Woolsmith's. So I rode up to the former, and inquired of old Morny, who came to the door, whether his master was at home.

"'Yes, he be,' replied the old lady, speaking over her husband's shoulder; 'but, lor' bless you, Mr. Brown, he be in such a way. Something have a-took Mrs. Carlton, and we don't know where she be, though all hands as could be spared, and the master, too, have a-been a-searching after her everywhere, and the master have a-been drinking hard, and now he be lying down dead-and-deaf drunk, sure enough.'

"I then told the old woman, whom, I may mention by the way, everyone called Peg, what had occurred.

"'Gracious a mighty me!' she exclaimed, 'to think of that, now! Oh, the poor dear, and the precious babe! Get away out to the stables, Morny. Mercy be praised Black Captain be in. Clap the side-saddle on him, Morny, and I'll shove on a skirt in a jiffey.'

"'Stop a bit, Peg, I said, 'we must get some one to drive the light cart out with bedding and provisions.'

"'So us must—so us must,' she replied; 'you be a thoughtful man, you be, Mr. Brown. Morny, run down to the men's hut, and tell John Curtis to come up this here very instant minute.'

"All necessary arrangements having been made with Curtis, Black Captain

was led forth, and Peg was installed in her saddle.

"'I be as well able to ride now,' said she, 'as what I were many years ago, so you can travel so quick as you've a mind to. Give me the bottle of port wine, Morny, and the parcel of arrowroot, and Mr. Brown 'll carry the quart pots and other things.'

"As we were about to start, I said laughingly to her old husband, 'You're not afraid to trust her with me, Morny?'

"'Trust a indeed,' said Peg, indignantly. 'Trust a, says he! and we a-going to the help of a dying woman likely! A pretty time for carryins on, I should say. Trust a indeed. Come, travel, Mr. Brown; come along, Captain.'

"On reaching the camp I could see that Peg was much shocked at the appearance of the poor patient.

"'It be a bad case, it be,' said she, drawing me aside. 'I wish there were a doctor near hand, Mr. Brown.' But there was not one residing within fifty miles.

"'She is sleeping, is she not?' I inquired.

"'She be sleeping and she be not, Mr. Brown. She be in what I calls a bad state of mind, and that's wuss than a bad state of body. I can see it by the way her lips do move. I've seed the same thing times afore. Us might do her poor body good with port wine and arrowroot; but God above, he only can cure her mind.'

"Having prepared some food, Peg endeavoured to get her to partake of it. I stood close by. Mrs. Carlton opened her eyes. 'Mr. Brown,' said she, 'can you tell me what is to become of this poor child when I am dead?'

"'My sweet dear,' said Peg, 'what's to do to be talking about dying? You be a bit tired, my dear; but if you'll only take a little mouthful or two of this, you'll soon come round.'

"'Never, Peg, never. I feel it here, in my heart. I don't know what it is, but it tells me I shall never come round; and tell me, Peg, must my baby die too?'

"'Dear heart alive!' replied Peg. 'Die! the pretty dear little innocent! No, we won't let it die; nor you neither, my poor, tired dear.'

“‘Let me talk to Mr. Brown, Peg. Mr. Brown, I have heard Charlie say often that you are an honourable man—one whose bare word may be trusted when there might be a doubt about another’s bond. For many days I have been sorely distressed in mind. In that time I have taken little food. I was weak and ill when I set out on this journey, and the fatigue, and fright, and anxiety have killed me. Pray hear me out. I want you to promise me three things. I think you will—indeed, I know you will, or I would not ask you. First, that you will not take my dead body back to any of that dreadful man’s places.’

“‘That’s it, be it?’ said Peg to herself, in an undertone.

“‘Secondly,’ continued Mrs. Carlton, ‘that you will take charge of my babe until you can deliver her to her father; and, thirdly, that you will tell poor Charlie that I died for love of him—that I died thinking of him—yes, thinking of him; for, merciful heaven, how can I help it—thinking of him more than of my God!’

“All this she said with a wonderful degree of calmness; but on her turning her poor head on the pillow away from us, we could hear her sobbing bitterly. Presently she recovered herself, and, turning towards us again, she said, ‘Your answer, Mr. Brown?’

“‘Mrs. Carlton,’ I replied, you have my sacred, solemn promise, to do all that you ask—if—’

“‘There is no if about it, Mr. Brown. My child will be motherless in a few hours. I thank you—I trust you implicitly. My best, my dying thanks.’

“Peg induced her to take a spoonful or two of the port wine and arrow-root, and she was quiet for some time. Presently I heard a peculiar sound. Peg, who was leaning over her, drew back and whispered to me, ‘God be merciful to us—it be the death rattle!’

“I need not dwell upon the painful scene. Suffice it to say that a little while after daylight the unfortunate young lady breathed her last. Peg, with the tears streaming down her cheeks, gently took the child from her arms. A lubra sitting by her, uttered a low wail, which being under-

stood by the other blacks, was echoed through the whole camp. Nora, the girl who had previously nursed the child, came up and took it from Peg. A little girl sat by, holding her baby. ‘Nora,’ I said, ‘you must be mother now to this little white lubra. You and your coolie,’ *i.e.* husband, ‘must come and live at my station.’ It was very difficult to get them to agree to this, but I managed it at last, by making them such offers of payment as they could not resist.

“‘Poor fellow,’ said Nora, looking at her own baby, ‘only you get half milk now! Poor fellow!’ And she bowed her head and wept. By-and-by she took him from the girl, and holding him on one arm and the little orphan on the other, she said, ‘me now got um twin. This one twin little black coolie; this one twin little white lady wife.’ The idea pleased her, and she laughed cheerily, showing, as the poet says, that—

‘The springs of rosy laughter lie
Close by the well of tears.’

“‘Mr. Brown,’ said Peg, in a low and almost husky tone, ‘this woman have been murdered.’

“‘By whom?’ I asked.

“‘I be an old woman, Mr. Brown, but not blind, nor deaf, nor foolish yet—and between you and me, and no further, what I have to say is—may God have mercy on Woolsmith’s soul.’

“‘Why, what has he done?’

“‘What, Mr. Brown! I be sure you well do know. She made you make a promise; and my old eyes well could see you did know her meaning. Where be she to be buried?’

“‘Here, I think,’ I replied.

“‘Yes—here be best,’ she said.

“‘I really think so,’ I rejoined, ‘for where can I take her without breaking my promise?’

“‘Ay—that be true, she answered; ‘and look’ee, Mr. Brown, where be there any more sacreder place for the dead mother than where she have left her living babe?’

“‘Ah, where indeed, Peg.’

“So we buried her there; and I need scarcely tell you, I had the grave fenced in immediately, and have had it kept in good repair to this day. Thus the first promise was kept. So

was the second; but the third has never been fulfilled, and never can be. Poor Charlie never heard of his loss, for he was accidentally drowned on his return from town. On hearing this I felt impelled, at any sacrifice, to avenge the deeply injured dead. But cool consideration showed me that I had a sacred pledge to redeem, and that my first duty was to protect, and endeavour to promote the interests of the helpless orphan. I therefore went to Woolsmith.

“ ‘The little child I have in charge,’ I said, ‘has lost both her parents. The mother perished—through whose fault?’

“He held down his head and said nothing.

“ ‘The father,’ I continued, ‘died in your service. Do something for their orphan child.’

“ ‘I *will*, Brown,’ he replied at once. ‘Pick out from any of the flocks any thousand ewes you like; and take charge of them yourself for the little one.’

“This was more than I had expected. Far less would have satisfied me. But well was it for him, for me, and for the child, that remorse or fear had stirred his sluggish generosity. To make the gift secure, I drew up a sort of deed, which he signed, and it was duly attested. A lawyer afterwards assured me it was good and binding. “When the sheep had sufficiently increased, I put them on a fine run, which I had looked out. I had great luck with them; and Mary Carlton, besides holding other very valuable property, in which I have invested the profits, is now the owner of over 50,000 sheep. I have spared no money on her education. She is now nearly nineteen; a good, affectionate, and beautiful girl. She is to be married soon to a very worthy and wealthy young man. It is a love match. I had nothing whatever to do with it. They asked my consent, and I gave it with a truly happy heart. And, now, I feel, old fellow, like a man who has conscientiously done his duty, by the living and the dead.”

THE OFFICER'S GRAVE.

There is in the wide, lone sea
A spot unmarked, but holy;
For there the gallant and the free
In his ocean-bed lies lowly.

Down, down, within the deep
That oft to triumph bore him,
He sleeps a sound and pleasant sleep
With the salt waves dashing o'er him.

He sleeps serene and safe
From tempest or from billow,
Where the storms that high above him chafe
Scarce rock his peaceful pillow.

The sea and him in death
They did not dare to sever:
It was his home while he had breath—
'Tis now his rest for ever!

Sleep on, thou mighty dead!
A glorious tomb they've found thee;
The broad blue sky above thee spread,
The boundless waters round thee.

—H. F. Lyte.

ARCHITECTURE IN SYDNEY.

By J. G. DE LIBRA.

“ And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe;
 And then from hour to hour, we rot and rot;
 I must have liberty
 Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
 To blow on whom I please.”

—*As You Like It.*

It is upwards of a twelvemonth since we spoke of the progress of architecture in Sydney. During that time much has been done, and, on the whole, improvement is noticeable. Stucco is still extensively employed, but we have observed more stone buildings recently erected than within the previous few years. Better taste, too, appears to be gradually prevailing; though a few feet of plain wall surface, such as contributes so greatly to the beauty of buildings like the *Pandolfini* or *Farnese* palaces seem to be regarded by some of our architects much as a red rag by a mad bull. Difficulties of design, too, might almost have been created purposely, to be left unconquered; and the height of some ambitions must surely be to besmear a façade with so-called ornament, much as a perverted ingenuity does that direst of human perpetrations—the bride-cake. It is not necessary to damn with critical strictures stucco nightmares that are altogether beneath notice; nor shall we speak on this occasion of the new General Post Office, as it is difficult to judge fairly of the whole design of so large an edifice, until the scaffolding of the all but completed clock-tower is removed. But a few remarks respecting some of the principal new commercial buildings will, doubtless, be of interest.

Starting from the Circular Quay, we face the two new wings of the Custom House, during the completion of which the old building has been left standing between them. The new portions are in the Italian style, finished with a balustrading upon the cornice, plain, substantial-looking, well-proportioned, and devoid of all extraneous

ornament. The lateral façades are not identical in design; but while preserving a general similarity (though they cannot, of course, be seen at once), each is designed, as it should be, to meet its special requirements. Turning to the right into George Street, we come upon the English, Scottish, and Australian Chartered Bank—a small Gothic front next to the picturesque Renaissance police court. The design has distinct merit, on account of the ground floor arrangement of the entrances and windows, the excellent wrought-iron gates, and the refreshing breadth of the plain wall surface. The general effect, however, is marred by everything above the upper stringing, including a common, plain slate roof! Two doors further off is a good specimen of domestic stone architecture, such as we should like to see far more of throughout the city.

A quarter of a mile further along George Street, and extending from the corner up Margaret Street, stands the new office of the Mutual Assurance Society of Victoria, Limited—a large four-storied block of stucco buildings, coloured to resemble stone, and designed by Messrs. Mansfield Brothers. The style is an adaptation of Renaissance, and the general effect is good; but the rounded corners of the first floor window-heads, and other similar features, are not pleasing, and some of the ornamental modelling is rather nondescript. The entrance in George Street is a massive stone structure of Doric character, but the naturalistic carving in the broken pediment, and the classic “leaf and berry” border, that replaces an architrave, accord but ill; while we should greatly have preferred to see the two bodies who form the apex of the edifice, and symbolise something, we suppose—for it is difficult to find a point of view from which to see what they are like

—we should have preferred to see them not left entirely in a state of natural coloured stucco. Most decorators, however stodgy their wont, would at least have tinted them an ivory white. Immediately opposite, at the corner of George and Hunter Streets, the scaffolding is being erected for a kind of twin structure, to be occupied by another banking establishment and a store, the ground for which was purchased, as we understand, at £850 per foot frontage!

One of the most pretentiously ornate, and on the whole handsomest, commercial buildings in Sydney is the new Australian Joint Stock Bank, at the south-west corner of George and King Streets, designed by Messrs. Blackman and Parkes, and built by Mr. J. Young. The general style is that of the French Renaissance. Upon a plain substantial base, some eight feet high, of moulded grey granite, the ground floor—including the circular heads of the windows, which in France would probably give light to an *entresol*—rises, in somewhat of the multi-columnar Venetian style, to the height of the three-storied houses next to it, but the effect is a little frittered away by the unrestful combination of red and grey granite shafts. The two floors above form together a distinct order quite in the French style, with columns, central frieze and pediment and panels all highly decorated, and pairs of griffins seated on the elevated angles of the parapet to crown the stone-work. Above this springs a high, curved, Mansard roof, terminating in a rectangular superstructure and brattishing, painted to resemble bronze, but a little savouring of indifferent cast-iron work. Although the building has the disadvantage, so common in Sydney, of being slightly out of the square on plan, the design is good in composition, proportion, and ornamental details, with the exception of the “little vulgar boys” who officiate as “supporters” of the armorial shield in the principal pediment. The rest of the decorative carving is unusually spirited and good. The wrought-iron window-guards and grills are well designed and suitable; the internal plastering of the banking chamber pure and refined, and such as

should lend itself to high-class coloured decoration, and the massive metal entrance-doors a special feature that gives an imposing finish to the edifice, the excellent construction of which reflects great credit on the builder.

Now, if we retrace our steps, and, starting again from the Circular Quay, proceed up Pitt Street, we shall find, almost opposite the office of the *Bulletin*, a large block of buildings designed by Messrs. Wardell and Vernon, and intended for the occupation of Messrs. Gibbs, Bright, and some other important company, possibly the “Orient.” The simple Italian stone front, terminating in a cornice and parapet, with the principal entrance doors and windows pedimented, would be almost unexceptionable but for the rather extreme height of the windows in proportion to their width. Just past Hunter Street are the premises newly erected for the Colonial Mutual Life Insurance Society (Limited), the architect being Mr. J. Kirkpatrick. The solid stone front is in the genuine Queen Anne style, the ground floor office being lighted by a large circular-headed window, flanked by well-designed and characteristic doorways on either side; the three central windows of the second floor slightly bayed and corbeled out; and the walls above the handsome cornice prolonged upwards into one of those fantastic gable-ends so frequent in Amsterdam. The decoration of the broken pediments above the first-floor windows is weak and commonplace; but with that exception, we can hardly call to mind a building in Sydney so thoroughly artistic in its treatment, from top to bottom. Scarcely less so, though in the widely different style of eclectic Renaissance, are the Mercantile Mutual Insurance Company’s (Limited) new buildings a little further on, erected from the designs of Messrs. Mansfield Brothers. The composition is rather original but telling, the ornamental details pure, and the decorative carving full of life and *verve*. Some few doors off a praiseworthy attempt at external coloured decoration has been made by Messrs. Mills and Pile, who have had the whole of the upper part of the cement building they occupy, painted

in imitation of red and grey Aberdeen granite. The granite treatment itself is of course a solecism and a sham; but almost anything is better than the hideous wilderness of drab stucco that greets one everywhere, making the streets hideous and depressing. The move is distinctly in the right direction. An excellent opportunity of improving on this is afforded just opposite, by Messrs. Gunslers—the *café par excellence* of the well-to-do *gourmet*. This was on the point of completion when we last wrote on architecture (in November, 1884), and contains some very terrible details in the pseudo Queen Anne style. But there are also strong elements of the picturesque in the grouping; and placed in the hands of a really efficient decorator (if any such there be here), it might be made one of the most attractive—we do not say artistically refined—façades within the city.

Bridge Street is so great an offender, that we feel compelled to devote a few lines to its especial benefit. Passing down from George Street into Pitt Street, we have, on the left-hand side, four large edifices all together, each one of which is more appalling than its fellow. First, there is a tall stone building in pseudo-classic of the very pseudoest, with solid twenty-foot pilasters, corbeled out on shaftless little Gothic caps, the topmost story suggesting nothing so much as a Katherine wheel in a fit. Next door we get “ham sandwiches” run mad in a struggle after the Moresque. And then come two imposing blocks of stone-coloured cement, both of which (but especially the upper one) the bridal sugar-baker must surely consider his *chefs d'œuvres*. When, oh when will the motto of the Architectural Association of London be felt and acted on out here—“Design with beauty, build in truth?”

It is refreshing to turn from the spacious width of spurious Bridge Street to the narrow thoroughfare of Bond Street. Half way down, a genuine and commendable effort has been made by Mr. W. L. Vernon to give to our street architecture a more artistic and picturesque tone than heretofore; and, following on the lines so prevalent now

in London and elsewhere, a pair of houses have been built for offices in what is now generally known in England as the “Queen Anne” style—a title, however, as vague as “Elizabethan” or “Early English” as applied to furniture. Solid piers of well-pointed red brickwork, surmounted by stone cornices, pediments, and other ornamental features, contain between them, and within large archways, slightly bayed-out window fronts, the upper part of each window being composed of the small square panes and broad white sash-bars peculiar to the reign of the tea-adoring monarch. The effect of the uncoloured cement in the window cornices which mark the floor-line is a little jarring, and no attempt has been made to overcome the difficulty which architects everywhere experience—that of carrying down the visible construction into the shop fronts. But from the *facia* upwards the buildings possess great character and individuality, and are extremely picturesque. Immediately opposite is a series of good, plain, well-designed stone house-fronts of Italian character, chiefly occupied by the Waltham Watch Company.

The Hall of Temperance, in Upper Pitt Street, has just received a superstructure, in the shape of a lofty third story surmounted by pepper-box turrets (visible, unhappily, from afar) and other ghastly features that seem to suggest *delirium tremens* rather than temperance, and almost drive one to hard drinking on the spot. Close by, a little further on, the now completed home of the Young Men's Christian Association fulfils our worst anticipations, and seems to preach that, whatever Mr. Ruskin may declare, æstheticism and some folks' Christianity are far enough apart.

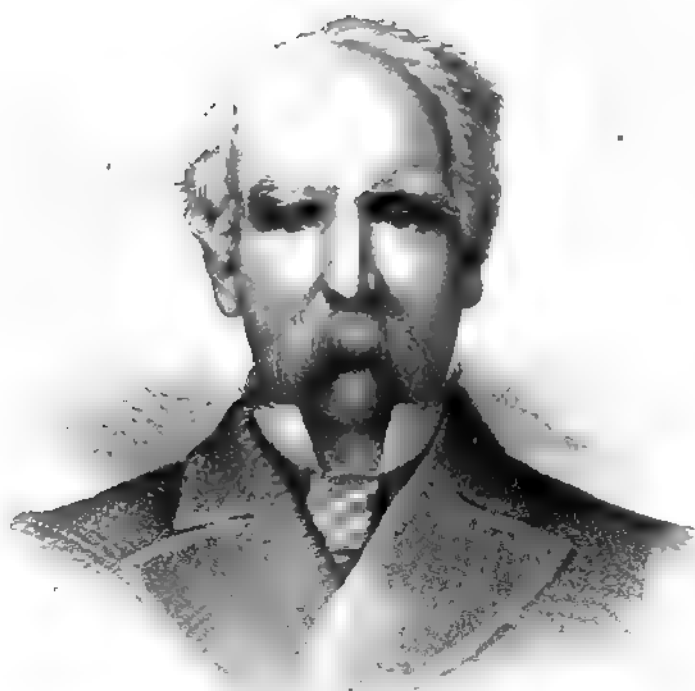
Passing up into Castlereagh Street South, we soon find ourselves at the New Masonic Hall, a dingily drab, stucco-fronted building, four stories high, of eclectic but fairly good design. The interior of the large hall is by far the best of the kind that the forlorn metropolis at present possesses, and compared with that most depressing of *auditoria*, the Protestant Hall, affords concert-goers and the like much to be thankful for. It may be almost

described as divided—church-like—into a central and side aisles; and at the end, opposite the platform, is placed a deep and comfortable balcony. But the hall is usually disfigured by a gim-crack, scene-painter's proscenium at the other end, totally out of keeping with such feeble decoration as it possesses. The staircases are ingeniously placed in a lofty sky-lighted vestibule, between the front block of buildings and the hall itself. The St. Joseph's Investment and Building Society's new premises, in Elizabeth Street, are a feeble but well intentioned attempt at the "ham-sandwich" style in pseudo-Gothic, which is redeemed from utter mediocrity by some rather good wrought-iron work in the over-doors and window-grills (*à la Nord d'Italie*) of the ground floor. A central niche has been prepared to receive a statue of St. Joseph, the patron saint of labour. In Bligh Street, Messrs. Elliott Brothers' new warehouse, though only of brick and stucco, is a good, plain, sensible specimen, without an atom of sham carving, of what such business buildings should be; and the simple stone façade, of somewhat Florentine Renaissance character, next to it, though not quite well proportioned, is again welcome for its breadth. But the new District Post Office in Upper William Street is a shapeless, lop-sided little building, that we can hardly imagine as having sprung from the Minerva-like brain of the Colonial Architect's office. If it has, then why, oh why, did not the sponsor of the now world-wide celebrated Post Office carvings remain in England to convince Sir Frederick Leighton of their typical realism, their intrinsic beauty, and their unqualified æstheticism?

From the foregoing remarks it will be seen how much has yet to be achieved in Sydney before the city can lay claim to a generally intelligent and artistic practice of architecture. When new structures are erected under the auspices of culture and education, all

goes tolerably well, and there are buildings in Sydney that would be a credit to any country. We are by no means without conscientious architects of ability, experience, and taste; though no one seems able to strike out, as is being done by English architects in India, a style of architecture really suitable to our climate and requirements, and smacking less of the *Builder* and the *Building News*. But it is greatly to be feared that in the lower class of buildings, however vast their dimensions—in the pretentious dingy shams and hideous compositions that disfigure so many of our leading thoroughfares, no professional architect is employed at all; or, if there be one, it is a man who takes a low and grovelling view of his noble calling, willingly panders to the vulgarity and self-conceit of clients, and displaces the brilliant "Lamp of Sacrifice," to make way for the farthing rushlight of money-grubbing greed. Pugin and Ruskin share but the fate of Vitruvius, Palladio, and Chambers, and are simply ignored, or too often, perhaps, pooh-poohed and laughed at. It is hardly to be expected that every architect who has his way to make in the world, can be possessed of the moral fortitude of Sir Charles Barry, when he refused, at the risk of his Court influence and prestige, to transmogrify the House of Lords into a French *café*, at the bidding of a Prince Consort, by lining it with looking-glasses. But those who deliberately perpetrate eyesores a thousand times more offensive (because more permanent) than an over-bedizened woman without the natural elegance and grace to carry off her ill-adjusted finery, may rest assured that, however they escape censure for a time, they will be scouted by their children's children, who will be utterly and heartily ashamed of them, though they may exclaim, perhaps, more in sorrow than in anger — "*Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis!*"

None without hope e'er loved the brightest fair,
But love can hope where reason would despair.



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL DONALD MARTIN STEWART, C.B.
Commanding the Expedition to Mandalay

THE WARRIOR PHILANTHROPIST.

By "SCOTUS."

The portrait which accompanies this article represents General Sir Donald Martin Stewart, G.C.B., C.I.E., B.S.C., Commander-in-chief of the British forces in India, and member extraordinary of the Council of India. It is copied from one taken when he bore the designations appended to it, before he had attained his present rank and honours. Our sketch of his career will show that he has well earned the title which we have given him—"The Warrior Philanthropist."

The descendant of a long line of courageous soldiers, it is no marvel that his exploits have been of such a nature as to win the highest admiration. Through the last Baron of Kincardine, he is a lineal descendant of Robert II., king of Scotland. His father's death was recently referred to in the home papers, as that of a man long and familiarly known in the Highlands, and who was as gentle in peace as he was valiant in war. The philanthropist side of General Stewart's nature was probably derived from his mother, to whom, like most famous men, he owed many of his characteristics. An account of the maternal side of the family is, therefore, necessary to the proper knowledge of the distinguished man, who will possibly ere long be a visitor to Australia.

His mother's father, the Rev. Donald Martin, was a descendant of the old family of Martins of Duntulm, who lived there for many generations. His elder brother, Mr. Martin Martin, was popularly known as Martin a Bhealich, from his having occupied the lands of Bealach near Duntulm. He was for many years Chamberlain to Lord Macdonald of the Isles, in which capacity he not only earned for himself great popularity, but even won the love and gratitude of those with whom he came in contact. He was remarkable for his great personal strength, and

many of his feats are still regarded with pride by the people of Skye. He married a daughter of MacLeod of Raasay, a sister of the Countess of Loudon, and had by her two daughters, one of whom was married to Count Marvin, and the other to Martin Martin, of Duntulm, and lately of Toile. His mother, who was a near relative of Macdonald of the Isles, lived in Dunvegan Castle. The Rev. Donald Martin, long minister of Kilmuir, Trotternish, afterwards of Inverness, and latterly of Abernethy, was, as has been said, his younger brother, and grandfather of Sir Donald Martin Stewart. The well-known and justly celebrated Sir Ronald James Martin, of London, and formerly of Calcutta, was his uncle.

Thus ancestrally distinguished, even from boyhood the subject of this sketch marked out for himself the career he prosecuted. In 1839-1840 we find him a student of the first year in King's College, University of Aberdeen. The following year he went out to India as a cadet; and during a period of now more than forty-three years he has risen step by step by his own merit, to the highest rank in that army which protects our Eastern Empire, and watches over the interests of Afghanistan.

In 1854-1855 he served against the hill-tribes in the Peshawur district, and was then honourably mentioned in the despatches. In May and June, 1857, at the outbreak of the Sepoy Mutiny, he commanded the volunteers serving in the Allygurh district. When all communication with the Upper Provinces had been cut off, General Stewart, then only with the rank of Captain, volunteered to carry despatches from the Government of the North Western Provinces to the Officer commanding at Delhi. He successfully accomplished his undertaking,

and on his arrival in the camp before Delhi, was appointed Deputy-Assistant Adjutant-General. In that capacity he served in the field force throughout the siege of Delhi; again was he mentioned in the despatches with signal approval, and received the brevet rank of Major. He afterwards served throughout the siege of Lucknow as Assistant Adjutant-General, and also throughout the campaign in Bohilicund. Once again were his services recognised, and he obtained a brevet of Lieutenant-General, with the medal and two clasps. In the Abyssinian Expedition of 1867 and 1868, he held command first at Galla, and then at Senaffe, and was among those officers who led the British under Napier up to Magdala, that last stronghold of the Abyssinians, the capture of which ended the campaign.

About this period General Stewart retired for a time from the army. Colonel Bowen was appointed Adjutant-General, a post to which General Stewart conceived himself entitled. On the merits of that dispute it is needless now to enter. Soon after General Stewart's retirement, he was appointed Governor of the Andaman Islands, the penal establishment of Hindostan. In that position he acquitted himself with the same distinction as during his military career. He found the place a perfect pandemonium, and set to work to reform every abuse that he could discover. Here his philanthropic nature asserted itself. Without relaxing discipline, he encouraged the prisoners to adopt less brutal habits, and to pay more cheerful obedience to those set over them. Under his rule the guard felt their lives safer from sudden attack. Those who have seen anything of penal establishments, where there are life and long-sentenced men amongst the convicts, or who have read Marcus Clarke's graphic description in "His Natural Life," will appreciate fully the situation. But there was one amongst that convict throng on the Andaman Islands, to whom kindness meant only opportunity for fresh crime, and who could not see that the Governor of such an establishment was only performing what was doubtless a painful duty, in keeping strict

watch and ward over so many human beings. By this man Lord Mayo was assassinated, while standing on the pier, giving instructions to some of his officers before going on board, General Stewart, and Sir Wm. Jervois, the present Governor of New Zealand, being near at hand, the latter within four yards of Lord Mayo. Suddenly the assassin sprang upon his victim, and he fell mortally wounded. It was in the darkness of the evening, when few torchlights were about, and nothing could have saved him. Next morning, when General Stewart questioned the assassin as to his motive for the deed, the only answer he could obtain was this: "The knife was sharpened for you, but as I could not get you, I took the next best man."

About the end of 1878, or the beginning of 1879, the Afghan troubles, instigated by Ayoub Khan, commenced, and General Stewart was requested to take command of the forces in Afghanistan. With the division under his own immediate command, he selected the Bolan Pass route to march on Candahar; and that pass he insisted on putting into such a condition that an army could march through at any time. This work remains to the present day a monument to his energy, skill, and forethought. On the march his troops endured great hardships, but Stewart shared all their perils and fatigues, so that there was a cheerfulness amongst the troops, on their toilsome journey, that only the personal example of officers could have engendered. For nearly a fortnight, the only food the division had to depend on was the grain concealed in the earth, which the peasantry had left when they fled before the approach of the British army. At last Candahar was reached, and there it was anticipated that a battle would have to be fought; but here again one of General Stewart's characteristics prevented a conflict. While he viewed his own well equipped troops, the comparative fewness of the enemy, and the then almost unprotected state of the city, he conceived that his passage through could be secured without bloodshed. It has been said,

"Heroes are all the same, the point's agreed,
From Macedonia's Madman to the Swede."

But though in every sense of the word a soldier, Stewart, throughout his entire career, was careful never unnecessarily to shed human blood; and so he set to work to negotiate with the native chiefs, the result of which was that he passed through Candahar almost without firing a shot. Had he been less humane, he would probably have added one more to the many brilliant exploits with which his name is associated; but he preferred this victory of peace. His renown in the future will not suffer, because he so stayed his hand as to prevent the slaughter of native troops, who certainly, if they had then joined the Cabulese insurgents, were not so deeply implicated in the rising as to be unforgivable. And the effect of General Stewart's conduct on this occasion has been enduring; for when our Indian possessions were recently threatened with a swoop of the Russians, the native tribes about Candahar remained true to the British, and indeed by their loyalty drew down upon themselves the wrath of the Russian General, of diamond-hilted-sword renown.

Passing Candahar, General Stewart continued his march towards Cabul, and at Ghuznee met with the enemy in force under Ayoub Khan. There a sanguinary conflict took place, ending in the total defeat of the Afghans, and in the opening of the way to Cabul, which was finally entered. At Ghuznee Stewart had only 2000 men in his fighting line, while the Afghan strength was variously estimated at from 15,000 to 20,000; yet such is the superiority of a civilised over a semi-civilised mode of warfare, and such the devotion of British soldiers to officers who command their respect and confidence, that the victory was complete, and one tribe alone admitted having lost over 1000 men.

At Cabul, General Stewart had a difficult mission to fulfil. It was impossible that Ayoub Khan could any longer be recognised as ruler of the capital city of that part of Afghanistan, and someone else must be appointed. There were many native princes to choose from, and both tact and judgment were necessary. It was inevitable that there must be many disappointed

aspirants for the sovereignty of the district; at the same time it was imperative that the chief selected must be possessed of power to keep unruly subjects in check, and must be true to British interests. General Stewart finally elected Abderrahman Ameer of Cabul, under conditions as to an annual British subsidy, that need not be recapitulated here. It is sufficient to say that the result has proved the choice an excellent one. During the late scare, when the delimitation of the Afghan boundary seemed to be only an excuse for Russia to engage Britain in a war, and when there is very little doubt that Russia's emissaries had secretly tempted the new Ameer, it was never seriously thought by those best informed on the subject that Abderrahman had ever been unfaithful to his British suzerain—for that is virtually the relation of the British Crown to the present ruler of Afghanistan.

While these negotiations at Cabul were going on, intelligence was received of the fatal affair of Maiwand. General Burrowes, commanding the second column of the expedition, which took another route than that taken by General Stewart, was met by the enemy, and his troops all but cut to pieces. Stewart then, himself remaining in Cabul with only a handful of men, sent General Frederick Roberts back with the flower of the army to punish the enemy, and right nobly was the task carried out. By forced marches General Roberts succeeded in getting back to the enemy's position, and, almost on the very scene of General Burrowes' catastrophe, fought a second battle, which proved so decisive and complete that the strength of the insurgents was finally broken. That march, if the movement had been nothing else, from Cabul to Candahar, will long be remembered as an interesting fact in the military annals of Great Britain.

Order having been restored at Cabul, General Stewart retired to the seat of Government at Simla, carrying the hospitals with the sick and wounded along with him.

In April, 1881, General Stewart was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the forces in India, and on the 8th day of

that month he first took his seat as Extraordinary Member of the Council of India. Since he has held the chief command, it has been a recognised fact in England that he holds the native princes of India in his hand. He has won their confidence, their respect, even their admiration. Standing as he does, "six feet three in his stocking soles," proportionately made throughout, his altogether commanding presence, and cool thoughtful aspect under the most trying circumstances, impress one at once that he is in the presence of no ordinary man.

The portrait which we give will show, even if his life story had not, that General Stewart possesses at once singular intelligence and remarkable determination. Force of character, indeed, is indelibly stamped on his features. In a month or two from now he will retire, with many and well-won laurels, to return to his native land, after visiting Australia and possibly America. He is of a long lived race. His mother is still alive, a resident on the family estates in the highlands of Scotland. Incidentally too, it may be mentioned that he has a brother (who recently attempted the ascent of Mount Cook in New Zealand), and several distant relatives, resident in

Melbourne, amongst the latter being a partner in one of our largest newspaper concerns.

Of Sir Donald Stewart's peaceful and philanthropic works, only a few additional words need be added. He laboured actively to make India a wheat-producing country, in order that in time of war England might be able to rely on her own possessions for food for her people. The same principle conduced to his efforts for the increased cultivation of Indian teas. "He seemed," says an officer who served under him, "to be always thinking for others. He was acquainted with the smallest details of camp and barracks, and woe betide the official, who, in badly or negligently providing for the men, fell under the ban of his displeasure. He was as zealous to raise the educational and moral standard of his men, as he was to hold in check the excesses of his officers. Cool, collected, and brave in battle, he was gentle as a child in peace, and his own pleasures were both few and simple. I never yet saw a man whom as a soldier and a man I so much admired."

Than with this testimony to the varied merits of General Sir Donald Martin Stewart, this sketch of his career could not more appropriately close.

A LITTLE WORD.

A little word in kindness spoken,
A motion or a tear,
Has often healed the heart that's broken,
And made a friend sincere.

A word—a look—has crushed to earth
Full many a budding flower,
Which, had a smile but owned its birth,
Would bless life's darkest hour.

Then deem it not an idle thing,
A pleasant word to speak ;
The face you wear, the thoughts you bring,
A heart may heal or break.

—*Anon.*

THE ADVENTURES OF A PIONEER.

By W. LOCKHART MORTON.

No. XIII.—FIRST EXPERIENCES AND IMPRESSIONS.—VICTORIA.

In beginning these papers, giving my experiences as a Pioneer in Australia, it was not my intention to refer to the earliest events. One can hardly write about his first movements and earliest experiences without appearing somewhat egotistical, or without alluding to matters of a personal and private character in which readers can feel no interest; but what has been already recorded would be incomplete without mentioning early days as a colonist and first impressions of the grand country and climate we have secured as a heritage for ourselves and successors. Others have also pointed out to me that the first experiences of pioneer settlers are generally interesting to readers of the present day. If I appear in the following remarks as saying too much of self in detailing the history of the unfair treatment I was as a youthful "new chum" subjected to, it is in the hope that the selfish policy pursued, even in the present day, by some remote station owners, to the ruin of many a young life, by making well brought up young men herd with rogues and blackguards of infinite degradation, will eventually be shamed out of existence.

In the year 1842 there was great depression in nearly every pursuit in the old country. For various reasons, which I need not mention, I relinquished the further prosecution of my studies at the University of Glasgow. In boyish days I had made some inventions, and under adverse circumstances, yet through the kind recommendations of James Smith, Esq., of Deanston, Sir John M'Neil, David Smith, Esq., C.E., of Glasgow, and others, it was my intention to follow civil engineering. But, although the

above-named gentlemen gave me as high testimonials as one man could obtain from another, such was the state of depression that there seemed no prospect of an immediate opening. As usual, one disappointment followed another, and I determined to seek in a foreign land that field for enterprise which seemed to be denied me in my native country. I shall never forget the warmth with which that kind and illustrious gentleman known generally as "Smith of Deanston" deprecated my determination, strongly and kindly advising me to exercise patience, predicting that there was a grand future for civil engineering in Britain, and for those who possessed the natural qualifications, if they improved them by study and applied them with energy and perseverance, adding, "I am a phrenologist." There are circumstances, however, in which it is much easier to preach than to practice, and, about that period, hearing of the new settlement of Port Phillip, I resolved to proceed thither—follow sheep farming, acquire some money, and return to follow the bent of my mind. Calling at the office of John Cree and Son, I took a passage by the barque "Benares," which sailed from Greenock on the 6th of August of that year. I was then a young man about twenty, and I was going out into the wilderness without a friend or relative there. Introduced by a mutual friend to Mr. Buchanan, of the Tontine Reading Rooms, he gave me a letter to his son in Melbourne, then of the firm of Bells and Buchanan. My mother had spoken to Mr. Cleland, generally known as "Tory Cleland," of Glasgow, about my departure, and he most kindly gave me a letter to Mr.

Andrew Furlong. Whilst he was writing it, his bright daughter, like a sympathetic angel, sat with me in the drawing-room.

When one leaves his native land and all the friends of his youth, perhaps for ever, there is much that darkens like a cloud the sunshine of life and oppresses the heart, and any kindness experienced under such circumstances is doubly valued and never forgotten. On the steamer from Glasgow to Greenock, a gentleman accompanied by his wife and family showed me such kindness as I can never forget. I do not know who they were, but they were so entirely different in their language and manners from people one usually meets with as strangers that I have ever since regretted that I did not find out who they were.

We had, upon the whole, a pleasant voyage. A number of young fellows were on board, intending to follow bush life. Some of the passengers were for Sydney, chiefly returning colonists, including Mr. Gilchrist with his bride, Mr. Howe, Mr. Small, and Master Watt, then a boy of fifteen or less, now of the firm of Gilchrist, Watt and Co. Our medical officer, Dr. Hare, was a superior young fellow. We soon started a newspaper, giving it the name of *The Benares Times*. To this publication I generally contributed something either in prose or verse. We were, upon the whole, a happy company. There was an absence of those quarrels and misunderstandings which often prevail in long voyages; but then we were not a numerous band. Touching at the Cape, we had an opportunity of seeing Cape Town, with which I was much pleased. Some of our crew had got hold of a case of spirits and refused to do their duty, and four or five of them were handed over to the police authorities there. Others had to be engaged, and thus we remained about four days at the Cape. Its shady walks and semi-tropical vegetation were much admired; and what our Australian blackfellows call "walk-about water" (running) in the streets, with the Dutch houses, showing blank walls to the street, but all white-washed, amid foliage of the brightest green, were new experiences.

Our first view of the Australian continent was off Cape Otway, with its dense forests and wild looking dark ravines. We soon entered Port Phillip, and then arose in my case a trying uncertainty as to my future. Some of the kind Sydney people on board had taken a warm interest in my welfare, and informed me that if I determined to proceed to Sydney they would befriend me; and some of them were so kind as to ask me to make their homes my own till I could be settled. I finally, however, resolved to remain at Port Phillip, thinking that a new country would best enable me to make money, and return to follow my cherished intentions in my native land. We landed at Leardit's beach, where there was a solitary weatherboard building fronting the bay, and apparently in a recess which had been cleared for it in the dark fringe of myrtle lining the shore. We thence walked by a bush track, passed close to the northern bluff of the grass-covered and openly-timbered ground, afterwards known as Emerald Hill. Whilst we passed the hill we could hear the blacks beating their sticks, out of sight on it. Crossing at the punt about the site of Princes Bridge, we found ourselves in the youthful town of Melbourne, then possessing but a few thousand inhabitants. Collins Street was then the principal street. The wide street had been cleared, but it was like a bush track, with a surface of yellow clay. The most compactly-built portion was that lying between Elizabeth and Queen Streets.

On the voyage out I had invented a self-acting hydraulic apparatus, which I thought would be valuable in keeping leaky ships clear of water. I made a drawing, and wrote a description of it, and, on arrival in Melbourne, sent it to Captain Lockhart (brother of Sir Walter Scott's son-in-law), then M.P. for Lanarkshire, and with whom I was personally acquainted, for presentation to the Admiralty. Sometime afterwards I was informed that Mr. Gladstone had given an unfavourable opinion of it. Mr. Gladstone, as a politician, was of course well qualified to estimate the value of

any mechanical invention, and of every other work under the sun. The invention was subsequently submitted to Professor Wilson, of Glasgow, who pointed out that Mr. Gladstone's opinion was wrong. Many years afterwards, in studying the appliances used by the ancient Egyptians in their irrigation works, I found that they had one embodying the same principle, although different in construction. Theirs, like mine, had no valves, and could not become choked. They worked it, however, by their own weight, walking from side to side on a platform; mine was self-acting, worked solely by wave motion. If Mr. Gladstone had known more about Egypt in those days, and knew less about it now, he would have been more cautious in condemning a re-invented water-lift probably older than the Pyramids, and might now possess a higher reputation as a statesman. The tremendous power to be employed—that of wave motion—in my re-invention, whilst the ancient Egyptians worked their small apparatus “with the foot,” made a difference which a statesman could not be expected to recognise, had his knowledge enabled him to compare them.

Returning to the ship I got my luggage transferred to a steamer which came up the Yarra to where the Queen's wharf is now. Tall *Melaleuca* trees lined the Yarra behind occasional redgum trees, and the flat ground between the river and Flinders Street was covered with *Melaleuca* (so-called ti-tree) scrub. A narrow bush track cleared of scrub ran along the river bank. Before landing my attention was attracted by a bullock-driver taking his team along the bank with a load of wool. He was one of the old stamp known as “Robin Red-breasts.” His open serge shirt exposing his chest to the sun and weather had made it as red as an Aberdeen moon. But my greatest surprise was to hear him talking incessantly to his team, and to perceive that they understood every word he said. I had previously regarded bullocks as stupid, but no longer thought so. The first peculiarity I noticed in the population of Melbourne was the limited number of

females in the streets and an unusual number of tall men. Wishing to see what sort of country was outside of the town I took a solitary walk to the east through the open forest, coming upon two or three cottages in what is now Hoddle Street, a short distance south of the present corner of Bridge Road. Those were the first buildings where Richmond now stands.

I lost no time in presenting myself at the office of Messrs. Bells and Buchanan, occupying the identical site of the now existing bluestone warehouse, subsequently built by W. M. Bell and Co. It was a one-story place like nearly all the buildings in Melbourne at that date. I found Mr. Buchanan had gone on a visit to the Green Hills station, near what is now Melton. I found however, in the late Mr. H. Bell, a noble, kind-hearted man, and he went with me down Collins Street and thence to the Flinders Lane entrance of the Port Phillip Club, now the Port Phillip Club Hotel, to introduce me to a squatter from the Western district. I wished to go up to a station to acquire “colonial experience.” The introduction was soon obtained, but I was not favourably impressed, for he began to talk what I knew to be simply rubbish, about the shepherds he had at his station knowing the sheep in their flocks by their faces. Why he should talk to me about shepherds I did not at the time surmise, but I fully learned afterwards. I did not want a shepherd's situation, but a general knowledge of sheep farming. He could not help seeing, however, in a young man seeking colonial experience, a possible shepherd in the future, if properly managed. He would be exceedingly glad if I would come up to his station, etc. At Messrs. Bells and Buchanan's office I met a Captain Gourley, who was then creating some sensation in Melbourne in reference to his destination with his vessel, then in Hobson's Bay. He was taking stores and arms on board. To my thinking, he seemed a man qualified to undertake any daring and wild enterprise. When I next heard of him he had sailed, and along with him the Hon. — Murray, and others. Some months afterwards

a meagre account reached Melbourne, that the vessel had sailed up one of the rivers in Borneo, and been fired upon by the natives, when poor Murray was killed.

In those days people in first-class positions were not particular as to their dress. Mr. Henry Bell walked down Collins Street with me in a blue jacket, without vest, his shirt bulging out considerably, acting like a verandah to his lower extremities. I remained in Melbourne only two nights, one of which I spent in the Prince of Wales Hotel, in Flinders Lane, where Messrs. M'Arthur, Sherrard and Copeland's warehouse now stands. The house was full, and I got a bed on the sofa in a front room. There was no sleep to be got after day-light: flies in thousands came and tried to settle on my face. Going on board the steamer bound for Geelong—the "*Aphrasia*," I think, was its name—we steamed down the Yarra. Mr. Thomas Campbell, a fellow-passenger from home, was on board, and when we got to Geelong, Mr. Campbell thinking that we might be robbed in broad daylight, we arranged that I should take my stand upon the miserable little stone jetty to watch the luggage till it was all landed, whilst he kept watch on the steamer.

We went to Mack's Hotel, the favourite camping ground of the pastoral interest. It was a one-story weatherboard building—through the archway on the right, and behind the large stone erection of more modern times. There were a great number of young fellows there that evening, and as we were new chums, Campbell and self were quite the lions of the party, for we overlooked the fact that we were rather the butt. The young fellows were fond of fun and mischief—kindly disposed, and not vicious. The squatter I had been introduced to in Melbourne had driven overland to Geelong, and next morning, seeing him in front of the hotel, I inquired how I should get up to his station. His answer was identical with that of the showman of wild beasts, "walk up," but it was embellished with a curse in some profane words, uttered in the hearing of several of the young fellows.

Immediately one of them, Mr. James Kinross, came up to me and said: "Don't go with that fellow. He is not a gentleman, and won't use you well. Come up to my place." Then Mr. John Carfrae came to me and said the same thing, and gave me the same invitation. Whilst duly thankful for such kindness, I resolved very unwisely to go whither I had been advised by Mr. Henry Bell. I started same day on foot, and alone, to do a journey of about a hundred miles. I had waited till the afternoon for Mr. John Dinnis, of Colac, who had a spare saddle-horse to take home, but some circumstance preventing him from starting, I would not wait.

Geelong, I may here state, was then a small place, the houses much scattered; but as a site for a city or town I looked upon it as superior to that of Melbourne. The Rev. Andrew Love's church was then on the hill top, and opposite to it a small court-house and lock-up had then been built. In front of the latter, and exposed to public view by the wayside, was a set of "stocks," and two gaol-birds were secured in them, showing the soles of their boots to the public. Like cockatoos each was sitting on a perch—a block of wood on end. One of them was secured in an uncomfortable manner, with his feet far apart, a vacant hole between them. This was, no doubt, meant as an extra punishment. The gentleman with me in passing began to laugh at such an unusual sight, but we were glad to get quickly out of hearing of the profane language with which we were assailed.

In consequence of my late start night overtook me; but after some time I saw a light and went towards it. This was Mr. Bowden's, at the Wauru Ponds. I was received with true hospitality by the kind family, starting again in the morning. When I had got past Mount Moriac and out of the timber towards what is now Barwon Park and Winchelsea, I began to realise the magnificent inheritance I had come to dwell in. The Messrs. Austin's homestead, consisting then of only two slab huts, I think is still standing on the slope of the right bank of the river, near the railway line. I did not

call there. By some means I had come to understand that a traveller on foot need not trouble himself to call at any station, and expect to be received as a gentleman. He is looked upon as only a swagman. The pure merino squatters of Australia are usually exceedingly hospitable; but if angels were to come to them on foot, as in the case of Abraham's visitors, they would probably be sent to the men's hut. The curse which had fallen upon me in front of Mack's Hotel had taken effect, inasmuch as it had discouraged me and wounded my feelings. People should take care not to use even discouraging language to young fellows, much more not to curse and blaspheme at them. Fresh from on board ship, where pea-soup produces flesh and fat, with unbraced muscles, long journeys on foot are not attended with much pleasure; but by eventide I had got over much of the Waterloo Plains, to about the present site of Burragurra. The sky was black with thunder clouds ready to burst, when I saw a shepherd's hut near to the road. A short period afterwards I looked for that hut and could neither see it nor any trace of it. If it was a dream of a weary traveller it was a very happy one. On passing Messrs. Dennis' station I saw a paddock of oats nearly ready for harvesting. Tired as I was, I had the curiosity to measure its length by my own height of six feet and over. It was so tall that I could not overlook it—a proof of the wonderfully rich basaltic soil of the Colac district. The Waterloo Plains, although basaltic, have been overflowed by a good quantity of tertiary clay, but the spring of 1842 was a wet one, and grass on the plains was abundant, giving cover to numerous broods of young quail seen by the track; but from Burragurra to Colac the landscape and the grass were such as man can hardly expect to see surpassed. Travelling on foot one has time to see the whole face of the country, far and near, and it is the best mode of travelling to see and understand what a country is made of.

When I got to Mr. Hugh Murray's station, with becoming modesty in a pure merino country, I went to the men's hut and got shelter from the

night air, and afforded I doubt not, a magnificent feast of new chum blood to a populous colony of parasites. Next day early I reached what is now Captain Haines' Mamre estate. A family named M'Culloch, then recently arrived from the East Indies, were there engaged in building a homestead. What a magnificent locality from which one looks down upon the waters of Lake Coragnamite! Rich black soil all the way from Colac. The family there treated me with unusual kindness. My next stage was to Scott and Richardson's cattle station at Perinyallok, where I was also kindly entertained. The track, at that early period very indistinct, crossed a level, rich, but rather swampy track south of the present road through the Stony Rises. Here I was very nearly having a serious adventure with a cow. Seeing her alone, I thought I would go up to her to see how she looked as compared with Ayrshire or other home cows. When within fifty yards of her, she elevated her head, fixed her eyes upon me, and began to step towards me. I saw she was preparing for a rush and I made one and saved her the trouble. Had she rushed me my colonial experience would have been ended; as a cow guarding her concealed calf is the most relentless beast one can meet with—a bullock or a bull would rush, but when the victim falls down, they will pass or jump over him—a cow never. After wading through a swamp knee deep I got into Stony Rises, a succession of rocky knolls with beautifully grassed hollows between, and with many tall whitegum trees over the whole region. These trees are now dead; no grass, ferns everywhere. It was a very lonely walk and seemed endless. On a smooth-barked whitegum tree I gave expression to my feelings by writing a verse from Goldsmith's "Hermit":—

"For here forlorn and lost I tread
With wandering steps and slow,
Where wilds immeasurably spread,
Seem lengthening as I go."

Clearing the forest, I soon got to Messrs. Manifold's station. The homestead was by a beautiful lake (Burrumbete) where it is now. I soon saw that there were ladies there with

broad-brimmed Leghorn hats. I called at the nearest building. It was getting late in the afternoon, and the track was very indistinct. I should have been glad to camp, but the woman told me there was a public-house (Timboon) six miles on. I took this as a hint to go on, and I did so. Before reaching Mount Leura, the sun had gone down, and hundreds of kangaroo were feeding amongst the tall grass close to the track. They raised their gentle heads and looked at me. They did not seem alarmed, and took less notice of me than I did of them, for they were the first specimens I had seen. As the night closed in it was impossible to keep the track, but I went straight ahead. I came at last to a well-beaten track, deep with mud and water. I had passed over the present site of Camperdown, and had seen no public-house. I began to think it best to camp. I was such a new chum that I did not know whether there might not be wild beasts about, and thought it safest to camp in a tree. Looking about I found a tree with a dense number of branches. I understood afterwards that it was an oak or casuarina. Climbing up amongst the branches I took off my wet boots and socks and rolled up my trousers till all the wet part was covered. Then taking my great-coat I thrust a leg into each sleeve and brought up the skirts about my body, tied my pocket-handkerchief round my neck, buttoned my coat, pressed my hat firmly on, and soon fell asleep. It was the month of December. The night was mild, and I felt quite comfortable, but at daybreak I was very cold. At early dawn I was awake by loud bursts of unearthly laughter (by laughing jackasses, as I afterwards understood). Looking out from my perch I found I was near the steep bank of a lake, whose waters were far below the general level of the country. This was that remarkable lake called Gnotuk, the crater of an old volcano, the ashes ejected from which, as in all the extinct volcanoes of the Western district, have been piled up on its east or north-east side, thus proving that during the period of volcanic activity the prevailing winds were from the south-west or west. My tree camp

was near where the woolshed of the late Mr. John Cumming now stands on the west bank of the lake. A period of thirty-seven years passed before I again saw that part of the Western district. Getting down, I started without breakfast, as I had gone to bed without supper. After a time I reached a river running along its stony bed. Making sure that my clothes should not be again wet I waded over. I reached my destination, and in the evening a message was sent to me that I was to sleep with a bullock-driver! I spent the night in the men's hut, and in the morning I walked up to the slab hut of the station owner. He opened the door a little way as some people do when beggars come. I then told him, without any further explanation or remark, that I had seen enough of his colonial experience; and turning about I walked away. When I had got about a hundred yards from the door, I heard someone calling to me. He was a stranger to me, but a few words were sufficient to convince me that he was a gentleman in the true meaning of the term. Who was this, but that grandly benevolent and noble kind-hearted man, the late Dr. Curdie, whose recent death I and the whole western district mourn. He spoke to me in kindly tones, mentioned that he had spoken of me to some one higher up the country, and advised me to go to him. Weary as I was I started without delay, passed Mr. Ware's station (Wooriwyrite), where a man put me on the wrong track, which led me over immense open plains in the direction of a flat topped hill near Mount Shadwell. On the plains great numbers of snakes were on the track basking in the sun—often in pairs. Their appearance was against them, and I did not trouble them to move out of my way. I caught a glimpse of two large birds, as they disappeared over some rising ground, and in a minute I had run to another rise to get a better view. I could see all round to an immense distance, but could see nothing of them, and I began to doubt my own eyes. These were the first emus I had seen. At sunset, I found myself descending into the deep valley of a

creek (the Hopkins) and on the other bank were two dingoes looking at me. They scampered off. Coming to a cross track, I followed it up the creek, feeling sure that if any station was in that locality it would be up or down the creek. I soon came to Mr. Henry Gibb's station, where I was received and welcomed with the utmost hospitality. In the morning I again started after learning that there was no continuous track thence to my destination. There was a track for a few miles to a sheep camp; beyond that, I took to the bush, alternately crossing high mounds and ridges of loose volcanic or basaltic rocks and shallow swamps of water between. Coming at an acute angle upon a bridle track I followed it to the left, and at night I found myself clear of the stony rises, and on the plains near Mount Hamilton. There was a shepherd's hut there, and a shepherd and hut-keeper. They went to sleep in the watch-box by the sheep-yards, and I had the hut to myself. It was a bleak spot. A cold night-wind swept over the plains. There was no door. The upright slabs stood wide apart. There was no firewood within reach but a few twigs to boil the tea-billy, and about half-a-dozen dogs took up their quarters in the fireplace. Tired, cold, and wet, I camped on a bare hurdle fixed in a corner, to spend the most miserable night I have ever spent in this world. Next morning I reached my destination. It was Sunday, and all hands about the homestead were called in to prayers. That night a lad was sent to show me where to sleep. He took me to a hut, where on the floor were two rows of men, like sardines in a tin. I would not camp there. The lad got further orders to take me to a watchbox. There was a man in it. The man in the kitchen said patronisingly, "Never mind, I'll give you a few woolpacks, and you can sleep by the kitchen fire." I did so; but, next morning, the lad was sent to inform me that his mistress would allow no person to sleep in her kitchen. I told the lad to say to his mistress, with my compliments, "that I did not esteem it a favour to have been allowed to sleep in her kitchen, for I had

nearly been devoured by parasites; and, further, that I had been introduced to people, and had associated with people at home who would not have put her behind their chair." This was no doubt an insulting and impertinent message, but any man or woman who makes a loud profession of religion, and acts towards a fellow mortal as if he were a dog, does not deserve, and must not expect to meet with soft words and polite consideration, either in this world or the next. The message was probably never delivered, and if so it was as well it was not. I had already seen a good deal of the magnificent Western District, but I did not like the idea of having come so far to learn so little; yet I saw plainly that I had not found satisfactory quarters. I slept for a night or two under a dray in the yard. Some workmen were to proceed to a place fifteen miles away to make a sheepwash, and wishing to see the operation, I went with them, walking all the way. If there was beautiful piety at the home station, the outstation, to which we had gone, was as nearly a pandemonium as any place that has ever existed on the earth. One night in such company was enough—too much—and next morning, after I had seen the absurdly simple sheepwash made, I crossed the trackless plains to the homestead, and told the owner I had seen enough of his colonial experience, as I did not mean to associate with such a class of men as he had about him, but would maintain my character and self-respect. He replied that he knew his men were bad; but he would give me a flock of sheep, and send me to an out-station by myself. To this I answered, that he would never find me shepherding. I next day turned my back upon such men who, under pretence of getting hold of young fellows to give them a knowledge of sheep-farming, had no other object in view than to reduce them soul and body to the level of the very worst of the Tasmanian gaol-birds, who had migrated to the new settlement at Port Phillip. A loud profession of religion, accompanied by a total and wilful disregard of the religion of humanity, whether to gain a selfish object or

otherwise, is a policy as mean and contemptible as even a devil can aspire to imitate.

It was with a sad heart, and many a regret that I turned my back upon one of the grandest regions on the earth's surface; and, as then clothed in the flowery robes of spring, the loveliest of all Australia, as I have since ascertained by extensive travelling in all the colonies — except Western Australia. But for the mean and selfish treatment to which I was subjected, I might have ultimately settled in that fair region. The larger stations then claimed the whole country, but some smaller areas were afterwards taken up between them, and much of the territory in the far west was then unsettled.

Even in those youthful days I tried to account for the marvellous existence of so much treeless, rich, pastoral land. Wherever I had gone there were volcanic rocks and a rich soil formed from their decomposition; but there seemed to be a natural margin to all forest tracts coincident with that of the rich open pasture lands. Here was a virgin territory of vast extent kept ready for flocks and herds and for the plough by some natural laws, and it had probably existed in the same condition for many thousands of years. In my long solitary walk up and back I had an opportunity of observing upturned trees in the forests and on the margins of the grassy plains. I found the soil of the former deep as well as rich, and thus capable of supporting large trees, whilst the soil of the latter was rich but shallow, suitable for the growth of rich pasture, but not for large trees; whilst the vast open plains, although all of volcanic origin, had been overflowed, long before man appeared on the earth, during the tertiary period, by tertiary clays and ironstone gravel, which either covered up the rich basaltic or volcanic soil, or by secluding the rocks from the atmosphere and sun, have prevented their decomposition. All through the ages, however, the great agent preventing open pastoral country from being overrun with scrub has been bush fires. Sheep and cattle, since the settlement of the country, have taken the place of bush fires to keep the pastures clear, but if ever such scrub as the Murray

pine is introduced, as stock will not eat it, the result might be ruinous.

When I got back to Geelong, after calling on my kind friends the Bowdens, I called to see Miss Drysdale, who then had a station called Barrengoop, on the Barwon, below Geelong. Her family at home resided a few miles from my native place. Miss Drysdale received me with the utmost kindness, telling me she had heard of my first arrival at Geelong, and had sent in her carriage for me, but found I had gone into the bush. I remained there for six months, when I got the management of a station at Lake Colac. The sheep at Colac, on Captain Pollock's old station, were in a fearful state. They had been long scabby, and their backs were like boards, with skin over half an inch in thickness. For three months we were dressing them with a solution of corrosive sublimate, till all hands were nearly salivated. Our nails became black, our hands covered with sores, our eyesight affected, and severe pains in our arms made our nights restless. The usual mode of then dressing sheep affected with this disease was to catch them, tie their legs, dip them into the solution, lift them on to a grating, scrape them with an iron hoop, and let them go; but all their backs were first scarified, to the great gratification of the poor animals, with knives to the depth of sometimes more than half an inch, the cuts not more than half an inch apart. It was there that I invented and introduced "The Dip" for dressing sheep, without which, in dealing with large numbers of sheep in later years, scab could not easily have been subdued. I published the invention, for the public good, in the *Geelong Advertiser*, never expecting any thanks. It was quite as well, for I never got any. From one to two hundred sheep were dressed in a day by the original process; with "The Dip" I have seen eleven thousand dressed in a day, with fewer men employed.

My employer was a kind-hearted young unfortunate soul, son of a general officer, but he objected to the expense caused by the sheep being diseased, and I could get no more sublimate. All hands had gone to the races at Colac; rain seemed coming,

and as I had determined to use, instead of nothing, lake salt, I took a team of bullocks and went alone to a dry lake seven miles off, gathered the salt, carried it up the bank in a bucket, loaded the dray, and got back to the station before night. Salt dissolved and applied hot might check but could not cure the disease; and I could now only imitate politicians, when supply is refused, by resigning.

As illustrative of the character of the blacklegs employed on the stations in those days—a hack race by appointment was to take place on the eastern bank of the lake. Neighbours from all directions came with their favourite hacks. To the astonishment of the sportsmen, a small cob belonging to the station beat everything. Next day I heard one of the men saying that he had taken good care to make the master's horse win. How? "Well," he said, "I watched my chance when all the neighbours were inside at lunch, and gave every horse except master's a bucket of water."

Before shearing I had taken the sheep over to the Barwon, opposite to the Rev. Mr. Tuckfield's mission station, Buntingdale, to wash them. Our bullock-driver, who had been a tailor in London, but subsequently in the service of Her Majesty in Tasmania, was addicted to the use of big Ds. A black boy about twelve years old heard him swearing much one day. The boy came near and looked at him, then said—"You big one swear. By and by you go to H——. Then you big one yabber, givet me water, givet me water. But boorak (no or not) water—only vinegar." This made a great impression on the mind of the bullock-driver. "To think," he said, "that I should be reproved by a black-fellow!"

At the time I returned to the neighbourhood of Geelong, or shortly after, there was much political excitement

over the first election of four members to represent the whole of what is now Victoria in the Sydney Assembly. Dr. Lang was one of the candidates. I was introduced to him by Miss Drysdale; and shortly afterwards, upon his recommendation, I removed to the vicinity of Melbourne to act as tutor in a private family. I had then an opportunity of examining Melbourne and its neighbourhood, and studying colonial life and manners, to be referred to hereafter.

When residing at Miss Drysdale's during the first months of 1843, there was a magnificent comet visible every evening for a long period after sunset in the south-west. It had two tails of great length leaning southwards from the perpendicular—the two tails were of about equal length, of a brilliant white light, and terminating in sharp points with a wide space between. The mineral springs at Drysdale were then well known, and agriculture had made some progress on the Barrabool Hills, the rich black soil of which, overlying limestone, early attracted attention. Dingoes were very numerous. I made a log trap to catch them, but native cats were in such numbers, that they devoured the baits meant for the dingoes. Miss Drysdale, with her companion, Miss Newcomb, were amongst the early agriculturists; and in the late Mr. John Armstrong they had one of the best station managers I have ever met with. He was a manager of men, which is a quality of the first importance on a sheep station. The ladies had an agricultural farm called Criyoul, where Drysdale is now. To supply a great want, I made a full-sized winnowing machine. There was no iron used except nails. The cog-wheels were made out of cross-cuts of green she-oak, and fried with fat in a frying-pan. They stood well and did not split; a fact which may be of use to some struggling selector.

HOPE.

True hope is swift, and flies with swallows' wings;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

HUGH'S REVENGE.

By ANNIE HAMILTON.

CHAPTER I.

It is evening and springtime in one of England's loveliest counties. As far as the eye can reach extend rich pastures and undulating meadowland, broken by lines of hedgerows; and bounding the horizon rises a chain of hills, blue in the distance. The eye is caught here and there by a gleam of silver from the noble river which flows majestically through this fair land to its grave in the Northern Ocean, making one think (as rivers always do), of life and its vicissitudes and changes. Some such thoughts were vaguely passing through the mind of a man, who, bearing in dress, appearance, and the appointments of the animal upon which he rode, every token of being one of the world's favoured few, yet looked dissatisfied, and as if life held little of interest for him. The face was handsome with its clearly cut features, dark eyes, and fair drooping moustache—handsome enough to win love from many a woman, and to steal away her heart from her own keeping. The owner was young, strong, and wealthy, but a nameless air of listlessness and *ennui* threw its shade over his countenance, and the mouth under the long moustache was weak and undecided, and gave fair index to his character.

The lane down which he was riding was bright with spring flowers, but the ground was very uneven and broken, and suddenly without any warning, and owing, perhaps, principally to the carelessness of the rider, his horse stumbled, tried in vain to recover himself, and finally fell headlong down, crushing his master's foot beneath him. Thus rudely aroused from his musings, Claud Morton struggled to free himself, and after a few efforts succeeded. The horse rising to his feet, stood trembling

and panting, and although faint with pain, Claud stroked and patted him, and tried to mount again. But his crushed and bruised foot caused him such agony that he was obliged to give up the attempt, and to sit down and rest at the foot of the hedge.

"A nice position this for Captain Morton! I wish I——"

But what the captain wished will never be known in this world, for a deadly sickness overpowered him, the sea seemed to roar in his ears, his sight failed, and, for the first time in his life, he sank back in a dead faint.

When, after an interval of fully half an hour, he opened his eyes, it was to see bending over him a lovely girlish face, pale now from anxiety and fear.

"Where am I?" and he made an effort to rise.

"Oh, do lie quiet, please! I thought you were dead, it seems such a long time since I found you lying here!"

Making a fresh trial, Claud succeeded in raising himself upon his elbow, and looked inquiringly at his companion.

"I was coming down the lane," said she, in answer to his look, "and I saw your horse, and wondered what brought him there. Then I saw you, and I have been trying to recover you ever since."

"And will you tell me who is the young lady whom I have to thank for such kindness?"

"My name is Elsie Miller, and I live at the farmhouse which you can see through the trees. I am going there now to get help for you; I shall soon be back again."

Before she could put her intention into action, Claud caught her hand, and looking earnestly into her face, said softly—"You are very good to me."

The girl blushed, and, pulling her hand gently away, stood watching him for a minute, and then walked swiftly down the lane, turned into an opening in the hedge, and was soon out of sight.

In an incredibly short space of time she appeared again, followed by three men. The first of these bore the stamp of "English farmer," and was about fifty years of age, and hale and hearty in appearance. His ruddy, honest face wore an expression of real concern as he approached Claud and asked a few questions as to the nature and extent of his injuries. The two others were evidently farm labourers fresh from the plough, rough, but kindly, and ready to render every assistance in their power to the unfortunate gentleman. By their help he was raised to his feet, and leaning heavily as they supported him on either side, managed at the expense of pain which brought the cold drops to his brow, to hobble towards the farm.

Elsie went on in advance, and when they arrived at the farmhouse, was waiting with Mrs. Ruthven, the farmer's wife, at the door to receive them. The latter at once came forward to offer help and assistance, and led the way into her best room, a charming old apartment with oak panels and ceiling, furniture covered with fresh, dainty chintz, and a fragrant smell of lavender and *pot-pourri* scenting the air. Claud sank exhausted upon a large, roomy couch, and one of the men was despatched, in hot haste, for a doctor. Bringing a glass of her home-made wine, Mrs. Ruthven insisted that Claud should drink it, and moved about the room in a quiet, motherly fashion, settling his pillows, and shading his eyes from the setting sun in a way which made him feel at home at once.

On the doctor's arrival, he pronounced the foot to be rather severely bruised, but said that, after a day or two's rest, Claud would be able to ride home again, a distance, as the young officer informed him, of about twenty miles. With warm-hearted hospitality, Mr. and Mrs. Ruthven begged of Claud to remain at the farmhouse as long as he felt inclined, and even offered to send a man with letters and explanations to Leighton, the residence

of Sir George Morton, his father. Claud accepted both offers with many expressions of gratitude, and the messenger was sent away as soon as possible.

Left to himself to discuss a meal, daintily served, and in which the whitest of bread, and sweetest of butter and honey played an important part, with delicate slices of ham and fresh eggs, his thoughts ran upon the afternoon's adventure.

"Suppose her ladyship could see me now! Better not suppose anything of the kind, for she would go into hysterics over me most likely, and declare that 'she always knew I should break my neck some day!' Precious glad she is not here though! Bah! I love the girl well enough, but her fussing is more than any fellow could stand. I won't have it when we are married, upon my conscience. August is coming near too. Well, I suppose we shall settle down soon enough into a commonplace couple," and he smiled rather bitterly. "Denise is not the girl to spur her husband on as far as intellectual matters are concerned. Well, she is pretty enough, and rich enough, and of course well-bred, and what more ought a man to want? And she is certainly very fond of me."

A smile broke over his lips, and his face softened, as he remembered the parting words of Lady Denise Carisbroke, the only daughter of the Earl of Garton, and his affianced wife.

Voices broke upon his reverie, and looking out of the window, beside which his couch was placed, he saw Elsie Miller and a tall, vigorous young man walking down the path of the old-fashioned garden. How pretty the girl looked, in her simple white dress, with a bunch of delicate pink roses in her belt! Her head was bare, save for the wealth of golden hair which formed a coronet of massive braids around it; her eyes, of the blue of the forget-me-not, looked up at her companion from under her long, dark lashes, and the exquisite complexion and rosy mouth, the small hands and feet, and the slender, graceful figure might have belonged to any rank or station. She seemed very young, hardly more than seventeen, and as sweet and

shy as a wood violet or primrose. The man at her side was strongly and compactly built, and his frame that of a young Hercules. His face was plain, but redeemed by a pair of large, dark grey eyes, which seemed to look into the very heart of those upon whom he bent his gaze. Curious, fathomless eyes—but very soft was their expression, as he looked at Elsie, and bent slightly to speak to her. For the rest, his features were marked and well cut, with a suspicion of sternness about the lines of the firm, decided mouth.

Claud watched them, and smiled.

"The old, old story, I suppose. What a lovely face she has! Denise could not hold a candle to her. And she is not a dollish beauty in spite of her pink and white complexion and golden hair; there is character in her face too. I should like to have a talk with her, and see of what stuff she is made."

Raising himself slightly, he leant his elbow upon the window-sill, and as the pair approached, said quietly, "Good evening, Miss Miller."

The girl started, smiled, and came forward, and her companion raised his hat, and walked away down the garden.

"I hope you feel better," she said. "Auntie says that you will be quite well again in a day or two."

"Thank you, yes. But how am I to show my gratitude to you for your kindness to a wounded soldier?"

"Please do not try. I did not do anything worthy of thanks."

"Pardon me, but I think differently. Will you tell me, Miss Elsie, if it is Mrs. Ruthven whom you refer to as your aunt?"

"Yes. My father and mother died when I was only five years old, and I have lived here with Uncle and Aunt ever since. They are like parents to me."

"And the young man who was talking to you?"

"That is my cousin Hugh, Mr. Ruthven's only son. But now may I ask you a question? Are you really a soldier?"

"Really and truly, Miss Elsie."

"Oh, then, please tell me about your life in the army. If I were only a man I would be a soldier."

"I do not think you would like it all. A soldier's life is very rough sometimes, and then there is the chance of being sent to some outlandish place for years. But if war should break out, I hope our regiment will be one of the first sent out," and the young soldier's eyes sparkled and his cheeks glowed at the thought.

Then with gentle deference and courtesy in word and manner, he told her of life in the field, and the garrison, of merry companions, and of sad and pathetic incidents, and Elsie thought that she had never seen anyone so handsome, so brave, or so manly. She compared him with her cousin (greatly to poor Hugh's disadvantage), and thought him like one of those knights of old, of whom she read in her favourite books; surely Sir Galahad, the stainless knight, had not been nobler or purer than this young hero.

So they talked until the stars began to show themselves, and the crescent moon hung, a silver bow, above the dark tree tops, and then Elsie, with a start of recollection, said good-night, and vanished.

CHAPTER II.

The next day was spent by Claud in lying on his sofa talking to Elsie, and in reading the books which she lent him, most of which he would not have looked at under any other circumstances. The day after, he might, according to the doctor's verdict, have ridden home, but for reasons known only to himself he delayed his departure, and Mr. Ruthven and his wife were only too glad, in their hearty English hospitality, to entertain him for as long as he cared to stay. They might not have been so kind had they known that the handsome young soldier was winning surely and certainly the heart of their darling Elsie. One lovely evening, the fifth of Claud's enforced visit, and the eve of his departure, he is sitting with Elsie in an arbour to which he had managed to hobble by the aid of a stout stick. The girl looks pale and tired, and is unusually quiet, gazing at the clouds which lie in heavy masses on the horizon, their edges burning as with liquid gold.

"Shall you be sorry this time to-morrow evening, Elsie, when you think that I am far away?"

She does not answer—perhaps she cannot—but a burning flush overspreads her face, and her head sinks lower and lower upon her bosom.

"Tell me, Elsie!" he whispers, a gratified smile playing about his lips.

"You are cruel, cruel!" she cries, springing up; but before she can run out of the summer-house, his arms are round her, and he holds her tightly, breathing loving words, and kissing her hot cheeks and lips.

Poor little Elsie! Her breath comes and goes, her bosom heaves, and then she lets her head sink upon his shoulder, and gives herself up to her dream of happiness. How long they talked she never knew, but at last Claud said—

"You will not doubt me, my child, will you, if I ask you to say nothing to Mr. or Mrs. Ruthven just yet?"

"Of course not, Claud. And as to waiting, I am only seventeen, and Auntie will not let me marry until I am twenty—she has often said so."

"She need not think that I shall wait contentedly until then for my little wife," was Claud's reply; and now, my dear one, good night."

A few moments afterwards he watched Elsie's light figure flitting up the garden path, and then he was left to his reflections, not of too pleasant a nature, as might be imagined.

"Look here, Claud Morton! You have got yourself into a confounded scrape; and how to get out of it, Heaven only knows! I cannot give up Elsie. How lovely the child is! And so fond of me! And yet I do not want to break with Denise. Well, there never was a truer saying than 'sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof,' and I'll act upon it by letting the morrow take care of itself, and by enjoying the present."

Weak and selfish, and never letting anything stand in the way of his own gratification, with several good and lovable qualities overgrown by the weeds of dissimulation and utter carelessness, Elsie might as well have pinned her faith to the four winds of Heaven as to Claud Morton, and with

as good a chance of happiness. Let us do him justice. On this evening after parting with Elsie, and with the remembrance of her beauty and love for himself fresh in his mind, he fully meant to make her his wife, and felt ready to brave father, mother, and the world's opinion for her sake. He was only weak—pitifully weak and selfish.

On arriving at Leighton the next evening, a message from his mother awaited him. "My lady requests that you will go to her at once, Captain Morton."

"Very well, James," said Claud, carelessly; and limping up the wide and handsome staircase, he tapped lightly at the door of his mother's boudoir, and entering, found himself in her presence.

"My dear Claud, I am very glad to see you. Denise was beginning to think that you would never return."

"Bother Denise!" was Claud's graceful mental comment; but he kissed his mother affectionately, and asked after her health, and then threw himself upon a couch near her chair.

Lady Morton was a strikingly handsome woman of nearly sixty, with clear-cut features and piercing dark eyes. Her face was stern, almost to being unfeminine; and, though loving her husband and son with a force of which a strong nature only is capable, she ruled them and her household with an iron hand. Utterly unlike Claud, who inherited his weak nature and selfish disposition from his father, and gifted with an unusual amount of penetration, she read her son as easily as a book, and before he had been a quarter of an hour in her company she knew that he was concealing something from her; and in her imperious style, set herself at once to find out what it might be.

When Claud had finished his account of the last few days, (an account, however, in which Elsie's name was not mentioned), she fixed her keen, dark eyes upon him, and said—

"And what else, Claud?"

Claud shifted his position uneasily; and with a laugh which he tried unsuccessfully to make careless, said—

"I think I have told you all, mother. You would, by-the-bye, be amused by the simplicity of the literature with

which those good people supplied me. I believe "The Wide, Wide World" figured among other volumes of the same stamp."

Without removing her eyes from his face, his mother replied—

"You are keeping something from me, Claud."

"You drive me distracted, mother," he cried, impatiently. "Do you expect a man to remember every trifling incident, and every word he speaks during the space of five days?"

"No, Claud. But I want your word of honour as an officer and a gentleman, that you have told me all of any importance, and if you do not give it to me at once, I shall drive over to-morrow to this farm, and find all out for myself."

Claud hesitated; he would like to have complied with his mother's request, but he had a certain code of honour of his own, and could not pledge his word falsely in such a deliberate manner. On the other hand, he knew that Lady Morton would carry out her threat, and he could not bear to think of pretty, gentle Elsie exposed to her criticism.

While he deliberated, she rose, and coming to his side, laid her hand on his shoulder.

"Why will you not trust me, my boy? If you are in any difficulty, am I not always ready to help you? Trust me, Claud! Is there any silly flirtation in the case? Ah! Claud, Claud," as he coloured under her gaze, "you see I know your weak point. Come, tell me all about it. I suppose it is only another case of Maggie Ray?"

She referred to an entanglement into which Claud had been drawn by the pretty, but unscrupulous daughter of one of Sir George Morton's tenants.

"No, indeed, mother," said he, earnestly. "Elsie is a very different girl from Maggie Ray. If you could only see her, you would love her dearly; she is the most beautiful girl I have ever seen."

"Indeed," drily remarked her ladyship. "I think it is a good thing for Miss Elsie that your stay at the farm was limited to five days. It is not advisable for girls in her rank of life to form friendships with handsome young

officers. Of course, you will not go there again, Claud?"

Claud started.

"I promised to call upon Mrs. Ruthven, when I am quite recovered."

"And I want you to promise *me* that you will not do so."

"I am not a boy, mother!" cried Claud, springing to his feet, and thereby reminding himself of his injured ankle, "you have no right to control my actions in this fashion! I am answerable to no one for what I choose to do or to leave undone."

"Listen to me, Claud. Every consideration bids you not to return to this girl. If you make her love you, you destroy her happiness, for Sir George Morton's only son and heir must not marry beneath him. Then you are bound in honour to Denise, who is very sincerely attached to you. Promise me to act as I desire. This girl cannot love you yet, and is probably only attracted by the thought of being one day Lady Morton, for," she continued with true Patrician scorn, "these people are always more or less mercenary, and do not feel as we do about such matters. Trust me, I say again, Claud, and you shall not have cause to repent of it."

Claud uttered an impatient word, and flung himself upon a seat. His brow was contracted, he bit his lips, and his hands grasped the arms of the chair with a strength which drove the blood from his nails. While with Elsie, he had persuaded himself and her that he loved her deeply and could give up everything for her sake; but now at home, all the prejudices of class revived, and he thought of the social scorn, the gossip, and the publicity, which a marriage with her would bring upon him. And, more than all, the strong influence which his mother had always exercised over him, resumed its sway, and he yielded.

"I promise, mother. But it seems an awfully mean way of acting towards Elsie."

"Not meaner than the other course would have been to Denise."

Claud had the grace to feel thoroughly ashamed of himself, and his mother added, "You have never broken your word to me yet, Claud!"

"No mother. I am not quite so bad as that." Kissing her on the forehead, he betook himself to his own rooms, merely asking "Is Denise here still?" to which he received an answer in the affirmative.

Lady Morton sat for some time longer in deep and painful thought, if one might judge by the contraction of her brow.

"I do not think he will betray his word. 'Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel.' Why was such a son given to a woman like me?" and the proud, stern face was bent upon her hands in tortures such as only a nature like hers can know.

The same evening Elsie stood at the garden gate of Ruthven Farm, looking across the meadows at the road which Claud had taken as he rode away. The scene was very quiet and peaceful, and a deep happiness reigned in her heart as she thought of her young soldier and of his promise of a speedy return. Left very much to herself, for she had no young companions, hers was a dreamy, romantic nature, sensitive and shy to a degree, but intensely loving and tender. She hardly knew what love meant until Claud came and wakened her heart from its sleep. As the flowers open under the influence of sun and wind, so her love expanded and grew during those spring days, and now Elsie was a girl no longer but a woman, "with the heart and hopes of a woman." She had given the first love of her heart to Claud, and, with all her gentleness and simplicity, Elsie Miller possessed a strong nature. Her love given once, was given for ever.

As she stood at the gate, a well known figure came in sight, and advanced towards her.

"Dear old Hugh! Shall I tell him? I have never had a secret from him yet."

"Well Elsie, so mother's patient is gone at last."

"Yes, Hugh," and she coloured deeply.

"We have seen the last of him, I suppose?"

"He has promised to call again soon to see Auntie."

"Indeed. I hear he is to be married soon to Lady Denise Carisbroke."

"What!"

Hugh looked at Elsie in surprise, so sharply had she spoken, and was startled to see that every particle of colour had left her face.

"What is the matter, little one? Are you ill?"

"I beg your pardon, Hugh! No, I am quite well. But what did you say?"

"What was I talking about? Ah! Yes, I remember! Of Lady Denise Carisbroke's engagement to Captain Morton. They are to be married in four months."

"It *cannot* be true, Hugh," said the girl. "Captain Morton is engaged to *me*, so you must be mistaken," and with gentle dignity her slight figure was drawn to its full height, and she looked steadily at her cousin.

It was Hugh's turn to look pale now. "Elsie, what do you mean?" he said, gravely.

"Just what I have said. We shall have to wait some time before we tell anyone about it, but I know I can trust you to be silent, Hugh."

"There is some sad mistake, dear. Captain Morton is certainly engaged to Lady Denise, for Lord Garton's steward was speaking to me to-day about the marriage."

"I do not believe it! I *will* not. How dare you say such things to me, Hugh? I thought you would be kind and nice as you always are, and—and—"

Here poor little Elsie broke down with a sob, but recovering herself quickly, she turned to Hugh and said firmly—

"Please do not speak to me again upon this subject, Hugh. Time will show that you are mistaken."

She turned away and entered the house, and Hugh watched her go, as Claud had done the evening before. Since Elsie had come, a pretty little girl of five, to Ruthven Farm, Hugh, who was eight years older, had constituted himself her protector and guardian. He had taken her with him when he went upon nutting expeditions, carried her over brooks, brought her the sweetest flowers, soothed and petted her when she cried for her dimly-remembered parents, and loved her

with all his heart. This love had grown with his growth and strengthened with his strength, until the dearest hope of the man of twenty-five was to win her for his wife. He had never spoken of it, for Elsie was so young and seemed so fond of him, that he had been content to allow things to remain as they were, and now a stranger had stolen his treasure from him, and left him only the shattered fragments of the hope which had beautified and sanctified his life. What passed during the next few hours no one ever knew, but when Hugh entered the house at ten o'clock, his face was white and drawn, as of one who has suffered agonising pain. But if he had suffered, he had also conquered, and from that evening his manner to Elsie was that of a tender and loving elder brother.

CHAPTER III.

The sweet spring days passed away, and the delicate early flowers gave place to their more glowing sisters, and the young birds were in the nests, and the young corn waving over the fields, and at Garton Tower, the seat of the Earl of Garton, all was activity and bustle over the preparations for the marriage of Lady Denise to Captain Morton. Rumours of the expected event reached Ruthven Farm from time to time, and slowly and surely drained the colour from Elsie's cheeks, and quenched the soft light of her eyes. She had never seen nor heard from Claud since he rode away two months before, and at first, strong in faith and trust, had been quite content to watch and wait. But the time went on, and he never came: only those reports of the festivities to be held at Garton Tower were borne to the ears of the farmer's niece, and by degrees "hope folded her wings" and died, and Elsie grew white and silent, and went mechanically about her household duties, or sat for long hours in the arbour, gazing down the road to Leighton, watching always, trying to believe against belief, to hope against hope.

"I cannot think what is the matter with the child," said Mrs. Ruthven one day to Hugh. "She mopes about all day, and if I say a word to her, gives me such a look out of her eyes,

that I feel for all the world as if I must burst out a-crying. Her poor mother died of a decline, and I only hope Elsie is not going to follow in her footsteps. "I'll have Dr. Clarke to see her next time he comes out."

Hugh said nothing, only looked at his cousin as she came up the path from the garden. Always delicate in appearance, she looked so fragile this evening, that a sudden pain seized him, and a cold fear seemed to freeze his very soul. The sun was setting in a cloudless sky, and the western heavens were ablaze with light, and as Elsie approached, her figure stood out in strong relief, and a golden glory seemed to wrap her form, and give her a most unearthly and spiritual appearance.

"Bless me!" said Mrs. Ruthven, "I'll take her to Doctor Clarke to-morrow."

She was as good as her word. The next morning she called Elsie to her.

"I am going to Briarford, child, and I want you to come with me. I don't think you have been looking quite well of late, so I want Dr. Clarke to give you some little tonic."

Elsie started.

"Oh, Auntie, I am quite well. Please do not ask me to go."

"Is that the truth, Elsie? Do you feel quite well?"

Elsie coloured painfully.

"I am only a little tired, Auntie."

"So I thought. You will come to please me, dearie, and because I am an old fidget, will you not?"

"Very well, Auntie," and in ten minutes they were driving down the lane where Elsie had found Claud lying insensible a few weeks before.

Dr. Clarke was at home, and insisted upon Mrs. Ruthven and her niece going into his wife's drawing-room for a rest and chat after their drive in the hot sun. Leaving Elsie with kind little Mrs. Clarke, her aunt followed the doctor into his consulting-room, and told him of the painful dread which had fallen upon her lately with regard to her niece. Dr. Clarke called Elsie, and, after feeling her pulse and asking a few questions, sent her back to his wife, and then turned to Mrs. Ruthven.

"Candidly, my dear madam, I must confess that I do not like Miss Elsie's

symptoms. Her system is low—very low indeed—and there is a touch of fever hanging about her. I am inclined to imagine that she has something on her mind that troubles her, and that would account for her state of health.”

“But, Doctor,” incredulously, “that cannot be the case. She has never had anything to worry her since her mother died, and she was a mere baby then.”

“Well, perhaps so—perhaps so. You would know best, of course, and I may be mistaken; but I will give you a tonic for her, and you must try to make her take as much nourishment as possible, and keep her in the open air—don’t let her mope indoors—and give her something to do, not enough to tire her, but just to give her occupation, and I hope we shall soon see her quite herself again.”

“Very well, Doctor, I will bear all you have said in mind. And now we must be going, for I have to call at the bank yet.”

The farmer’s gig went slowly down the street of the sleepy little town, and stopped before the primitive building, called by courtesy a bank, where Mrs. Ruthven got out, leaving Elsie to hold the reins, and keep guard over lazy old Robin, who was too fond of ease to attempt to run away, so went quietly off into a doze, and dreamt of oats and hay, and other dainties dear to the equine soul. As the girl sat there alone, letting the reins lie loosely in her hands, she heard the sound of horses advancing at a rapid pace. Glancing up mechanically, the blood rushed to her face, and her heart seemed to stop beating, for coming up the street, mounted on his bay horse, was Claud Morton. He was not alone, and his companion was Lady Denise Carisbroke! How handsome and brave he looked, bending towards the fair girl at his side! And she in her blue habit, and hat with its long drooping feather, seemed a fitting bride for any gentleman in the land. A wild impulse bade Elsie fly to hide herself; but there was no time, and in spite of herself, as the riders neared the gig, she was obliged to look at Claud. A moment more and he has seen her. His face flushes crimson despite his training in worldly ways, and a sharp touch of the

spur makes his horse plunge and swerve. In another moment they have passed, and Claud has made no sign, given no token of recognition except that burning flush, and Elsie sinks back into her seat white and breathless—“the iron has entered her soul.” And day by day she grew thinner and weaker, and not all Mrs. Ruthven’s loving care could bring back the bright, merry Elsie who had made the sunshine of the old farmhouse.

August came, and Captain Morton and Lady Denise Carisbroke were married and went abroad, and the talk about the wedding, and the lovely bride, and the regal festivities at Garton Tower subsided, and became a thing of the past. And in the burning days of summer Elsie drooped and faded like a broken lily, and Hugh watched her with his hungry, unsatisfied eyes; and day by day a deep and deadly hatred of the man who had stolen his love from him, grew and strengthened in his heart. Oh! It was hard to see her suffer, and to think of how he would have cherished and cared for her if he had only been happy and blessed enough to win her for his wife! She never spoke of Claud until at the very last. One evening when August was nearly past, and she and Hugh were alone, and she had been lying on her couch without speaking for a long time, and he stood leaning against the window-frame watching her, she said gently—

“Hugh.”

“Yes, Elsie.”

“Hugh, forgive *him*.”

Hugh started, and the blood mounted to his forehead, and his face contracted with pain, but he did not speak.

“Hugh,” said the soft tired voice again, “will you not promise me this?”

With a great cry he sank upon his knees beside her.

“Elsie! You do not know what you ask!”

“Yes, dear, I know. I have watched you, and I have seen how you feel towards him.”

“I cannot—no, I *cannot* do it, Elsie!”

There was silence in the room for some minutes, and then she spoke again.

"For *my* sake, Hugh?"

His features were working with emotion as he looked at the beautiful, pleading face before him, and then the thought of what had brought her to this came across him, and hardened his heart to stone.

"Will you promise me this, Hugh, before I go——?"

He could bear no more. Springing to his feet, he leapt through the open window, rushed down the garden path, and was soon hidden from sight among the trees. On and on, regardless of time and distance, he sped, until deep in the heart of a thick wood, he flung himself on the ground, and lay there, face downwards, hour after hour. The sunset radiance faded, the twilight came and went, the stars shone out one after one, and still he lay there, heedless of all but this weight of sorrow, which crushed him, metaphorically and literally, to the earth. At the end of many hours, he lifted a face, terrible in its set anguish, and white and rigid as if cut out of marble, to the sky, and said aloud:

"She has been murdered, and he goes forth free and careless, to his pleasure and enjoyment. Is there a God in Heaven, and can such things be?"

Then with an awful oath, he continued, "I swear here, to have my revenge upon Claud Morton! I will hunt him to the end of the earth, and kill him as I would a reptile!"

Then something seemed to strike him, and he paused.

"If I kill him, they will hang me. So they may, and welcome, but—my poor old father and mother! And the good old name that has never yet been stained! How can I bring disgrace upon them? I will wait, yes, watch and wait, and my time will surely come some day—the time for my *revenge*! A sweet word is it not?" and he laughed. "I shall see it written yet in letters of blood."

His face was frightful in its expression of unutterable hatred, and his peculiar eyes glowed with a fixity of purpose that might have made an angel weep. Then turning in the direction of home, he walked back, dragging his tired body painfully along; for the fierce agony of the last few

hours had brought its natural consequence of complete exhaustion.

When he reached home, his mother met him at the door, and drawing him into the warm kitchen, told him as gently and lovingly as possible of Elsie's death two hours before, in "sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection." Looking at her with eyes like those of a wounded animal, he uttered one low, heart-broken cry, and fell like a log at her feet.

CHAPTER IV.

Ten years have passed, and on the night of the 19th September, 1854, a British army lies near the river Alma in Russia. Standing with his arms folded, looking out into the darkness, is a tall, broad-shouldered man, with rugged features and keen piercing eyes. It is Hugh Ruthven. About five years after Elsie Miller's death, the old farmer had died, and his wife had not been long in following him. Hugh had stayed patiently at home with them until they no longer needed him, and then, letting the farm to his next of kin (for he could not bear to sell the home of his forefathers), had enlisted in the regiment in which Claud Morton was now major. Hugh had never changed or faltered in his purpose of revenge on the man who had wrecked his cousin's life, and it was in the hope of fulfilling his deadly intention that he had joined the army. The stern, powerful private was an object of much curiosity to both officers and men. Performing the most trivial duty with remarkable care and exactitude, he came to be unusually trusted and respected by his superiors, and to be selected for many a task of difficulty and danger. Of the many vague ideas of revenge which had drifted through his brain, the favourite one was to be near Claud Morton in action, and there to watch his chance, and to slay him with his own hand. On this evening as he stands alone he thinks, "At last! To-morrow we may meet the enemy. If we do his fate is certain. Strange how tired I feel to-night! I must turn in, I think. To-morrow!"

Soon the weary soldier was lying in a deep and heavy sleep, which, however, became lighter after a couple of

hours, and he began to dream. He thought that Elsie stood before him with the same wistful, pleading look which her face had worn when he last saw it. Robed in white, and beautiful beyond expression, she looked at him lovingly and reproachfully, and then spoke.

"Hugh, you will not do this thing? Remember that I loved him before my own life, and let that make him sacred in your eyes. Forgive him for my sake. 'Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord.' What are you that you should judge another? Pray for forgiveness for your own sins, and ask God's help to forgive another."

Hugh broke into sobs and tears, and stretched out his hands to the beautiful vision.

"Oh, Elsie, Elsie, do not leave me! I will do anything if you will only stay! My darling! my darling!"

With a smile, unearthly in its sweetness, she said—

"Forgive," and faded slowly away, and Hugh was roused by a comrade shaking him by the shoulder, and saying—

"Wake up, man! Why, what on earth is the matter with you? You have been moaning and calling out at an awful rate, enough to make one's blood run cold, especially in such a heathenish place as this is."

The next morning orders to advance were given, and Major Morton's regiment was in the van. As he marched at the head of his men, Hugh Ruthven's figure was nearest to him, and Hugh's eyes followed his every movement. And soon on the opposite bank of the River Alma were seen the Russian troops, and the ever-memorable engagement of the 25th September, 1854, took place.

Major Morton fought with a bravery which was only excelled by Hugh Ruthven's, who, with his cap off, hair tossed back from his forehead, and eyes blazing, looked like a being from another world, and the foe everywhere gave place before him. Towards the end of the battle he found that he and Major Morton were alone among half a dozen Russians. Their position was desperate in the extreme! Two of the enemy fell by Hugh's hand, and another by Claud's. Then as they both engaged a fresh opponent, Hugh

saw that a third Russian was approaching Claud in the rear, pistol in hand. For one moment the thought of revenge sprang up afresh in his heart. He had only to let things take their course. For a second he hesitated, and then leaving his own opponent, who speedily took to his heels, he turned fiercely upon the Major's fresh assailant. He was almost too late. The Russian's hand was raised to take aim, when Claud turned. He felt that all was over for him, and felt in anticipation the sharp sting of the bullet, when a man interposed between him and his enemy. At the same time the Russian fired, and the ball entered the chest of the man, who staggered and fell. With a mad cry, Claud sprang forward, and in another moment had felled the Russian to the earth. The engagement was pretty well concluded by this time, and seeing a number of the men of his own regiment approaching, Claud hastily signed to them to advance, and then stooped to raise the brave soldier who had given his life for him. Tenderly they lifted him, and as he fixed his eyes upon Claud, the Major gave a start of recognition. He had not recognised Hugh before; but now some chord of memory was struck, and a certain scene came vividly before his mind.

In an old-fashioned garden a girl was standing talking to a tall, plain-featured young man, who looked down upon her with an expression of love and pride in his strange, lustrous eyes. The faint, sweet scent of flowers seemed to fill the air, and the whole place was lighted by the glory of the setting sun.

It all faded in less time than it takes to tell it, and Claud said in a tone of unbounded astonishment—

"You saved my life!"

With a painful effort, but with the illumination of some great joy upon his face, the soldier gasped—

"I—did it for Elsie's sake! She loved—you! My darling, I have forgiven him! May God—forgive me!"

Then the eyes closed for ever on earth, the life-blood gushed forth, and Hugh Ruthven's short and troubled race was run.

THE END.

A PRISONER-OF-WAR'S CHRISTMAS IN THE CHINA SEAS.

EXTRACTED FROM A PRIVATE LETTER.

Chinese Cruiser "Fei-hoo,"

Kee Lung, 18th Jan., 1884.

My dear ———

It is such a long time since I wrote to you—or rather since you wrote to me (as, if I can remember correctly, I was the last one to do so) that I am afraid both yourself and E—— have forgotten me. I hope not. I always knew you were a very bad correspondent, but, what with one thing and another lately I have not had much time for writing anyone myself. I am still in His Imperial Chinese Majesty's service—but a jolly fine hole I am in, to be sure. Six or eight months ago I was promoted to the rank of first lieutenant, the extra duties of which position partly account for my not having written for so long a time. To-day I am in this wretched hole of a place, where it does nothing but rain cats and dogs eight days out of seven—a prisoner in the hands of the French, and likely to continue so for some time, it seems to me. Our ship was taken by three others—after some little time of excitement. Our retreat was cut off, and so we caved in. This happened on 2nd November last. They say we ran the blockade of Formosa right under their noses, and as it is always a touchy point with these fellows to do anything which has a tendency to make a fool of them, why, they gave chase after the "Dragon," which bravely flaunted in the air until it was hauled down for us, and ignominiously consigned to oblivion. As all my letters are read ere being sent, for politic reasons I cannot say anything more, excepting that the more I see of French officers the less I like them.

We have been in this place since 6th November, when we arrived with

a prize crew on board. It seems quite likely we shall remain here for some considerable time yet. They may, however, send us to Saigon or to Hong Kong on parole.

Did you ever spend a Christmas night with a gale of wind howling round your ears, in a ship aggravatingly bent on making things still worse by rolling gunwales under, and thereby upsetting any arrangements for a dinner, which—horror of horrors for Christmas gourmands—consisted of a piece of an old rooster, and some bread, the whole washed down by some claret, tasting goodness knows of what? I'll be hanged if you ever had a Christmas like that. I must mention that with their confounded love of display, there was a *menu* placed on a conspicuous part of the table, on which one could read—

DINER.

Dec. 25, 1884.

1. *Soupe.*
Claire.
2. *Poulet Rôti.*
3. *Café.*

My memory went back to every Christmas I had ever spent, and I could not remember anything approaching this farce on a man's stomach. The soup was admittedly, and without the shadow of a doubt, what it was supposed to be—"clear"—so clear, in fact, that we never saw it—why, was never satisfactorily explained. The *poulet rôti* was the already-mentioned rooster. There were seven people to

digest the earthly remains of this descendant (certainly not a very distant one) of that noisy old fellow that made himself heard to the confusion of St. Peter. Just fancy! His Imperial Chinese Majesty, the Father of the Moon, and Godfather to all the little stars, ought to stump up handsomely for this—but I am afraid he won't.

Communication is very difficult, and our hands are tied so far as any private affairs are concerned, as all our letters being read before being sent one does not care for communicating them to others.

I trust that they may soon liberate us on our parole. It is simply abominable being cooped up a prisoner. The worst of it is I am the only English officer kept here. The rest are aboard the other French ships—and together.

And now, my dear ———, I must pipe down. There's such a jabbering going on in the ward-room, you would think these fellows had a wager to see who'd talk the most in a certain time—and really it's enough to drive one mad.

Believe me, etc.

TO A JASMINE-TREE

IN THE COURT OF HAWORTH CASTLE.

By EARL GREY.

My slight and tender Jasmine-tree,
That bloomest on my border tower,
Thou art more dearly loved by me
Than all the wealth of fairy bower.
I ask not, while I near thee dwell,
Arabia's spice or Syria's rose,
Thy light festoons more freshly smell,
Thy virgin white more freshly glows.

My mild and winsome Jasmine-tree,
That climbest up the dark grey wall,
Thy tiny flowerets seem in glee,
Like silver spray-drops, down to fall:
Say, did they from their leaves thus peep,
When mailed moss-troopers rode the hill,
When helmed warders paced the keep,
And bugles blew for Belted Will?

My free and feathery Jasmine-tree,
Within the fragrance of thy breath,
Yon dungeon grated to its key,
And the chained captive pined for death.
On border fray, on feudel crime,
I dream not while I gaze on thee;
The chieftains of that stern old time
Could ne'er have loved a Jasmine-tree.

JACOBI'S WIFE.

BY ADELINE SERGEANT.

CHAPTER XXIX.

IN THE PARK.

The agitation and excitement of the foregoing events had a prejudicial effect upon Sir Wilfred Vanborough's health. One morning when old Martin came as usual into his master's room he found Sir Wilfred almost unable to move or speak. He had had another stroke of paralysis in the night.

He recovered his speech and the use of his left hand and arm, but his right side was greatly affected. It became impossible for him to walk, and a wheeled chair conveyed him from room to room. The mixture of fretfulness and imperiousness which he displayed made him a trying patient, and every one was pleased when the doctor supplied him with a trained male attendant, who waited upon him skilfully and patiently, and managed him like a child. Jacobi dared not be long absent from him, for Sir Wilfred could not hardly bear him out of his sight, but he hated attendance on the sick man, and was heartily glad when some business affairs called for his presence in London, as Sir Wilfred's representative, and he could leave Charnwood behind him, if only for two or three days.

Clarice had not yet left her father's house. Sir Wilfred's illness had delayed her departure. She had been kept under strict watch and ward by Mrs. Danvers and Jacobi, and was never allowed to be out of sight of one or other of her guardians.

But in Jacobi's absence Mrs. Danvers relaxed her restrictions. She did not keep the girl entirely under her own eye, and more than once allowed her to wander about in the garden without visible escort. She herself was never

far distant, but she did not believe that it was for Clarice's good to be constantly under surveillance. And, perhaps, she had another reason.

Be that as it may, it certainly happened that when looking out of the window one day her quick eye caught sight of something or somebody that made her smile.

"At last!" she said to herself, as she drew back from the window.

"Come, Clarice," she said, laying her hand on the girl's shoulder, "won't you come out into the garden? The fresh air will do you good."

Clarice made no answer. She was sitting in a corner of the sofa, her hands clasped idly before her, her head bent down. She submitted meekly while Mrs. Danvers, with gentle hand, dressed her in hat and cloak, and then led her out into the garden. Here Mrs. Danvers meant to leave her; but the girl did what she would sometimes do—she caught at Mrs. Danvers' arm and would not let her go. Some new tenderness in the companion's manner, some feeling of compassion that revealed itself in voice, or look, or touch, made Clarice now and then cling to her as a protector and friend.

"Stay with me," she said, nervously. "Stay with me."

She spoke very little now, but when she made a request of this kind Mrs. Danvers always granted it.

"Stay with you my dear?" she said, softly. "Yes, if you like it, I will."

And then she added to herself, with a smile, "Perhaps it is better that I should."

She took the girl's hand and drew it within her arm, then bent her steps

slowly towards the park. They arrived at last at a little path which led from one side of the park to the other, and was still preserved as a thoroughfare for various families in the neighbourhood who had the right of entrance. And here, at the gate which opened upon the road—the gate which Clarice had tried to find on the night of her flight from Charnwood Manor to the Hillside Farm—the young keeper was standing, talking to a gentleman in a grey suit. A curious little smile came again to Mrs. Danvers' lips as she saw him. "I thought I was not mistaken," she said to herself. "Now will he avoid us, or will he not?"

She turned down to the gate as if she wanted to pass out. The keeper touched his hat and moved aside; the gentleman in grey turned round and met them face to face. It was Nigel Tremaine.

He knew Mrs. Danvers by report. She was one of Clarice's keepers. His eyes darkened as he glanced at her and raised his hat. *She*, at least, had no right to stand between him and his love. He wondered that she had chosen to brave him in this way. She could have taken another direction for her walk if she had liked.

"Clarice," he said, and he came forward to take her by the hand.

Mrs. Danvers hesitated, then stopped short.

"Have you any business with this young lady, sir?" she asked. Her voice was as hard as steel. "What right have you to address her?"

"Every right," said Nigel, boldly. "She is my promised wife."

"She is Mr. Jacobi's promised wife, I think," said Mrs. Danvers, coldly.

Was it curiosity that had led her to the place? She had caught a glimpse of Mr. Tremaine in the park from an upper window, and she had deliberately walked with Clarice to the spot where she should meet him. What was her object?

"Her father may have promised her to Jacobi; she never gave herself to him of her own free will. Clarice, my darling, do you not know me yet? Do you not remember?"

Clarice raised her eyes for the first time to his face; a puzzled, bewildered

expression came into them. She dropped them again and turned towards Mrs. Danvers. "Take me home," she whispered, below her breath.

"You see, sir," said Mrs. Danvers, quietly, "she does not even know you. I do not know you either."

"My name is Nigel Tremaine," said the young man, facing her with equal quietness. "I have not a card about me, but I dare say that that fellow, the keeper, will bear witness to my identity. Shall I call him?"

"No, sir," said Mrs. Danvers, with impenetrable gravity and a slight bend of the head. "I am satisfied. I have heard your name before. Come Clarice."

She turned back to the park, but Nigel was not to be baffled yet. He walked at Mrs. Danvers' side.

"Excuse me," he said, "if I seem importunate. There can be no harm in allowing me to speak to Miss Vanborough for a few minutes. Let me see if I can recall myself to her memory. I shall not detain you long."

"I think you know, Mr. Tremaine, that Sir Wilfred Vanborough especially desires any remembrance of you to be banished from her mind. We have done our best to efface it."

"And how you have succeeded!" said Nigel, with some stern bitterness. "You have effaced other remembrances besides the remembrance of myself. To efface that memory you have made her mind a blank. I am no physician; but it seems to me that if you want to restore her to health and strength you should give her back her old interests, her old memories, if possible—among them, give her back the memory of myself. That might help, I think, towards her recovery. But it also seems to me that she is surrounded by persons who do not wish her to recover; who are interested in keeping her as she is."

"I, at least, am not one of those persons, Mr. Tremaine," said Mrs. Danvers, gravely. "I will give you a proof of my wish for her welfare. I acknowledge the truth of your remarks. Make a trial of your experiment now. Here is a bench; the air is warm; it

will not hurt her if we sit down. Take the place beside her; so. Yes, you may take her hand if you like. Now make your experiment. See if you can recall yourself to her memory or not."

Nigel took the place thus designated in almost bewildered silence. He took Clarice's hand in his. There was a moment's pause. Mrs. Danvers did not sit down.

"I will leave you," she said, looking at the two in turn. "I shall walk up and down the path for a few moments. You are quite out of sight of the house; nearly out of sight of the pathway too. Is the keeper your friend?"

"I think so; I am not sure."

"I will speak to him myself. I give you ten minutes. Make the most of it. No, don't thank me. I have my own reasons—my own purposes to serve."

She said the last words in a dreamy, absent way, as if she addressed herself rather than them.

She left them together and went towards the keeper, who was looking at her from a distance as if he thought that something was likely to go wrong. But before she had uttered half a dozen words, he broke out into a rough profession of loyalty to Mr. Nigel and Mr. Geoffrey. "It's not me as would interfere with Mr. Nigel and his sweetheart," he said. "I remember how pleased Mr. Geoffrey—the Captain, you know, ma'am—used to be when he saw 'em together. And now that Miss Clarice has, as you might say, lost her wits, why, it's all the more cred'able to Mr. Nigel to stick to her. I dare say some folks would bother him to let her alone; but I ain't one."

Mrs. Danvers left him, and paced up and down the quiet moss-grown pathway for some minutes. No one came; the place was as silent as a desert. At last she looked at her watch, went back to the garden seat, and stood before the couple seated there.

Nigel's arm was round Clarice; one of her hands was clasped in his; she was leaning against his shoulder. Her fair frank face was slightly flushed; his eyes were fixed intently upon her. She was gazing before her, her lips parted, her dark eyes puzzled, but quieter and more contented than usual. Her face preserved its snowy whiteness, but it

had gained in force of expression. There was something behind its colourless beauty now—some thought, some emotion, confused and tremulous it might be, but genuine of its kind—the face was not merely a waxen, lifeless mask.

"So soon?" Nigel murmured, with a look of entreaty.

"I have given you a quarter of an hour. You must leave her now."

Nigel moved a little, bent down and kissed the girl's forehead. She gave him a timid, startled glance, but did not seem displeased; her hand lay passively in his.

Mrs. Danvers spoke to her. "Who is this, Clarice?" she said, touching Tremaine on the arm.

"Nigel," she said, softly.

A gleam of triumph shone in Nigel's eyes. She knew him now.

"Who is Nigel?" Mrs. Danvers proceeded.

Clarice was silent. Her eyes wandered. "I don't know," she said, pitifully. The young man's brow contracted. He thought that Mrs. Danvers had asked an imprudent question. But the girl's eyes had reverted to his face, and a quieter expression stole into them.

"He is very kind," she said, with a little tone of pleasure. "He loves me."

"Yes, my darling, with all my heart and soul." Then he turned to Mrs. Danvers. "Is not that enough? Has the experiment not succeeded?"

It seemed to him that Mrs. Danvers sighed. "Perhaps too well," she said.

"Come, Clarice, we must go into the house."

But when Nigel made a movement as if to leave her, the fragile fingers closed on his with a firmer grasp than any of which they had seemed capable.

"Don't leave me," Clarice said—the weakened voice uplifting itself in humble entreaty, like that of a frightened child. "Don't go away. Come with us, too."

"He cannot come with us just now, my darling," said Mrs. Danvers, tenderly trying to withdraw the slender little hand from Nigel's large grasp. "He will come to you again. Let him go."

Suddenly she cast her arms round him and buried her face on his breast. "I will go with you," she said. "Nigel, take me away with you."

This time it was he who freed himself from her grasp. His face burnt hotly for a moment, then turned very pale. He did not speak, as he put her into Mrs. Danvers' arms. But she looked back at him, and then at Mrs. Danvers, with scared, pathetic eyes. "Why does he put me away from him?" she said. "Doesn't he love me any longer?" And then the large tears filled her eyes, and fell one by one over her pale cheeks.

"My darling," Nigel was beginning, but Mrs. Danvers stopped him peremptorily.

"No more," she said. "This is too much for her. I must take her to the house. Wait here for a few moments; I will send you a message. You can read Spanish?"

Nigel answered in the affirmative, his eyes still fixed upon Clarice's pale, bewildered face.

"Be kind to her, for God's sake!" he said, in low, passionate tones, as he drew aside to let them pass.

Mrs. Danvers made no answer. She put her arm round the trembling girl, and spoke soothingly as they went upon their way. Nigel watched them till they were out of sight, then sat down upon the bench, and rested his face upon his hands. His self-command was sorely tried by Clarice's helpless looks and words. A flood of tenderness and pity had filled his heart when he looked into her saddened face, her vacant eyes, and threatened at times to overthrow the calmness which he knew he ought especially to maintain in her presence.

By and by he heard footsteps on the gravel. Looking up, he was greeted by a broad smile and a curtsy from Betsy Blane.

"Missis sends you this," she said. "And you're to go away, you know. It won't do for you to be hanging about here. Master don't like it."

She shook her head at him with a look of amicable reprehension, and held out to him a piece of paper twisted up into the shape of a tiny note. Nigel rewarded her with half-

a-crown, and read the words that he found inside the paper. They were written in Spanish, but, translated, ran as follow:—

"If you will meet me at the spot where we parted this afternoon, at eight o'clock in the evening, it may be for your advantage and for hers."

There was no signature.

"Any answer?" said Betsy, who was regarding him with much curiosity.

"Say 'very well' to Mrs. Danvers; do you understand, my good girl?"

Betsy nodded. And before Nigel could add another word she had turned her back upon him, and was trotting towards the house again.

Eight o'clock brought Nigel to the appointed place. The night was fine and still, but dark. He had to wait some little time before he heard a foot-fall on the gravel and saw a dark figure at his side.

Mrs. Danvers spoke first.

"Is it you?" she said.

"It is I—Nigel Tremaine. You are Mrs. Danvers, Miss Vanborough's—"

"Miss Vanborough's companion. Yes." There was a short pause, broken at last by Mrs. Danvers.

"What have you to say to me, Mr. Tremaine?"

"What have I to say?" said Nigel, in some surprise. "I thought that you wished to speak to me."

"Perhaps I do. But, I fancied that you might like to make your statement first. You were engaged to Clarice before you went abroad, I think?"

"I was."

"You expected her to be true to you? She has not a very strong nature."

"It is a fine and sweet nature. Few girls could have withstood the system of persecution to which she seems to have been exposed."

"You are angry," said Mrs. Danvers. "I do not wonder at it. You are angry with me."

"I have no reason for dissociating you from any of the other conspirators," said Nigel, coldly.

"Now you are unwise," said his companion, as they walked a few steps side by side down the garden path; "unwise because unjust. It was I who stopped the marriage."

"You?"

"Did you not receive in South America an anonymous letter giving you information respecting Constantine Jacobi?"

"Well—and if we did?"

"I wrote that letter," said Mrs. Danvers, with imperturbable calm.

"You!" And then Nigel was absolutely silent for a moment. "How did *you* know? Why should *you* write?"

"I wrote," said Mrs. Danvers, "because I thought it was time her brother or her lover should come home to save her from the wiles of a bad, unscrupulous man. I would not have written quite as I did, however, if I had known all that I know now about Geoffrey Vanborough."

"What do you know?"

"I know that Sir Wilfred is so bitter against him that he threatens to send certain documents which he possesses—proofs of the forgery, I conclude—to the proper authorities, and allow him to be prosecuted if they take up the matter. At all events, the facts would be blazoned far and wide in a very unpleasant manner. And with Jacobi at his ear, if Geoffrey should recover, I am sure he would do it. He keeps silence now only because Geoffrey is on a sick bed. It is the one bit of tenderness he has shown. But, if we proceed carefully, I think we may be able to hinder that."

"Then you are on our side, after all!"

"Yes."

"You pity my poor Clarice? why did you not stop the wedding before, knowing all that you knew?"

"Would they have believed me? I should have been turned out of the house and done no good. No, I preferred another person to do that piece of work. I have other interests besides yours and Clarice's to look after."

This speech sounded so cold, so almost cruel, that Nigel was struck dumb with perplexity.

"Shall I explain myself to you," she went on, "if I say that I have Joan Darenth's interests at heart besides yours?"

"Joan Darenth's! What do you know about Joan Darenth?"

"Have *you* no reason in your own mind for connecting Joan Darenth

with the Vanborough family? If you have not, I will not ask you to think further of what I have said."

"But I have," said Nigel, with some energy; "I have."

"Then—I am acting now for Joan's happiness, as well as for the welfare of Geoffrey Vanborough, of Clarice, and of yourself. Do you approve of that?"

"Perfectly." Then after a short silence, "You seem to know everything."

"I think I do. But now to business. Do you know what they are going to do with Clarice?"

"What?"

"They are going to take her to London next week, and give her into the keeping of her brother and his wife. I have seen little of Mrs. Gilbert Vanborough, but I understand that she is devoted to her husband. And her husband is Jacobi's tool."

"Gilbert, Jacobi's tool? That is worse than I bargained for."

"At Charnwood," Mrs. Danvers proceeded steadily, "she is kept in seclusion. She does not see Jacobi; and, therefore, I notice that she steadily improves. But, in London Jacobi proposes to visit her twice or three times a week."

"The villain!"

"Gilbert will have no power to prevent it. He dares not refuse. Imagine for yourself what will follow. We cannot make Clarice understand that it is impossible for him to marry her; we cannot guard her from the influence of the paralysing terror which assails her when he is near. They have threatened her with a mad-house already; she will be in one in three months' time if she goes to Gilbert Vanborough's house—or in her grave."

They had stopped short. Nigel drew his breath hard. He did not speak.

"Can you devise no remedy?" said his companion.

"None."

"Then listen to mine. I shall take Clarice to London on a certain day. They will expect us at Chelsea; well, do you see what follows?"

"No."

"We shall never arrive there."

"What?"

"You are slow," said Mrs. Danvers. "You will have taken rooms for us beforehand in some quiet, out-of-the-way corner of London. We shall go there, and hide ourselves. And then—I have known men who would hardly wait for a further suggestion."

"If Clarice were in her usual state of mind and body I should not hesitate," Nigel said, in a grave tone. "Nothing would induce me to steal a march upon her and marry her in her present state. It would not be fair to her."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Danvers, with some wonder, "I once knew a man who would have behaved like that. He was a good man—a kind man. You must be good and kind too."

"Mrs. Danvers," said Nigel, "you would set my mind very much at rest if you would tell me your motive for acting in this way."

"It is incomprehensible, is it not?" she said.

CHAPTER XXX.

GOING TO LONDON.

"I offer you the chance of helping to save her," said Mrs. Danvers, as Nigel did not speak, "because I think it would be hard on you if she were to disappear and make no sign. Otherwise, I had resolved upon managing the matter myself and trusting no one. But, I believe that, even if you disapprove of my scheme, you would not care to take her out of kindly hands and place her in Jacobi's power again. I am sorry that you hesitate."

"I may as well speak the truth," said Nigel, frankly. "You speak with great kindness, Mrs. Danvers. But, you ask me to consent to place the most precious thing in the world to me in your hands unconditionally, and I have never seen you in my life before to-day. Pardon me, if I seem rude; I have no intention of being so."

"You need not apologise; I like you to be careful. Will this satisfy you? You may make arrangements yourself, if you choose. Find the rooms we are to occupy; let them belong to people you know, if you like it better, only be sure that our secret is kept. Take any precautions you like. But I am not

playing you false. I am as anxious for Clarice's safety as you are."

"Clarice will not be of age for nine months," said Nigel, thoughtfully. "Of course you are aware that we are planning what is neither more nor less than an abduction? A punishable offence by the law of England."

"Does that deter you?"

"Deter *me*?—no. But there is another way of escape open to her. Jacobi's wife may appear upon the scene."

"Do you know where she is?" said Mrs. Danvers, in a very quiet tone.

"No, indeed, or I would have her here to-morrow. If delay were possible she might be found in the meantime."

"By what means?"

"A friend of mine at Buenos Ayres knows something of her. She lets him hear, through a firm of lawyers, once a year, that she is living. He thinks he may learn her address from them."

"Don't trust to that," said Mrs. Danvers, softly.

"I don't trust to it. But, I have telegraphed to him and I think he will come over. I should like him to see Geoffrey, too. He is very clever."

Mrs. Danvers was silent. At last she said in a low voice—

"Do not tell him of our present arrangement."

"Why not?"

"I cannot tell you why. But, if you do, I will not help you."

"You know Burnett Lynn?"

"Mr. Tremaine," said his companion, with a sudden change of voice, "we have been here for some time, and you have as yet given me no answer to my proposal about Clarice. I must have one to-night, or I shall resort to other means."

Nigel did not reply for several minutes. He saw the difficulties of the undertaking more plainly than she did, and yet it had a great charm for him. He walked away from her a few steps and stood motionless. Then he returned to her side.

"I consent gladly," he said. "She *must* be saved, at all risks."

Mrs. Danvers did not comment upon his answer. She proceeded

calmly, as if she had thought over the matter many times. "We shall probably leave Charnwood on Tuesday next. This is Thursday. I can easily oppose Jacobi's accompanying us, on the ground of his causing her too much excitement; and I will provide against our being met at King's Cross by Mr. or Mrs. Gilbert Vanborough. We shall be quietly dressed, and shall escape notice. Of course we shall not claim our luggage at the station. We shall take a cab to some spot near, not at, the street where our lodgings are situated."

"I know a small house—a cottage—in a very quiet spot near the river," said Nigel, eagerly. "She would be more comfortable there than in lodgings——"

"And more easily traced. Mr. Tremaine, our only safety lies in obscurity. Two rooms on a second floor at Pentonville or Islington——"

Nigel uttered some faint sound of dissent, which Mrs. Danvers' ear was quick to catch.

"Do you think Clarice would be happier *here?* or at Gilbert's?" she said, with a touch of sarcasm in her tone. "She does not notice many things around her, poor child; and if she is free from persecution about Jacobi, and knows that you are near her, she will be happy enough."

Nigel's temperament was a cool one, but the prospect now opened out before him by Mrs. Danvers' words was beginning to fire his blood. The joy of saving Clarice's reason and her life, the triumph of hiding her from her enemies, the delights of seeing her almost as often as he chose, of teaching her to remember him, of leading her back to health of body and of mind—these visions had an intoxicating sweetness which he could not withstand. And if she grew better—and she might under favourable auspices, he thought, recover in two or three months, at least, as far as to know intelligently what she was doing—he might marry her at once, and lead her back to Beechhurst as his wife. Then she would be his own, his very own, and Jacobi would have no claim upon her! What the world would say troubled him very little, and yet, for her sake, he gave that a thought.

"There is one person whom I must take into my confidence, Mrs. Danvers," he said after a pause, "and that person is my mother."

"Can you rely on her secrecy?"

"Confidently."

"Do as you choose, Mr. Tremaine. We must trust each other if we are to work together at all. I do not think I need remind you whose interests are at stake. And now our interview must come to an end. You had better go to London to-morrow and look for rooms. I have five minutes more in which to tell you the rest of my plan."

She drew closer to him, and gave him a few further directions in a low, emphatic voice. She did not think that they could meet again before the day of their departure for London; but they might correspond if he would leave his letters in Joan Darenth's hands until they were called for. Mrs. Danvers could easily find a way of fetching them from the farm on one excuse or another; and he went there very often in order to see Geoffrey.

They separated at length; he proceeded to Beechhurst, and she returned to the house.

Jacobi reappeared next morning and told her that he had seen Gilbert, and that Clarice must be got ready to go to Chelsea early in the following week.

"I suppose you will have to go with her," he said, carelessly. "I would not trust Clarice in Merle's hands for the world." He only called her "Merle" behind her back.

"Mrs. Gilbert Vanborough knows nothing of her husband's story, does she?"

Jacobi shrugged his shoulders. "*Quien sabe!* She is cleverer than she looks; these fair-haired women often are. You, yourself, Antonia, are a case in point."

"Thank you," she said, coolly. "You seem to have thought very meanly of my capacities in the old days. Well, about Clarice. Will Tuesday do?"

"Tuesday?" said Jacobi, in a considerate tone of voice. "I am afraid I should not be able to go with you on Tuesday. There's some confounded sale or fair that the old man wants me to attend."

"There is no need for you to go with us," she answered, with careful deliberateness. "You know how your presence agitates the girl. It is foolish to risk that kind of agitation in travelling. She might faint or have some strange hysterical affection which would arouse people's attention."

"Perhaps you are right," he said. "But, at any rate, I could go up to London when the sale is over, and meet you at Gilbert's house."

"I would not be in too great a hurry," Mrs. Danvers responded. "She is very much out of health. Let her have a day or two in which to rest."

She rose to go as she spoke. No sign of agitation was visible in her face or in her gait; but her white hands trembled. Jacobi saw the movement of her fingers, and asked himself angrily what Antonia was up to now.

He watched her very closely during the following days, but saw nothing to increase his suddenly-formed suspicion of her. She made her preparations for Clarice's departure and her own with tranquility and despatch; she entered into Jacobi's plans with more interest than she had ever shown before; she gave him some information which he felt to be valuable concerning Clarice's present state, and the steps which Nigel Tremaine would probably take in the investigation about to be made.

"You are sure your wife is dead?" she said to him once, with some earnestness.

"Oh, yes. Quite sure. Why?"

"If she were not dead, do you think that even I could allow you to delude them in this way? I should prefer not to see Clarice trapped into a pretended marriage."

"You grow romantic, my dear," laughed Jacobi, in his airiest way. "I believe you are actually fond of Clarice—fond of her—you?" He sneered as he looked at her, and thought that she winced beneath his gaze. I believe you have some game of your own to play, with this trick about being *fond* of Clarice! Fond of an idiot!"

"Where did you see your wife die?" said Mrs. Danvers, who had a way of going on with her own train of thought and resuming it when she thought expedient, which always enraged Jacobi.

He uttered an oath as he turned from her.

"I saw her drowned before my eyes in the middle of a storm at sea," he said, savagely. "Is that not enough for you? I saw her go down, heard her call to me to save her; saw the waves close over her head. Ugh! it was an ugly sight, too!"

"Did you try to save her?" she asked, with curious intensity. "Did you swim after her—encourage her—hold her up with your hands—fasten her baby upon your shoulders, and swim with it to shore? Did you—"

She stopped short suddenly. Jacobi was looking at her with a strange mixture of guilty fear and dark suspicion.

"Dios! Antonia, who told you this?" he said, below his breath, in Spanish.

"I do not understand you," she said, dropping her eyes. Is it Spanish or Portuguese you are talking? I was only imagining what you might have done."

She rose and left the room. Jacobi did not try to detain her; he only followed her with his dark and sullen gaze.

"She begins to be restive," he said to himself. "Have I not paid her well enough? She cannot be feeling any pity or real fondness for that girl, surely? She would never be so weak. I saw her strangle a bird once," he said, with a slight laugh. "She said its singing annoyed her. Madre di Dios! Was she grieved for that? Not she! I like women to be soft and gentle," said Jacobi. And then he resumed the smoking of his *papelitos* and the perusal of Zola's most recent novel.

Mrs. Danvers had some difficulty in getting the letter that she expected. Jacobi watched her so closely that she found it difficult to do anything without his surveillance. On the occasion when she devised an errand to the Darenths' farm he insisted on accompanying her, and she thought at first that she should have to go away without Nigel's letter.

But her woman's wit soon devised an expedient for seeing Joan alone. Some recipe had to be asked for, some advice tendered about the management of a dairy, and in the two minutes' chance thus given her Mrs.

Danvers turned, swift as an arrow, and whispered into Joan's ear—

"The letter!"

Joan took a folded paper from her pocket and gave it to Mrs. Danvers. Her lips were closely set; her brow was grave. She did not like to be a party to any underhand correspondence, but she had not refused when Nigel had begged her to help him—"for Clarice's sake."

It had never crossed the mind of Mrs. Danvers that Joan might refuse, nevertheless Joan had been very near doing so.

She read the letter in secret; it needed no answer, and contained only a few necessary directions as to the way they were to take on Tuesday.

On Monday Mrs. Danvers wrote a polite little note to Mrs. Gilbert Vanborough, stating that Clarice was so unwell that she could not travel on Tuesday, but that if she were better she should come on Wednesday, or Thursday at the latest.

If Merle wrote to her by return of post (which she was hardly likely to do), the letter would not reach Charnwood until Wednesday, and might remain unopened for some little time. If she wrote to Sir Wilfred, or if Gilbert wrote to Jacobi, the discovery of Clarice's disappearance would only be precipitated by a few hours. With good luck and management Mrs. Danvers did not think that the discovery would be made before Thursday or Friday.

Betsy Blane posted the letter to Mrs. Gilbert Vanborough in the village on Monday evening, just before the seven o'clock post went out.

The question had been mooted whether or not Clarice should take a maid with her. Mrs. Danvers had decided (after consultation with Jacobi, of course) in the negative. They could procure a maid in London. There was no one in Charnwood Manor who could fill such a position in a London household. They certainly could not take Betsy Blane.

But Betsy Blane had been so useful that Mrs. Danvers felt she must not go without making her a present. On the Saturday before the departure from Charnwood, therefore, Mrs. Dan-

vers graciously accompanied the girl to the neighbouring town, and took her to a draper's shop. Here, to Betsy's solemn and awe-struck delight, she purchased several yards of plain brown merino, and other materials necessary for the making of a dress, two warm shawls of a sober grey colour—"one for Betsy and one for an old woman in the village"—as Mrs. Danvers casually remarked, and two plain black straw bonnets with ribbons with which to trim them, as well as several smaller articles of clothing. Then she went to another shop and bought a plain black bag; a bag of a kind unrecognisable from hundreds of other black bags, but a useful and capacious article of its kind. And then she brought Betsy Blane back to Charnwood in a much exalted frame of mind.

One grey shawl, one black bonnet, and ribbons to match, materials for one brown merino dress, all fell to Betsy's share. But no old woman in the village was benefited by the second grey shawl, or by the black bonnet. The shawl went into the black bag; and Mrs. Danvers employed her leisure time for the remainder of the day in openly trimming the straw bonnet with black lace and two rather staring red roses for Clarice. "It will do for her to travel in," she said, complacently, in Jacobi's presence. And then she added some white lace, twirled it round upon her fingers like a milliner to the manner born, and looked very content with her handiwork.

There was another piece of work about which she did not take Jacobi into her confidence. She sat up nearly all that night, occupied in the making of a plain, rather wide, brown merino skirt. When that was completed, she folded it up neatly, and placed it also in the black bag, where lay the shawl already.

The intervening time between Sunday and Tuesday morning was spent in packing Clarice's boxes, and in making sundry arrangements for her comfort on the journey. They were to start by a train which left Charnwood at 2.15. They would change at a junction a few miles off, get into a train on the Great Northern line of railway, and reach King's Cross at 4.15.

Thence Jacobi advised Mrs. Danvers to drive to Chelsea.

"It is a long drive, to be sure," he said; "but much better than adventuring yourselves in the Metropolitan and having to drive from Sloane Square. Take a cab at once."

"Do you think Mr. Vanborough will meet us?" said Mrs. Danvers.

"Hardly. You can have Martin to go with you, if you like."

"Oh, no, thank you. I ought to be able to take care of a girl and two or three boxes at my age, I think," said she, with a somewhat acid smile.

"I shall not see you for a day or two, then," Jacobi went on. It was ten o'clock on Tuesday, the 20th of February (for more than a fortnight had passed since the day of the interrupted wedding), and Jacobi was preparing to start upon a business expedition which Sir Wilfred had requested him to undertake. Although in great things Jacobi had his way with his master, in small matters Sir Wilfred liked to be absolute; and Jacobi, especially at this time, when his tenure of office in the house was rather insecure, did not care to oppose him. But he had an uneasy feeling that he would have liked very much to accompany the travellers as far as Gilbert's house.

"Would you see Clarice before you start?" said Mrs. Danvers, in an amicable tone. On his assenting she took him to Clarice's room, where the girl was sitting in an easy chair. She had been looking better for the last few days, but as soon as he entered a deadly pallor overspread her face. She turned and caught at Mrs. Danvers' dress when he approached, as if seeking for protection.

Jacobi stood and looked at her for a moment, as if making an inventory of the details of her appearance. She wore a warm, soft dress of deep red cashmere and velvet, and beside her, upon a chair, lay the sealskin jacket and little black bonnet trimmed with red roses in which she was to travel, as well as a richly embroidered Indian shawl which she used sometimes as a wrap, and a pair of fur-lined gloves. Mrs. Danvers was dressed very plainly in black; he did not cast more than a passing glance at her attire.

"Good-bye, Clarice," he said, taking her reluctant hand in his. "I hope you will give me a warmer greeting when I see you again in London."

He released her trembling fingers, and looked at her with a frown upon his handsome evil face.

"Hasn't she learnt her lesson yet?" he said, with a dark look at Mrs. Danvers. "I hope you will succeed better at Chelsea than you have done here."

He quitted the room, and, in a few minutes, Mrs. Danvers heard the front door open and shut. She drew a long breath of relief as she came back to Clarice's room to complete her packing arrangements.

Mrs. Danvers carried the black bag in her hand when she went down to the carriage.

Clarice was taken upstairs to bid her father good-bye. It seemed to some of the servants—afterwards—that she had been exhibited more than usual. Scarcely one of them but could have described her appearance and dress in detail, for she was kept waiting for a minute or two on a chair in the hall, while Mrs. Danvers went upstairs for a cloak. Mrs. Danvers herself was a little less quiet in manner than usual. Her black dress and bonnet seemed to throw into unusual relief her pale face, her spectacles, her fringe of waving golden hair. Their departure was witnessed by a good many spectators. Clarice had not been seen out of her father's house and garden since the wedding-day; and her appearance at the railway station excited interest even in the breasts of the stolid village people. It was confidently reported that Miss Clarice was going away to be married in London, because Mr. Tremaine would not let her marry Mr. Jacobi in Charnwood church. More than one old villager toiled up to the little station to see her for the last time, as it was thought, before this London marriage.

A minute before the train started Joan Darenth presented herself at the carriage window.

"Let me see her before she goes," she cried, breathlessly. "Let me kiss her once more—my darling! You will take care of her; you will bring her safe back to us, will you not?"

Mrs. Danvers had drawn back a little and lowered her veil as these words were spoken. Her eyes were fixed earnestly upon Joan. The girl was thinner, paler, by far, than she used to be; her beautiful eyes had a darker shadow under them—her lips drooped a little at the corners, as if from some secret source of anxiety and care. For Geoffrey still lay unconscious at the Hillside Farm; and doctors came and went, and averred that this long insensibility was very curious, and the case a very interesting and unusual one, but did nothing to

arouse him from his stupor. Perhaps it was Joan's long days and nights of watching that made her face so pale.

"Good-bye, my darling," she was saying; and she had neither eyes nor ears for anyone but Clarice, and the tears were standing upon her cheeks as she kissed her. "Good-bye, God bless you, and bring you back to us safe and well once more."

These were her last words. The train began to move, and Mrs. Danvers put back her veil and wondered to herself how much Joan knew.

(To be continued).

RECOLLECTION.

When mem'ry looks back on the record of years,
 Ere reason and feeling decay,
 Ere the footsteps we leave in this valley of tears
 Are swept by oblivion away,
 'Tis sweet, when delight has been sober'd by age,
 To glance on its mirrors again;
 To glide o'er the clouds of adversity's page—
 They seem not so desolate then.

As the tempest brings calm; as the hoar frost the spring;
 As the dawning disperses in day;
 So the sun and the shade of vicissitude fling
 A beautiful light on our way;
 And passion and rapture, when temper'd by thought,
 No trace but of happiness leave;
 E'en grief, when remember'd, is tranquilly taught
 How vain—how ungrateful—to grieve.

Life's briars and roses—its gladness and gloom—
 Do they vanish together?—oh no!
 The flowrets we pluck, and condense their perfume,
 The weeds to the desert we throw.
 Like the bee, our thoughts fly o'er the fields of the past,
 Finding sweets wheresoever they roam;
 They wander through sunshine and storm, and at last
 Store naught but their honey at home.

—*Bowring.*

"OUR DOCTOR."

By "IATROS."

RESTORATION OF THE APPARENTLY DROWNED.

"The drowning season" has come round again, and many lives are still being lost because the means of restoring the apparently drowned are not more commonly known. With the probability of having at some time or other the chance of being the means of restoring to life some persons thought to be drowned, I hope my readers will make themselves thoroughly conversant with the rules I shall now give with the object of bringing about that much desired end.

1. A medical man should be sent for immediately, if possible; as also blankets, dry clothing, etc. Proceed instantly to treat the patient on the spot in the open air, with the face downward. The face, neck, and chest should be exposed, and all tight clothing should be removed from the neck and chest, especially braces. The points to be aimed at are—*First and immediately, the restoration of the breathing; secondly, after breathing is restored, the promotion of warmth and circulation.*

The efforts to restore breathing must be commenced immediately and energetically, and should be persevered in for one or two hours, or until a medical man has pronounced that life is extinct. Efforts to promote warmth and circulation, beyond removing wet clothes and drying the skin, must not be made until the first appearance of natural breathing.

2. *To restore breathing.* Clear the throat by placing the patient on the floor or ground, with the face downwards, and one of the arms under the forehead, in which position all fluids will more readily escape by the mouth; and the tongue itself will fall downwards, leaving the entrance into the

windpipe free. Assist the operation by wiping and cleaning the mouth. If breathing should now commence satisfactorily, use the treatment described below to promote warmth; but if there be no breathing, or if it be only very slight, then it will be necessary to *excite breathing*. To do this turn the patient well on the side, supporting the head, and excite the nostrils with snuff, hartshorn, or smelling salts, or tickle the throat with a feather or straw, if they are at hand. Rub the chest and face warm, and dash cold, or if possible cold and hot water alternately on the face and chest. If there be no success then instantly *imitate breathing*.

To do this replace the patient on the face, raise and support the chest well on a folded coat, or other article of dress. Turn the body very gently on the side and a little beyond, and then briskly on the face back again. The measures should be repeated cautiously, efficiently, and perseveringly about fifteen times per minute, occasionally varying the side. (By placing the patient on the chest the weight of the body forces the air out; when turned on the side this pressure is removed, and the air enters the chest). On each occasion that the body is replaced on the face, uniform but efficient pressure should be briskly made on the back between and below the shoulder-blades, the pressure being removed immediately before turning the body on the side. During the whole of the operation, one person should attend solely to the movements of the head and of the arm placed under it. The result is respiration, and, if not too late, life.

Whilst the above operations are being proceeded with, the hands and

feet should be dried; and as soon as dry blankets can be procured the body should be stripped, without interfering with the efforts to restore breathing, then dried and enveloped in the blanket.

3. Should these efforts not prove successful in the course of from two to five minutes, proceed to imitate breathing by Dr. Silvester's method. Place the patient on the back on a flat surface, inclined a little upwards from the feet; raise and support the head and shoulders on a small firm cushion or folded article of dress, placed under the shoulder blades. Draw forward the patient's tongue, and keep it projecting beyond the lips. This may be done by passing an elastic band over the tongue and under the chin, or a piece of string may be tied around them, or by raising the lower jaw the teeth may be made to retain the tongue in that position. All tight clothing is to be removed. Then standing at the patient's head, grip the arms fast above the elbows, and draw them gently and steadily upwards above the head, and keep them stretched upwards for two seconds. (By this means air is drawn into the lungs). Then turn down the patient's arms, and press them gently and firmly for two seconds against the sides of the chest. (By this means air is pressed out of the chest). Repeat these measures alternately and deliberately about fifteen times per minute, until a spontaneous effort to respire is perceived, when cease to imitate movements of breathing, and proceed to induce circulation and warmth.

4. *Treatment after restoration of natural breathing.*—Promote warmth and circulation by rubbing the limbs upwards with firm grasping pressure and energy, using handkerchiefs, flannels, etc. By this means blood is propelled along the veins towards the heart. The friction must be continued under the blanket or over the dry

clothing which may have been put on. Promote the warmth of the body by the application of hot flannels, bottles, or bladders of hot water, heated bricks, etc., to the arm-pits, between the thighs, soles of the feet, etc. If the patient has been carried to a house after respiration has been restored, be careful to let the air play freely about the room.

On the restoration of life a teaspoonful of warm water should be given, and then, if the power of swallowing has returned, small quantities of wine, warm brandy and water, or coffee should be administered. The patient should be kept in bed, and a disposition to sleep encouraged.

The above treatment should be persevered in for hours, as it is an erroneous opinion, that persons are irrecoverable because life does not soon make its appearance, persons having been restored after many hours' perseverance in one or other of the above described methods.

Appearances which generally accompany death.—Breathing and heart's action entirely ceased; eyelids generally half closed; pupils dilated; the tongue approaches the under edge of the lips, and these, as well as the nostrils, are covered with frothy mucus; coldness and palor of surface increase.

Cautions.—Prevent crowding of persons around the body. Avoid rough usage, and do not allow the body to remain on the back unless the tongue is secured. Never hold the body up by the feet. Never place the body in a warm bath unless under medical direction, and even then it should only be employed as a momentary excitant. The first method of restoration described should never be attempted unless more than one person be present, as it is absolutely imperative that someone should look after the head and the arm under it, during the efforts to restore breathing by this process.

"OUR GARDENER."

By DAVID A. CRICHTON.

The hot, dry weather that prevails during the summer months is very trying to a large number of our popular border plants, and, unless water is used freely, flower gardens as a rule are apt to assume a less cheerful appearance than is desirable. If care, however, is taken in making a selection of plants, a far better state of affairs will result than if no particular attention is paid to the furnishing of a garden. Though the majority of our border flowers soon feel the effects of severe, dry weather, yet there are some that will thrive and flower profusely in our hottest and driest summers. Prominent among these hardy plants are the Veronics, of which there are several species and varieties that are worthy of places in any garden. These beautiful and useful plants are neat in habit, flower profusely, and in succession, throughout the greater part of the year. They are also able to withstand any droughts with comparative impunity, which is not the least of their recommendations. Plants of this family include various shades of blue, purple, pink, and white in their flowers, which are admirably adapted for bouquets. The Salvias are another family admirably adapted for border cultivation during the summer months, as they stand heat and dry weather remarkably well. Their brilliant high-coloured flowers, which are produced in great profusion for long periods, are very effective, either in masses or when grown in miscellaneous borders. That handsome species of the Chrysanthemum family, popularly known as the Marguerite, is specially deserving of attention. It is shrubby in character, grows to the height of three or four feet, is very compact in habit, and, for several months, is covered with its neat, white, star-like flowers. The Blue Marguerite, known botanically as *Agathæa Cælestis*, differs to some extent to the last mentioned plant in habit and foliage,

but is an undoubted acquisition for any garden. This plant is dwarfer in habit than the White Marguerite, and produces its brilliant, deep blue flowers through the greater part of the year. Several of the annual species of Chrysanthemum, and more especially *C. Burridgeanum*, are also exceedingly useful plants for summer cultivation. That class of plants known to gardeners as succulents, is very useful for border decoration during the summer. These plants can stand any amount of heat and drought, and though but few have conspicuous flowers most of them have curious and attractive fleshy leaves and stems. Among the most noteworthy of these plants are the Agaves, Aloes, Cotyledons, Crassulas, Echeverias, Mesembryanthemums, and Sedums. Each of these families embraces a number of species and varieties, and most of them are worth cultivation.

Mulching should be practised with all the more delicate shrubs, such as Azaleas, Camellias, Daphnes, Ericas, Gardenias, and others, to protect the plants as much as possible from the effects of dry weather, and lessen the necessity for watering. The practice should also be generally adopted with ordinary border plants, and more especially those that will flower later in the summer or autumn. As a matter of course water will have to be used freely in the flower garden at this time of the year, when practicable. In watering it is advisable to do the work well, in preference to giving light sprinklings, a practice commonly adopted by amateurs. It should be borne in mind that a thorough soaking given once a week or ten days will prove far more serviceable to plants than daily sprinklings, which merely moisten the surface for a short period. Evergreen shrubs should be layered at once if it is intended to increase stock by this means, taking care to shade the

plants from the full power of the sun. This is a very good time for regulating the growth of young evergreen trees and shrubs, thinning out the branches when too numerous, and stopping or removing any rank or misplaced shoots. A little attention in this direction will often conduce greatly to the appearance and healthiness of the plants. Climbing plants, as they go out of bloom, should receive any necessary trimming or pruning to keep them shapely, and within bounds. Heliotropes, Petunias, Verbenas, and other plants that have a tendency to make straggling growth should be cut back occasionally to keep them within bounds. When treated in this manner the plants are not only kept more compact and shapely, but at the same time the flowering periods are prolonged. It will be advisable to put in cuttings of Heliotropes, Fuchsias, Pelargoniums, Salvias, and other principal border plants, to provide stocks of young plants that will be ready for planting out late in the summer and autumn. Hollyhocks may now be propagated from cuttings taken from the crowns of the plants. They will strike freely in sand or light soil, if protected from the weather, and not kept too moist. Carnations, Picotees, and Pinks may be readily propagated from layers if an increase of stock is required. The class known as the Perpetual or Tree Carnations should be generally cultivated, as they produce their flowers in succession for long periods, and are specially valuable during the winter and spring months. There are now a number of very fine varieties in cultivation, and a good collection is easily formed. Roses of the Bourbon, China, Tea, and Noisette classes, as also the more free blooming Hybrid Perpetuals, should receive a light pruning in order to stimulate the production of succession flowers. When a portion of the shoots are cut back from time to time, flowers, more or less, will be produced throughout the greater part of the year. Dahlias may still be planted, but no time should be lost in getting them in the ground. Advancing plants will require constant attention in thinning the growth, tying, and watering, if first-

class specimens are required. When growing vigorously, the lateral branches are very liable to get broken by their own weight; and to lessen the risk it will be advisable to support them by fastening short pieces of string near to their extremities, and tying the other ends high up on the stakes. Dahlias are very strong-feeding plants, and liquid manure once or twice a week will materially assist their growth. Herbaceous Phloxes, and Chrysanthemums should be securely fastened to their supports; and when the stems are too numerous, they ought to be carefully thinned out, leaving no more than can develop freely.

Plants in pots will require constant attention to keep them in a healthy, vigorous condition. Those under glass should be freely supplied with air and water, and carefully shaded from the full power of the sun. Water will have to be given very freely to plants that are making strong growth, and whose pots are well filled with roots. When plants are in this condition, the moisture is speedily absorbed from the soil, and if not frequently renewed, growth must necessarily receive a check. Plants standing in open situations, with the sides of their pots fully exposed, will, as a matter of course, dry up very quickly, and it will often be advisable to water them twice a day. Whenever practicable, plants standing on window-sills, verandahs, balconies, or other exposed situations, should be protected by plunging their pots in larger ones, filling the spaces between with sand or soil. For window-sills, the best plan is to plunge the pots in boxes made specially, and filled with clean sand. Ferns, Lycopods, and ornamental foliage plants under glass, must be rather densely shaded during the middle of the day. Fuchsias should be kept in a vigorous state by the free use of water and frequent syringings, and more especially on hot, drying days. Liquid manure may also be used with advantage once or twice a week to stimulate growth. Late flowering plants should receive due attention in tying and stopping, in order to secure compact, well-grown specimens, and they may be re-potted when their pots are fairly well

filled with roots, but not otherwise. Achimenes, Gloxinias, Gesneras, and Tydeas are strong feeders, and their growth will be assisted by the use of liquid manure occasionally, taking care not to wet the leaves with it. Before they come into bloom these plants should be neatly supported, using no more sticks than are necessary. Gloxinias may now be propagated by leaf cuttings, which strike freely in sand. Winter and autumn flowering plants should have their growth stimulated by the use of liquid manure occasionally, as the greater the progress they make within the next few weeks, the better specimens will they be when they arrive at the flowering stage. Any plants requiring a shift should be repotted at once, but care must be taken not to over-pot. Small sowings of Calceolaria, Cineraria, and Chinese Primula, should be made in light soil, taking care the pots are well drained. As the seeds of these plants are very fine, they must be lightly covered, and, in order to avoid the necessity of using water frequently, the pots should be covered with pieces of glass to check evaporation. Every effort should be made to keep down the various insect pests that trouble cultivators, as if allowed to make headway, they will be difficult to deal with.

In the fruit garden the principal work for the next few weeks will be the gathering of the crops as they reach maturity. Though gathering fruit seems a very simple matter, yet some judgment is required to secure it in the best possible condition. Apples and Pears should not be allowed to get fully ripe upon the trees, as they neither keep so well, nor have so good a flavour, as when gathered a few days before they reach that stage. On the other hand, the fruits must be allowed to attain a certain degree of ripeness before they are gathered, or otherwise they will be deficient in flavour, and shrivel when kept. There are other fruits, such as Apricots, Peaches, and Plums, that have their flavours fully developed only when allowed to get fairly ripe upon the trees. In gathering fruit the greatest care should be taken in handling it, as the slightest injury detracts from its value, and more

especially if it has to be stored. Orange trees (and more especially young ones) should never be allowed to get thoroughly dry at their roots if it is possible to prevent it, as when this happens serious injury is done through the growth being brought to a standstill. Trees of the Orange family have a tendency to bear too freely, and generally set more fruit than they can bring to perfection. When such is the case it will be advisable to thin out the crops while the fruit is small, in the case of young trees; with very young trees, it is often the best plan to remove all the fruit, so that the whole of their energies will be devoted to the production of wood. Summer pruning may be continued with young deciduous trees, but care must be taken to leave sufficient foliage to shelter the trees. The various stone fruits may now be budded, taking care to perform the operation in moist or dull weather, and as quickly as possible. There are in many gardens trees of such kinds as are scarcely worth growing, and which ought to be replaced by better varieties. These trees may be budded with advantage if not too old, but if they are it will be better to plant new trees. Raspberries, as soon as they have done fruiting, should have their old canes cut away, as also such of the young shoots as will not be required for fruit-bearing canes next season. It is a mistake to leave a large number of young shoots, as is commonly done, as air and light is necessary to freely develop the wood and foliage.

In the vegetable garden various crops must be sown and planted as soon as circumstances will permit, as the ground is now in excellent condition, owing to the recent rains. During the dry summer months it will be advisable to sow all seeds, and more especially the smaller ones, in beds or rows whose surface will be lower than the surrounding ground, in order to facilitate watering, and obtain the full benefit from chance showers. In sowing cabbage and other seeds that occupy but small beds, there need be no difficulty in shading the whole surface with bushes, or in some other way,

and this protection will prove of great service. It is not a bad plan to erect a shelter shed roofed with brushwood. sufficiently thick to break the full power of the sun, for the raising of small seed crops during the hot weather. For raising salad crops more especially, this plan will prove particularly useful. It will be advisable to make sowings of Cabbage and Cauliflowers, and in the cooler districts, where they thrive, Savoy, and Brussels Sprouts. Plantings of Cabbage and Cauliflowers must also be made as soon as they are fit. At this season of the year the cabbage family should be planted in drills three or four inches deep, so that water may be easily and economically supplied. Brocoli, though not extensively grown in this part of the world, is in the colder localities well deserving of cultivation, as it stands frost much better than the Cauliflower. If rain sets in towards the end of the month, a sowing of Turnips may be made, giving a preference to such sorts as the Orange Jelly or American Red Stone, both of which stand the hot weather better than most of the other varieties. Crops of French Beans and Peas should be put in every fortnight for succession, soaking the drills well before the seed is put in if the weather continues dry. Celery should be planted out in trenches as soon as the plants are large enough, using plenty of well-rotted manure, as this crop is a very strong feeder. Shade and water must be given till the plants are well established. In lifting Celery plants, every care must be taken not to break

or injure the roots, and the same remark will apply to other plants. Onions and Shallots should be lifted as soon as growth has matured and the tops begun to turn yellow, taking care to avoid exposing the bulbs to the sun, as they are liable to injury from scorching. Potatoes should be lifted as soon as the haulm withers, as if left in the ground at this time of the year the tubers deteriorate, and, besides, if rain sets in there is danger of a second growth commencing. Lettuce, Radish, and other salad plants should be sown every fortnight, in order to keep up regular supplies. Leeks may now be sown for a winter crop, and plants from previous sowings must be planted out as soon as they are large enough. Cucumbers, Vegetable Marrows, Melons, and Pumpkins must be liberally supplied with water in dry weather, and receive due attention in stopping and thinning out the branches. Cucumbers and Marrows may still be sown for late crops. This family is very apt to be attacked by mildew at this time of the year, and more especially in moist or dull weather. Should this pest make its appearance, no time must be lost in dusting powdered sulphur over the affected plants and others growing near them. Crops that have served their purpose should be promptly removed, and the ground prepared for others. Old worn-out crops, when left, not only have an unsightly appearance, but afford harbour for various insects and other garden pests.

“OUR COSTUMIER.”

By “LUCIA.”

The arrival of the New Year is a general signal to all who are able to do so to desert the city for the more attractive pleasures of the seaside, or the rural charms of the country. In this warm climate an annual change of air is positively necessary, and

there are few who do not avail themselves of it if possible. This is, in many ways, the best time for making these excursions which are facilitated by the midsummer holidays, when the younger members of the family are at liberty to join the others for the

change. Seaside costumes, tennis, and ball toilettes, are of course the most interesting items of fashion at present, and there is a good deal to chronicle in the way of prevailing styles. On all occasions, in fine weather, white dresses are universal—especially for young girls. The prettiest are made with a deep drapery in front, edged with wide embroidery, and drawn up on each side. This style is much newer than the flounced skirts, and, if the drapery is made so that it may be drawn up by running strings, there will be no difficulty in washing and doing them up. Cream muslins, spotted and plain, are still very much worn, and they may be classed with the white gowns, as the nicest for young ladies. Cream embroidered muslins are much worn with soft silk sashes, a quarter of a yard wide, and it is noticeable that the width of sashes is gradually increasing. Not only are they very wide but also of great length, some of them, when tied in large bows, reaching almost to the bottom of the skirt. A white dress seen by me lately in a Collins Street shop, was adorned with a sash of terra cotta surah, six yards in length and about three-quarters of a yard in width. In seaside costumes there is a decided partiality for stripes, not the monotonous equi-distant stripes in vogue some years ago, but clusters of narrow ones, alternated with a single wide one. The milkmaid skirt promises to be popular for seaside wear, and looks well in striped materials. The overskirt, which is gathered at the waist, turns up at one side showing a contrasting lining, which has a pretty effect. Those who visit the seaside should remember that cheap materials will not stand the sea air, they not only lose their colour, but all the stiffening goes out of them, and they present a most draggled appearance. Zephyrs, gingham, linens, serges, and cashmeres in good qualities, are the most serviceable, and in the end the cheapest.

The polonaise, a most useful garment at all times, is especially so at the seaside, and fortunately fashion has decreed that it shall be much worn this year. It takes many forms, but as a rule the variations depend

almost altogether on the draperies. Two varieties are cited as being the most stylish polonaises just now, the first being cut like a Princess dress at the back, and having a straight skirt in front fastened far back on one side, while the front drapery is connected with the corsage, the diagonal fastening being concealed by loops and ends of ribbon or wide woollen braid. The second polonaise is of quite a different style, but equally pretty. It is made with a straight back, drapery caught up at the back in two long pendant loops over which the corsage is short, but on each side of the front it is continued downwards, falling in long peplum-points, each of which is finished off with a bow; the plastron ends in a point at the waist. Polonaises of plain materials are much worn over striped skirts, a favourite combination being plain canvas over a skirt formed of alternate bands of moiré and étamine.

White woollen toilettes are considered the correct thing for seaside wear in England this season, and I have no doubt that they will become fashionable here. These gowns are simply made, with box-pleated skirts, and pleated bodices. Some of the more elaborate have bands of embroidery inserted between the pleats of the skirt, and embroidered plastrons adorn the bodices. Collar and trimmings of white velvet embroidered with gold are also added in some cases.

Weddings have still been very numerous during the past month, and in several instances a departure has been made from the regulation ivory satin. A pretty gown was worn by a recent bride, whose trousseau was characterised by its style and elegance. White canvas was the material, and the skirt was striped with ribbon velvet run on at regular intervals, the bodice being trimmed with piece velvet. Another bridal gown of the same style but of more expensive materials, was of white ottoman silk, with velvet run on as in the preceding one. A material known as *velours russe*, prepared specially for brides' wear, is broad striped velvet and gros grain, or satin and ribbed satin. Floral designs are said to have had their day in silk

fabrics, but they are still worn notwithstanding. Much newer, however, are the watered stripes; for instance, red stripes three inches wide are to be seen on a dark-green watered ground. Another variety shows three stripes of equal width, one plush, one watered, and one satin.

In evening dress, the most noticeable feature is the threatened revival of trains. At the "At Home" recently held at Government House in honour of the arrival of Lord and Lady Carrington in Melbourne, the majority of the gowns were made with long trains, even young girls patronising them, from which circumstance I augur that they will soon be worn at balls. Trains are certainly very elegant and graceful in appearance for such occasions as receptions; but I do think they should be prohibited in ball-rooms. Not only are they a burden to the wearers, but they also prove inconvenient to the other dancers. Quite short dresses are rarely seen for evening wear. The skirts should touch the ground well all round, particularly at the back, and for this purpose they are often weighted with shot.

Ribbons have not been so popular for years, and the new varieties produced this season are legion. The looped or purl-edged ribbons so much worn twenty years ago have been revived, and are the favourite material for bonnet strings. A new variety, hardly known as yet, is a ribbon with a narrow, double-fringed edge. Satin and plush-striped ribbons are fashionable in mixed colourings, and manufacturers are producing a novelty for

winter wear in the way of woollen ribbon, striped with plush. Tinsel appears in many of the new ribbons, some of which are spotted, striped, checked, shaded, embroidered, and dotted over with picots, and all sorts of fancy designs.

Jewellery is very largely worn now in the evening, and insects and curious little objects are still the favourites for hair adornment, brooches, etc. Never was there such a rage for diamonds, and where they cannot be obtained paste is employed, and to such perfection has its production been brought that there is much difficulty in detecting the Simon pure, and it is worn by people who would never be suspected of patronising counterfeit jewellery. Single studs, quivering on hairpins, are dotted over well-arranged hair, and stars, crescents, insects, horseshoes, and arrows of diamonds, garnets, silver, paste, steel, and tortoiseshell are employed in the same way. Safety pin brooches, with a jewelled letter or horseshoe in the centre are fashionable, and are employed for fastening bonnet strings or lace scarves. Among the newest designs for these long narrow brooches is a wasp of diamonds sitting on a gold bar and flanked on either side by a single diamond. Another design consists of two arrows crossed and secured in the centre by a star or a horse-shoe. Bangles have quite taken the place of wide bracelets, and some of the prettiest have numbers of coins attached to them. There is such variety in jewellery at the present day that it is almost impossible to touch on the subject without going deeply into it.

MONTHLY NOTES.

SCIENCE.

By R. L. J. Ellery.

INOCULATION OF GERM DISEASES.—In some former notes I referred to Pasteur's experiments in the poison of Rabies, or Hydrophobia, that specific poison which infects with this dreadful disease human beings and other

animals bitten by mad dogs. And also to Koch's supposed discovery of a special germ—the *Comma bacillus*—as the cause of another dreaded disease, Cholera. I also referred to suggestions that inoculation with those special

germs appeared to promise prevention of this disease in persons so inoculated. Recent investigations in these subjects, however, gives me something more to say on the matter.

During the recent outbreak of cholera in Spain, a Spanish medical man, named Dr. Ferran, announced he had discovered a mode of protecting people from cholera by "inoculating," or as he called it, "vaccinating," with the *Comma bacillus* of Cholera, which he stated he had cultivated in some mysterious manner known only to himself. He claimed to have prevented the spread of the disease by his "Cholera Vaccinations," which were very numerous. The results, although profitable to the Doctor, his fee having been from five to twelve francs for each inoculation, do not appear from recent accounts as satisfactory to his subjects, as by the Doctor's account we were at first led to believe. A critical examination of those operated on made it plain they were all affected with *septic poisoning* and *poisoned wounds*, but there is no evidence to show they were in any way protected from Cholera. The ignorance displayed by Dr. Ferran of the science of protective inoculation has exposed him to severe criticism from masters in that science, and in a letter to the *Times* of 20th October, Dr. Ferran is styled "a dupe of illusions conceived in ignorance." In one place in Spain, Alcira, the spread of the disease was happily arrested, Dr. Ferran says by his vaccinations—but others say by replacing a very dirty and impure water supply by a pure one! At all events Dr. Ferran is getting rather roughly handled by experts in this branch of science, and his vaunted discovery stigmatised as a piece of Quackery. In the first place it is by no means certain that the *Comma bacillus* has anything to do with Cholera, and if it has there is no proof that preventive results would follow inoculation, as was the case in Pasteur's experiment with the germs of Anthrax and Rabies.

With regard to preventive inoculation of Rabies, Pasteur, who certainly is not *the dupe of illusions*, has gone to work patiently and scientifically, adding course to course on a sub-structure of profound knowledge of the whole and difficult subject, till at last, in July, he ventured to put his discovery to the test on a human subject. A boy nine years old was terribly worried by a mad dog, from which he had been rescued covered with foam, and bitten in fourteen places. He was sent to Paris, and the most eminent surgeons stated that death from hydrophobia was inevitable. M. Pasteur therefore felt justified in trying the experiment on the boy, and he was inoculated several times with virus of different strengths between the 7th and 16th July. To show the power of the same virus, rabbits were inoculated with it at the same time, all of which died of intensified hydrophobia. The boy, if he had hydrophobia, would probably have died within a month of the date on which he was torn, but he was alive on the 4th of August without any symptom of the disease, and was also alive and well at the end of October.

This looks like success; and if it prove to be such, which all must hope it may, Pasteur has earned another immortal wreath. But

there is this one doubt—Would the boy certainly have had hydrophobia if he had not been inoculated? Two of France's most eminent men declared that, with so many wounds bathed in the poisonous saliva of the dog, the poor boy was "doomed to a certain and horrible death," and nothing appeared more certain than that he must die of hydrophobia. Nevertheless it is just within the bounds of possibility that he might have escaped the dreadful disease which too frequently follows such bites. Another case, however, should decide this all important question, which is pregnant with new possibilities in the treatment of not only hydrophobia but other diseases.

TREATMENT OF CHOLERA.—In the *Medical Times and Gazette* of twenty years ago, in the autumn of 1866, a Dr. Chapman wrote an article on Cholera and its treatment. He has just now written a volume on the same subject, repeating his former conclusions, which are at variance with the most recent opinions. He contends it is a nervous disease, and is not contagious nor is dependent for its spread upon any mysterious microbe. He contends, also, that it is curable; his treatment being simply application of ice-bags along the spine. In November last year, during the severe outbreak of cholera in Paris, Dr. Peters referred to Dr. Chapman's theory and treatment in his lectures at the Paris School of Medicine, and gave the history of numerous cases in the Hospital de la Charité, which had been treated solely by Dr. Chapman's method, namely, application of ice along the spine with the astonishing result that the death rate was reduced from 75 to 85 per cent. to 37 per cent. Professor Peters says the "effects produced by the ice were marvellous," immediate relief resulted. He further says it "allayed the worst symptoms at once—and one of my patients exclaimed as he experienced the relief, '*le sac à glace est mon sauveur*' (the bag of ice is my saviour)."

COOL DRINKING WATER.—The enterprising Town Surveyor of Sandhurst, Mr. Knight, has just completed a successful experiment for supplying the citizens of that place with *cool* water from a fountain. Having noted the almost constant temperature indicated by the Observatory earth thermometers at a depth of fifteen feet, he has sunk a shaft twenty feet deep, and taken down a pipe from the main water supply, and at a depth of twenty feet connected it with a small cylinder, from which rises another pipe to the fountain or tap at the surface. The shaft was then filled in and the water laid on. All the water in the pipes and cylinder within the shaft was rapidly cooled down to the temperature of the earth at about fifteen feet below the surface, and with a temperature in the shade of 95 degs. the water was drawn from the tap 27 degs. cooler, or with a temperature of 66 degs., affording a deliciously cool—but not too cold—drink to the thirsty citizen. This course might be advantageously adopted in other places, and lukewarm, vapid drinking water replaced by a luxuriously cool drink.

ART.

SYDNEY.

By J. G. De Libra.

In such a state of utter stagnation is the "Queen of the Southern Seas," in all departments of art excepting architecture (our observations upon which will be found elsewhere), that writing on the eve of Christmas, we are really unable to find any news of sufficiently genuine art-interest to lay before our readers. Ere these lines appear, the New Art Gallery will no doubt be open to the public, and we shall hope to offer some remarks upon it next month. Christmas and New Year's cards, of course there are in endless variety; but with the exception of the photographs of pictures in the Art Gallery, which Mr. John Sands has happily adapted to this use, they can hardly form the subject of "Art Notes." Under the circumstances, all we can do is to sing with the Laureate—or the "waits:"—

"Ring out the False, ring in the True;
Ring out the Old, ring in the New."

And taking off our hat to the Muses, collectively and individually, wish them the good old German greeting of—

"Pros't Neu-Jahr!"

MELBOURNE.

By E. A. C.

The proposed gift of Mr. Henry Wallis to our National Gallery, is a large painting by Albert Maignan; it is more suited for it than for a private collection. The subject, like so many chosen by this artist, is drawn from the pages of very early French history, and the rough, uncouth details are graphically treated. "The Last Moments of Chlodobert" represents the grief and agony of Chilpéric and Frédégonde as they witness the failure of their despairing effort to save their son's life by bringing him to the famous tomb of St. Médard. The subject is powerfully treated, and to those who admire the modern French school, to which it belongs, will doubtless present many grand features; but for ourselves, we must confess that Karl Heffner's "Morning" is infinitely more pleasing to our taste. The scene is taken on the outskirts of Naples, and shows a lagoon, which reflects the glowing sky; scattered over it are tufts of coarse grass, and in the middle distance is a boat slowly passing. Heffner's great genius, which must impress the most unobservant, lies chiefly in his marvellous power of realising Nature in such a way as almost to make the gazer forget it is not, in very truth, the actual landscape which he sees before him. "A

Norwegian Landscape," by Munthé (previously noticed in these columns), is still to be seen in this gallery, the wonder being that so fine a work has not been purchased by some of our wealthy residents. Melbourne grows daily richer, but it cannot also be added, more appreciative as to Art.

We are glad to notice amongst Mr. Wallis' collection, a clever Dutch sea-piece by H. Koekkoek, senr. Several of the paintings lately sent out here by the latter gentleman are now on view at Messrs. Gemmell and Tuckett's, and will probably have been sold before these notes are in print. A group of goats, by Peyral Bonheur, repay examination.

Mr. Kessing, whose really beautiful paintings of the Pink and White Terraces of New Zealand have been so favourably commented on by the Melbourne press, has started on a sketching tour, so that in a few weeks' time, we may hope to see some more of his work.

The Marchese Girolamo Nerli and Signor Ugo Catani, two Florentine gentlemen recently arrived in Melbourne, have opened an interesting studio in Collins Street West. Besides their own work, they show numerous sketches and studies belonging to other Florentine artists; amongst them may be noticed some by Bruzzi, Baldancoli, Guzzarde (who has one of his pictures in the Adelaide Gallery), Forchi, Orlandi, etc., etc. Signor Catani's paintings are mostly portraits and indoor scenes; his execution is good, and great artistic taste is shown in the arrangement of draperies and all that goes to make up a picturesque interior. Landscape, *genre* and figure subjects are all within the Marchese's range, and a charming study of the head and shoulders of an old peasant woman attracts the attention on first entering. Now that these gentlemen are in a studio of better dimensions, and able to show off their paintings to more advantage, there is but little doubt that their merits will be appreciated; that is to say, as much so as Art ever is in Melbourne.

A very good copy of Pieneman's "Battle of Waterloo," is to be seen at Mr. Hine's Gallery in Collins Street East; the artist of the former is Mr. Hainsslin, of Park Road, St. Kilda West, already favourably mentioned in "Art Notes" as an animal-painter of no mean repute. The original was twenty-seven and a half feet by eighteen feet, and the portraits were taken from life at the residence of the "Iron Duke," Apsley House, Hyde Park. A descriptive catalogue of the names (all belonging to men who have stamped their deeds upon the pages of history), was at one time sold at the palace of the late King of Holland (then Prince of Orange); it was worded in Dutch and English, and must have been extremely useful, as the portraits are very numerous, besides rendering the whole scene clear to the observer. Mr. Hainsslin

has, however, a key to his copy; he began the laborious undertaking at Pieneman's *atelier* in Amsterdam, and finished it at the Palace already named. A double interest attaches to the original, as it is said that there is not another great picture in Europe where the same men are found grouped together. Mr. Hainsslin's copy was of course done when a much younger man, but it is very artistically treated, and would be an acceptable addition to our National Gallery. A hundred pounds is the sum asked for it, a by no means high one, compared with some given by the trustees.

One of the latest works to be seen at the Picture Gallery is a portrait of Mr. Simon Frazer, by Millais. It is wonderfully life-like, and denotes in every detail the touch of a master's brush.

The new buildings of Johnstone, O'Shannessy and Co., are a great improvement on their former premises. Very good artists have been engaged by the firm, who showed some admirable work upon the opening day. Amongst the paintings on terra-cotta to be seen there, may be mentioned those of Messrs. Curtis and Russel in neutral tint, and representing bush scenery. They are admirably executed, and reflect great credit on both gentlemen.

A good many paintings by some of our best artists are now on view in the Picture Gallery of the Exhibition buildings. Amongst them are works by Madame Mouchette, and Messrs. Mather, G. Ford Paterson, Von Guérard, and

T. Roberts, of whose work in the recent Black and White Exhibition we had reason to speak in such favourable terms. They have been placed there prior to being sent to the Inter-colonial Exhibition in London.

The Library Committee of the Supreme Court intend forming a Gallery of portraits of gentlemen connected with the legal profession in Victoria. In our last notes we alluded to that of the late Sir Redmond Barry as being at present on the easel in Mr. R. Dowling's studio. Mr. E. A'Beckett has just finished one of Judge Molesworth, which is now on view in the diocesan registry, before being hung in the law-courts. The Chief Justice (Sir William Stawell) is having his likeness taken at home for the same purpose. These three portraits, with one of the late Chief Justice A'Beckett, will form the beginning of the proposed Gallery.

Mr. A'Beckett's work is a fine one, superior in many respects to other portraits from his studio.

Mrs. Geo. Parsons has recently held a private exhibition of the water-colour drawing she intends forwarding to the Intercolonial one at home. They comprise views from Bright, Lilydale, Beechworth, and Riddell's Creek, with one or two taken near Melbourne. A study of gum-trees is specially good, and the whole collection will prove of great interest to English visitors to the exhibition, as giving a capital impression of colonial scenery.

LITERATURE.

By "Gleaner."

Messrs. Pitman announce that they will shortly publish, in monthly parts, an edition of the Bible in shorthand, at sixpence each part. The work will be illustrated, and produced under the care of Mr. Ford, editor of *The Reporters' Journal*.

Messrs. Longman announce that they will shortly publish the second volume of "Lives of Greek Statesmen," by Sir G. W. Cox.

The celebrated traveller, M. Vambéry, has prepared a boys' edition of his "Life and Adventures." The volume was announced recently as ready for publication by Mr. T. F. Unwin. This should be good news to boys.

Dr. Sp. P. Lambro has written an illustrated history of Greece from the earliest times to the reign of King Otho. It is to be published at Athens in forty-five fortnightly numbers.

It is stated that Leopold Katscher, a Hungarian, has under preparation a new volume on England. The new work is to be issued early this year by G. T. Goschen, of Stuttgart, under the title "Nebelland und Theme-strand" (Fogland and Thames-strand). The volume will contain studies and sketches on subjects varied and interesting. Herr Leopold Katscher resided in England for some nine

years, and is not unknown among English literary men.

A new quarterly review is announced by Mr. D. C. Boulger. It is to be devoted to Asiatic subjects, and the first number is to appear this month.

A biography of the late Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson, well known to readers of American journals and periodicals as "H. H.," is to be written by Mr. H. W. Mable, associate editor of the New York *Christian Union*. Mr. Mable has undertaken the work in compliance with Mrs. Jackson's desire expressed shortly before her death.

Messrs. D. Lothrop and Co. have just published a beautiful folio volume, entitled, "Heroines of the Poets." The text consists of twelve poems by the most famous poets from Chaucer to Browning, the heroines of which are presented in full-page ideal drawings, especially prepared by Lungren, and each drawing painted by hand on Indian paper, with no two in the same tint or colour. This is a splendid holiday volume.

Messrs. Thomas Nelson and Sons have published two little dainty booklets, entitled, "Thoughts for Sunrise" and "Thoughts for

Sunset." The volumes contain a collection of illuminated Bible texts for each day of the month, with headings of gilt designs, showing all phases of sunset and sunrise. Each day has a special hymn or poem from Faber, Bridges, Rossetti, Dr. H. Bonar, and others.

George Bancroft, the historian, recently celebrated his eighty-fifth birthday at Newport, United States. It is stated that Mr. Bancroft is one of the few living Americans, if not the only one, who knew Lord Byron.

M. Ernest Rénan has published a new work in the form of a drama, called "*Le Prêtre de Nemi*." The epoch is very remote, being that of the rivalry of Rome and Alba. The play expresses the opinion of M. Rénan on democracy and the part it played in antiquity, but the moral idea is to demonstrate the impossibility of society existing without some notion of religion.

In the Vienna Hofbibliothek there is a parchment MS., written between the years 1516 and 1519—the private prayer-book of the Emperor Charles V. It bears the traces of long use. In one place of the book the spot where the Emperor's spectacles used to lie is clearly marked, and in other places the names of some of his near relations are inscribed, as his aunt Margaret, the Elector Joachim of Brandenburg, and others. It is adorned with beautiful miniatures by a Netherlandish artist. The book was formerly the property of the dissolved Jesuit College in Vienna Neustadt, where it had been kept since 1670.

It is announced that a new review, devoted to liberal theology, and general topics treated from that point of view, will appear shortly. It will be, in effect, a revival of the *Modern Review*, a publication which contained many excellent articles, but which did not attain a wide circulation.

A new review, taking the place of the old *Princeton Review*, and bearing the same title, was announced recently by Messrs. A. Armstrong and Co., of New York. The first number was to be issued on 1st January. Mr. W. M. Sloane, Professor of History in Princeton College, is editor, and the list of contributors includes many of the most eminent literary men and theologians in the United States.

The readers of the admirably conducted monthly, *Good Words*, will be gratified with the announcement that the volume for 1886 will, in addition to a great variety of articles by able writers, contain two serial stories; one entitled "*The Haven under the Hill*," by Miss Linskill, and another entitled "*This Man's Wife*," by Mr. Fenn. The last-named is to be illustrated by Mr. J. Watson-Nicol.

Mr. Murray, of London, has just published the "*Life of William Carey, D.D.*" the pioneer missionary of the English Baptist Missionary Society in India. The volume is from the pen of Dr. George Smith, the writer of the lives of Drs. Duff and Wilson.

"*The Three Reforms of Parliament: A History, 1830-1885*" is the title of a volume just published by Mr. T. F. Unwin, of London. The author of the book is Mr. W. Heaton, of Leeds, a gentleman widely known as the first editor of the London *Freeman*, a Baptist

weekly journal, and also editor of "*The Concise Cyclopædia*," published by Messrs. Cassell and Co.

Dr. Tulloch's recently-published volume, "*Movements of Religious Thought in Britain during the Nineteenth Century*," has met with a favourable reception in Great Britain and America. The lectures were delivered in St. Giles' Church, Edinburgh, to large audiences. The subjects are "*Coleridge and His School*," "*The Early Oriel School and its Congeners*," "*The Oxford or Anglo-Catholic Movements*." On these and other topics the learned and able principal of St. Andrew's University is quite at home. Thoughtful and intelligent readers will find in this work much to their taste.

Among the records of the ancient borough of Kingston-upon-Hull, England, have lately been found a number of original letters from and to leaders in the great Civil War. The collection, which will soon be published in a volume to be entitled "*Hull Letters*," includes epistles from Andrew Marvel, Lord Fairfax, Oliver Cromwell, King Charles I., and other renowned characters.

The American Company of Bible Revisers were restrained by their agreement with the English Company from publishing the version, with the emendations they preferred to those adopted, until after the expiration of fourteen years. Professor J. G. Lausing, D.D., of the Theological Seminary in New Brunswick, N.J., being outside the application of that restriction, has begun such publication, with the issue, in small 8vo., of "*The Book of Psalms translated out of the Hebrew*," with the readings and renderings of the American Company incorporated into the text. The readings and renderings preferred by the English Company are given in an appendix.

The long list of new books recently published or nearly ready for publication, includes some likely to interest many readers. Among these works may be named Viscount Wolseley's "*Life and Military Career of John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough*," and "*The Life of Cardinal Wolsey*," by George Cavendish, edited with notes by Mr. Froude.

"*Ministers' Wives*" is the title of a volume by Mrs. James Martin which has just been published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, of London. It is an exceedingly interesting volume, and we have pleasure in bringing it under the notice of the members of all religious denominations. We have read Mrs. Martin's book, and while some portions of it will, doubtless, be regarded as too highly coloured, we feel assured that all candid readers will admit that it is a clever and suggestive book, and ministers' wives and church members generally may profit by its perusal. The volume is on sale by Mr. A. J. Smith, Swanston Street.

Through the kindness of Mr. M. L. Hutchinson, Collins Street West, we have enjoyed the pleasure of reading the recently-published volume, "*The Lives of Robert and Mary Moffat*." It is a work of absorbing interest, and a very valuable addition to the literature of missions. The biographer, a son of Robert and Mary Moffat, records the

leading incidents in the lives and work of his honoured and truly noble father and mother in a simple and pleasing style. Among the many useful and instructive volumes published this season, this large and handsomely got-up book is worthy of a prominent place. Our only regret is that its high price places it beyond the reach of many to whom its perusal would give great pleasure.

The London Religious Tract Society has just published an interesting work, entitled "Jottings from the Pacific." The author—the Rev. W. Wyatt Gill, B.A.—has been for many years a faithful and successful agent of the London Missionary Society, and his volume is full of information respecting the progress of the Gospel in the South Sea Islands. It contains also many valuable Zoological and Botanical Notes. This work, which is on sale by Mr. J. A. Smith, Swanston Street, is worthy of high commendation, and should have a place in every Sunday School Library. The illustrations are numerous and good, and the price is moderate.

Among the holiday books worthy of special mention, the superb subscription edition of Longfellow's complete poems and prose works stands in the front rank. It is published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, and Co., of New York, in three magnificent quarto volumes, containing over 700 designs by eminent American artists.

The same firm has published a fine edition of "The Last Leaf," printed in *fac-simile* of the handwriting of Dr. Holmes, and with notes by the author. The volume is enriched with twenty full-paged phototypes and other decorations by eminent artists. An *édition de luxe*, on Japanese paper, has also been published. The price is £5.

Mr. Gardner, manager of the Melbourne branch of the London publishers, Messrs. Cassell and Co., sends us a recently-published novel, entitled "Ralph Norbreck's Trust." It is a good story, well told, and sufficiently exciting to render it acceptable to a large class of readers, while free from the wild sensationalism so injurious to the young readers of fiction. The author, Mr. W. Westall, is known as the writer of several good volumes. The volume is printed in a clear small type, strongly bound in cloth, and published at a very moderate price.

Two new books, by Mrs. Amelia E. Barr, who is so widely known as the writer of the popular novel, "Jan Veddar's Wife," were published in New York in December. The titles are, "The Lost Silver of Briffanth," and "The Last of the MacAllisters."

Messrs. William Inglis and Co., of Flinders Street East, have just published a little volume of poetry entitled "Buds and Blossoms," by Toso Taylor. The volume contains a large number of poems, mostly short, and a few songs. Many of the poems are very beautiful. Our space does not admit of quotations, or we should gladly give our readers a few specimens, by transferring to our notes such poems as "Musings by a Stream," "The Divine Symphony," "The Sound of a Shell," "What I Write and How I Write," and "Long Ago. These and many other of the

short poems deserve high commendation. Some of the songs are stirring, and the translations from the German are excellent. We do not know the author, but we are greatly pleased that it is our privilege to notice this volume by an Australian poet, and commend it to the notice of our readers. The book is nicely printed, and will be an acceptable present to any lady of taste and culture. The volume is sold at 2s. 6d.

Messrs. William Inglis and Co. have issued their Christmas Annual. It is a neat little volume of over 150 pages, and contains an Australian story entitled "Euchred," by Toso Taylor, the author of "Buds and Blossoms," noticed in the preceding paragraph. The story is sufficiently exciting to gratify the lovers of fiction. The writer whose poetry we have praised can write a good story. The short story, "A Night of Mystery," we suppose is by the same writer, but this is not stated. The "Annual" is published at the very moderate price of 1s.

The latest additions to the series of volumes now in course of publication by Messrs. Cassell and Co., London, under the general title of "The World's Workers," are Charles Dickens and Turner, the artist. The first-named is a biographical sketch of the popular novelist, written by his eldest daughter, and gives the leading incidents of his life. The second volume is written by the Rev. S. A. Swaine, and tells briefly the story of the famous painter's career, from his birth to his death. His principal works are noticed, and the volume closes with a chapter on "The Mental and Moral Excellencies and Defects" of the great artist. Both volumes are beautifully printed, and the price places them within the reach of all.

The close of another year brings to us the completion, in book form, of many valuable serial publications. We have received from Mr. M. L. Hutchinson, Collins Street West, a number of the annual volumes of the serials published by Messrs. S. W. Partridge and Co., of London, including "The Infant's Magazine," full of simple poetry and beautiful pictures for the children in the nursery; "The Children's Magazine," containing serial stories, anecdotes, poetry, and pictures suited to interest young boys and girls; "The Family Friend," which is adapted to the instruction and entertainment of the entire household. The serial tales and complete stories are good, and all the other departments of this magazine are of great excellence. "The Band of Hope" is too well known among the young to require either description or commendation, and the same may be said of "The British Workman." All the above publications are marvellously low in price, and the expenditure of seven shillings will secure the whole and bring pleasure, amusement, and instruction to any home. The same firm has just issued the annual volume of "The Welcome." It is a large, handsomely-bound volume, full of good stories, biographies, poetry, and fine illustrative engravings, and is a marvel of cheapness. We learn that the sale of "The Welcome" in Australia is very large, an edition of 1000 copies monthly being forwarded to Mr. Hutchinson.

The *English Illustrated Magazine* for November contains three additional chapters of Mr. D. C. Murray's new serial, "Aunt Rachel," and some good descriptive articles. "Newcastle-on-Tyne" and "London Commons," are both interesting papers, and the illustrations are numerous and good. Some of the engravings in the second paper are beautiful.

In the November number of *Longman's Magazine* the article on "The Wesleys at Epworth," by the Rev. J. H. Overton, is likely to attract the attention of many readers. Three additional chapters of Mr. Black's novel, "White Heather," occupy considerable space. The story seems to be nearing a close. Mr. John Coleman's article on "Wilson Barrett and his Work" will gratify all who are interested in the drama. The poetry is good, especially Mr. W. Allingham's contribution, "Fairy Hill, or the Poet's Wedding."

The favourite magazines published by the Religious Tract Society, the *Boys' Own Paper* and the *Girls' Own Paper*, begin each a new volume with the November monthly parts. The stories are numerous and healthy in tone, and the other parts of these fine magazines contain a very large amount of entertaining and instructive reading, and useful information.

The two excellent theological and biblical monthlies, the *Expositor* and the *Interpreter*, continue to be well sustained. The November number of each contains a large number of instructive and valuable articles—expository, biographical, and critical. To the ministers of all denominations these periodicals should prove exceedingly helpful.

The November number of the *Quiver* and the *Family Magazine*, published by Messrs. Cassell and Co., present each a splendid variety of useful and instructive reading. The *Quiver* commences its new volume with instalments of two new serial stories, and has, in addition, many excellent papers by well-known writers. The two interesting serial stories in the *Family Magazine* close in a way that will be satisfactory and pleasing to most readers. The other portions of the magazines furnish a large amount of information and good reading.

The Christmas annual, "Good Cheer," contains as usual only one story, but it is this year a capital story of life in Shetland, which will gratify many readers. "Little Snow-Flakes," the Christmas annual of the *Sunday Magazine*, containing many good stories for the young, is as attractive as any of the preceding issues.

The first article in the November number of *The Nineteenth Century* is entitled "Dawn of Creation and Worship," and is a reply by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., to some strictures in Dr. Reville's recently published "Prolegomenes de l'Histoire des Religions." It is a long, able, and most interesting article, and it is marvellous that a man so advanced in years and burdened with so many cares and heavy anxieties has been able to secure leisure for the writing of such an article. An outline we cannot give, but the article will repay careful study. Lieutenant Dawson's account of "Sir Herbert Stewart's Desert March," will

be found profoundly interesting; and not less so the article by the Countess Cowper on "Some Experiences of Work in an East-end District." There are a number of articles on political topics by well-known writers, and Mr. Edgar Whitaker supplies a paper of present day interest entitled "The *Coup d'Etat* in Eastern Roumelia."

The November number of *The National Review* is occupied largely with articles on political subjects. The initial paper is written by Mr. Alfred Austin, and has for its title "Skeletons at the Feast." Mr. Austin's skeletons are five in number and they are all in his view very abhorrent. They are briefly stated: Peasant Proprietorship, Graduated Income Tax, Free Education, Disestablishment and Disendowment of the Church, and the Abolition of the House of Lords. Other political articles are on "The Church and the Coming Election," "The Birmingham Caucus," and "Low Prices and Hostile Tariffs." Mr. T. E. Kebbel contributes another of his series of papers on "Tory Prime Ministers;" Lord Beaconsfield is his theme in the present issue. The articles of a more general character are "British Rule in India," "Peasant Proprietors of the South," and "The Theatre."

The November number of the *Fortnightly Review* contains a large number of instructive and useful articles, not only on political but other subjects. Among articles likely to interest many readers may be named a delightful paper by Mrs. Lynn Linton, entitled "A Retrospect," in which she tells most pleasantly many things concerning Gad's Hill House and its occupants before Charles Dickens became its owner. It was the home of her father and his large family. She tells also of the neighbourhood and some of the notable people, and many interesting reminiscences of places and persons. It is altogether a fine bit of reading. Mr. F. W. H. Myers contributes an admirable article on "Human Personality," which will well repay a careful study. The Hon. Mrs. F. Jeune pleads with great power and pathos the duty and privilege of "Helping the Fallen," and Mr. H. Sutherland Edwards, in an article entitled "A Faust of the First Century," embodies a great store of curious information from sources not easy of access to most readers. Among other things, Mr. Edwards tells us, "Though the name of Mephistopheles cannot be found in any book older than the year 1587, that of Faustus can be traced back to the first century—to the early days of Christianity, and the latter period of the life of St. Peter." The lovers of the drama will find much that will interest them in the article entitled "The National Theatre," by Mr. A. Harris. It gives a history of Drury Lane Theatre, by the present lessee.

The lovers and students of natural history will find in the November number of *The Contemporary Review*, an article by Sir John Lubbock, Bart., that will instruct and delight. The subject is, "Some Habits of Ants, Bees, and Wasps." The article is crowded with information, which is communicated in a pleasant manner. Among other articles in the number which may be specially named is that on "Catholicism and Reason," in reply to

Dr. Fairbairn, by William Barry, D.D.; and "The Established Church in the Village," by Mr. W. H. Crowhurst. In the last-named paper the writer is somewhat severe in his strictures on both the village Church and Chapel congregations. He notes at some length the changes of the past few years in the feelings of the peasantry of England, and is confident that disestablishment is not far off. "An Anglo-Saxon Alliance" is the title of an able article by Mr. J. D. Dougall. The writer urges the importance of an alliance of England with the United States and Canada. To England such an alliance is desirable. . . . To the United States it is desirable. . . . The alliance of the two countries would bring all the waste places of the earth under the ægis of the joint Power, whose common flag would be a messenger of peace to the world." Dr. W. Moxon's article on "Faith Healing" is worthy of careful study. The political articles are well written, and the "Contemporary Records" contain very able notices of valuable works in general literature.

The November number of the *Century Illustrated Magazine* is the first of a new volume—the thirty-first volume—of this great American monthly. The contents are varied, instructive, and interesting. The first article, which is splendidly illustrated, is "A Photographer's Visit to Petra." The article is historical and descriptive, and well worth careful reading. A second article deserving special notice is entitled "The United Churches of the United States." To many the most attractive paper will be that in which the late General U. S. Grant describes the "Battle of Chattanooga." There is a *facsimile* of a letter from General Grant to his physicians, and a finely executed portrait from a photograph taken at Mount McGregor. There are numerous other articles, many of which are profusely illustrated. In addition to another chapter of Mr. Henry James' "Bostonians," there are some capital complete stories, a few poetical contributions; and some important and useful subjects are discussed, under the headings of "Topics of the Time" and "Open Letters." The number closes with a few mirth-provoking bits of poetry. Among the illustrations may be named, as worthy of high praise, those in Mr. Gosse's article on "Living English Sculptors." The frontispiece is also a fine engraving. An English edition of this periodical is now published by F. Warne and Co., London.

Harper's Monthly Magazine for November has an attractive table of contents. "The New York Stock Exchange" is the subject of a long and very interesting paper, profusely illustrated. Among the illustrations are portraits of many of the most noted members of the Stock Exchange, including the president, J. E. Simmons, Cyrus W. Field, Jay Gould, and the recently deceased W. H. Vanderbilt. "Guatemala" is the subject of a very pleasant and beautifully illustrated paper, and a third very nice bit of reading is the paper entitled "An Indian Journey." Mr. W. Howell's "Indian Summer" is continued, and another chapter of Miss C. F. Woolson's

"East Angels" is given. The complete story, "The Captain of the 'Heather Bell,'" is one that will give satisfaction to all who love a good story. Many other papers might be named. As usual, the poetical contributions are good, and one short poem, "Alcyone," by Frances L. Mace, contains some very fine and suggestive thoughts about that star. Among many beautiful things the writer says:

"It is the morning land of the Ideal,
Where smiles transfigured to the raptured sight,
The joy whose fluttering semblance now we see,
Where we shall know, as visible and real,
Our life's deep aspiration, old yet new
In the sky splendour of Alcyone."

The other departments of the magazine are, as usual, excellent.

The November number of the *Andover Review* opens with a finely-written article on "The New Education," by Professor Palmer. The study of this paper will afford gratification to all interested in the education of the young. It is announced that Professor Palmer's article will be reviewed by several eminent teachers in a future number. Professor T. W. Hunt contributes a most instructive article on "Desirable Methods in English Literary Study." The object the writer has in view is to enforce some of those cardinal principles which the literary student of English must have in mind in the prosecution of his work. Among other papers we may name "The Conquest of Utah," written by the Rev. D. L. Leonard; and "A Typical Novel," an analysis of Mr. Howell's famous novel, "The Rise of Silas Lapham," which is described as "the best and most characteristic work" of the well-known and popular novelist. Professor Torrey gives us the second part of the article commenced in the October number on "The 'Theodicee' of Leibnitz." No part of this American review is more important, instructive, and interesting than the articles headed "Editorial;" "Progressive Theology" is the general title of the series, and in the present issue the subject discussed is "The Scriptures." It is a long and powerfully-written article. The reviews of new books are numerous and good. The *Andover Review*, which is not widely known in Australia, is published monthly.

We have to acknowledge with thanks receipt of the *University Magazine*, the *Municipal Record*, the *Scientific Magazine*, the *Hamilton Spectator*, and *Wimmera Star Directories*.

We have received a neat little volume of poems, entitled "The Christian Army, and Other Poems, by Percy Charles Thorpe." The contents, as may be conjectured from the title, are chiefly, though not altogether, of a sacred cast. They are very creditable to the author, especially, as he tells us in his preface, as "the first attempts of a novice at the youthful age of eighteen." Mr. Thorpe gives promise of future excellence; and, if he will add to his poetic aspirations the determination to master the *art* of poetry, may win for himself a place among the poets of Australia.

Copies of his production may be had at E. J. Stephens', 200 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne.

CURRENT EVENTS.

By E. A. C.

The third meeting of the Victorian Bee Keepers' Club was held at the Exchange the latter end of November. Mr. Ellery presided, and about twenty members were present. The use of stone hives was discussed, but as no member had tried them, the inventor promised to supply a few, so that a report as to their efficacy might be furnished to the Club. *The Australian Bee Journal*, a new magazine started by the club, issued its first number last month.

Amongst the recipients of University degrees conferred on the 5th of December, were Miss Bella Guerin, who passed as Master of Arts, and Mr. W. Shields, M.L.A., who obtained that of Master of Laws. A pleasing feature of the ceremony was the improved and orderly conduct of the under-graduates.

The afternoon concerts proposed to be held at the Zoological Gardens have been finally settled, and two have already taken place. The Continental plan, as before mentioned in "Current Events," will be partly followed out, and doubtless during the summer months, the concerts will add to the already numerous attractions of the gardens.

At the monthly meeting of the Society for the Protection of Animals, it was agreed that the attention of the Victorian Racing Club should be drawn to a letter in the *Age* of the 7th November, speaking of the inhuman behaviour of some of the jockeys at the recent race meeting. It is to be hoped the matter will not be allowed to drop, and that jockeys and their employers will be made amenable to the same laws as those that bind the cabman and

waggoner to show kind treatment to their horses. There should be but one law of kindness to dumb brutes, enforced equally upon the rich and poor.

The cadets' inspection, which took place on the 5th ultimo, at Balaclava, was very successful, the boys performing their various manoeuvres with great accuracy and steadiness for such young soldiers. A pleasant garden-party was afterwards held in the grounds of the Hon. Colonel Sargood, Minister of Defence.

It is probable that a "Ladies' Hostel" will be started next term in connection with Trinity College. Eight ladies have this year attended the lectures, and it is thought that a residence close to the College (with a married tutor belonging to the latter, acting as Principal), will induce many more to follow their example.

A "meeting of citizens" is to be held to decide the form of the "Melbourne Montefiore Memorial;" it is more than likely that a wing to one of the Metropolitan Hospitals will be chosen, but it is fervently to be hoped that the "Montefiore Wing" will not be added to the *Melbourne Institution*.

A successful attempt is being made by Mr. Neilson, curator of the Royal Horticultural Gardens, to acclimatise the "new potato;" a few tubers of the South American parent-plant having been recently obtained by Mr. Bosisto, M.L.A., and by him presented to the Department of Agriculture, for the purpose of experimenting with them.

MUSIC.

By E. A. C.

An interesting explanation of the Saturday afternoon performance of one or two motett's by the choir belonging to St. Thomas' Church, Leipzig, has been found in a recently-discovered document in the municipal archives of that city. During a frightful plague epidemic in September, 1358, a solemn vow was registered by the Convent of St. Thomas that a special service should be held on every Saturday at their church, in the hope that the illness might cease. The vow is kept up till this day, though, of necessity, some of the observances on the occasion have been altered.

An engagement has been made by Mme. Pauline Lucca to appear at the Berlin opera, but it is to cease at the New Year.

The plan of lowering the orchestra out of sight, followed at Bayreuth, has been copied

at the Royal Opera House, Stuttgart, and will, in future, be used on all occasions.

Three new works are likely to be brought out this season at the Grand Opéra, Paris—"La dame de Montsoreau," by Salvayre; the "Cid," by Massenet; and "La Patrie," by Paladilhé.

The Hof-Theater, at Schwerin, is being built entirely of stone and iron, so as to ensure the greatest possible security from fire.

An attempt is being made in Vienna to form a "Beethoven Museum," and appears likely to prove a success.

A very interesting work is now coming out in parts, by Armand Semple, B.A., M.B., Cantab. Part first embraces "Musical Considerations;" some specially good advice is given upon duly studying the words in every

song, etc. Elocution is pointed out as the preliminary step to every vocal effort, and the fact insisted upon, that the words should be carefully read over, also that the points on which to dwell, should be found out and studied, together with the most prominent consonants. Our own experience entirely agrees with the author, as the gentleman who gave us vocal instruction in youth (himself one of the Paris Conservatoire Masters) followed the same plan with uniform success. Mr. Semple also strongly expresses his belief in the beneficial effects of wisely exercising the voice.

The next "National Association of America" is to be held at Boston in July, 1886, and a large number of musicians from Canada are expected to be present on the occasion. So much interest, indeed, was expressed by the Canadian delegates at the last meeting, that a proposal was made of altering the name of the Association, so as to make it include the province north of the United States, but had, owing to want of time, to be left for future consideration.

The "Boston Musical Year Book" for 1884-5 has just appeared, and amongst other items of interest, is a list of the first performance of new works throughout the musical world.

Mr. Noble Smith, of Queen Anne Street, London, has recently performed very satisfactorily a new operation (first tried in America) of sub-cutaneous division of the exterior tendon slips of the ring finger, so as to extend the range of movement of the fingers in pianoforte playing. Directly after the operation, the patient (an accomplished pianiste) was able to raise the ring finger of the right hand one and a half inches where before she could only lift it five-eighths of an inch. The mark left by the operation was very slight—one-eighth of an inch in length—and the pain felt simply resembled the prick of a needle.

It is probable that Wagner's "Lohengrin" will be performed during the coming winter for the first time in Paris. M. Carvalho, who has obtained the right of performance from Madame Wagner, is running a great pecuniary risk in his noble endeavour to win the appreciation (hitherto so absolutely refused) of the Parisian public for the works of his deceased friend, and all lovers of Wagner's grand music will wish him a thorough success in his arduous undertaking.

A monument is to be erected to the memory of Robert Schumann, in Zwickau, his native place, and subscriptions are being raised for that purpose throughout Germany.

Herr Friedländer has recently discovered a most interesting manuscript by Franz Schubert, namely, the setting in operatic form of Goëthe's early work, "Claudine von Villa Bella;" it is unfortunately but a fragment of it, only the first act being found. It is supposed that the second (and last) was destroyed by fire.

Lovers of that prince of instruments, the violin, will be interested in learning that Ole Bull's wonderful instrument has been recently purchased for 4000 francs by the Baron von Creytz. It was put up for auction in Brussels. The carving of the neck of this famous violin is said to have been by Benvenuto Cellini, the remainder of the violin being done by Gasparo di Salo. What exquisite harmonies could be evoked from it under the marvellous touch of Wilhelmj!

Amongst some of the new lady vocalists recently heard in London, was Miss Alice Gomes, a young *Indian* lady. Her phrasing and expression are described as admirable, and her voice as a beautiful mezzo-soprano, with the sympathetic *timbre* so familiar to all who have heard Mme. Trebelli. Miss Gomes made her *début* in the Kensington Town Hall, under the auspices of Mr. T. Henry Webb, formerly organist of Calcutta Cathedral.

THE HUMOURIST.

HOW THE WORLD IS GOVERNED.

It is astonishing to what an extent the world is ruled by boxes: the cartridge-box, the ballot-box, the jury-box, and the band-box.

CALLING OUT THE DOCTOR.

When Sir John Elliott, the physician, was dining with Dr. Armstrong, Sir John was very early in the repast called out. Armstrong, on losing the quiet enjoyment of his friend's company, muttered roughly, "I did not think you would have sent for yourself so soon."

SATISFACTORY TO BOTH.

When a man, says Josh Billings, kums up to me for advice, I find out the kind of advice he wants, and I give it to him; this satisfies him that he and I are two az smart men az there is living.

THE REAL WAY OF IT.

A young clergyman, who is a successful pastor, was telling a retired missionary that he entered college and the theological seminary with the intention of becoming a missionary, when the old veteran broke out with, "Ah! you turned back after putting your hand to the plough?" "No," was the answer, "I just took another plough."

NOT SURE ABOUT HIM.

Quin, on a visit to Lord Holmes in the Isle of Wight, lost his dog. Meeting a poor man, he mentioned his loss, concluding with, "I hope you are all honest here." "Yes," replied the man, "I believe so; but there is a stranger down at my Lord's, and mayhap he may know of your dog."

UNDOUBTEDLY TRUE.

A professor was once repeating an experiment with some combustible substances, when the compound exploded, and the phial which he held in his hand blew into a thousand pieces. "Gentlemen," said the doctor, with the gravest simplicity, "I have made this experiment often with the very same phial, and never knew it break in my hands before!"

A KNOWING DISPUTANT.

A gentleman travelling in the stage-coach to Islington, found the conversation grow very warm between two of the passengers on the subject of religion. At length one of the disputants said to the other, "Pray, sir, what do you call yourself?" To which the reply was, "Why, sir, I am a materialist." No more passed at the time; but when the coach had deposited the materialist at his house, the remaining combatant appealed to his fellow-passenger as follows, "Now, sir, I am perfectly astonished at that man's effrontery in calling himself a materialist, for I know him to be a dancing-master, and so was his father before him."

PROOF POSITIVE.

"Have you really abandoned the use of slang altogether?" was the question which the Professor asked of the student President of the Wellesley College Anti-Slang Society; and the young lady answered in strong and pure Saxon, "You just bet we have."

INVOLUNTARY BENEVOLENCE.

When John Wilkes was member for Aylesbury, and at the same time a magistrate there, he appropriated some fines which had been levied on the inhabitants towards repairing a bridge, on which he placed a tablet with the inscription, "This bridge was repaired by the involuntary contributions of the inhabitants, A.D. —."

A PERTINENT QUESTION.

King James the Second said to Mr. Clifton one day, "I do not know how it is, but I never knew a modest man make his way at Court."

"Please your Majesty," replied Mr. Clifton, "whose fault is that?"

CLASSIFICATION OF NOVELS.

Novels may be arranged according to the botanical system of Linnæus. *Monandria Monogynia* is the general class, most novels having one hero and one heroine; but such as "Sir Charles Grandison," belong to the *Monandria Digynia*; many French novels are of this class, and still more of the two classes, *Monandria Polygynia* and *Monogynia Polyandria*. Those in which the families of the two lovers are at variance may be called *Diacious*. The *Cryptogamia* are very numerous, and the *Polygamia* are sometimes met with. Where the lady is in doubt which of her lovers to choose, the tale is to be classed under *Icosandria*. Where the party hesitates between love and duty, or avarice and ambition, the class is *Didynamia*. Some of these productions are poisonous; the greater number are mere annuals, comparatively few being perennial, or even frugiferous.

EASILY DONE.

... "Maggie, I don't like to see this dust on the furniture." "All right, mum. I'll shut the blinds right away."

NO ALIMONY IN THE CASE.

"I have no room in my heart for woman," said Angelo Daub, the house, sign and ornamental portrait painter; "I am married to art." "True," replied the stage carpenter, "but I heard that your wife had applied for a divorce on grounds of chronic incompatibility."

DURATION OF COUNTRY VISITS.

Miss Ferrier says that country visits should seldom extend to more than three days—the *rest* day, the *dressed* day, and the *pressed* day.

GIVING HIS BEST.

One of a party of four in a Brighton coach coughed incessantly, and a fellow-passenger said to him in an angry tone, "You have a very bad cough, sir." The sufferer replied, very meekly, "I assure you, sir, it's the best I've got."

A GOOD REASON.

Mother—"Why didn't you get up, Charles, when I called you?" Son—"Because it was so dark that I couldn't see to dress myself." Mother—"Why, Charles! What do you mean? It was as light as day when I called you." Son—"But mother, how could I know it was light? I had my eyes shut, you know."

ADAM NOT A DRAMATIC HERO.

"I wonder why Adam has never been made the hero of some play or drama?" remarked Ralph Renton, a Galveston nabob, to John Irving, who is of a literary turn of mind. "The reason why Adam is not available as the hero of a play," replied Irving, "is simply because it is not possible to mix him up in a social scandal with some married woman."

QUITE THE CONTRARY.

Sir James Graham of Netherby was attending a county meeting at Carlisle, accompanied by his son, then an embryo statesman, afterwards well-known as the colleague of Sir Robert Peel. An old friend came up to him in the street, to whom he introduced his son, one of the handsomest men of his day, upwards of six feet in height, while Sir James himself was a slight little man, under five feet six inches. On the introduction his friend remarked, "Why, Netherby, your son could put you in his pocket." "That may be, but all I can tell you is, he is never out of mine."

ANOTHER WAY OF PUTTING IT.

Missing, a celebrated barrister, was defending a prisoner charged with stealing a donkey. The prosecutor had tied the animal up to a gate, and when he returned it was gone. Missing was very severe in his examination of the principal witness. "Do you mean to say, witness, the ass was *stolen* from that gate." "I mean to say, sir," giving the judge, and then the jury, a sly look, and at the same time pointing to the counsel, "the ass was *Missing*!"

1941

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A New Year's Card from a Far-off
Land.

By MARY HAMILTON.

Over the mountains and over the sea,
Speed, little card, to my old country,
Greeting the friends whom my heart holds dear.
With the wonted wish of a "Glad New Year!"

Say, though in sun-dowered lands I roam,
Yet still I yearn for the friends "at home,"
And bid them remember, on New Year's Day,
The wanderer who dwells in the far-away.

Bright shines the sun in the alien skies;
Yet tell them the heart of the exile sighs
For the chequered beauty of dale and sea—
Of shadow and light in the old country.

Saily glow the Australian flowers;
But the primrose—born amid April's showers
Is fairer to her than the gorgeous blooms
Which the Orient weaves in her golden loom.

Say, though in life she may tread no more
The haunts she has loved from the days of yore,
Yet her thoughts will bridge o'er the moaning sea,
To greet her friends in the old country.

And ever and aye, when the day is done,
Her glance will follow the westering sun,
And in fancy glide on his golden beams
To the land she may only behold in dreams.

Then, white-winged messenger, take thy flight—
Tarry not, loiter not, day nor night;
Over the mountains and over the sea,
Speed, little card, to my own country.

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REVEREND MR. JUSTICE KERFERD

ONCE A MONTH.

No. II.

FEBRUARY 1, 1886.

VOL. IV.

GALLERY OF EMINENT AUSTRALASIANS.

No. XIV.

HIS HONOUR MR. JUSTICE KERFERD.

By "PURSER."

"What cannot patience do? a great design
Is seldom snatched at once;
—'Tis patience heaves it on."

—*Thomson.*

"Great works are performed, not by strength, but by perseverance."

—*Johnson.*

Patience and perseverance are two of the essentials which must be possessed by him who would be truly great. How often have we seen or known instances in which the man in whose breast had been implanted the germs of unmistakable genius eventually came to naught, attained no real position in the world, and died "unhonoured and unsung;" merely because he could not "possess his soul in patience"—had not the *endurance* to play a waiting game, or the energy to apply himself with perseverance in the face of temporary obstacles. It is to the possession of these enviable qualities—and in a marked degree—that we may trace the success in life which has at length, after an honourable, and sometime arduous career, landed Mr. George Briscoe Kerferd upon the Judicial Bench.

From his boyhood he was imbued with that spirit of ambition of which we find it recorded—

"The true ambition there alone resides,
Where justice vindicates and wisdom guides."

His hope from the very first was that he might be enabled to study for the bar. But when the time arrived for him to leave school, his father, one of the merchant princes of his day, having by that enterprise and pluck which seem to have been the characteristics of the Kerferd family, established a vast and apparently increasing business in Mexico, desired (and naturally so) that such a valuable connection should not be dissolved at his death, but should be made available for the enrichment of his posterity, and that to this end, his son George Briscoe Kerferd, should eventually succeed to it. With the view of falling in with his father's wishes in this respect the subject of this article entered the service of a mercantile firm in Liverpool by way of preparing himself for joining his father later on. But, whilst there, circumstances occurred which caused a

change in his father's own business views and prospects ; and the discovery about that time—1851-52—of the Australian gold fields causing no small stir and speculation in the old world, it was decided that young Mr. Kerferd should visit Victoria for the purpose of ascertaining the feasibility or otherwise of opening a branch business in Melbourne.

Leaving Liverpool, therefore, at the latter end of 1852, by the good ship "Albatross," he landed on these shores sometime in April of the following year. For the space of some months his time was occupied with negotiations for the above purpose, but without any definite result. Guided, however, by indications coming under his observation during this period, on the occasion of a visit to the Ovens district, on behalf of the firm of W. M. Bell and Co., he determined to make a business start in Beechworth, the principal town of that district, and at that time, the central depôt for all the surrounding "diggings." Accordingly, associating with himself a young English barrister friend, who had abandoned his profession, he entered upon the then profitable business of a wine and spirit merchant ; afterwards retiring therefrom in favour of the still more lucrative calling of a brewer, in which he continued for many years with success.

During all these changes, and amidst the inevitable wear and tear, and anxiety, incident to the vicissitudes of such pursuits (of the wearying and grinding effect of which no one who has not "gone through that mill" can have the smallest conception), Mr. Kerferd, it would appear, never once lost sight of the goal of his ambition—his first love—the bar ; but, night after night, and at times after a hard day's work in the brewery or a scorching day's ride over the rough country roads (for he was for a considerable time his own traveller), would he be found "burning the midnight oil," immersed in the classical and legal studies, which he even then continued to prosecute with assiduity under the guidance of a gentleman learned in those mysteries, then resident in the capital of the whilom "May Day Hills." And not only this : he was

at the same time daily qualifying himself to take that place in the Parliament of his adopted country which he has since so ably filled with both honour to himself and credit to his constituents, as well as with satisfaction to the colony at large, and which doubtless he looked upon as but a natural stepping-stone to the acme of his aspirations. Thus, on the 22nd May, 1857 (only a few months after Sir—then Mr.—Andrew Clarke gave to this colony that inestimable boon, its first Municipal Act, 18 Vic. No. 15) we find Mr. Kerferd elected a member of the Municipal Council of Beechworth, then but recently established under the presidency of Richard Mellish, Esquire, J.P. Upon that municipality being subsequently, under a later statute, created a Borough, he was, we are informed, unanimously elected its first Mayor, and subsequently was re-elected to that honourable post either three or four times, thus gaining the well-known appellation of "the inevitable Mayor."

It was during this—if we may so term it—apprenticeship to legislative duties in the Beechworth Local Parliament, that evidences of his *judicial* "turn of mind" came to the fore. Whilst occupying the Mayoral chair, it was especially noticeable that he made it an invariable practice never to interfere in, or allow himself to be drawn into, discussions during the heat of a debate. He would calmly "bide his time" till all the other speakers had concluded, and *then*, prior to, or in, "putting the question," would, in a clear and decisive manner, state his own views on the subject in hand, and generally with no small effect upon the result of the voting, as shown "when the numbers went up."

And not only so, but during the whole term of his membership in the Municipal and Borough Councils of his day his strict and resolute *impartiality* was most marked. Many a time, when some hot-headed partisan had urged that a petition or complaint before the Council should be at once dealt with, and decided upon in a certain way, down came his fiat—always of course by way of a suggestion—but none the less for all practical purposes his fiat—*audi alteram partem*.

—"Don't you think, gentlemen, we had better refer the matter to the party complained against, and let us hear his version, and not do hastily something that we may afterwards have to undo, and so stultify and make ourselves ridiculous?" And Britons and their descendants being always ready to "give fair play," such views were generally adopted without hesitation, and the further consideration of the matter postponed to allow of the other side being heard.

Now, we take it that calmness and impartiality are qualities that are essential to the successful sustainment of both the dignity and influence of a judge.

It is a much easier task to write of a man after his decease than during his lifetime. Under the first named circumstances, good feeling prompts to a strict compliance with the maxim, "*de mortuis nil nisi bonum*." But the historian of the living statesman or other public man is bound, in honesty, to place on record not only what redounds to the credit of the subject of his memoir, but also matters which may not be altogether so construed. Hence, we are bound to observe that Mr. Kerferd, during the municipal portion of his career, gave evidence of the possession of other characteristics than those to which we have hitherto referred, characteristics which, however much they may be qualifications for his new position of Supreme Court Judge, and prove of service to him in it, certainly did not obtain for him much *kudos* with his *confrères* in days gone by. At that time he was considered essentially self-contained, and one who never displayed any of the finer traits of *feeling*, in the usual acceptation of that term. We are, however, the less reluctant to make reference to these features in his character or temperament, inasmuch as we have heard it argued by some to whose opinion we have ere this seen occasion to defer, that the possession of the one and the absence of the other are likely to operate in making Mr. Kerferd a really useful judge; one not likely to be swayed by outside influences of a nature such as we have known other occupants of the

Judicial Bench sometimes amenable to, eventuating in some instances in the loss of their own personal dignity, and in others even in the miscarriage of justice.

Aristotle, to the self-asked query—"What is justice?" answers, "To give to every man his own." And it certainly is not difficult to believe that this most desirable result is much more likely to attend the decrees of a judge not possessed of too sensitive a disposition, than those of one liable to be biassed by, it may be, overwrought susceptibility, or the emotional excitement of the moment.

In 1864, Mr. Kerferd, finding himself sufficiently prepared to make a move towards the front, quitted, at one and the same time, trade and the circumscribed area of municipal duties, conflicts, and honours, and entered the more extensive arena of the Victorian Legislative Assembly. He was elected—at the head of the poll—to represent the "district of the Ovens," or, as it is more generally known, "The Beechworth district." This honourable position he continued to fill without intermission down to the 28th day of December last (when he donned the judicial ermine), a period of over twenty-one years, being re-elected time after time—oftentimes unopposed, and sometimes in the face of most strenuous opposition. It is a fact worthy of record that throughout the proverbial excitement of electioneering campaigns he always had the good taste to abstain from disparaging his opponents—a fact which speaks volumes in support of his claim to a character for calm uprightness.

But during the turmoil incident to political life, Mr. Kerferd had by no means lost sight of the main object of his exertions, indeed we might say, of the main object of his life. Upon quitting Beechworth for the metropolis as before mentioned, he forthwith gained admission to the professional sanctum of the then well-known barrister—and afterwards equally well-known and erudite judge—Fellowes. Under his *ægis* he thenceforward so successfully pursued his legal studies, that, after the lapse of the usual probationary period, he was enabled (in 1867) to

pass with credit the by no means easy examination requisite to obtain him the life-coveted position reached by "admission to the bar."

His career thus far reminds us of those lines of *Addison*—

" 'Tis not in mortals to command success ;
But we'll do more, Sempronius—we'll
deserve it."

From this time forward his legal acumen—his continued application and research—together with his tact and general knowledge of mankind, soon brought him to the front, and caused his services to be more than once sought for in the formation of the Government of the day. Thus we find him a member, successively, of the Sladen Ministry, in 1868, as Minister of Mines and Railways ; of the Francis Ministry, in 1872, first as Solicitor-General, afterwards as Attorney-General, and subsequently upon the retirement of Mr. Francis, as Premier as well ; of the McCulloch Ministry, in 1875, of the Service Ministry, in 1880, and, lastly, of the Service-cum-Berry Coalition Ministry of 1883, again as Attorney-General. By the unanimous voice of his colleagues in this Ministry he has now received his appointment to the Supreme Court Bench, a position which he has studied for, and honourably striven to attain, from, we might almost say, his earliest youth.

And when it is remembered that, during his twenty-one years continuous Parliamentary career, questions of vast import were agitating the respective parties in the Assembly--many of which indeed, such as the "Darling Grant," gave rise to violent conflicts of opinion—and that he has passed through the excitement of such times, often as the responsible legal adviser of the Government, with unsullied reputation, and has now retired from the arena of politics without having made a single enemy within the walls of "The House;" we consider that he has shown himself worthy of the continued confidence of the colony in the new sphere to which he has

been elevated, and that he has honourably qualified himself for, and fairly gained, the position conferred upon him.

In closing this short and imperfect memoir of Mr. Justice Kerferd, it is with feelings of pride and satisfaction that we can refer to the graceful act which marked his retirement from the official post of Attorney-General ; and we are glad to record that on leaving office he indited a manly and grateful letter to Mr. B. C. Harriman, the Secretary to the Law Department, acknowledging the many and inestimable services rendered to him whenever in office by that gentleman. There cannot be the least doubt that such publicly accorded thanks were well deserved, it being universally acknowledged that to the erudition and the ever-courteously accorded assistance of Mr. Harriman, as the permanent head of his Department, to the political heads thereof for the time being, much of the success in office of the latter has accrued.

Mr. Kerferd being then the man we have shown him to be, it was with sincere pleasure that we learnt from the Premier, Mr. Service, in his recent deliverances at Castlemaine, that those amongst whom Mr. Justice Kerferd *now* goes as a colleague had previously expressed a desire that he, as eminently fitted for it, should receive the appointment. And we are of opinion that those few of the general public who have expressed a contrary opinion, have done so simply in ignorance of his qualifications as evinced by his previous history. For ourselves we heartily congratulate both his adopted country and Mr. Justice Kerferd himself on his well-earned elevation. If in the future he proves himself as good a judge as he has been an Attorney-General, Victoria may well continue to be justly proud of him. Even now he can exclaim, in the words of the immortal Shakspeare—

"I have *touch'd* the highest point of all my greatness."

SUMMER CHANGES.

Sang the lily, and sang the rose,
Out of the heart of my garden close,
 “O joy! O joy of the summer tide!”
Sang the wind, as it moved above them,
“Roses were sent for the sun to love them,
 Dear little buds in the leaves that hide!”

Sang the trees, as they rustled together,
“Oh, the joy of the summer weather!
 Roses and lilies, how do you fare?”
Sang the red rose, and the lily white,
“Glad we are of the sun’s large light,
 And the songs of birds that dart through the air.”

Lily and rose, and tall green tree,
Swaying boughs where the bright birds be,
 Thrilled by music and thrilled by wings,
How glad they were on that summer day!
Little they thought of cold skies and grey,
 And the dreary dirge that a storm-wind sings.

Golden butterflies gleam in the sun,
Laugh at the flowers, and kiss each one,
 And great bees come with their sleepy tune
To sip their honey and circle round,
And the flowers are lulled by that drowsy sound,
 And fall asleep in the heart of the noon.

A small white cloud in a sky of blue,
Roses and lilies, what will they do?
 For a wind springs up and sings in the trees!
Down comes the rain—the garden’s awake,
Roses and lilies begin to quake,
 That were rocked to sleep by the gentle breeze.

Ah, roses and lilies! each delicate petal
The wind and the rain with fear unsettle;
 This way and that way the tall trees sway.
But the wind goes by, and the rain stops soon,
And smiles again the face of the noon,
 And the flowers are glad in the sun’s warm ray.

Sing, my lilies, and sing, my roses,
With never a dream that the summer closes;
 But the trees are old, and I fancy they tell,
Each unto each, how the summer flies;
They remember the last year’s wintry skies,
 But that summer returns the trees know well.

—*St. Nicholas.*

THE RECENT SURVEY OF PALESTINE.

By ROBERT STEEL, D.D.

SECOND PAPER.

One of the earliest and most liberal supporters of the movement for the accurate survey of Palestine was the Baroness Burdett Coutts. She offered to bear the expense of the survey of Jerusalem, which was undertaken and accomplished by skilled officers of the Royal Engineers, detached for the service with the express sanction of the Board of Ordnance. Lady Burdett Coutts also generously offered to bear the expense of bringing water again, as in ancient times, from Solomon's Pools to Jerusalem, provided the Sublime Porte gave the necessary firman. Jerusalem is badly supplied with water at present, and has no springs within its walls except one, discovered recently very deep under the city. Indeed, often, as on the occasion of my visit there, typhoid fever is prevalent, and the European medical men resident in Jerusalem, ascribe it to the bad water. The Turkish Government with characteristic *laissez-faire*, said to the English lady "Give us the money and we will perform the work." But the English lady was too practical to be outwitted. She did not want her money to be spent at Constantinople, or on Turkish officers, but on men actually employed in the waterworks. Consequently the authority has never been given, and the water has never been brought to Jerusalem.

In the matter of the survey, it was resolved by the Palestine Exploration Fund Committee that the services of the Royal Engineers should be requested, and throughout all their work this has been maintained. Consequently the survey has been done accurately, and the maps and memoirs are worthy of being placed side by side with those issued by the Board of

Ordnance. Captain, now Colonel, Sir Charles Wilson, of the Royal Engineers, K.C.M.G. and F.R.S., highly recommended by Sir Henry James, conducted this survey, which was finished in 1864. He also prepared very valuable "notes," which were published along with the first map of the city made after scientific survey. These were of immense advantage to the subsequent workers who were sent out by the Palestine Exploration Fund. Captain, now Major-General, Sir Charles Warren, another distinguished officer of the Royal Engineers, K.C.M.G. and F.R.S., was appointed to proceed to Palestine in 1867. He got a vizierial letter from the Sublime Porte to the Pasha of Jerusalem authorising him to make excavations anywhere in the city except in the Haram area—a very vexatious reservation. Captain Warren had an excellent party as a working staff. They laboured for three years in Jerusalem, and put down many shafts along the line of the city walls. It was an enterprise of much difficulty, and even of danger. After the twenty-seven sieges of Jerusalem, and the repeated destruction of the entire city, a vast amount of rubbish had accumulated—in some places to the depth of fifty feet, and even to eighty feet. Much of this was mixed with animal matter, and this circumstance caused the wounds received by the mining party to be very difficult in healing. The rubbish was the wreck of the cities of Solomon, Nehemiah, Herod, Hadrian, Constantine, Omar, Godfrey, and Saladin, all piled one above the other. The shafts had often to run through dangerous shingle, which would sometimes rush with violence behind the mining case,

and imperil the lives of the men. Captain Warren, in the course of his excavations, made many remarkable discoveries. Occasionally a subterranean passage would be found that had formerly been used as a secret way of communication between the citadel and the temple. Aqueducts would be discovered in another place. Old gates were found. Stones were laid bare at a depth of eighty feet, and showed to the astonished miners distinctly-carved Phœnician marks upon them, with colour as fresh as when first put on by the workmen of Hiram, the King of Tyre, three thousand years ago! Some of the stones were estimated to contain 100 tons. Quite a number of water-tanks were found which had been excavated out of the solid rock. Some of these were capable of holding three millions of gallons of water. These serve to account for the striking fact that in all the sieges of Jerusalem there is no record of a famine of water, though there are sad and sickening details of the scarcity of bread, and of the horrid expedients resorted to by the people for food. Many fragments of pottery, broken stone ornaments, and pieces of masonry were from time to time brought up, full of interest to archæologists. At last Captain Warren was allowed to work within the Haram area. He was thus able to construct a map in 1872, which showed the level of the rock at 200 places, seventy-five of which were in the Temple area, and all beneath the present surface. Several of these extended over distances from 100 to 300 feet, and in the most disputed sites of the city. As the city within the walls embraces only 210 acres, it will be seen how much was accomplished by Captain Warren. We are now enabled to base our view of the ancient topography upon facts ascertained by accurate excavations. The Tyropean Valley was traced with great care, and has been found to be a key to the correct understanding of the original site. It is not necessary here to enter into the controversy regarding the exact position of the Temple of Solomon; but it may be stated that Captain Warren formed very decided

views as the result of his observations, which he has published in a separate form under the title "The Temple and the Tomb."

An expedition, under Captains Wilson and Anderson, was sent to make a *reconnaissance* survey of the Holy Land. They started from Beyrout on 22nd November, 1865, and passed over Galilee to the Lake of Tiberias, and thence towards Hebron. In six months they made observations at forty-nine separate points, and constructed outline maps on the scale of an inch to the mile. Many valuable discoveries were made, of which detailed drawings were carefully prepared. Captain Warren made an expedition into Philistia in 1867, and also one on the east of the Jordan, and along the Jordan Valley. In 1869 he undertook a journey into the Lebanon. All of these were fruitful in antiquarian researches, and contributed largely to our knowledge of Palestine.

In 1868 another expedition was organised by Sir Henry James, Director-General of the Board of Ordnance, to survey the Peninsula of Sinai, which has so long attracted the interest of the Christian world. The Palestine Exploration Fund was at no expense for this, as it lay outside of their sphere. The Rev. F. W. Holland, one of the honorary treasurers of the Fund, was appointed guide, as he had travelled on foot through that country. Captains Wilson and Palmer, R.E., were assigned to the survey. Professor Palmer, so distinguished as an Arabic scholar, and who knew the dialect of the locality, was interpreter; Mr. Wyatt was naturalist; and four experienced non-commissioned officers were attached to the party. They started on 11th November, 1868, with a caravan of forty-four camels and forty drivers. The work of survey and observation was done on foot, and produced remarkable results in identifying sites and in corroborating the record of the Exodus in the Books of Moses. Two volumes were published on the subject, which are extremely interesting and valuable. The late Professor Palmer made most amusing efforts to catch provincial forms of speech. He had great difficulty in

getting some of them ; but his ingenuity scarcely ever failed him. One day, seeking the word for "when," he tried an Arab in various ways, but could not succeed. At last he said, "I saw your wife," and the Bedouin immediately asked, "When?" It may be added that the Moabite stone

was discovered in 1868, containing the oldest form of the Hebrew letters yet brought to light, except the inscription since found in the tunnel from the Pool of Siloam. All these things awakened more intelligent sympathy with the exploration and survey of Palestine, next to be described.

"THE HEAVY MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT."

The long white bars of the moonlight lie
Where the sweet lake lilies float at ease ;
The murmuring midnight breeze goes by
And hushes its whispers in the trees ;
No other sound may be heard of men
Save wind-stirred waves in the ferny fen.

The dew is thick on the shadowed grass,
And pale pink petals fall from the rose ;
Across the face of the moon there pass
Stray clouds, the gleam of the lily goes,
And the yellow field-flower droops its head
In the darkness over its beauty shed.

But clouds soon scatter—the balmy air
Is laden with odours as on the wings
Of angels, fresh from the gardens fair
In Paradise, where Heaven's sweetness clings ;
And the moonbeams frame a ladder meet
For the tread of rare, celestial feet.

O Night, what is hid behind your balm ?
What holds To-morrow, that strange To-come ?
Will it fill with bliss some trembling palm,
Or strike a happy heart cold and numb ?
What brings the Dawn in its jewelled hand,
Or joy or grieving to fill the land ?

And still the bars of the moonlight touch
The ripples and lilies on the lake,
And still the calm of the hour is such
As no foreboding can mar or break.
The night wind whispers, the waves roll in,
And far away is the world of sin.

Ah, heart that faints in the Noon's fierce heat,
Thus are you blessed for the coming care !
Thus are you strengthened and made more sweet,
For a Night so lovely is like a prayer :
And Day, that dawns in the east, may bring
To you your gladness, to me my king.

—*Boston Globe.*

LIFE'S TANGLED WEB.

BY ALICE GOSSIP.

Author of "A CHRISTMAS JOURNEY," Etc.

"The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together."—*Shakspeare.*

"O what a tangled web we weave,
When first we purpose to deceive!"—*Scott.*

CHAPTER I.

LOVE'S LABOUR LOST.

Very sunny indeed looked the old garden, with its wealth of bloom; sweet scented annuals, and the dear old-fashioned flowers that seem to spring up in such lavish luxuriance in gardens of its kind; but which, unfortunately, since the introduction of the formal, monotonous, and now fashionable style, are passing quite away. Who, in their hearts, do not love them with a regretful affection, which no blaze of brilliant scarlet, or many-tinted foliage in the gay *parterres* can subdue? Very sunny indeed in its bright June garb, with the soothing hum from the hives, the air laden with sweet summer sounds, and everything around teeming with life. It was a morning when, no matter with what burdens we are bound, to live, to exist, is a joy. Sitting under a shady tree, idly pulling leaf from leaf of the flower she held, was a young girl. O fair one! does not the love that pervades thy whole being make thee a little tolerant of *his*, now poured out before thee? Heed it not so languidly! That upon which thou countest so surely, is but as dross to gold, compared with that of him now pleading so earnestly. Ah, could we lift the curtain of the future but for a moment, with what horror wouldst thou spurn the shadow, and cling to the substance, now being cast away!

She was very lovely. One would think all virtues must dwell in so fair a form. The beautiful eyes could not have so shone, unless the source was pure whence the light came. The sweet rosy lips could surely never be wreathed with deceitful smiles. We do not wonder at the ardent words that were spoken by her companion in the old garden in that fair morning time.

Mildred Wilmer was an only child, residing with her widowed mother. Her father, a clergyman, had died early, leaving his wife but little else than the memory of his talents and amiable qualities. Reared with the refined ideas the companionship of such a man must engender, Mildred and her mother were almost without the means of obtaining any of those luxuries which, to people of their position, are actual necessities; and Mrs. Wilmer, thinking that a country life was best suited to their small income, had established herself with her daughter, in the little home surrounded by the garden in which the first scene of our story opens.

She had fondly hoped that rigid economy would enable them to pass their lives together, without her idolised child having to enter into strife with the cold world for the very means of existence, as so many others had done

before, and still are doing. But fate decreed otherwise ; for a few months previously, a sudden loss had come upon her, which so crippled her resources that she now feared even this little home would have to be resigned.

The girl had been silent for some time, and her companion, who had also ceased speaking, seemed to be awaiting her reply. Suddenly, however, she raised her eyes, and a light gleamed in them different from that which her suitor evidently anticipated. By a movement he checked the words coming from her lips.

"Mildred, darling," he said, "take time to answer me. Surely I cannot be mistaken in the hopes I have been fostering for years, that I so fondly trusted would have been realised this happy morning ; and yet other looks should meet mine, did even the faintest response echo back to my words. Have I spoken too soon ? Have I scared my dove by the outpouring of my long pent-up love ? Speak, Mildred, some answer you must make me," he passionately added, as she still remained unmoved ; and he grasped her hand as she carelessly flung away the flower. "If indifferent, you are surely not heartless."

The sweet eyes changed again as she turned them full upon him.

"No, Arthur, not heartless, only sorry," she said ; "very, very sorry."

"But why sorry, dearest ?" he answered, hope resuming its sway at the gentle words. "I feared I had startled you, yet you must have known this was coming for many a day ; but till I knew the future was safe I was silent. Now I have a home worthy of you ; yet when I ask for the love I felt so sure was mine, I meet only averted looks, and a coldness that after our long friendship must surely be assumed."

"No, Arthur ; why should I dissimulate ? I wish you would say no more on the subject—we will keep the good friends we have always been—that's all that need be said. And I must leave you—Mamma wants me. I have a thousand things to do for her."

"Mildred !" said the young man, with such agony in his voice, that the girl stopped and turned pale, "do you

know I feel as if I had received my death warrant ? You must listen. My long love entitles me to at least a fair hearing."

"I will listen to you, Arthur," answered Mildred, folding her fair hands and reseating herself. "But why pain yourself and me ? You frighten me," she added suddenly, as Arthur, white to the lips, seemed for a moment unable to speak.

With a powerful effort, however, he controlled himself, and quietly continued. "You must have known, Mildred, how long I have loved you ; that some day I hoped to call you by the dear name of wife ; the belief in this has so entered into my life, is so woven into my existence, has so coloured my every thought, that I cannot help it if I show weakness in forcing you to listen to an unwelcome story. We have known each other many years, and I have thought, till now, you always seemed pleased when I sought you before all others. You had always smiles and sweet words for me, and did not seem to care that any other than myself should be your companion. I have been battling with circumstances fiercely, as you know, and have surmounted all difficulties. But when fortune opens before me and I seek my reward, my hopes are dashed to the ground. I would not ask you to share a humble home. Would to God I had done so ! But somehow I thought you valued wealth and position. Now I can offer them, you reject me and my love. Do you resent my silence, Mildred ? Had I spoken before, would your answer have been different ?"

"I cannot say, Arthur," she replied, with hesitation. "I have always liked you. You have ever been my best and kindest friend. You seem so good and true. We have known each other so long that I thought it would only be as it has been—never come to this. I knew you liked me, and I have always thought of you as my helper in all our little troubles, as one would of a dear brother, and I know Mamma thinks the same ; but you must not speak any more about this."

"A sad reaping after all the toil," he muttered to himself. "Stay, Mildred," he added ; "would time assist ?"

"No, no!" she cried, quickly, "this must end; you must think no more of it!" A sudden flush passed over her face as she rose hurriedly to go, not desiring to be questioned further.

"One word, Mildred, and I will never trouble you more. Does any one else occupy the place in your heart that I so madly thought was mine? Is there another that stands between us?"

"I cannot—will not—say more," she answered. "You are cruel to me!" and the girl trembled visibly, while she flushed and paled by turns.

"God help you, my darling, I do not seek to pry into your secret; Heaven grant your precious love is well bestowed and amply repaid! If I can be no more to you than I am now, at least believe this, that neither time nor place shall alter my love, and should misfortune or sorrow ever darken your life, and I can help you or avert it, call on me fearlessly. I should count any loss light to serve you."

"Oh, Arthur, Arthur," said the now weeping girl, "I am grieved for you. I do indeed believe in your friendship. I do not know what my life may be; but the assurance I feel that I could trust you in any great trouble comforts me even now," and she held out her hands to him, lovingly. In her innocent youthfulness it seemed as if seared and broken hearts could have no part in her life's history.

He turned from her as she passed on into the house. Then he flung himself upon the grass, burying his face in his hands, struggling with this great sorrow, which surely He who has implanted in our hearts the capability of such intense feeling must, in His love for poor humanity, look upon with pity.

Meanwhile the birds carolled, and the sun shone on in its brilliant noon splendour, while a page was abruptly ended in the life of Arthur Ellmore.

CHAPTER II.

A MOTHER'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

Mrs. Wilmer had been seated at work while Arthur Ellmore was with Mildred. She saw him when he came into the

house flushed with hope and joyful expectation, and with a mother's intuitive perception guessed his visit concerned her child's welfare more than those he usually paid them. A silent pressure of the hand and a glance conveyed to him the assurance of her consent and sympathy. She had long known how matters stood, and had wondered why Arthur had remained silent so long. He was a gentleman by birth and education, and possessed of moderate means, and Mrs. Wilmer had felt the greatest surprise that he had not long ere this spoken to Mildred. But she had learned within a few days that a lawsuit long pending—so long that it seemed a thing forgotten—had been decided in his favour, and that now, instead of a modest competency, position and wealth were his, and the opportunity of taking a foremost place in his profession (that of a barrister) was now open to him. It never entered into her thoughts that Arthur supposed Mildred cared for riches, or that he was silent solely for the reason that a little longer toil and trouble, on his part, would enable him to bring his bride to a home, such as she in her merry way often said she must have, whenever she decided to leave her mother. She used laughingly to speak of the luxuries and comforts she would shower upon her, and Arthur, in his love, mistook her; perhaps what he so longed to give her made him exaggerate anything she said about it till it became his fixed idea to secure wealth for her. This had come at last, and he lost not a day, not an hour, in laying his loving heart and rich possessions at her feet. He did not dream that delay might be fatal; he felt so secure in the secluded village. Strangers rarely came, and everybody residing there was known to him, so that he feared no rival who could steal his idol from him.

Mrs. Wilmer was very pleased at his evident admiration for Mildred. Though she had wondered at his silence, still she felt sure that only some good reason had prevented his long since asking her daughter's hand. He was so honourable, so thoroughly trustworthy, such a true gentleman in every relation in life, that, knowing him so well for years, though almost angry

at his letting time pass on without one word to her darling, she had felt as sure as himself that when he should speak his wish the fair flower was ready to be gathered.

She had not imparted to Mildred any of her fresh monetary anxieties: for a few weeks previously the girl had seemed low-spirited, and the anxious mother did not wish to add another feather's weight of care to the sorrow she appeared to feel. But her spirits had now revived, and as Arthur Ellmore's absence and return occurred about the same time that she noticed the change in her daughter, Mrs. Wilmer cleverly put two and two together, and thought that there was but one conclusion to be arrived at. Though silent on the subject to Mildred, she had mentioned to Arthur her peculiar troubles, for she was a strictly honourable woman, and she thought it only right that he should know her position before he spoke to her daughter; so that she might not have cause afterwards to reproach herself, if she were compelled to become dependent on him. Though she felt sure of his true heart, she had the satisfaction of knowing that she had done what was right. The success of the long pending lawsuit, to which poor Arthur had devoted some years of toil and ceaseless anxiety, by placing him in most affluent circumstances, settled all Mrs. Wilmer's qualms about being a burden on her dear ones; and it was only with unalloyed happiness that she awaited the return of the young people from the garden.

She had been sitting now some time in her little drawing-room, that looked so cheerful and fresh with the pretty chintz covers, and white muslin curtains hanging at the open French window, and slightly moving in the soft summer air. Flowers were everywhere, and into the room through the open window came the odours of mignonnette and roses. Mrs. Wilmer sat on, and while she sketched out a happy future for her child, instinctively her thoughts went back to the old time of her own sweet youth, when words as loving had been whispered to herself, and for a few moments time was naught, and she was a girl again. For

a while she was lost in her reverie, but as thought quickly succeeded thought she was brought back to life's realities. Steps sounded in the hall; she hurriedly wiped away a few tears given to her dead past and the memory of the beloved companion of her youth, and smiles returned as she went out of the door to meet and welcome them.

To her surprise she saw only the neat maiden who was the sole domestic of the establishment, coming towards her apparently full of distress. Polly was as wise as her mistress, though it would never have entered the mistress' thoughts that her little servant could have the slightest idea of what was transpiring. Polly, however, had gone through a like scene with Larkins, the young gardener, and she knew as well as himself what Mr. Arthur wanted Miss Mildred for, when she opened the door to him not an hour before. She had watched him, as with springing step and lover's haste he went down the long garden path to the little summer house. When she saw Mildred return alone in tears and hurry to her room, she was nearly as distressed herself, and thought the best thing to do was to tell her mistress. Mrs. Wilmer quietly asked who had come in, and being told by Polly, "Miss Mildred, crying fit to break her heart," she hurried into the bedroom, where she found poor Mildred lying on the bed, sobbing hysterically.

"My darling, what can be the matter? Come Mildred, speak dear," she added, as the girl shook with sobs. "What can have passed between you and Arthur? I thought to have seen a very different face after your interview."

"Then you knew what Arthur came for, Mamma; why did you let him come?" said Mildred, starting up. "Oh, I wish you had not!"

"Why, dear," answered the mother, "I thought you were to hear to-day the words that I had long known were coming, and that I fancied my Mildred desired to hear. I hoped it was going to be one of the happiest days in my life," she could not refrain from adding, as a cold chill came to her heart.

"Mamma," said Mildred, "have you been as mistaken as Arthur? Will it

disappoint you to know that it is all a sad, sad mistake?"

"Your happiness is mine, dear. I was foolish in feeling so sure your life and Arthur's were to be one, and the thought that it should be so seemed to relieve me from so many anxieties, that perhaps I indulged the hope too much. Did you not expect this, dear? I know poor Arthur's distress is great. Would not consideration or time——"

"No, no, Mamma," interrupted Mildred, in almost a horrified tone, "never say so, never ask me. Oh, if Arthur did not mind so much, I should not care! But he is so kind and good, and to grieve him so!"

"My dear child, pray calm yourself. Do you lie down and rest. You really need it after this excitement. We must all bear our own burdens; time will be Arthur's best and only friend. We cannot force our affections, so do not grieve too much, or think I am disappointed." And as Mildred, with a deep sigh, laid her head on the pillow, Mrs. Wilmer kissed her fondly, feeling in her heart that much as she liked Arthur and sympathised with him, her only child's happiness was her first consideration.

CHAPTER III.

THE SECRET KNOWN.

Mildred had fallen into a heavy slumber, and her mother, who had several times on tiptoe looked into her room, gave orders that perfect silence should be kept in the house, so that she might on no account be disturbed. So for the remainder of the afternoon stillness reigned, and Polly, having removed her mistress' slight repast, felt there was nothing to do and no chance of being rung for. Everything seemed so miserable that the best possible comfort she could take to herself was to see if Bill Larkins was still staking the peas in the kitchen garden. Yes, he was; and Polly, in her depressed state of mind, was disposed to meet him with a less flippant greeting than usual.

"Well, Polly my beauty, what brings you here so early this afternoon?" said

Bill, catching sight of her between the rows of pea-sticks. "I've been thinking of you the whole of this here blessed day and fancying that old church clock was never going on to strike six; and here you are before four. Is the missus out?"

"No, *Sir!* of course she is not, or I should never have come down here, and even now I thought more than likely you were away," rejoined Polly; "and there was nothing to do, so I thought I would just look round and see how the things were getting on."

"You takes a wonderful interest in gardening, don't you?" said Bill, slyly; a remark which was repaid by a good box on the ear, and followed up, on Bill's part, by one or two substantial kisses.

"Do you know, Polly, I could tell you something that would make you stare? but you girls never can keep anything, and as I have had five bob give me for keeping my eyes open and my mouth shut, I shan't say a word about it."

"Oh do, Bill dear," said the girl, entreatingly; "you surely won't keep a secret from me? Whatever can it be? and who gave you the five shillings?"

"Never mind, Polly," answered Larkins, getting cautious at Polly's earnestness, "nothing don't concern you about it but this;" and, diving into his waistcoat, Bill brought out a pretty gilt brooch set with bright stones, and held it up to Polly's admiring eyes. "I've got this for you out of it, and I've been wanting to see you, but the time's been slower than a month o' Sundays. Never mind though, now you've got it."

"La, Bill, ain't it a real beauty, like Miss Mildred's, all gold, and them lovely stones!" cried Polly, who possessed the same love of finery as all young girls; and was as pleased (and why not?) as any Lady Adelaide or Honourable Miss Augusta on receiving the tiara of diamonds presented in due form by her noble *fiancé*.

Bill was so delighted with Polly's appreciation of his present, that his resolution to keep good faith with the donor of the five shillings was rapidly getting weaker. Besides, he was dying to tell her all about it, as the matter in

some measure concerned her. So when Polly, *en vraie femme*, persisted in having her curiosity gratified, Bill could resist no longer.

"'Tis about Miss Mildred," he said in a whisper; "but for goodness' sake don't say word on't to a living soul."

"Now make haste, Bill," returned Polly, rather crossly, feeling in her heart, though she could not have expressed it, that it was not for such as Bill Larkins to have secrets about her young mistress. "Make haste; whatever can you have to say about Miss Mildred? She can't concern the likes of you, I'm sure."

"If she don't concern the likes of me, she concerns somebody else; and they'd give pounds, I do believe, that I never seed them down there in the woods, where Mr. Ellmore keeps his boat that Miss Mildred rows about in."

"Why, Bill, you have gone silly! Miss Mildred and Mr. Arthur would not want to give you five shillings, let alone pounds, not to say anything about their walking in the woods; but you're quite out now. Mr. Arthur came and asked Miss Mildred to-day, and there's something wrong; for she came in crying fit to break her heart, and has been in her room ever since."

"You're a girl, and that's next door to a fool. I never said nothink about Mr. Arthur, did I?" replied Bill, forgetting all his gallantry in his vexation at Polly misunderstanding him. "It's not him at all—it's one of the swells from Ursford, that's staying with Mr. Cullingham. I see him first when I was over helping the keepers. He never noticed me, but I knew him again when I see him along o' Miss Mildred."

Polly's round eyes and her mouth were by this time pretty well open; and yet for all her simplicity and want of knowledge of the world she felt grieved at her young lady's secret having fallen into Bill Larkins' hands. She very wisely argued, if she said little, and showed no wonder, Bill would not attach such importance to the matter as he evidently did, and might forget it all the sooner; for Polly truly loved her young mistress, who always treated her with such unvarying kindness.

"Well, Bill," she said, after a moment's silence, "what if Miss Mildred should speak to some of the grand gentlemen? She's such a beauty—I don't wonder they want to speak to her, and very likely it's only something they were talking about the picture she's making; and anyhow it's getting dreadful late, and her business ain't neither yours nor mine that I can see."

Bill made no remark, and whether it would be as Polly wished was not at present evident. Silently taking up the sticks, he continued his work while Polly sped into the kitchen, hoping she would not have been missed.

CHAPTER IV.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

It was late in the afternoon when Mrs. Wilmer again entered her daughter's room. Mildred was awake, and looking considerably better for her long refreshing slumber.

"Is that you, Mamma, dear?" she said; "come in. I think I have been asleep for hours. Why did you not call me? I will get up and come down at once."

Mrs. Wilmer, after a glance at Mildred's face, felt sure that at least on her side there was no heart-break. She thought, indeed, that after so great a display of grief, she seemed to be a little—just a little—wanting in heart; but she did not know that Mildred had a well-spring of joy within her, which at present furnished an antidote to every calamity under the sun.

"My dear child," said the kind mother, "I am so glad your sleep has refreshed you. I would not have you disturbed on any account, and Polly has been very good. I told her you wanted rest. She has kept as still as a mouse, and has not let a door bang, or a single creak be heard the whole afternoon."

"Poor little Polly," returned Mildred, kindly, "she would do anything for me. Perhaps, Mamma," she continued, with a smile, "Larkins was gardening, and he assisted in securing the quiet you so much wished for."

"Perhaps so, dear; but come down and have tea. I hear Polly bringing it in."

Mother and daughter went downstairs, little dreaming of the disclosures that had been made to their little servant; and poor Polly, with the knowledge she possessed, felt far more like the culprit herself. Still all unwitting that her treasured secret was known, Mildred took her usual place at the table, to refresh herself with that most cheering and invigorating of beverages—the afternoon cup of tea.

The evening passed much as usual, Mrs. Wilmer wisely deeming it best to wait for any explanation her daughter might give her. Mildred, whose tears were near the surface, in spite of her apparent calm, thought she would defer any explanation her mother might expect till she felt braver. Besides, like so many who are conscious of practising deceit on those who trust them most, she dreaded almost every subject of conversation, for fear some clue might be given to the all-absorbing topic with which her thoughts were filled. So when bed-time came and she received the mother's kiss and blessing, she was very glad to escape to her own room; to reflections, which although delightful in themselves, had the usual dash of wormwood in them that seems inseparable from all secret sublunary joys. For there was the bitterness of knowing that she was practising her first piece of duplicity on the most loving and unexact of mothers.

I fear it will be thought that poor Mildred was sadly wanting in candour and right feeling. Perhaps she was; but how few of us are free from moral imperfection? Who, indeed, is innocent enough to fling the first stone at the various failings and inconsistencies that we see in our neighbours' conduct? Let us hesitate to heap denunciations on Mildred's head, or even to feel complacency that any evil results, springing from the course she is pursuing, will be only a fitting reward for her duplicity and concealment.

Mildred's first act was to extinguish her lamp; the brilliant moonlight was more than sufficient; and far more conducive to the delights of maiden medita-

tion—not, however, in this instance "fancy free." She next let down her beautiful hair, and then throwing a light wrapper around her, seated herself by the window; for her rest in the afternoon and the previous excitement left her perfectly sleepless. She thought regretfully of Arthur. She was sorry that matters had reached such a climax, and that in future their affectionate intercourse must be suspended, for some time, if not for ever. She felt a little vexed also that he should have guessed her love was given to another; for though she was certain he would neither watch her nor display any obtrusive curiosity, she felt somehow as if her secret had slipped from her safe keeping—all unsuspecting that even now her stolen interviews might be matter of common gossip. Her new-found joy was so fresh, and had come so strangely to her, that Mildred was involved and pledged to secrecy before she knew where she was. The dread of discovery nearly maddened her. She was so innocent; hers was a life that had hitherto glided away so calmly; she was so secluded from all intercourse with the world; her existence was so uneventful; that when her temptation came she was borne down and carried away. Though conscience reproached her, the all-powerful ascendancy of dazzling and at last unresisted infatuation left her no capability to judge between the right and the wrong. Mildred possessed the love of everyone who knew her. Though amongst her limited circle of acquaintances and village friends were many suitors, and though she had the constant and ever present affection of Arthur Ellmore, all were alike indifferent to her. That first love, which was to rise up and come forth at the bidding of the talisman that was to awake an echo in her slumbering heart, had been hitherto unknown. When such a nature as hers is once aroused, it is as a torrent rushing forth over every barrier, and bearing down with irresistible impetuosity all obstacles. The long known traditions of right, and the teachings of years, are but as a feather in opposition to the might of the passion that holds and enthrals it. Mildred might have gone on as she was

for many years longer ; or she might have married Arthur, mistaking her liking for love ; perhaps never knowing any other, or perhaps awaking some day, when too late, to the awful reality of knowing herself bound and still possessing a free heart. But once awakened, there was with her no retrograde step—no cautious keeping in beaten tracks ; only an utter and complete abandonment of her whole heart and soul to the one idolised object. Thus as the snared bird flutters, still joyously, without yet knowing that its freedom is for ever gone, so Mildred dreamed still her sweet waking dream.

Hours passed ; still she sat on, weaving bright garlands for future wear, and as hope and love intermingled like flower with leaf all fresh and undrooped, it seemed as if the coming years could bring no change. How sweet are such dreams ! How do they transform our whole existence !

CHAPTER V.

A BRACE OF FRIENDS.

In the large old-fashioned dining-room at Ursford Grange, two gentlemen were seated over their wine. It was evidently a bachelor's house ; for though the room and table appurtenances denoted wealth and some degree of comfort, there were none of the numerous indescribable accessories which so infallibly prove the presence of a mistress.

The windows were thrown open to admit the evening air, that came in most refreshingly after the sultry day ; the servants had left the room, and though all that restraint was removed which the presence of domestics invariably imposes upon a dinner party composed of only two persons, still silence prevailed, or at least all conversation was limited to the merest commonplaces. At last the host roused himself, and pushing the decanter nearer his guest, observed, as he declined it : "I think you want waking up, and that pretty considerably, Aubrey. I have for the last half-hour racked my brains to say something

that would interest you, but all my efforts have signally failed. Suppose we light up and take a stroll. It's so confoundedly hot in here, perhaps the fresh air may have a more exhilarating effect than my attempted eloquence."

"Really, my dear fellow, you are right ; I do want rousing up. By all means let us go into the garden. You will begin to wish you had never burdened yourself with so dull a visitor ; but surely you don't consider the weather, this year's possible meets, and the state of old Roland's off foot—the most interesting and absorbing of all subjects."

"Tom Cullingham laughed out his loud merry laugh, as he passed through the window down the steps leading to the lovely gardens that surrounded the old grange, his friend slowly following him. After lighting their cigars, they puffed away quietly for some time, walking towards the lake near the extremity of the grounds. The scene was a very charming one ; the summer night had just set in, and the moon was shining in her full splendour. In the background the quaint old house stood out boldly in the deepening twilight, and lights were gleaming from the many windows, as the servants moved from room to room ; while trees and flowers, and the tiny lake that stirred and glinted like fluid silver, all made up a picture of indescribable loveliness.

The two young men walked on till they reached the arbour at the end of the path, and turning round they took in the whole view bathed in the brilliant moonlight. It struck even happy Tom Cullingham, who could not restrain an involuntary—"By Jove, it's a glorious night !" while his friend, Aubrey Elliott, the man who thought he had exhausted all pleasures and emotions, felt the wondrous charm which nature alone possesses, and which she withholds from none. Seating himself, Aubrey leaned back his head, and even by this light one could see what a singularly handsome head it was. Form and air all went to make him one of those unusually fascinating men, who take by storm the hearts of scores of women. It seemed, too, as if conscious of this power he was also aware

that the knowledge of it in no way detracted from its efficacy ; but rather that cool assurance and self-possession added to his usual success. He was about seven-and-twenty, with an unmistakable air of high breeding. Some of the numerous fair ones whose hearts he had enslaved used to call him "Sir Lancelot;" and indeed he looked fitted to be the chosen knight for some chivalric encounter of the olden time. Little need be said of his companion, the master of the house, who had lately, after some years' absence from home, returned to take his position in the county, where he hoped to settle down into the useful landlord and the orthodox country gentleman.

He had been only a few weeks at Ursford, and had not yet done much more than inspect his belongings and make enquiries about the state of his game preserves—in his opinion the most important thing in the world—to the strict care and preservation of which he intended, when he got on the magisterial bench, to devote his entire energies, and to pour vials of wrath on any unfortunate offender who infringed in the slightest degree his beloved game-laws. Still he was a good fellow, if not an over-clever one, and he almost idolised Elliott, who had been his school and college companion. Nothing would content him till Aubrey joined him, which he had done a few weeks ago. After a long course of London dissipation in the height of the season, Captain Elliott enjoyed the calm of the country, and the perfect quiet and freedom of Tom's bachelor establishment.

Still, could he also have lifted the curtain that veiled the future, he would have lost not an hour in hurrying back to the gay vortex that is ever madly whirling on, so quickly engulfing its victims, that it leaves them no time for reflection, scarcely even for regrets.

"Where do you take yourself off to of a morning?" enquired Tom, breaking the silence. "I have missed you several times lately, and though I inquired of your man, he was no wiser than myself. I felt sure that some terrible mystery was up, when you were able to evade the lynx-eyes and prying curiosity of your valet."

"Saunders is a wise man, and has no curiosity till I require it to be exercised in my service," laughed Aubrey; "and really there is no occasion for the display of much when his master desires to have the full advantage of his country visit, and takes rural constitutionals in the mornings. But what a lucky fellow you are, Tom," added Aubrey, a sudden seriousness coming into his voice. "I don't believe I ever before envied any man, but I do envy you, I must confess."

"Why in the name of all wonderment do you envy me?" replied his friend. "I was just watching you with your head thrown back, looking as if you could conquer worlds, and thinking I envied you. What have I but a few thousands a year and this dear old house?"

"That's just it," interrupted Aubrey; "the few thousands and the old house, that enable you at any time, when it shall so please you, to offer the one and the other to the woman you may love."

"Wheugh!" whistled Tom, "are you caught at last? But I thought you were already booked to some 'fayre ladye'—a cousin or something of that sort; and that not only a baronetcy, a long rent-roll, and broad lands were to be yours, but a wife, provided for you, into the bargain."

"Yes," bitterly resumed Elliott, "you are right. The title which must come to me is but a barren honour, for my uncle has the disposal of nearly all his immense fortune. Only a small property goes with the baronetcy; and it is his fancy and good will that I, his nearly penniless nephew, should wed his daughter, and that she should be dowered with his wealth and also share any honour to be derived from the title. She is, I hear, soon to leave school, and is said to be charming; but what can I care for a girl that was a baby when I last saw her? My uncle is very good—keeps me well supplied; but for all that I feel myself in chains and have not she means to free myself—not to speak of disappointing the old fellow, who has been better than a father to me."

"That's all very well," said Tom, wisely, as he lighted another cigar, and

offered one of his choice Havannas to his friend; "that's all very well, but suppose the old gentleman takes it into his head to marry again and there is another heir, the new son must have a proper amount of fortune. Where are you then, Aubrey?"

"That will never be. Ella and I have been engaged these fifteen years; all my uncle's affections are buried in his young wife's grave; and though he is not by any means an old man, and is still a handsome one, I have no fears; his whole love is centred in Ella."

"Perhaps so — perhaps so — but there's no counting on those old buffers," remarked Tom, more knowingly than elegantly. "But still your marriage with your cousin has nothing to do with your envying me; so let's hear all about it."

CHAPTER VI.

EXPLANATION.

"Well, I hardly know what to begin with; but as I was led into admitting my envious propensities, I may as well go a little farther and make a full confession. As I have just told you how matters stand between my uncle and myself, you will understand that whatever have been my temptations to try for some of the matrimonial prizes that have been offered during the last few years, a sense of honour, and perhaps a still more powerful reason, have prevented my entering the lists. Besides, my uncle has so set his heart on Ella being Lady Elliott, and remaining at the old hall, that he has taken good care to give a wide circulation to the fact of the engagement; and I have so long gone about feeling I was ticketed 'sold,' that it has at last become a matter of indifference, and I have been proof against the numberless attractions I have met with. Money has not had for me the fascinations it might have for others; for even in respect to that, my promised bride can distance the most; and but for this notion of her father's my cousin might choose from the highest in the land. My uncle is so

liberal; that were it not for some terrible losses, I ought, as far as money and the advantages of having it go, to be one of the happiest fellows alive."

"I rather think you ought," rejoined Tom, "but somehow fellows like you are never satisfied. Here you are, plenty of cash, a lovely promised bride, the prospect of a title that bears the untarnished lustre of centuries, and everything the heart of man can desire, and yet you are envying me. Of course it's some woman that has upset your equilibrium."

"Do not speak like that, my dear Cullingham. I am serious, more so, on my honour, than I have ever felt in my life before. You may depend upon it, I am sincere in what I tell you; I never was so tempted to fling my prospects to the winds, and retire to love and a cottage. Were it not that I am so entangled by these cursed debts, I think nothing could restrain me. Woe worth the day indeed that I set foot in Ursford Grange!"

"Oh! I begin to see daylight, and the reason for the morning constitutionals. But who in Ursford has so bewitched you? I certainly don't know who may be lurking about; but if my recollection serves me, the ladies to be found hereabouts are scarcely of the sort to warrant such a suicidal act as you contemplate. There are the vicar's two daughters—red hair and a very useful set of prominent teeth are among their attractions; old Rasper, the lawyer, has a sister, but she must be forty-five at least; and then there's the doctor's maiden aunt; it can scarcely be any of them. We have not seen a soul from the houses round about, as at this early date everybody is in London. Come, Aubrey, you have fairly puzzled me this time."

"Your imagination does not carry you far enough. Certainly you are right as to the ladies you have named. But, jesting apart, do you not know any of the Chorley people—the village some few miles distant? Are there not a widow lady and her daughter living there, a Mrs. and Miss Wilmer?"

"Now really, Elliott," said his host, after some moments' speechless surprise, "you do not mean to say you

have met Mildred Wilmer, and know her, and have actually got so far as to make love to her? Why, of course, I have heard of her. She is the sweetest flower in the country, though it is some time since I saw her. As a young girl she gave promise of being a most lovely woman; but you are too late, Master Aubrey—everybody for miles round knows that young Ellmore, who has just come in for a wonderful stroke of fortune, means to have her. I heard some of the people about here speaking of the match only a day or so ago."

"This Mr. Ellmore may perhaps find he is in error," responded Aubrey; "but having told you so much, I know I can trust to your friendship to be quite silent on the subject. Let us go in; it is getting terribly late, and I want to be up early to-morrow morning. You will not feel surprised again if you inquire for me and find I am out. I am glad I have spoken to you; for I thought you might consider me rude if you had discovered that I left the house without telling you."

"No, my dear fellow, come and go as you like; but, Aubrey, mind what you are about; you are playing with edged tools this time. Beware of bringing unhappiness on the girl. If you can't afford to marry her, don't make her love you. You may get over what would be to her a life-long sorrow."

"Can you not do me more justice than that, Tom? I own it is seldom, but still I can be actuated by good and pure motives sometimes, and, by heaven! this is one of the times."

Nothing more was said between the friends as they retraced their steps towards the house. As they entered, a heavy dark cloud passed, and obscured the light of the moon, and the beauty of the scene was gone.—Was it more dark than the heavy shadow that was rising over the future of fair Mildred Wilmer?

CHAPTER VII.

REMONSTRANCE.

Next morning Tom Cullingham and his friend were seated at breakfast.

Tom was full of new plans for enclosing a part of his woods, and had nothing to say but of keepers and their projects. He wanted Aubrey to go with him to inspect and give his opinion on some obstructions that seemed insurmountable, and though nothing could be further from Captain Elliott's inclinations, he assented as if this was the very thing he most desired. Some men, and he was one of them, seem to know the right sort of thing to do and say without any apparent effort; and while another hesitates, and proposes, and advances opinions wide of the mark in all sincerity and good will, he who does not care a straw for you or your doings, will lightly talk you out of your difficulties.

Such men are singularly attractive; it is their utter selfishness that enables them to look at things just as they are, without the interest that rises in a kindly heart for any little matter that concerns their friends.—Cool, complete egoism, is as efficacious as cool courage, only in a different way. Aubrey therefore acquiesced fully in Tom's ideas, and with his usual courtesy endeavoured to appear interested. Besides he thought if his friend had his head full of something else, he would not be putting any curious and inconvenient questions.

He was quite well aware that he had given but partial confidence the previous evening, and that Tom's surprise and curiosity had been aroused; so he chatted of pheasants and hares, their hatching and preserving, till honest Tom Cullingham's heart was charmed, and he thought Aubrey's equal was not to be met with for wisdom and knowingness. When ample justice had been done to the morning meal, the post arrived, and the bag was duly brought in by Vicars, the valet and *pro tem.* footman; for as yet Tom's establishment was not complete, and indeed he little cared, till some good wife should take her place and control these domestic arrangements, who did anything, so long as there was a superabundance of helpers and stable boys to take good care of his cherished idols, the horses, dogs, etc. There was a whole budget for Aubrey—business letters, some looking as if they came

from hands not too clean, morally or otherwise ; and one or two tiny patch-ouli-scented notes, which he flung from him with a gesture of indifference which his fair correspondents, had they seen it, would scarcely have approved. There was one official letter, bearing the superscription of Her Majesty's Service, which he hurriedly broke open. Its contents, however, did not seem to please him, for with a muttered oath he threw it on one side. He opened one of the soiled ones we have alluded to, and began to peruse it, evidently with great interest, till turning the page he gave vent to a still stronger expletive, that made Tom look up with astonishment at this unusual display of annoyance on the part of his undemonstrative guest.

"What's up now, Aubrey?" he enquired, leaving his own letters, which mostly seemed advertisements from veterinary surgeons and vendors of every known kind of food for horses, cattle, and game. "What are you looking so savage about? Has your latest flame extinguished herself by bolting with the Honourable Somebody? or has 'Stella,' the Doncaster favourite, been eclipsed by some other star?" and Tom, who was tolerably *au courant* with Aubrey's betting entanglements, looked interested and curious.

"Far worse, my dear fellow ; I hear there is an ugly whisper of scratching Alabaster, and the betting on her has been tremendous. It's a shameful business ; I am involved to the tune of some hundreds, and after last month's work the prospect is black indeed." Aubrey passed his hand over his brow like one in pain. "I might tide over it as I have done so often, with my uncle's assistance, but just now—just now, when I hoped good luck was coming, about the only time I ever cared for it! Hitherto the excitement was all I wanted ; win or lose little mattered, except the slight inconvenience of being temporarily hard up." He rose from his chair and walked up and down the room thoroughly perturbed, and what was stranger still, showing unmistakably his annoyance.

"Why man, what ever has upset you? Surely the disappointment of

not pocketing a few thousands, or the loss of some hundreds, will not make you give up like that. Is it a worse business than you admit, Aubrey? I am not a rich man, but you know, my dear fellow, a friend can call upon me if he need it—and no one more than yourself——"

"I know it—I know it well ;" and for once in his life Captain Aubrey Elliott felt really grateful ; for there are few who cannot feel a thrill of gratitude at kindness offered in their extreme need, let them be what they may. As circumstances were, never before had Aubrey so desired wealth, or so coveted his neighbour's goods.

"Do not speak more of it ; it's not the losses I am grieving for, but the flinging to the winds all the hopes and other thoughts I have entertained for weeks. Had luck attended me this time, I would have believed my good angel was in the ascendant, and that a future I had never dreamed of lay before me."

"Aubrey, you are not in your right senses. If this piece of bad work takes place, it is the best thing that could happen to you. It's an ill wind that blows nobody good, and perhaps though you can now only see in it disappointment and misfortune, you will get out of it the best piece of good going. Your revelations of last night enable me to guess what you are driving at ; and indeed you must be mad to throw everything you have hitherto considered desirable to the mischief, for the sake of the fair face of a girl, whom three weeks ago you did not know. I will suppose the best" (and Tom showed he could be sensible and give good advice when occasion called for it), "and say you had the money and married the girl. After the rush of sentiment was over, what sort of a position would you both find yourselves in? You have not trained yourself to be satisfied with moderate means or prospects, and what you have required all your life would be met only by the gratification of a foolish passion that from its intensity must soon be over. Your desires would then all revert to your former certain position, which would be lost for ever. Your wife being

unaccustomed to that which even your reduced circumstances would give her, could not understand your longing for the flesh-pots of Egypt, and would bitterly resent it. Thus your grand plans of eternal happiness would, I take it, soon vanish into thin air, to say nothing of your uncle and the rest of it. Come, my boy, give this business up. You are engaged to one girl; what is the use of thinking of another? I will say nothing further, than just that I should steadily set my face against it. Remember, though she is poor, it is a lady who is concerned; and however seemingly unprotected, there are those about her who would take her part."

"It is easy for you to argue in that way, Tom," said Aubrey; "but the happiness of my life is at stake. I shall not lightly resign her."

"Pray, what do you intend doing, then?"

"I cannot say yet. I must, I expect, run up to town about those wretched debts. I have an intimation this morning that the regiment may be ordered to Malta shortly. Who knows what may turn up? If my uncle will only lend a helping hand this time, and I am sure he will, I shall get straight and start afresh."

"That won't be very honourable of you, to my thinking, Aubrey, to take the old man's money on the faith of

your engagement to his daughter, and then bolt with someone else. My dear fellow," Tom added, "if you will only reflect quietly, you will see the whole affair in the same light as I do. You will recognise that in honour there is but one line of action open to you." Tom rose as he spoke. "We won't discuss this further now. I hear the dog-cart coming round. Will you soon be ready? A brisk drive will do you no end of good. Get the cobwebs out of your brain; and as confession is good for all things—mind, body, and soul—let's hear how this confounded business came about, and let's look to the end while we can."

Aubrey said nothing further, but picked up his letters and left the room. He soon returned, however, to take his seat beside his host, who was already seated, reins in hand, saying the usual soft things to his restless mare; while Phil, the stable lad, seemed to be straining every sinew and joint in his body to hold her in. Aubrey was up in a moment, and on Phil letting her have *her* head, the beauty, for beauty she was, by way of thanks, nearly knocking off *his*, dashed off at lightning speed. Aubrey had regained his usual *nonchalance*, and Tom was not without hope as to the good effect of his remonstrances.

(*To be continued.*)

SONG.

Say, Myra, why is gentle Love
A stranger to that mind,
Which pity and esteem can move,
Which can be just and kind?

Is it because you fear to share
The ills that love molest,
The jealous doubt, the tender care,
That rack the amorous breast?

Alas! by some degree of woe
We ev'ry bliss must gain:
The heart can ne'er a transport know,
That never feels a pain.

—Lord Lyttleton.

AMONG THE HILLS.

By JAMES HINGSTON.

"A change of air" is held to be a good thing, though we see many people get on very well without it. A millionaire, of multiplied millions strength, is known to me as not having had a holiday or change of air for forty years. In feminine utterances a few words mean much, though many words often enough mean nothing. "Wanting a change" is a formula used by the ladies, and great is the meaning thereof. If notice be given to it, the fact will be observed that womankind are generally first in the favouring and making of changes. While our bachelor friends stick on, decade after decade, at the same residences, most of our married acquaintances have changed their localities many times. A married friend of mine tells me that he has had seventeen changes of residence in the sixteen years of his married life. "It is not my doings," he says, as if he thought some apology necessary for such erratic instability.

After breathing town atmosphere, a sniff of sea air is very gratefully received. So, after much inhaling of a marine air, is the aroma of the bush, the smell of gum and of gumtrees, and that indescribable odour which would tell us, though blindfolded, of our being in the bush as plainly as the salt water bespeaks its presence to sea-shore visitors. Tiring for a time of all the agreeable things which civilisation supplies at head-quarters, we seek a change with all its attendant discomforts. We never know when we are well off. At home we picture happiness in being abroad. We go away, only the better to perceive how much better off we were when at home. In "As You Like It," the fool gives the philosophy of travel. He says "And now I am in the Forest of Arden; and the more fool I! When I was at home I was in a much better place, but travellers must be content." Shak-

spere's fools say many wise things. By their lips he uttered much of what was the advanced thought not of his time but of one who thought for all time.

For a change from a seaside atmosphere to an inland one, I am bid to go among the hills. In the bush on the north side of the Gippsland line, I shall find a tract of hilly country between the Beaconsfield Station and the Dandenong Ranges. Perched there among the sunny hills I shall find one, the scene from which the eyesight fills—so extensive is the view all around. A bush-built hotel, called the Beaconsfield House, will supply all the tourist needs for a short spell, as also a change of air of a very decided character from that of Brighton, St. Kilda, Sorrento, or Queenscliff. So now for two nights, and the best of two days of bush life.

A midday train from Princes Bridge Station takes one on a trip of nearly two hours to Beaconsfield Station. It is a pretty and often a picturesque road on either side of the rail for the little time of the travel. Country lanes of inviting look are here and there visible, tempting one to leave the cars. The prospect for doing so is that of a pleasant stroll between old English-looking hedges upon red-gravelly soil. These attractions do not delay one however, being but glimpses of the good things which are in expectancy further ahead. In about an hour's time from starting, the train reaches Rosstown. What memories of the struggles of colonial life are brought back to me in that name of Rosstown! The romance of it is a little Victorian idyll worth telling, and well illustrative of what may happen to a man in Australia.

Thirty years ago or thereabouts there came to Victoria the enterprising and energetic Mr. Murray Ross, whose

name I am pleased to see will be preserved to future generations, in that given to what was his once princely estate in this quarter. Mr. Ross made his first purchase here twenty-seven years since, buying two hundred acres in what was then wild and remote country. With that farsightedness which can see into the future, this first purchase was followed up by others, until, only ten years ago, Mr. Ross looked upon a thousand acres hereabout as his own property, at a cost of some twenty-two thousand pounds. With the wholeheartedness which was needed to such a venture, he now gave up his Insurance Company managership to begin here a new Victorian industry. That was the manufacture of beetroot sugar. The undertaking was a praiseworthy one, and to its success, or as help to it, there was the Government project of a line of railway touching the Rosstown estate.

The Government railway was not made as proposed—the line diverged elsewhere. In this dilemma Mr. Ross determined on constructing a branch line himself. At such project he laboured to pass a private bill session after session, for years and years, until he obtained what he asked for. Few folks know, happily for themselves, the cost of private bills, but that heavy expense, and the five years lost over it compelled the enterprising owner to mortgage his estate. All along he had looked for promised aid from the Hobson's Bay Railway Company, whom he expected to take over the construction of this branch line. Unhappily, as soon as the permission to make it was obtained, the Hobson's Bay Company's line was sold to the Government, and Mr. Ross was left in the lurch.

The sugar-works had commenced well, but were found to need much capital. A company was projected for working them, but now came strong opposition from the rival Victoria Sugar Company, and the Footscray representatives of that industry. Those enquiring about sugar and its prospects were bluffed off from joining Mr. Ross, and thus, with multiplying difficulties, his beet-root sugar-works had to

be suspended. Troubles never come alone, and they come most heavily upon pioneers. While money had been draining away over the railway project, Mr. Ross had, as stated, to mortgage his estate, relying upon the sugar-works project to provide funds for paying the interest. Now that such enterprise had been compulsorily suspended, he found, like Samson, the Philistines come down upon him. For breach in payment of what was due for interest, the fine Rosstown estate was sold privately by the mortgagees, on insufficient notice, for little more than what the unimproved land had cost long years before.

Mr. Ross might have died brokenhearted, or have been driven to suicide, at such ill turns of fortune. He took a third course, however, in going to law to get back what he considered had been unjustly taken from him. The law does sometimes help a poor man. In this case it helped him, and he was again declared owner of the Rosstown estate—plenty of aid forthcoming now to pay off the hungry mortgagees. He set about completing his railway project—understanding that he could join his branch line to the main one. To do this it was necessary to cross the line then making to Frankston, which it was afterwards found he could not be allowed to do on the level first projected. It was impossible to meet the new demands of the Government; who for relief, proposed to buy this branch line, and from time to time repeated a yet unfulfilled promise to do so.

Relying upon these promises Mr. Ross went ahead with the dormant sugar-works—importing the best improved machinery needed for it. The cost of constructing the railway and renewing the sugar business again brought their struggling projector into financial difficulties. "That curse of public men—the want of pence" has hampered most of the pioneers of Victoria, and crushed many "enterprises of great pith and merit." If the good man struggling with difficulties "is the sight the gods best love," they had a fine prospect afforded them in Mr. Ross' troubles. He had now to sell his large estate to pay creditors, and, unfortunately for him, to sell in that depressed

time, a few years back, when property buyers were few and loth to purchase country lands. The freaks of fortune! He can look now at an estate worth many hundreds of thousands, which might have been his to-day had he not tried to improve it. To let it lay idle was not to help "advance Australia" but yet it would have enriched him with that "unearned increment" so many others have undeservedly obtained. The romance of Rosstown will not have been told in vain, if it prove a warning of what troubles await the zealous, the earnest, and hardworking pioneers of industry, and projectors of useful enterprises. Mr. Ross unfortunately seems likely to be solaced only with such sympathy, for the loss of life-long labour, and at cost of his whole hard earnings, savings, and borrowings, some £40,000.

None other of the stations that we pass have such a story to be told of their surroundings, and it is as well perhaps that they have not. "Blessed is the country that has no history," and it is to be observed generally, and as a rule, that in nine cases out of ten bygone remembrances are mournful ones. It is something, however, to meet with a story of any kind and of any place in this new land of ours, in which there is so little that is legendary. I can half believe in the bunyip now, when I hear a fellow passenger talking of some wonders of natural history to be found along this line of rail. He avers that he, assisting at the making of the line, saw that of which he tells. In excavating the rich red soil lying a little further ahead of us, it was common, he said, for the shovel to cut in half earthworms as abnormally long and thick as eels and snakes. I may, I think, put this information away with the tales of those who aver that they have seen sea-serpents.

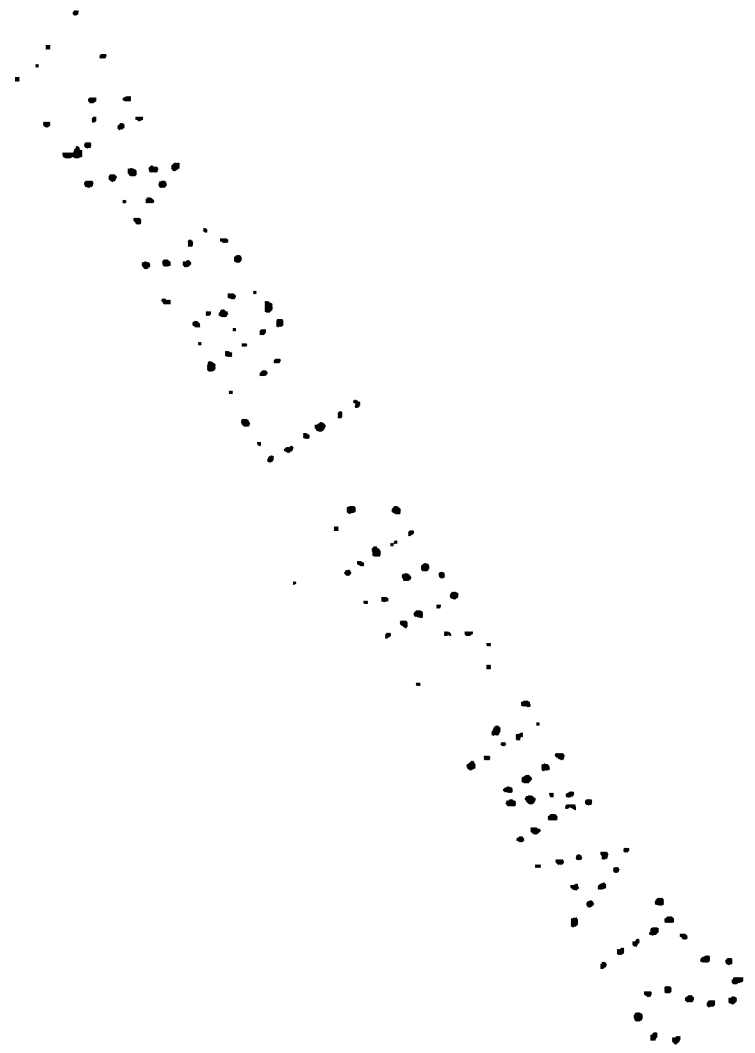
Some of the stations, if they recall no memories, cause enquiry. It is as to the meaning of their prettily sounding native names. Very euphonious are Murrumbeena and Narre-warren, the latter meaning, I am told, "road to the sea." Such, and the like, remind one that it is a fine Australian day that I am enjoying and not an English one—a

thing quite necessary when so much that is English-looking is to be seen hereabout. The line is, all the way, a single-railed one, and the pace of that quiet-going kind which takes from one all fear of the disquieting of the nervous system which rapid travelling is said to produce.

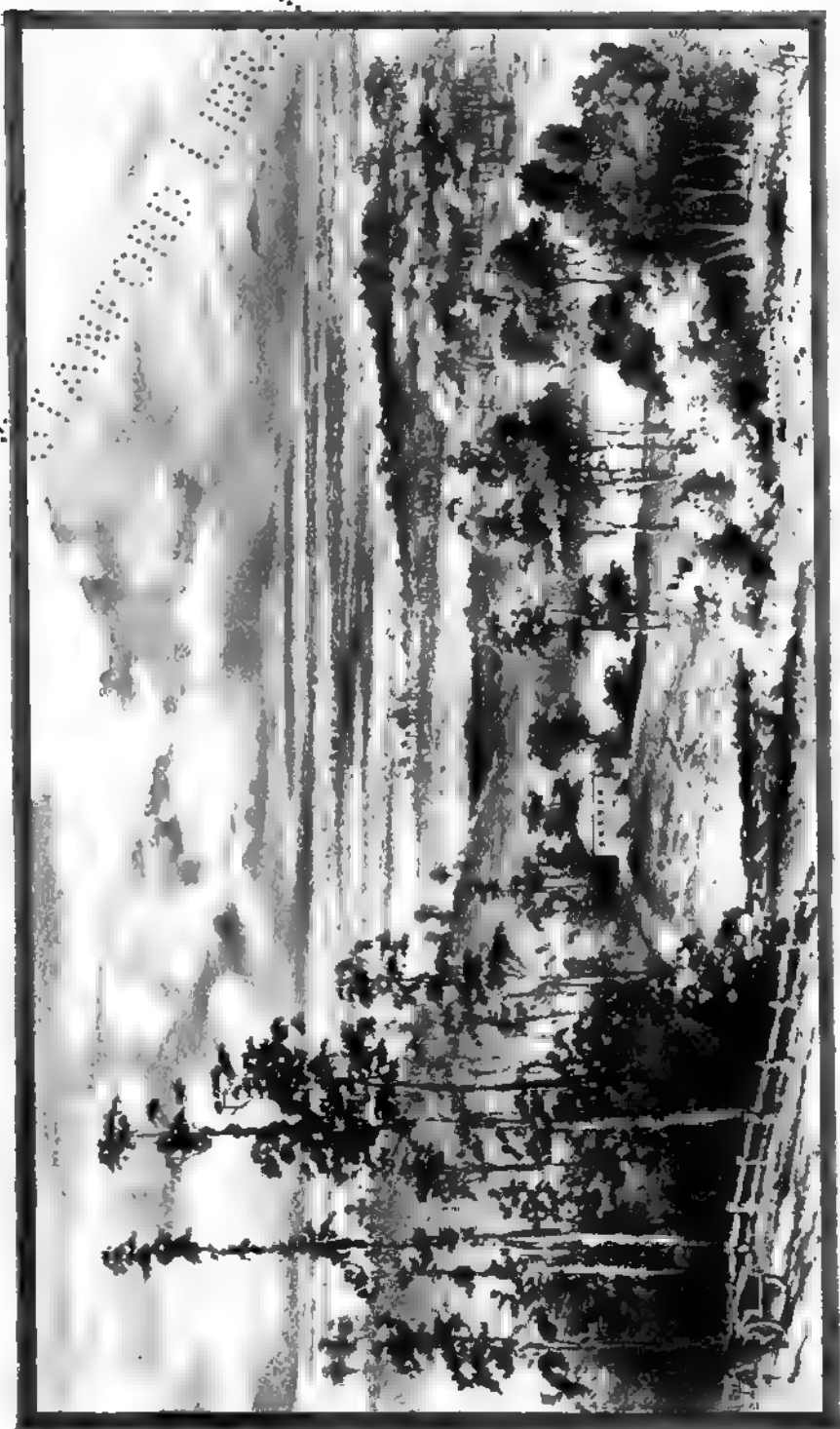
Beaconsfield station is quite in the bush. There are but two or three cottages visible from it. A waggonette is in waiting to take up those like myself bound to Beaconsfield House. As it holds but four, and there are five of us besides the driver, I draw his attention to the necessity of progressing with the times. He is alive to the necessity, and tells me that a larger and better vehicle has been built for him, and will the following week be in use. Five minutes on the road we turn a corner and see the Beaconsfield Hotel—a neat little house kept by host Gissing, with an intimation outside that those desiring independent exploration may be here provided with horses and vehicles. To those having a week to spare among the hills to which we are bound, such accommodation becomes a great help.

The driver is an old stager in this quarter—a quarter that eight or nine years back had no settlers in it. He tells me of the history of the place. That fine house on the hill to the right, shortly after passing the hotel, is Mr. Armytage's, formerly Mr. Ramsden's. It is finely situated, overlooking its one or two hundred acres of well-grassed land. To the left are the house and extensive lands of Mr. Gibbs, the M.L.A. for the district and a well-known grazier. The road now becomes hilly, and the occasional walking pace to which we are reduced in consequence gives time for talk.

Our driver is a selector, and one of the earliest in this locality. That is his house—there to the right—in its forty acres of selected land, a comfortable-looking affair of apparently too large a size. The reason given is that it is used as a boarding-house, and, being well known as such, is seldom wanting in lodgers, seeking like myself a change of air. To the left of the road, quite hidden among the trees, is building a ladies' college of some pretensions—of the name of which I have not taken



THE GREAT PRAIRIE, LOOKING WEST FROM THE RAILROAD.



note. All around are clearings—the selectors' names being given by our driver, as well as the acreage and the prices given by those who are occupiers at second or third hand. The selections appear to be all of twenty acres, but additions of adjoining selections of this sized area have been made by most of those now occupying the land.

Our Jehu has an eye to business in answering to such enquiries. He acts as land-agent for many of the lots we pass. I can have this one at £7 per acre, or half of that one at the same rate. It is uncleared land, and but poorly fenced, for which I am thus asked to pay at the rate of seven times the cost price to its original selector. Driver explains to me that the times have altered since, nine years ago, all the land hereabout could be had on the easy terms of a pound per acre, with prolonged years for payment of that, now seemingly, low price. Little indeed appears to have been done to the land beyond fencing it in. Even the huts that were, necessarily, at one time, upon each twenty-acre allotment, are no longer visible. When the land was fully paid for, the continuance of these rude necessities disappeared, and their materials were sold to other settlers intending permanent residence hereabout.

Beaconsfield House is visible now and again in openings among the trees. It is reached at the end of an hour and a half's uphill drive, when our vehicle draws up at its garden fence. Two cross-roads or tracks have been passed on the journey. The first, I am told, leads to Berwick—a township which supplies all the store wants of the settlers hereabout. From Berwick come the carts of the butcher and baker, with twice-a-week calls upon the customers here and there scattered among the hills. The second road would take me to Gembrook, some two hours' further drive, and more favoured by selectors who were desirous of better farming land than that to be found about Beaconsfield.

The host of Beaconsfield House wishes that we had telegraphed him of our coming. His house is the post and telegraph station for this part of

the world. He is crowded, and we must put up with what accommodation we can get. As it is Hobson's choice, I am glad to get anything. There is an aroma of my digging days of '52 about the place—the smell of the gum-trees and the general savour of things which recall Fryer's Creek and the Loddon Junction. I should be quite prepared to be put away in a tent, and to again sleep on a stretcher or on a baker's sack nailed to four short posts—the usual digger's bed in the early digging days.

As it is, I am, with the manager of a leading insurance company, introduced to a neat little cot, standing away from the house on the hillside. It is a weather-board little place in a breezy situation, with a view of boundless extent on three sides of it. To look at the Bay I must go uphill back to the main building, from which the view is to Port Phillip and Western Port in one direction, and to the Dandenong Ranges and the more distant Baw Baws in every other. Nothing interrupts the view from the hill-top on which Beaconsfield House is situated. Though but twelve hundred feet or so above sea-level, it commands a prospect only to be expected from mounts of twice its altitude.

Interested in the place, I inquire its history, and learn the little that has to be told. Ten years ago all was waste, and the solitude unbroken here and all around by man and his doings. The kangaroos increased and multiplied, and the opossums and wallaby replenished the earth then as they had done for thousands of years before. The pioneer settler was a wandering linen-draper, who wandered this way into the bush ten miles from off the track of the old Gippsland road. He must have had bush instincts to trust himself so far away among the then thickly-timbered hills and gullies. He climbed the hill upon which Beaconsfield House stands—a tall mount surrounded on all sides near and far with other like mounts. "Jerusalem! mountains encompass her!" might have been his exclamation, and have been rightly enough said. Solomon's city stands on a mount, to which the approach from the plains of Sharon is similar to

that made to Beaconsfield. The background of the higher Mount of Olives is alone wanting to complete the similarity of site.

This pioneer selected the site he had thus discovered, and built a four-roomed weather-board habitation here. Some of it is probably yet among the timbers of Beaconsfield House, the fourth owner of which is now in possession. Host Sumner, with his genial wife and daughter, well advertise, in their personal appearance, the health-giving air of the place. It is pleasant, indeed, to look upon their plump and fresh-coloured faces and his farmer-like look. With the invalids who are here seeking convalescence the comparison is conspicuous indeed. It must be pleasant to the sickly, who come here seeking health in a change of air, to see in Mr. Sumner and his family what the climate of this locality will do for those who make a sufficiently lengthened trial of it. It is curative and health-inspiring to look upon such people as our host and his family. In that feeling I once asked a rosy-faced, chubby-cheeked doctor to visit me as often as possible—his presence seemed to do me as much good as his medicine. This was Dr. Maund, now many years deceased. When telling him how I envied his appearance of superabundant health he proceeded to undeceive me.

"I had rather have your constitution," he said, "it is not a good thing to be too healthy. Such as I am do not stand sickness so well as you do. I have too good an appetite, and not exercise enough to work off the effects of it!"

We are too apt to envy others without considering all things. If we did so we should be better satisfied with our own lot. There are drawbacks to all that we are too apt to think so much advantageous. Everything is compensated, or balanced, if we but look at it sufficiently. This fine, healthy-looking young doctor died of diarrhoea within twelve months after the little talk with him which I have now recorded.

The sunset visible this evening made a grand effect—so advantageously seen as it was. Admiring it, I am bidden to see what the sunrise will be as

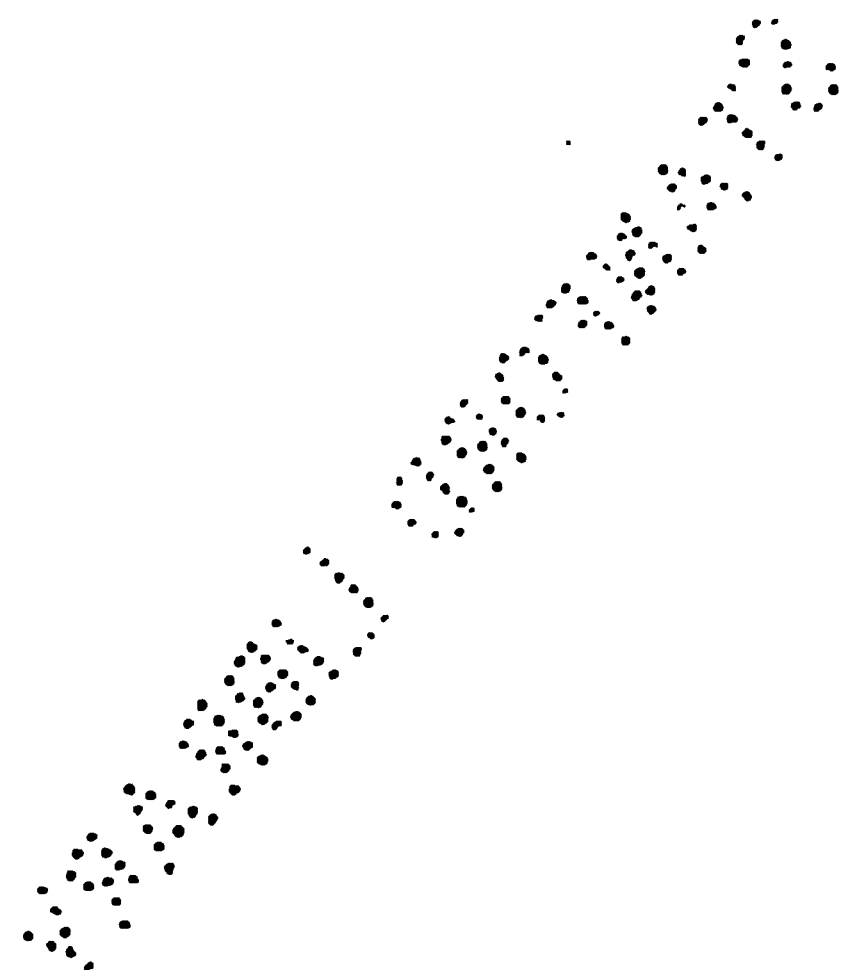
viewed from the bedroom window of my little hillside cot—the outlook from which is towards the sunrise. The fine sunset bespeaks a warm next day, and I am glad to be where I can sleep coolly and bear blankets upon the bed. A fresh breeze blows in through the open door, though I can well believe it was then swelteringly hot in Melbourne. No mosquitoes are about, and, for the bush, I am agreeably surprised at the few flies to trouble one. My thoughts go back to the tent life at Fryer's Creek, where I became first aware of the trouble which the Egyptians know so much of, in the "plague of flies." In less than five minutes from turning in, as early as nine p.m., I am sound asleep. So sound indeed that the sun is up before me, and I miss the expected sight of its rising out of yonder mountain range of the Baw Baws.

Writes Bunyan, "they laid the pilgrim in a large upper chamber, the windows of which opened towards the sun rising. Here he slept peacefully through the night, and in the morning awoke and sang." I noted that sentence long years ago, and have had often cause to remember it. There are blessed mornings when one must burst into song—and that even while shaving. It is all climatic and atmospheric I suppose, but this gaiety of spirit will cause melodious utterance—whether it be melody to others or not. Something of the sort was the matter on this morning, and I gave credit for it all to the mountain breeze entering at the door, and the glorious sunshine coming in at the window. As late at night, so now in the early morning, it was deliciously cool. By-and-by, when the sun got overhead it would, I knew, be otherwise, and so I enjoyed all the more the start I had got of the warm time coming.

For the day there was choice of visiting any of the surrounding hills and the villas capping them. The ceremony of introduction is not much needed here in the bush. It is mostly enough to lift the latch, in the Irish fashion, with a "God save all here," to those within. As often as not no one is to be found within. The visitor may then wander, as I did, over well-furnished but untenanted rooms, and wonder at the



View of the Forest in the morning, looking down the river towards the bridge.



faith, confidence, and ease of mind, that so trusts to the honesty and goodness of such tramps as myself. At one house at which I so call, the parlour table has the cards of many callers on it, and some of the pasteboards have apparently lain there for a fortnight. If I should find my bedroom burned down when I return, I shall know where to find well-furnished and quite unoccupied chambers awaiting me in this deserted villa. It was, indeed, but one of many in that condition—the summer resorts of town residents.

The finest of the locations on these hill-tops is that of Messrs. K.——. Over three thousand acres are here cleared, and two handsome villas on it are thus brought into view, facing each other on distant mounts. This fine estate is well worth a visit, and a longer one than I could give to it. One of the family is present, and takes a pleasure in courteously showing me around. I do not ask him why one of his eyes is closed up and much swollen. It is not always advisable to ask questions about a disfigured face. I should have expected only the usual reply as to a black eye, the which, it is well known, is generally caused by chopping wood. He takes me to the tower surmounting the handsome villa, which is a goodly landmark for the neighbourhood. The view from it is second only to that obtainable from Beaconsfield House.

At one part of these extensive hill-side clearings is a group of what I take to be dog-kennels. Why five-and-twenty dog-kennels should be collected in a sheltered corner is not at once comprehensible. They have, in the distance, a new or clean appearance, and it is to be noticed that the openings or doorways are not yet made, or are, in all cases, on the other end of the kennel to that facing me. The observant but non-enquiring mind would take them to be unfinished kennels waiting completion before distribution about this large estate. Directing the field-glass towards them they are seen to be of the size and shape of doghouses, with the angular and overhanging roofing common to such constructions. There can be no

doubt about it, but still a question cannot be out of the way. In feminine style, I make a remark instead of a query. A remark is supposed to show wisdom and a desire to express one's judgment on a matter. "I hope that you enjoyed your company last night," is a remark calculated to bring out information much better than the plain query, "I should like to know where you were last night?"

"Making work for your carpenters in the dog-kennel way, I see!"

"Those are not dog-houses—they are beehives!"—is the answer I get.

We adjourn to have a closer look at them, and they are now seen to have only a small mousehole opening, instead of a dog-like doorway. To my surprise I learn that bees always work in the dark. My informant sees that I know but little about bees and their doings, and proceeds to enlighten me. To do this he says that he will remove the roof of one of the hives, and show me what is going on within.

"The bees will come out, and I shall be stung to death!" is what I say, and justifiably enough, looking at his eye closed up and swollen by the sting of these creatures, of which fact I now learn.

"No! I shall smoke them first," he says, and then proceeds to light a piece of tow-rope, and, when the flame has been blown out, to enclose the smoking remnant in a bellows. A few whiffs from the nozzle are now sent into the hive through its only aperture. "All the bees will now be dazed and stupified for five minutes or more!" is what he says as he proceeds to take off the roof. Half-a-dozen frames are then to be seen, dropped into slides, and one of these he takes out. Holding it up he brushes off, with his hand, the crowd of bees who had been working in the cells which the framework encloses. The bees tumble back into the hive as if they were inanimate—as, indeed, they now are. "These upper cells are, as you see, filled with honey; these lower protuberances are young bees in process of hatching. Each of these hives will contain forty pounds of honey—all made in a few months. The honey sells in the comb at fourteen pence a pound"—with which

information the frame is restored to its slides and the roof again replaced. I ask—

“How will each bee again find the cell it was at work upon—the cells are all alike?”

“There are some thousands of bees in each hive, and they have each their work to do, and make no mistakes.”

“How do you fill the new hives as you get them made?”

“Each queen bee produces thousands of young ones; and when a hive gets crowded, the surplus issue forth with a queen of their selection, and take a house of their own. Next year I expect to have five hundred of these hives at work in place of five-and-twenty.”

I begin to ruminate. Honey-growing looks a likelier business to me just now than wool-growing. The spirit of enquiry comes upon me. I learn that bees are untroubled with any of the ailments which the wool-grower knows too much of—scab, foot-rot, fluke, and all the rest of it. The kea-parrot and the dingo do not decimate the bees, and no boundary riders or shearers are needed. The shepherd, or his substitute, has an easy time of it—my informant alone, for instance, looks after these twenty-five hives, and then with only an occasional once a week look at them and their contents. I remark now—

“The drought does not trouble the bees—nor any distemper. No need to find them food or water, and no necessity to brand them?”

“No! they find their own food, summer and winter, and each bee knows its own hive!”

“Do they do any damage to the fruit?” I ask, thinking of the strawberries, raspberries, and currants, so plentifully grown hereabout.

“No!—a bee is incapable of penetrating the skin of any fruit; its mouth is a sucking one only—not a biting one. It will suck from broken fruit, and from that only.”

“What is the drawback, then, to a more general cultivation of bees, and the profits they bring?”

“Only ignorance! People are afraid of them. In America it is a great

industry, and a very productive one. I seldom get stung, and the effect of the sting is easily removed. The bees get to know their attendants, as wild animals do, and you can then do as you like with them. They give way to those who are not afraid of them, and you soon learn their ways and curious manners and customs.”

“What is the object of a bee's life?”

“Very like ours, working hard and saving the results!”

“Saving up for what?”

“For a large family and rainy day—bees don't go out in wet weather. The queen goes abroad but once, and then to find a mate. She returns to the hive alone, and produces brood after brood for the three years or more of her existence. The working bees produce no young ones—they only assist in bringing up the queen's multitudinous young, and finding them food; they are nurses and labourers only. All the working bees are females—no male bees are to be found in a hive. A beehive is a huge nursery, with one brood bee, and thousands of servants.”

“Curious arrangement! What becomes of the male bees?”

“They are killed off by the working ones. The few that escape are left to lead a wandering out-of-door life—mere vagrants. They have no sting, and produce no honey. It is to meet with one of them that the queen takes her one flight abroad. Her honeymoon is a short one, and her mate never survives it. She returns to produce her large and repeated broods, and he dies.”

“Cruel fate!”

“Yes it is that—for the queen kills him!”

Strange, indeed, I think, are the ways of nature. Cruel, too, it seems, until I remember that Pope has told us that “whatever is, is right.”

As I leave the hives a bee travels along with me on my coat sleeve, and is now looked upon very differently indeed to all bees seen aforesaid. They had been viewed with outward eyes only, and so disregarded. This one is seen with the mind's eye, and

the awakened thought Mr. K—— has kindly stirred up. He spoke of ignorance as preventing folks from becoming bee keepers. He might have enlarged upon that subject of general ignorance about bees, and made me still more sensible of it. What a study they afford—more interesting, far, than the fourteen pence a pound to be obtained for their honeycomb. One bee doing the whole of the maternity among ten thousand. Going abroad but once—not for honey making, but for a honeymoon. A brief honeymoon of an hour, and then a life of three or four years of widowhood, secluded retirement, and the maternal care demanded by a progeny of thousands, that come and keep coming for three years.

Upon this one mysteriously ever-breeding queen bee attend thousands of willing bees, useful only as soldiers, nurses, workers, and providers. As useful in the way of soldiers as the bands of two-handed sword wielders kept by Japanese princes, and, in another light, as the eunuchs of an Eastern harem. Does nature furnish any parallel to this with other insects? A crowd of thousands to attend upon one. One alone to produce thousands of young in a life of widowhood devoted to one end only. The working bees, denied the pleasures of paternity or maternity, guard the palace with their stings, are ever working as builders in waxwork, and, when not working or nursing, are, with their wondrously-constructed tongues, sucking sweets from herbs, flowers, and grasses.

While ruminating upon all this and much more of the like, Mr. K—— is taking me about among the strawberries and raspberries and currants. They have all a finer flavour when eaten fresh plucked. In that respect fruit is like fish, the full flavour of which is only realisable when transferred from the hook to the gridiron. I am shown acres of orchards near and afar off—too far off in some cases to be reached on a warm day. Two or three days would be wanted to see properly all that is to be shown on this large estate. Stuffed with newly-acquired knowledge and fruit, I am now taken to coolness within doors, and persuaded—without any needless

pressing—to drink of excellent colonial wine. “How to live in the country” is well to be seen on a visit like this among the hills and the bush-covered gullies of these ranges.

On the way back I meet with Mr. B——, a genuine backwoodsman. He is one who can live where townsmen would starve, and not only live but make livings for others and a fortune for himself. A more unlikely money-making place than these ranges could not, to my eyes, well be found. But that, like the unknown matter of the bees, is accountable only to my ignorance. In these ranges is to be found valuable timber by those who, like Mr. B——, can find it without losing themselves, and know it when they find it. On two hillsides—five miles apart—he has found timber that will furnish supplies for years to come. He has shown it to others who know its value. His knowledge and enterprise have been helped by their aid—in money shape. He has formed two companies of such adventurers, and has built two saw mills, employing some score of hands to each. To bring timber to the railroad side he has constructed two tramways of five miles in length through the bush.

“And does all that pay?” is what I ask.

“Yes, pays well! One company is getting fifteen per cent. on the investment. The other, when got to full work, will, I expect, pay double that amount!”

Thirty per cent. to be got for money invested among the wild woods of these ranges is something that tells well of what may be done—when the right man is found to do it. When the right man is found to do anything it is, however, generally done well. It becomes quite clear to me that I should not be the right man among these hills. The only thing I should be likely to do would be to lose myself in the bush and to die there of thirst.

“How do you get water hercabout?” I ask.

“We are never short of rain, and preserve our supplies in tanks. These thicklywooded ranges attract the clouds, so that droughts are unknown to us.”

In the next hill-top clearing which I visit I find the owner to be absent from his house, which is left all at my service. Fronting his door is a huge pond supplied by a natural spring. On every hill top the panorama seems to change, and new views come into the range of vision.

"Among that clump of trees yonder"—apparently miles away—"is the State school for this district!"

It seems a strange place for a State school or a school of any sort. One thing is certain that the children are training for good bushmen—able to find their way about where I should likely not do so, and many others would do no better. By the time I get back to Beaconsfield House I shall, I perceive, be well disposed for a rest. A townsman's legs soon tire in this hilly country. Not that I have seen a tithe of what could be seen on a week's stay hereabout. On every side my guide points out to me the lands of well-known people, known at least by name. I am surprised to find how many of my acquaintances have got land here—for investment or home-making purposes.

"Nice retreats to come to when the Russians invade us?" is what my companion now remarks.

That is another view of the matter, and perhaps may some day be a sensible one. It is the unexpected that always happens, and the world is not always to be peaceable as at present. A European war might make a residence here more desirable than in Melbourne.

"That is Mr. So-and-so's selection"—a well-known lawyer being named. It cost him twenty pounds for the twenty acres. The house and the fencing cost perhaps a hundred and fifty more. He sold it last month for six hundred and fifty pounds to Mr. Blank, the architect."

Such notes as these I might make in plenty, but one instance will serve to illustrate the many I am furnished with.

Before my tramp is finished, I am taken to another clearing in which two ladies have established a chicken-rearing industry. One of them came here two years back for health, which she has deservedly found. For occupation she turned her attention to fowls, eggs, and chickens. Nature is here assisted by art, in the shape of an incubator. I pass from one divided yard to another, keeping an eye to my feet that I may not tread upon any of the broods of chicks running about. When I reflect that I have seen more paid in the Melbourne market for a pair of chickens than for a whole sheep's carcase, this industry seems likely as a paying one. As I am with ladies, I avoid asking many questions, having observed that curiosity, though a feminine characteristic, is not appreciated in others by most of womankind.

I shall want no rocking to sleep this night. After tea time, however, I am sought out and taken to the hospitable home of a five years' settler resident a mile away. From his home the light in a window of Beaconsfield House is to be seen, so far aloft and away that I mistake it for a star. It will guide me homewards if he does not accompany me—which, however, he insists upon doing. If I had thought that life hereabouts was too solitary, I am undeceived by the evening's experience. Visitors drop in one after another, until his house is well filled; music and singing are resorted to, and I might believe that I was in St. Kilda or South Yarra, instead of far away among the hills and gum-trees.

By six next morning I am awakened to take my place in the waggonette bound for the railway station. The return downhill journey is a pleasanter and quicker made one than was the uphill one coming. In the cool of the morning it was really delightful, and I reach the train, and subsequently town, quite refreshed and invigorated by my two nights' refreshing sleep among the hills.

EVELINE HOWARD

By "MINA."

CHAPTER IV.

"Has it ever been?" That is the question that I kept asking myself over and over again. "Has it ever been?" Am I the same being who wandered through the Abbotsmead meadows some months ago, with a sweet-faced woman as my companion? I can scarcely believe it. Surely it was only a dream. Would that it had only been a dream! I drew from my pocket a small packet of letters, comprising in all twelve only, well worn with constant reading, and I knew that I was indeed awake. Yes, I was the same being who wandered through the Abbotsmead meadows some months ago with Eveline Sherwin. And these twelve letters were written in her hand; they were all she had sent to me. Might I not well ask myself if the past, in which she and I were all in all to each other, had ever been! Then I took the letters up and read them again; how full they were of earnest womanly faith and tenderness! And yet she was like all the rest, I thought; the old story—forgetfulness when separation came. How could I ever have expected a girl like Eveline, so gifted mentally and physically, to remain true to a poor fellow like me, when so many wealthy ones would be glad to win her? And yet who could help trusting her? She would have deceived a far wiser man than I. Even when I knew beyond all doubt that she had forgotten me, I could not believe that at heart she was false and untruthful. The idea did indeed strike me that my father was in some way connected with my trouble, and the discontinuance of Eveline's letters; but I could not long entertain so bad an opinion of him as that. Three months after the arrival of her last letter, being still haunted

with the fear that there was something underhand going on, I wrote, asking her to direct her answer to the house of some poor people, old servants of ours, who resided in Abbotsmead. My letter was returned through the Dead Letter Office. And so the romance of my life came to an untimely end, the incentive to labour was gone from my life. Should I, as time rolled on, learn to place the smallest reliance on a woman again? Yes! I might. I felt quite convinced that I should never love another as I had loved Eveline; no! that was impossible. I might marry, probably I should, but no one could ever fill my heart as Eveline had done.

Several years passed, during which I had succeeded wonderfully, far beyond my expectations, in my profession, and my father, very proud of me, had taken care that I should be introduced to several young ladies from whom in a monetary sense he considered I might select a suitable match. It was a matter of almost indifference to me, though as the prospect of a long life lay before me, what a lonely fire-side mine would be! How desolate, how different from the future I had pictured to myself some years previously! So, after some reflection, I concluded that my father's opinion was a wise one, and that I should look about for a lady who would feel inclined to be my wife, though I could never meet another Eveline. I accordingly accepted some of my numerous invitations, and looked out in a business kind of way for a wife who would satisfy even my father.

It was eleven o'clock, one evening in May, when I entered the ball-room at Denham Chase. After greeting my hostess, I made my way slowly along

the brilliantly lighted rooms, meeting here and there one whom I happened to know, till suddenly I came face to face with a lady who by report was soon to become my wife. I certainly had paid her a little attention, and I went to the ball with her that night with the design of finding out what success I might have. Not that my heart was much concerned in the matter, and to do myself justice, I did not intend to profess more than I really felt; then I should leave the lady to decide whether the regard and esteem I could show would suffice for my lack of affection. Of course I knew that such marriages are made every day, and that of real love there is but little. So, after exchanging the common civilities, and engaging myself to her for a couple of dances, I led her out into the conservatory, and thence into the fernery, which was designed with exquisite taste, and in which it was Sir James Denham's pride and delight to collect the ferns and beautiful plants of the tropics. My companion was a Miss Raymond, the only daughter of a naval officer, who had lately come into a large fortune. I had met her many times lately, but certainly I had no particular affection for her. I should never love again, I was quite convinced of that; a probability or at least a possibility of another forty or fifty years of life was before me, and no prospect of a bright loving future; life seemed very dreary, for every now and again came the face of my lost Eveline before me as I last saw her. It was all a dream; I had not been worthy of her, and a flood of emotions swept over me as I thought of some one more fortunate than I, winning my darling. But I must be a man, and act a man's part, and thereby at least give satisfaction to my father. So, mentally resolving to ignore the past, I led Miss Raymond to a seat. I do not think a man ever felt less sentimental than I did at that moment. "Miss Raymond," I said, breaking the momentary silence, "I asked you here to settle a question which will materially affect both our futures. I will not insult or mislead you by pretending an affection I do not feel—can never feel again in this world, but if you will be satisfied to

share my home and name, I will endeavour to make you a good husband, and to give you no cause to regret becoming my wife; could you be happy with me?" She made no reply, but looked up into my face with tears in her eyes, and drew closer to me.—So Beatrice Raymond and I were engaged. My father was so pleased when he heard of my engagement, that he very nearly shook my arm off; he was immeasurably gratified. Congratulations poured in upon me from all sides, and I was looked upon as a remarkably fortunate fellow.

Shall I ever forget the dreams that haunted my sleep on the night of our engagement? I dreamt that Eveline was dying, and that I was standing by her bedside; all our old love had returned, and I was entreating her to try to live for my sake. I felt the pressure of her hand, and heard her murmur as she looked up longingly into my face, "Too late, too late, dear Harold, but we shall meet again, the parting is not for ever;" and then I knelt to receive her dying blessing, and in so doing I awoke. What an awakening! with Eveline thus in my mind, the subject of all my dearest thoughts, I was about to lead to the altar a girl for whom now I felt no sympathy, no love. Was I doing justice either to myself, or to her? Yet, I reflected, such marriages are made continually; and then came the thought, that by this time doubtless another claimed Eveline's love. With these thoughts I hardened myself, and prepared to meet Beatrice Raymond, whom I had at least promised to protect and respect. So another month passed, and my wedding drew near.

CHAPTER V.

I had been married a few months, and at my wife's wish we had gone down to Scarborough, and were staying at a pretty hotel, situated on the north shore; of course, we occupied private rooms. During the afternoon of the particular day to which I am about to refer, we went for a drive. When we returned home we dined; and, the evening

being remarkably fine, we strolled out for a quiet walk. We had not gone far before we came upon a lady, who was evidently, like ourselves, enjoying the evening air. "Another lady," I remarked in an undertone to my wife, "as regardless of the evening dew as you are," for I had in vain endeavoured to persuade her to wrap a shawl or some covering round her shoulders. As I spoke, the unknown lady drew near, and, raising her eyes, fixed them for an instant first on me, then on my wife, while an exclamation of surprise and horror burst from my lips. It would be impossible to describe the tumultuous sensations that passed through my mind—the agony of those few moments. Eveline—for it was she—must have recognised me; I was but little changed since she last saw me. She seemed to have grown from a girl into a woman—a beautiful, pure-minded looking woman; evidently some sorrow had passed over her, which had left its trace behind, for there was a dignity in her carriage, a depth in her large violet eyes which I had never seen before; she appeared to me more beautiful than ever.

As all these thoughts passed rapidly through my brain, my wife turned to me: "Harold," she said, "what is the matter? What ever caused you to utter that cry as the lady passed?"

What could I say? The past had been a dead secret with me. Not one word had I breathed of my lost Eveline to my wife, and, knowing her to be of a naturally jealous disposition, I shrank from revealing the truth to her.

"There was such a strong resemblance to an old friend of mine that for the moment I was intensely surprised, knowing her to be at present on the Continent; but come, the evening air is getting too chilly for you, we will retrace our steps."

Drawing my wife's arm into mine, we wended our way back to the hotel, and my wife shortly afterwards retired to rest. As for me, rest was out of the question. Come what would, I must see Eveline once more, even if we were to meet without recognition.

Two days passed, and we did not meet; but I had made the discovery

that Miss Sherwin was indeed staying at an hotel on the south shore, with a married lady and an invalid gentleman. That same evening happened the most terrible event of my life—looking back to it I shudder. Even my wife, when the memory of that fearful night comes across me, will look up in awe, and quietly wait until the tide of recollection has passed, so terrible it seems to me now at the distance of some years.

I had wandered out upon the beach alone, for Beatrice, complaining of fatigue, had retired early. I had promised to return shortly. If anything, I had shown her more attention since my encounter with Eveline, as I had felt some qualms of conscience upon finding none of my old love for her dead, and had I not promised to cherish and love my wife until death should part us? Truly, I thought as I wandered on alone, this life has too many cares and crosses; is there no one in the world who escapes? Surely there must be some individuals more highly favoured than others! And then I sat down, and thought of the blight on my own life, of all my visions of happiness lost, and of the long years perhaps in store for me.

How many thousands daily have the same thoughts, tread the same thorny paths, and go through ordeals of suffering from which they shrink, regardless of an all-seeing Providence watching over them, who, if they will only turn to Him, will give them strength for every hour of trouble!

At length I rose, shook myself, and made the mental resolve that come what would, I would carry out the vows I had made to my wife, and endeavour to banish Eveline from my mind. Slowly I walked homewards. I seemed to have lost half my strength, and not to be myself as I entered my wife's apartment. She lay perfectly still, and knowing that she had complained much of fatigue, I determined not to disturb her. I went to lie down on a couch in the adjoining room, our private sitting room, and there I fell asleep and slept for some hours; waking cold and chilly, not much pleased to find by my watch that it was three o'clock in the morning. I rose, went into my wife's room, and to my surprise found

that she was exactly in the same position in which I had left her, one arm extended on the coverlet; on her hand she wore her wedding ring, and another I had given to her shortly after our engagement. But let me hasten on.

I went to her side and spoke to her; then I called her name aloud, and slightly shook her, but no response—no reply from the lips which a few hours before had been engaged in conversation with me. Beatrice was dead; but how or wherefore, all was a mystery. For a moment I was bewildered, stunned; then my first impulse was to look round the room for any cause or means by which my wife might have met her death. At first I could discover nothing, but suddenly my eyes lighted on a small phial, almost hidden among various ornaments on the dressing table, on which was labelled the word “*laudanum*.”

This, then, I concluded, had been the means of her death: but why or wherefore? Quick as thought I carried my recollection over our short married life, but in no one particular could I tax myself with having been the cause, directly or indirectly, of the sad catastrophe; I had been attentive and kind to her, and had endeavoured in every way to make up to her for the lack of love, which it would never be in my power to feel for anyone but Eveline. Hastily ringing a bell, and waking up a domestic, I sent at once for a doctor, and then sat down by my dead wife's bedside, realizing the awful fact of the presence of death, meditating on the sudden termination of my wedded life. It is needless to go into the details of the inquest, and the funeral which followed shortly after, at which my father, Mr. Raymond, and I were the chief mourners. It will suffice to say, that the verdict was “death from an overdose of *laudanum*, taken during a fit of temporary insanity.” Beatrice had some time previously disclosed to me the fact of her mother's insanity, and of her present confinement in a lunatic asylum; a fact to which Captain Raymond never alluded, and for this I admired him. Whatever might have been his faults, and he certainly had many, he had never been deficient in love and respect for his wife, and he

now evinced it by the sad, yet deeply affectionate way in which he confided to me the story of her mental affliction. “I was always afraid of it,” said he; “afraid that the inherent seeds of insanity would some time, sooner or later, develop themselves, but I never dreamt of anything so sad and terrible as this.”

Then I showed him a note which I had found that day in my wife's desk; not one word of reproach for me in it, but the following words: “Dear Harold, you have been a kind, good husband to me, but I always knew that your heart was far away—buried, I thought, in some lost one's grave; so I was content, quite satisfied with the attention and care you showed me, until the evening on the beach when we met that strange young lady. I saw the look of anguish on your face, and I divined the truth. Since then I have heard you murmur her name in your sleep—‘Eveline.’ You see I have discovered her name. I cannot blame you, for you married me under no false pretences, but oh, Harold, I do not care for life now—I cannot live now without your love—life would be too terrible. If some day you find me in one last long sleep, think with pity and kindness of me, and bring Eveline sometimes to look at my grave.”

Such was the note I showed to Captain Raymond. “This then was the cause of my daughter's death,” said he. “So it appears,” said I, but I can assure you, I never met the young lady after that evening on the beach, and I never failed in my duty to my wife.” “I believe you,” replied he, “and quite exonerate you from all blame.”

Soon after this we parted; and as I was a richer man now, I determined to go abroad for some time, where in particular I did not care—anywhere fate might lead me.

CHAPTER VI.

I resolved first to solve the mystery hanging over Eveline. I knew she must have seen my wife's death in the newspapers, with all its attendant horrors. I wondered whether it would

be possible to obtain an interview before I left England for good. Try I certainly would; so calling soon after breakfast one morning, when there might be a chance of finding her at home, I sent up my card, and was ushered into a private sitting-room. After some little delay the door opened, and there stood Eveline, looking very sad, but more beautiful than ever. I was standing when she entered, and after vainly struggling to articulate one word, I felt a sudden weakness stealing over me, and laid my hand on the table for support. I knew nothing more.

When I came to my senses, I was on the sofa, with Eveline bending over me, while in an easy chair near, supported by cushions, sat Hugh Abbott, my dear old friend, of whom I had for some time lost sight. It is needless to repeat the explanations and the conversation which ensued, or how I discovered that Hugh was dying. Dying! and I had never known of his illness; rapid decline, the doctors said, and they held out no hope. It was in vain that I proposed to take him abroad, by easy stages; in vain that I offered to nurse and care for him as a brother, to shield him from all trouble, care, and anxiety; it was too late; the fiat was passed, and it only remained for me to bow to the Divine will, and do all in my power to relieve his dying moments. "Do not go away, do not leave me," said Hugh; "I shall feel happier if you stay;" and so it was arranged—I did stay.

I met Eveline but seldom, by mutual understanding, from respect to my dead wife's memory. "When a reasonable time has elapsed, you will marry her, will you not?" said Hugh to me; "she has suffered much, and deserves all the devotion you can give her, and I shall die happier if you promise me this one thing." I did promise; I should go abroad, I said, and then if Eveline would consent, on my return we should be married.

And so Hugh died, and we buried him in the brightest spot we could select in his own churchyard, not with

all sadness, but with a mingled hope and trust of meeting him again.

Before going abroad, I spoke to my father about the detention of my letters, in such a way as I had never used to him before; sharply, and in a few words—I had but too lately left the presence of death to be very bitter on the subject; and then I found out the boy whom I had had in my chambers, and to him I gave such a rebuke as would not easily be forgotten.

I went abroad. I travelled through Spain, spending weeks in its balmy delicious air, wandering through the beautiful city of Seville, with its flower-bedecked houses, its groves of orange and olive trees, its luxuriant gardens, its Moorish walks, its numerous towers. Then I went to Italy, that beautiful land of poetry and song. At last, after a twelvemonth's absence, I returned to England, and one lovely day in May Eveline and I were married. It was a very quiet wedding; of course the good old Doctor was there, to give away his niece; and we are happy, as happy as it is possible to be with love and truth to gladden and guide us.

Hugh's grave is not forgotten; and as my wife and I stand by it, side by side, hand in hand, I learn from her part of the occasion of his illness. He had loved not wisely, but too well; this trouble, with neglected cold, had brought out the latent seeds of consumption. Dear old Hugh! unselfish brother! He who was twice more worthy had lost, and I had won, my Eveline.

My sister Sophia is as aristocratic as ever; she is the wife of a very dissipated, broken-down looking man of fifty. But he has a large income, the principal of which he cannot squander, and he has settled a substantial sum on his charming and admired wife.

Eveline is looking over my shoulder while I write these concluding words. "You might have chosen a better name for your story," she says: but in my mind there is no name in the world so good, so sweet to me, as

"EVELINE HOWARD."

THE WRITING ON THE INNER BARK.

By R. R. HAVERFIELD.

Very many years ago I was engaged in forming a sheep station in a previously unoccupied part of the country, and employed a number of blackfellows to strip bark for building purposes. Going out one day to see how they were getting on, I met, first of all, with a fine strapping young fellow known as Jemmy Nerang. Jemmy, who was a savage of a jovial and genial disposition, and a great favourite both with his own people and the whites, was of an unusually inquiring and reflective turn of mind. He had just brought down a very fine sheet of bark, and when I came up to him he pointed to some marks upon it which he said he believed were intended as a message for him, as I understood him, from some supernatural being. The reader may be aware, perhaps, that a small parasitical insect, which feeds on the soft sappy matter between the bark and the wood, leaves the marks of its progress in what resembles a bright red scrawl on the light yellow ground of both bark and tree.

"Now," said Jemmy, in his broken English, "tell me what that letter say."

"I can't make anything out of it," I replied.

Just then a smart young lad, whom I had lately engaged, came up, and I referred the matter to him.

"Oh," he said, just glancing at the scrawl, "it's 'Jemmy Nerang never get 'em wife.'"

"Oh-ho! no, no; no fear," replied Jem; "not that—you only gammon. Me got 'em wife now, only you not see her because she just got 'em little picanniny boy."

"Well," returned the other, "let me see; it's very hard to read, you know. It's—'Jemmy Nerang never—never—live long'—that's it."

"Me think it," said Jemmy, seating himself on the ground and fixing his eyes curiously on the letter, as he

called it. "Me think it. In a little time my tribe fight wild blackfellows, and then me think me killed."

And sure enough in the battle which took place a few weeks afterwards, Jemmy, while covering himself with glory by his valorous deeds, received a wound which, though it did not kill him outright, unquestionably tended to shorten the number of his days. And to his life's end he firmly adhered to his belief in the oracular nature of the writing on the inner bark. Strange to say, the interpreter of the writing, who of course had only been joking with Jemmy Nerang, became thoroughly imbued with the idea that these insect scribblings were really prophetic. It was in vain that I endeavoured to argue him out of so silly an impression, pointing out that it was the mere accidental work of a little blind worm.

"Yes, I know," he replied, "but what are we but little blind worms? and our course through life is directed by an unseen hand, but the wisest amongst us can't tell for what purpose exactly. I don't know why I was born, but I believe it was to do something or other that God requires to have done."

"It wasn't to plough the stormy seas apparently," I said; for the young fellow, who was about sixteen or seventeen years of age, had come out to the colony as an apprentice in some ship from England, and as he confessed to me (after he had heard of her departure) had deserted in Hobson's Bay. His name he told me was George Rex, which I believe was a purser's name, as the sailors call an *alias*. But I could never get him to admit it; and so George Rex he remained as long as I knew him.

He was evidently of very respectable parentage, and had received a fair education. Having become possessed of this craze about the inner bark

writing, he took every possible opportunity to strip bark, and as I found the results of his researches of much material value to me, I rather encouraged him than otherwise. One day he took me out to see a sheet he had stripped, the red mark on one part of which, he asserted, read as follows:—"George, you not live long." Looked at attentively for some time, it certainly did seem something like it; but I laughed at the notion and begged him again to throw it aside.

"There's every letter there," he said; "you can't deny that; and many writers wouldn't form them one bit better."

"Nonsense," I replied; "because an ignorant blackfellow happened to take it into his head that there was some meaning in such marks, you have been weak enough to believe it, although you imposed upon him by pretending to decipher the supposed scribble he pointed out." "Well," returned he, "I've heard since, that the blacks have always believed it, and are convinced now, that the whites, who are returned blacks from the regions they go to after death, where superior knowledge is acquired, can read the writing if they like. I feel certain there is some meaning in every one of the scrawls, but we haven't sufficient knowledge to make it out always. You'll see I shan't live very long."

It was no use contesting the matter with him; and I was sorry to observe that he lost his spirits, and went about in a dejected and listless manner, very different from his natural hilarious and active habit of mind. Now it so happened that I had borrowed a horse, and also an iron pot—one that would hold about a couple of gallons I suppose—from a neighbouring station; and after a while, a blackfellow, who rejoiced in the name of Monkey, was sent to fetch them back. On account of certain perverse and generally swinish proclivities, the horse was called Billy-the-pig. Monkey wanted to ride him home, but for some time he was puzzled as to how to carry the pot. At length he hit upon the device of putting it on his head, like a hat or helmet; and as he had a big skull, and a thick crop of hair, it fitted him

pretty well. We then lifted him on to the horse; and Billy, bucking with all his might, pitched him headforemost on to the hard ground. The iron pot was driven down over his face with the rim around his neck; and we found it impossible to get it off. As it was evident that the man would very soon be suffocated if it were not removed, we carried him to a place close by, where there was a large block of stone, and laying the pot upon it, by a dexterous tap with the poll of an axe, shivered it into pieces. The panting Monkey rose, looking as pale as a white man who might have washed his face in a basin of cocoa. Otherwise he was none the worse for his mishap. Meanwhile George Rex had secured Billy-the-pig, and when it turned out that Monkey was all right, he must scramble, sailor like, on to the horse's back, declaring he would take it out of him. Now, he had very little, if any, better seat or hand than Monkey; and so when Billy began to prop again, overboard went George, like a man diving from the bows of a vessel.

Most unfortunately he alighted on the big stone, among the sharp-edged remains of the pot. We picked him up insensible, and bleeding profusely from some cuts on his head. He soon recovered consciousness, however, and observing me standing near him, he beckoned me to his side, and whispered, "The writing on the inner bark." He had received a severe shaking certainly, but his hurts consisted chiefly in painful scalp wounds, which, I believed, would not take long to heal. They progressed as well as I had expected, and I saw nothing after a few days to fear in his condition. But owing, as I felt sure, to the stupid superstition that had got into his head, fever supervened, and I had to send a considerable distance for a medical man. Under his treatment George came round nicely after a time, and, finding himself convalescent, his old elasticity of temperament returned; and he said very little afterwards about the mysteries of the inner bark, and never, so far as I knew, stripped any more in search of the hidden secrets of futurity.

Now, how many of us can afford to laugh at the whimsical notion of

young George Rex? How many of us are there who do not often yearn for the power to read the future? How many who do not at times feel prompted to endeavour to interpret dreams? It is true that very strong and strange impressions are often left on the mind by dreams, and it does sometimes happen that they have an influence on one's course of conduct. I have heard of a man, who was extremely fond of his wife, dreaming repeatedly that he was about to be hanged for having killed her; and at last he did kill her, and was hanged sure enough. That was a case of what they call a dream "coming true," I suppose. Large numbers of persons, of whom it is difficult to think that they really believe in such things, have resort to augury of various kinds, quite as absurd as the reading of the writing on the inner bark.

Some years ago a young girl of very respectable parentage, who had been educated in such a manner that it might almost be said she was accomplished, having been compelled through family reverses to go into service, obtained a situation in a wealthy family. She was of very prepossessing appearance, and, through her industry and deftness, won the esteem of her mistress, an excellent lady, although a little purse-proud. Bonny Kate, as they called her, soon became a favourite with the whole family; and, altogether, her lines seemed to have been cast in pleasant places. But there was a thorn among her roses, of the existence of which no one was aware besides herself. The heir of the house was a good-looking, good-natured young fellow of about two or three and twenty, who was very kindly in his manner to Bonny Kate, and there can be no doubt that, without falling absolutely in love with her, he entertained for her a very warm feeling. Kate was quite good enough for him in every respect, and would have made him an excellent wife. But worldly and social considerations weighed with this young gentleman, even in affairs of the heart, and enabled him to subdue any stronger feeling than that of friendship for this fascinating young woman. But she, poor thing, conceived for him

an irrepressible passion. She felt perfectly convinced that her case was a hopeless one; but, for all that, she could not dismiss the lurking idea that something might happen at some time or other, to throw down the barriers that stood between them. A person professing to be an astrologer, offered through advertisements in the Melbourne papers, to read the horoscope of any one, for a valuable consideration, if a lock of the applicant's hair, together with the "consideration" of course, and a few items of information as to age and sex, were forwarded to his address. This impostor Kate determined to consult. And she was informed by him, among other things, that she would be married to a very rich young man of dark complexion, who would shortly cross water and propose to her on his return. The description suited Adolphus very well; and a short time after she had received the reply, she heard—with what sort of feelings can be readily imagined—that Mr. Adolphus was about to take a trip to Tasmania.

To Tasmania he went, and remained there some months, and during his stay there—alas for poor Kate!—he became engaged to a young lady of considerable expectations. On his return, it happened that he reached home in the dusk of the evening, and the first person he met was Kate. It was too bad of him, unquestionably—but then he was in high spirits, and her lips, perhaps, were turned up a little too temptingly—but he kissed her, saying at the same time, "I'm so happy, Kate; I'm going to buy a wedding ring." She, having heard nothing of his engagement, was, of course, ready to put her own interpretation upon his words and act—which seemed all the plainer as he had never taken the liberty of attempting to kiss her before. Had he known the mischief he had done, he would have been filled with regret; but he was ignorant of her deep attachment for him, and he left her, saying gaily, "You'll hear all about it by-and-by." Kate felt herself so agitated that she took a stroll out into the grounds surrounding the house. Taking the astrologer's scrawl from her pocket, she endeavoured to read it,

although she had studied it daily, until she knew every word of it by heart. It was too dark to decipher the words, but to her astonishment the paper seemed to be covered with great splashes of blood.

"I must have spilled some red-coloured stuff on it," she thought to herself, but she could not get rid of the impression that it was really blood. Whether it was merely a fancy, or whether there were really any stains on the paper, at that time, I cannot say; but there certainly were when it was examined a short time afterwards by other eyes. She was on the point of returning to the house when she perceived some persons approaching her, and in order to avoid them, she stepped behind some shrubs which hid her from view. The persons were Adolphus and his mother; and from their conversation, which she could not help overhearing, she learned the whole story of his engagement. Faint and half broken-hearted, she stole away to the house and to her bedroom. There she was found shortly afterwards by a servant girl, who had been in search of her, lying on the floor, deluged in blood. Medical assistance was quickly procured, and it was found that she had broken a blood vessel, and had bled so profusely that she was perfectly unconscious. Such was the nature of her hurt that the surgeon from the first apprehended a fatal result. She recovered her senses after a while, and a sister of hers, who lived at no great distance, was sent for, to whom she told her pitiful story, and soon afterwards expired.

Now the probabilities are that she would have recovered from her shock, as love-sick and disappointed maidens have done times out of number, had she not endeavoured to peer into the secrets of the future. But her hopes had been raised so high by the astrologer's forecast, which had seemingly been fulfilled up to a certain point, that the sudden revulsion of feeling killed her.

This is only one of numerous instances that have come within my knowledge of appeals to the oracles being attended with mischievous consequences. Let me give another case.

A gentleman in a small way of business in one of the suburbs of Melbourne entered surreptitiously into a speculation from which he expected great results. I say "surreptitiously," because the venture was undertaken without the knowledge of his better half. After a time he grew very anxious about the matter, and would fain have consulted his wife, but he dreaded her censure for having taken so serious a step on the sly; so, instead of seeking her advice, he applied to a female fortune-teller by letter for an opinion, and received a prompt reply from the prophetess, to the effect that she required further information, and requesting him to grant her a personal interview. The meeting was to take place in the evening, after dark. How to keep the appointment without the knowledge of "the missus" was a puzzler; but after cudgelling his brains he concocted an ingenious story, by which he managed to throw dust in her eyes. But as he took a great deal more pains to adorn his person before leaving home than she thought necessary, her suspicions were sufficiently aroused to render her fidgetty, and walking about in a rather disturbed state of mind, with her eyes on the floor, after he was gone, she espied a letter which he had evidently dropped. Seizing it up she began to examine the contents. It was the fortune-teller's note, which ran as follows:—"Dear Sir"—(but the "ir" having been blotched, and she being a little short-sighted, and having her jealousy aroused on perceiving that the handwriting was that of a female, concluded that, as her spouse's christian name was Samuel, the word was "Sam").

"'Dear Sam,' indeed!" says she. "'Dear Sam!' eh! Well, let's see! The hussy says:—'I am sure you have not told me all it is necessary I should know. As you can explain better by word of mouth than by letter, and as it may be undesirable for you to come to my place, I will be on Prince's Bridge this evening at a quarter after eight, when I hope to meet you. Be punctual, and, above all, preserve the strictest secrecy.'"

"Jane!" shrieked the now thoroughly incensed dame to her girl of all work—

"Let me know the time this instant! Only eight! My gentleman was very careful not to be late. Well, sir, I can get to Prince's Bridge in time—and—Jane! bring me the big pepper box." Throwing on her hat and an outer garment, she sallied forth bursting with rage. On Prince's Bridge she caught the supposed guilty pair in close conversation. But she kept herself out of sight in order to watch them for a while. What made the matter particularly ridiculous was the fact that the gentleman was over sixty years of age, and the wife had seen her half century out. Yet was she as jealous as a bride of twenty, and she grasped her pepper box as an enraged Italian girl might clutch her stiletto. A very few minutes served as a sufficient trial of her patience, and, stealing cautiously up to the couple, she discharged, with excellent aim, the contents of her pepper box in the face of the fortune-teller, who uttered a wild scream of pain, and, in a twinkling the old lady found herself in the hands of a policeman who had witnessed her act. A scene of dire confusion ensued.

The fortune-teller insisted on the old woman being taken into custody there and then, on a charge of assault, but the constable, who was not a little amused at the explanations that were attempted to be given, advised her to proceed by summons, which after a while she agreed to do; and the names and addresses of the several parties having been registered in the peeler's note book, they were permitted to depart on their several ways. The fortune-teller must have altered her mind after sleeping over the matter, for no summons was ever served.

But all the same, Sam had a bad time of it for many days, and in point of fact he was kept in hot water, till his powers of endurance fairly gave way and he was fain to sue for pardon. But his spec turned out badly; and then he was so severely put to the torture, that he was driven to his knees in his supplications for mercy, and blubberingly vowed to eschew all clandestine proceedings for the future. It is not on record how matters progressed after that, but let us hope that the old lady was not utterly relentless.

THE SONG OF HOPE.

I dwell amid the beautiful,
 My home is with the young,
 Where, round the timid steps of youth,
 Bright fairy flowers I've flung;
 I whisper in the earliest dreams
 Of the innocent and gay,
 But I tell of flowers that never bloom,
 And of joys that melt away;
 And many a ruined cell, 'mid herbage green,
 Tells sadly now where love and hope have been.

I fill with joy the halcyon hours
 Of life, when life is spring,
 Till youth's gay prime, like hope's fair flowers,
 Lies senseless—withering.
 A phantom 'mid the haunts of men,
 A bright but distant star,
 A light that lures, but never leads
 To its promised bliss afar;—
 Still shining on, I shed a pleasant ray,
 To tempt young pilgrims through life's thorny way.

—*Carpenter.*

THE PADRE'S STORY.

By E. TILDEN DOWLING.

I had obtained a holiday, and, gladly leaving the dull routine of the office, I had accepted the repeated invitation of my friend, Father G——, to spend such time as I desired with him, at his far away missionary residence on the frontier of British Burmah.

I had known Father G—— for some considerable time, our intimacy having begun when he was attached to a portion of his regiment, stationed several years before at Moulmein. Although professing different forms of religion, we had always been on the best of terms; the subject of creeds being one which we rarely touched upon, experience having shown to both of us that this particular kind of discussion was better left alone.

Father G—— was devout, sincere, and kind alike to rich or poor; he was an earnest missionary, and worked among his people with a zeal that endeared him to all. And he was a pleasant companion—one who could beguile the tedious hours that fall to the lot of sojourners at frontier stations, with rare anecdotes of adventures “by flood and field.” His narratives would hold his audience spellbound, and help to pass interestingly the long evenings when the steady downpour of rain rattled on the palm-leaf covered roof. And on occasions, when his duty was done, he would accompany his friends and visitors, gun in hand, and vie with the sturdiest of us, in expeditions into the jungle, or along the low-lying land that bordered the river, where every one was sure of having as much shooting as would satisfy the most enthusiastic of sportsmen. And all the while his cheery voice would be heard relating some story of a by-gone expedition, or breaking out into a merry ring of laughter at the ludicrous mishap of some one of the party. Heedless of the danger of rat-holes, although repeatedly cautioned, the unfortunate

would suddenly be brought to earth, or rather to mud, presenting so woebegone and comical a spectacle, that one must needs laugh in spite of the angry looks of the injured one.

But to proceed with the story. I had accepted the invitation of the worthy Father at last, and, on arriving at my destination, found I was not the only visitor. The majority of the men were not known to me, and most of them were military officers doing civilian duty in one form or another. Among them was a quiet, soldierly man, Major S——, whom I had never seen before, but of whose reputation for gallantry I had often heard. The time passed pleasantly for all of us, and a feeling of good-fellowship prevailed, that helped to make my stay a most enjoyable one, and one that I shall ever remember with feelings of great pleasure.

One evening we were seated in the verandah of the house occupied by the Rev. Father—dinner was just over and we had lighted our cigars and given ourselves over to complete enjoyment.

There had been a steady downpour of rain till midday, when it had gradually cleared up—the clouds having rolled away—leaving the firmament in undisputed sway of the moon, which seemed to shine with brighter radiance than usual. The evergreen trees were covered with a flood of light, and the raindrops sparkled like countless diamonds, while the river in the distance, having caught the radiance, seemed like a broken line of molten silver, as it twisted and turned in the landscape.

It was a calm, peaceful night, broken only by the hum proceeding from the Burmese village, that was wafted occasionally towards us; the yelping at intervals of a pariah dog, or the weird notes of some predatory owl, abroad on this peaceful night, on hungry, murderous thought intent, causing fear

and trembling to the birds that nestled still farther into the eaves of the house where they had sought protection among the palm-leaf thatch.

A balmy breeze was blowing, and its soothing influence had fallen upon the group seated in chairs of all sorts of shapes and sizes, their forms in every variety of attitude. The smoke rising from their cigars imparted to the air an odour that seemed so penetrating and sleep-giving, that any one coming upon the scene would have imagined we were wrapped in blissful slumber. But not so. Soon the stillness was broken by a voice, requesting the "Padre" to relate some of his experiences of the denizens of the jungle, which received this response:—

"Ah! Major, I think it is your turn now; the man who has lived as long in this country as you have, should be able to recall some stirring times. And yet, most modest of men! who has ever heard of a story from you? Why, your friends have not even heard *your* account of the storming of the Shway Dagohn pagoda at Rangoon, although someone with whom we are all well acquainted did marvellous deeds of prowess on that occasion, and covered himself with glory, and, may I say, with wounds? I do not doubt their existence, Major"—this on a slight stir from the recumbent, soldierly form—"yet you know, ocular demonstration would go a long way towards satisfying the sceptical.

"But you wish for a story, so here goes a true one—though one I scarcely like to tell, for I seem to live through all the horror of it. I have not told it for years, but had just recalled it to memory when you spoke.

"Fifteen years ago I was stationed with a portion of the regiment I was attached to at T——; some of you, I daresay, know the place, which is nice enough in the dry season, only for the monotony, but not altogether to my fancy in the rains.

"We had a very quiet time of it, the Dacoits we had been sent up to suppress having disappeared, after some slight correction, and we had settled down to the ordinary routine of cantonment duty, unrelieved by the minor pleasures that men are able to make

for themselves in more civilised places.

"It was at the end of the dry season, and we were expecting orders of recall, when one day I strolled out into the jungle unattended, to have a shot at the green pigeons that abounded at no great distance. For some time past we had heard from the Burmese that a gigantic boa had been seen near the river a few miles down, but we had paid little heed to the rumour. You know the Burmese are sometimes addicted to magnifying fact, till it altogether assumes the garb of fiction, and we had surmised that in this instance a cobra had gradually developed in the minds of an ever-credulous people, till it had assumed proportions that befitted the name of boa. But I had practical demonstration that in this instance the rumours were true, and this is how it happened.

"I can clearly remember the day. I had started in the early morning, when the sun had not got hot enough to evaporate the moisture on the leaves of the plants, which, growing so near the river, had not been as much affected by the dry weather as the undergrowth farther away, and were consequently fresh and green. The jungle which I was approaching, through some cleared land, seemed alive with sound; the screeching of the parrots was heard above all, as these active birds flew from tree to tree, and eagerly searched for the fruit that still remained. Occasionally the wail of a monkey was heard; and even the bullfrogs, not content with the quantity of sound they had emitted during the night, still entreated for rain in their own peculiar way.

"I sauntered along slowly. The morning was beautiful; alas! soon to be succeeded by the fierce rays of the sun, making walking anything but a pleasure, and causing me to seek the cool of the house.

"After leaving the cleared space, I got into the jungle, which I had to traverse for some distance before I reached the pigeon ground. Unslinging my gun I had good sport, so that I was able after a while to sit down on a fallen log and contemplate with

satisfaction the forms of a number of beautiful green pigeons ; which a short time since had been disporting among the branches of the trees, the sun shining on their green plumage, and making them resplendently beautiful. Death had robbed the ruffled plumage of a great part of this splendour, and I soon began to speculate on their appearance at dinner, the thought of which, in connection with the pigeons, having succeeded in driving away the pity I felt at the necessary slaughter. My thoughts after a while drifted unconsciously towards home, the home that I had left as a young man, and a yearning seized upon me to revisit the scenes of my youth. But then I was disturbed by something that nearly put an end to my life. All of a sudden I heard a rustling sound behind me, and before I had time to look round, I saw the huge head of a boa close to my face. I was paralysed at the suddenness of the occurrence, and remained still for some time gazing with horror at the boa. Before I had overcome my fright, and thought of escape, I felt that the monster had coiled itself twice round my body. Then, for the first time, I comprehended the danger I was in. I managed to stagger to my feet, and seized the reptile with both hands by the neck, just under the head.

"I thought of my gun, but that was useless, for I could not reach it, having placed it against a tree at some distance from the log on which I sat down, and the coils preventing me from making towards it. The weight of the reptile very soon caused me to sink upon my knees. I was still holding it firmly by the neck, as the boa swayed backwards and forwards before my face. I was a younger man in those days, still, sheer desperation must have added to my strength, else I would not have been able to hold on as I did. Death was very near, I thought, as my eyes followed the swaying head clasped in my hands.

"Backwards and forwards it went, the glistening eyes seeming to fix my gaze. I knew I had no chance for life, unless something intervened ; but with the courage of despair I held on. Every moment I expected to feel the

folds getting tighter and tighter, but they did not ; perhaps the hold I had of the reptile's neck retarded its movements. I was in great mental agony, and how long this lasted I cannot tell. I had become very faint, and my brain grew dizzy. I felt I could not hold on any longer, as my arms were growing weak with the great strain.

"Suddenly I bethought me that some of the Burmese from the village might be in the jungle, gathering wood, and tried to cry aloud. I succeeded in uttering a faint cry, but I was by this time very weak, and I did not expect that I would be heard. I was beginning to lose consciousness, and viewed the ugly head, still clasped in my hands, in an apathetic way, wondering where it would all end. My eyes were becoming misty, when I saw two dusky forms emerge from the brushwood, and then came a blank."

Silence reigned for a few seconds, as Father G—— sank back into his chair at the close of this portion of his tale, quite overcome by the recital. We, his audience, could imagine, but very faintly, what a powerful effect the adventure must have produced at the time, when it could move him so strongly even now. He soon recovered, and proceeded :—

"Four weeks after, I found myself lying on a bed in a comfortable-looking room, and learnt from the attendant nurse, one of our own lay sisters, who seemed overjoyed at my recovery, that I was at the house of Father X——, in Rangoon. This puzzled me at the time, till slowly came back the memory of the awful occurrence of that day ; and, weakened as I was, the thought of it caused me to swoon again. From this I soon recovered, and learned the sequel of my adventure.

"Two Burmese, who were cutting wood in the jungle, had heard my faint cry ; and came upon the scene just as I swooned, and rolled on one side, still holding the neck of the reptile in my closed hands. With great courage one of them approached, and with one stroke of his *hda*—you know how sharp those fellows keep their *hdas*—severed the head from the body. The monster writhed in its agony, and I was severely bruised. Soon, however, they drew

my unconscious body away, and carried me to the camp, from which I was taken down the river as soon as possible, the doctor thinking I would get on better away from the place, if I gained consciousness. As I have told you I lay for weeks ; my life was despaired of ; I was seized with delirium, and in this state fought and killed, and was overcome by, innumerable boas. My good constitution enabled me, by the help of Providence, to recover ; and now I am here, not much the worse, as you see, for the terrible adventure."

"And the boa ; what became of that ?" I asked.

"Some of the men had its skin taken off and placed at my disposal, as

soon as I rejoined. I could not, however, bear the thought of having it in the house, so tendered it to the Museum for acceptance. It is still there, and I am told on good authority, that it is the largest boa that has ever been heard of.

"Of course I rewarded my deliverers, and purchased the *hdd*—I dare say you have noticed one hanging in my room ; well that is the identical one, and as long as I live I shall not part with it.

"That is my story, Major. It was a narrow escape I had, and few men, I think, could say, as I can do, that they were once in the deadly embrace of a boa constrictor."

UNREQUITED AFFECTION.

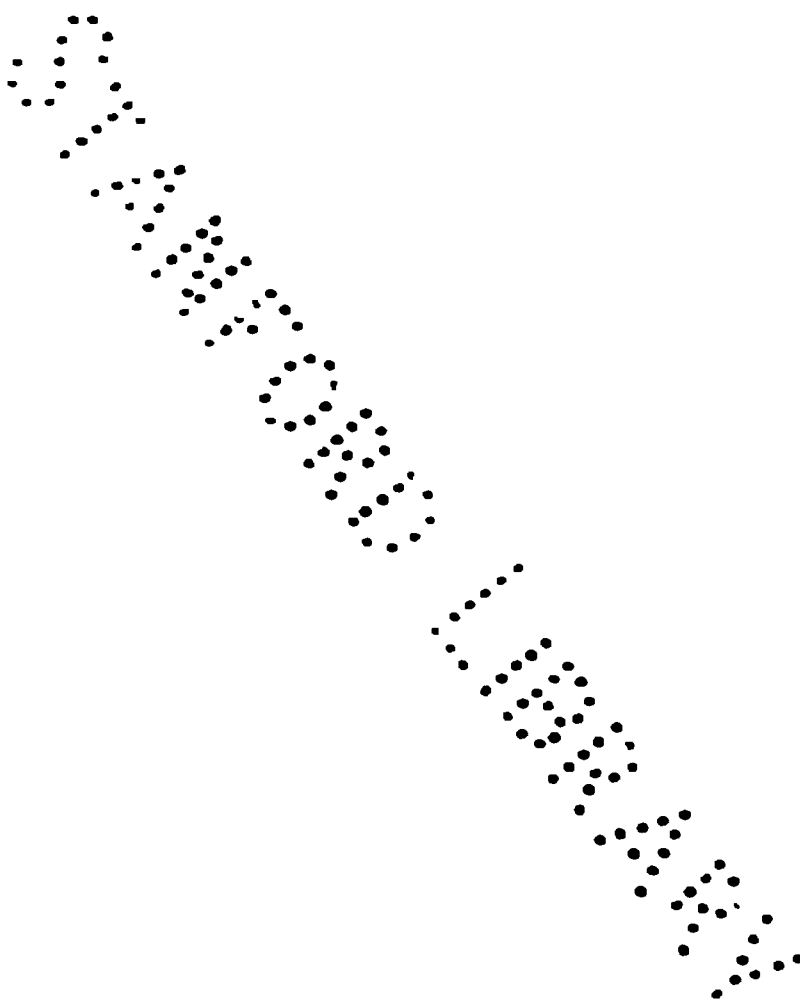
Her dainty grace,
Her dimpled face,
They set me crazy :
Her perfect form,
In sealskins warm—
She was a daisy !

Her faithful slave,
O'er her I'd rave
From morn till even ;
Though Fate made me
Sixteen, when she
Was thirty-seven.

'Neath passion's sway
I urged one day
That we should marry ;
She shook her head,
And, smiling, said :
"No, thank you, Harry !"

Well, let her go !
I hardly know
Why I should bother ;
For all 'twas rough—
She's old enough
To be my mother.

—*Detroit Free Press*



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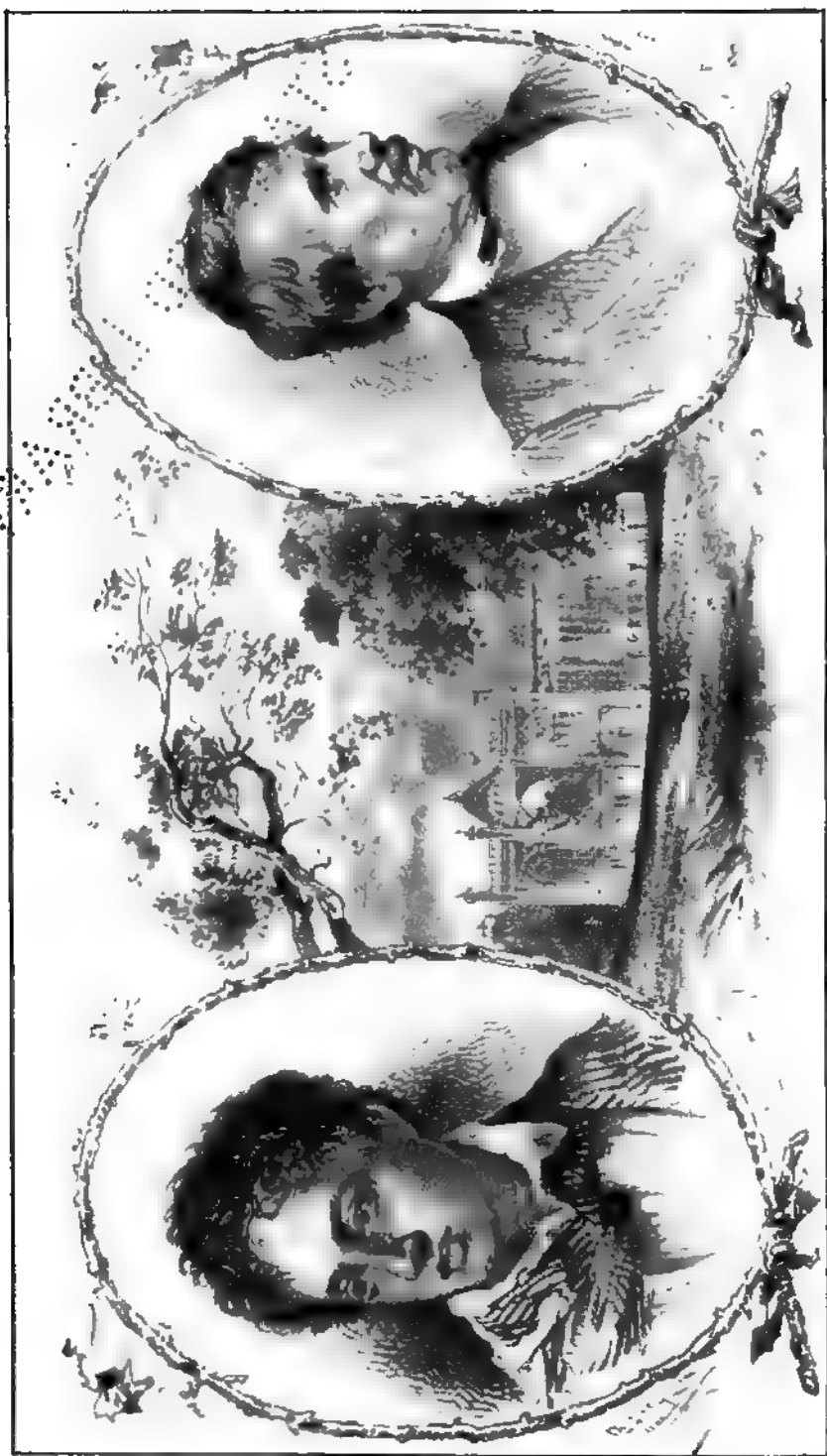
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—*Detroit Free Press*

2000



LORD BYRON

New York: Alfred

DR LIVINGSTONE.

NEWSTEAD ABBEY—THE HOME OF LORD BYRON.

By EMILY A. ADDISON.

"The stately homes of England" have been immortalised in song and story, and justly so. As a certain author says, "England is pre-eminently the country (compared with the rest of Europe), in which the monuments that embody historical associations, and link the present with a far-reaching past, are most thickly strewn over the whole of its area. . . . The traveller in any English county will be astonished alike at the number as at the beauty of the glorious types and relics of that past on which our present is securely built. Everywhere he will find battle-fields, sites or scenes of historic or romantic interest, abbeys, cathedrals, and those stately and enduring homes and habitations of the great families which originally won pre-eminence by power of brain, and prowess of arm, or ability to govern men in peace, and lead them in war. Architecture and history are closely connected, and as he looks on mansions that have defied the elements for centuries, or noble ruins, magnificent in decay, which were once the abodes of great historic figures, fair and frequently ill-starred women, gallant knights, and princely poets, the Englishman feels justly proud of 'a long and storied past'—connected as it is with the romance and poetry of his country."

Newstead Abbey, the subject of this sketch, is interesting, not merely on account of its standing in the midst of a legendary neighbourhood, surrounded by the haunts of Robin Hood; nor of its historic antiquity, being founded by Henry II. (as a priory of Black Canons, an order having for their patron St. Augustine, and professing great austerity of life), as some sort of compensation, it is supposed, for the murder of Thomas A'Becket (in one of his poems Byron speaks of it as "repentant Henry's pride"); nor of

its having sheltered at different periods such distinguished personages as Edward III., Henry VII., and Charles II.; but also because it is associated with two great names of modern interest—Byron and Livingstone.

Newstead Abbey is described by Washington Irving as "one of the finest specimens in existence of those quaint and romantic piles—half castle and half convent—which remain as monuments of the olden times of England." It is situated about ten miles from Nottingham, and four from Mansfield, and not far distant is Fountain Dale, once the abode of Friar Tuck, a favourite and follower of Robin Hood. In front of the park gates stands a magnificent relic of Sherwood Forest, in the shape of a splendid oak tree which is supremely beautiful, both as regards form and size, its spreading branches extending over a large area of ground. A debt of gratitude is due to the liberality and good taste of several gentlemen of Mansfield who, to preserve this oak from destruction, purchased it from the poet's uncle and immediate predecessor—"the wicked Lord Byron."

Newstead Abbey came into the hands of the Byron family in the reign of Henry VIII., when for his own temporal interest he destroyed wholesale the monastic institutions of the country. It was granted by the king to Sir John Byron, who was Lieutenant of Sherwood Forest, at that time a distinguished and important appointment. To this Byron refers in his "Elegy on Newstead Abbey:"—

"One holy Henry reared the Gothic walls,
And bade the pious inmates rest in peace;
Another Henry the kind gift recalls,
And bids devotion's hallowed echoes
cease."

During the civil wars which ended in the death of Charles I., the

Byrons distinguished themselves by their faithful adherence to royalty. When the "roundheads" came into power, the Byron estates, including Newstead, were placed under sequestration, but immediately after his restoration, Charles II. restored them to their former owner.

After a quarrel with his neighbour, Mr. Chaworth, of Annesley Hall, ending in a duel, in which Mr. Chaworth was slain, "the wicked Lord Byron"—who was the fifth baron—was sent to the Tower, and tried by the House of Lords for wilful murder; but a verdict of manslaughter was returned, which was equivalent to an acquittal, as he was a peer of the realm. He then retired to Newstead, and became a solitary and savage misanthrope. Not only did he cut down the noble timber of the estate, but, influenced either by pecuniary or malignant motives, he had the deer which browsed in the spacious park destroyed to such an extent that for a time their carcasses were offered for sale in Mansfield market at as cheap a rate as forest mutton; until the whole of the noble herd, which it has been estimated numbered no less than twenty-seven thousand—for at that time the park was of immense extent—was literally destroyed.

It is not to be wondered at that popular imagination exaggerated into horrors the strange freaks of this strange being, nor that the statues erected in the dark wood, which he planted before his fatal duel with Mr. Chaworth, were called by the country people "the old lord's devils." Ultimately the wood became known as the devil's wood. The statues are leaden representations of the god Pan and a female Satyr.

On leaving the turnpike road, and walking through a somewhat wild portion of the park for about a mile, the tourist sees on his right hand a splendid sheet of water, a romantic waterfall, and the ruins of a rustic mill, while on the left, the Abbey, ivy-covered, rises in solemn grandeur.

It would be almost impossible in the space of this article to speak of all the relics and stories connected with Newstead Abbey. The upper lake, as it is

called, which is formed by obstructing the waters of a small river named the Leen—a work of great antiquity—was formerly the mill dam of the monks, by which their corn mill was worked, and possesses many traditions and fables. These relate chiefly to the doings of the wicked old lord, and treasures which are supposed to lie hidden in its depths.

Some years ago an antique brazen eagle and pedestal were brought up from the bottom of this lake. In the hollow pedestal were found a number of parchment deeds and grants bearing the seals of Edward III. and Henry VII. These documents have all been carefully treasured, and the eagle transferred to Southwell Minster, where it serves as a lectern for a large folio Bible.

The dismal-looking pond, enshrouded by yew trees, is also the subject of legendary lore, and is probably as ancient as the abbey itself. At its head is a cold crystal spring, whose waters were much esteemed by the late Lord Byron. The grounds attached to the abbey are picturesque, and well laid out, and after crossing some portion of these we come within the precincts of the ancient chapel. The abbey was dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and in a niche of the chapel ruins there still remain a sculptured virgin and child, both in a good state of preservation. Near the chapel stands the marble monument raised by the poet to denote the last resting place of his favourite dog, on whose death he wrote the following lines:—

"When some proud son of man returns to earth,
Unknown to glory, but upheld by birth,
The sculptor's art exhausts the pangs of woe,
And storied urns record who rests below ;
When all is done upon the tomb is seen
Not what he was, but what he should have
been.
But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend ;
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labours, fights, lives, breathes for him
alone ;
Unhonoured falls, unnoticed all his worth,
Denied in heaven the soul he held on earth ;
While man, vain insect, hopes to be for-
given,
And claims himself a sole exclusive heaven.
Oh man ! thou feeble tenant of an hour,
Debased by slavery, or corrupt by power,
Who knows thee well must quit thee with
disgust,

Degraded mass of animated dust !
 Thy love is lust, thy friendships all a cheat,
 Thy smiles hypocrisy, thy words deceit !
 By nature vile, ennobled but by name,
 Each kindred brute might bid thee blush for shame.

Ye ! who perchance behold this simple urn,
 Pass on—it honours none you wish to mourn.
 To mark a friend's remains these stones arise ;
 I never knew but one—and here he lies."

'These lines are preceded by this inscription :—

"Near this spot
 Are deposited the remains of one
 Who possessed Beauty without Vanity,
 Strength without Insolence,
 Courage without Ferocity,
 And all the virtues of man without his vices.
 This praise, which would be unmeaning
 [flattery,

If inscribed over human ashes,
 Is but a just tribute to the memory of
 BOATSWAIN, a Dog,
 Who was born at Newfoundland, May, 1803,
 And died at Newstead Abbey, Nov. 18, 1808."

It was Byron's wish that his own body should be buried near his faithful dog, but this wish was not carried out. His remains were conveyed from Greece (where he died in the midst of his patriotic exertions for her emancipation) to Hucknall, a village a mile or two distant from Newstead Abbey, and interred in the family vault in the church there. The story of the poet's life, with its disappointments, and unfortunate domestic relations, his eccentricities, and his wonderful genius, is too well known to require repetition here. Both inside and outside of Newstead Abbey there are memorials of him. He succeeded to the title and to the Newstead property in his eleventh year, and on his first arrival, in 1798, planted an oak tree, in which he ever after took great interest, saying, "As it fares, so will fare my fortunes."

When Byron again visited the abbey, in 1807, he found the tree choked up with weeds, and it was this circumstance that caused him to write the following lines :—

"Young oak, when I planted thee deep in the ground,
 I hoped that thy days would be longer than mine ;
 That thy dark waving branches would flourish around,
 And ivy thy trunk with its mantle entwine."

Inside the abbey is a room known as "Byron's room," which remains very

much as left by its occupant. There are in it pictures which adorned his room at Cambridge, likenesses of Jackson the pugilist, who instructed his lordship in the art of defence, and of Joe Murray, his butler. The furniture is very simple. In the corridors there are many Byron relics—the table on which he wrote part of "Childe Harold," swords and sticks, the last cap he wore in Greece, a copy of his earliest poems, autographs, and MSS. The monk's skull used as a drinking cup in Byron's days, and formerly shown as a relic, has been put out of sight by the present proprietor of the abbey, Mr. Webb, who has no wish to preserve the unpleasant tradition connected with it, viz., that as long as the skull remained unburied no male heir would live to succeed to the Newstead estates.

Side by side with the Byron relics are those of Livingstone, who on his second visit to England made Newstead Abbey his headquarters, and there wrote his book "The Zambesi and its Tributaries," having met with Mr. Webb and become intimate with him in South Africa.

The Wellingtonia, which Livingstone planted in 1864, is shown, as well as Byron's oak, and his room contains the bed on which he slept, the table on which he wrote, whereon are the inkstand and other writing materials used by him. In the corridors are swords and knives he used in Africa, a spear which was thrown at him in his last journey, a photograph of the hut where he died, a piece of bark in which his body was wrapped, and his cap, with its faded gold band, brought home by his faithful attendants.

As he inspects these relics, the visitor to Newstead Abbey cannot fail to be struck by the similarity of the memorials of the two great men who for some time resided there ; yet what a contrast is presented by their lives ! Both, at the outset of their career, had to bear a struggle with poverty, and ere they passed away from earth both had attained a world-wide renown.

The whole of Livingstone's life and conduct was actuated by a simple Christian faith, and the result was an unselfish and untiring devotion to the

good of others. Byron had noble impulses, was generous and affectionate, but although he admitted the advantage that believers have over unbelievers, he declared that scepticism was a necessity of his nature, and in the main his life was a selfish one.

To account for the difference in the lives of these two eminent men, we must not only look on their circumstances and surroundings, but consider the hereditary influences of which they were the subjects, and the different training and example that were brought to bear on each in his youth. The mother of Byron, whose life had been embittered and soured by the extrava-

gant and reckless conduct of her husband, treated her son either with weak indulgence or undeserved severity; and thus the good tendencies of his nature were weakened, and the bad ones strengthened. Livingstone's mother was a Christian woman, who looked on the bright side of things, and her example and teachings influenced her son through the whole of his eventful life.

Byron died amongst strangers in Greece, and Livingstone in a hut at Ilala, in the heart of Africa, and each of these men, so unlike in other respects, at the time of his death was seeking to benefit his fellow-creatures.

THE PASSION-FLOWER.

Thy strange unwonted form, mysterious flower,
To humble yet aspiring thoughts gives birth,
Memorial of that sad and solemn hour
When horror shook and darkness veiled the earth.

Does daring Fancy thus too far presume
In thy frail form to trace those pictured woes,
That brought the willing victim to the tomb,
Who died in agony, in triumph rose?

Or say, has bounteous Nature's lavish hand,
That decks the lily in imperial pride,
That bids the rose inferior flowers command,
Though tulips glow in splendour at her side;

Has she with curious skill thy branches crowned,
Thy flowers inscribed with many a symbol dear,
The hallowed cross, the thorny wreath around,
The cruel nails, the sacrilegious spear?

In the pale beauty o'er thy petals spread,
Where azure veins adorn the pallid white,
We trace the bloodless hue that marks the dead,
In the sad moment of the spirit's flight.

While gayer flowers delight the eyes of youth,
And cheer the sense and scatter odours round,
Be thou a silent monitor of truth,
And wake in grateful bosoms thought profound.

—*Mrs. Grant.*

THE PALACE HOTEL SAN FRANCISCO.

By F. T.

When the genial George Augustus Sala first visited Melbourne, and commented upon the points of interest in our city, he is credited with having said that Melbourne seemed to be suffering from what he termed a species of "bankism." The Australian in visiting San Francisco will, I think, apply the spirit of Mr. Sala's remark to the numerous, spacious, and gigantic hotels he sees on every side, and will come to the conclusion that San Francisco is suffering from "hotelism."

Among all the hotels in San Francisco, there is not one that is more peculiarly identified with modern American life, and more suited to the requirements of the average traveller, than the "Palace hotel," erected in 1875, by the Hon. W. Sharon, at an expense of something over four million dollars.

This architectural monarch, lifting its colossal bulk above the business and social centres of San Francisco, occupies one whole block, and covers an area of a little over two and three-quarter acres. To Market Street, the grand business thoroughfare, the hotel has a frontage of 125 feet, running back 275 feet along Jessie Street, and 350 feet along New Montgomery Street. Its general form is that of an immense hollow quadrangle, having airy and spacious corridors traversing it in every direction. The basement frontages are occupied by the most fashionable stores, which are fitted with inside and outside windows, the former looking into the grand central court and carriageway, the latter into Market and adjacent streets; thus the guests are enabled to walk along a covered marble corridor and do their shopping, without going into the outside streets. The advantages of this feature, especially in bad weather, need no comment.

It is difficult to describe the style of architecture, as being anything but what one may term severely simple. Its vast extent has perhaps suggested to the architect a style that is peculiarly its own. And in designing such a structure the architect had immense difficulties to contend with. It had to be both fire and earthquake proof; proper means of egress had to be provided in case of emergency; ventilation and sanitary matters had to be arranged in the most beneficial and economical manner; and it is only right to say that these various requirements have been completely provided for.

It has eight stories; the basement having a height of twenty-seven feet, the uppermost sixteen. The foundation wall upon which it stands is twelve feet thick, composed of stone and brick, iron and marble. The outer, inner, and partition walls are built entirely of stone and brick, each course of which has been laid upon wide wrought-iron bands, strongly bolted together, and of such weight that no less than three thousand tons of iron were used in their construction. Thus the building is really duplex. The visible or outer walls are proof against fire; the inner or invisible frame is proof against earthquakes. The supporting pillars, within and without, are of iron, the cornice being of iron and zinc.

Water is supplied to the building and conveyed over it by means of three large steam fire-pumps. These pumps are capable of forcing water through forty-five four-inch wrought-iron fire mains, up to and through the roof; and thence re-distribute it through the building by means of 327 two-and-a-half-inch fire-bibs, and 15,000 feet of five-ply carbolized fire-hose, thus commanding every part of the hotel.

The most perfect means of communication are provided by five patent safety-catch hydraulic elevators, which, running noiselessly right through fire-proof brick walls, ascend to even the roof promenade. In addition, a fire-proof iron staircase, enclosed in solid brick and stone, and passing through iron doors on every floor, ascends from basement to roof. Every floor has its own exclusive balcony on the inside, looking down upon the grand central court and carriageway. Watchmen patrol every part of the building every half-hour, both day and night; and a patent electrical telltale instantly reports at the head office, unknown to the watchman, any neglect or omission on his part.

Ventilation is provided for by means of 2042 ventilating tubes, which go right through to the roof from every room, bath-room, and closet in the building, thus ensuring constant purity and sweetness of atmosphere. In addition to the foregoing, the various flues from fireplaces have been ingeniously arranged to command a constant supply of fresh, and to assist in carrying off the vitiated, air.

A pneumatic despatch-tube runs from several parts of each floor to the main office on the basement. By means of this, all letters, parcels, messages, etc., are conveyed below, or sent up with the greatest facility; and it is almost needless to add that the system of electric bells is most complete.

On the basement floor the visitor finds the hotel office (65 by 55 feet), breakfast room (110 by 55 feet), grand dining-room (150 by 55 feet), music and ball-room (65 by 55 feet), ladies' reception parlour (40 by 40 feet), reading-room (40 by 40 feet), billiard-room (65 by 40 feet), hairdressers' room (40 by 40 feet). In addition to these there are committee and general rooms provided for the use of corporate and kindred bodies, which are fitted with every luxury and convenience; and as far as the commercial man is concerned, his peculiar wants are actually anticipated.

From the second floor up, the whole space is occupied by private dining-rooms, reception rooms, ladies' grand

drawing and music rooms, bedrooms, etc., etc., each bed-room being provided with its own exclusive bath-room and closet. The arrangements as regards privacy are so admirably organised, that a family of any number, preferring hotel life to housekeeping, as many Americans do, can occupy a suite of rooms, combining the seclusion of a private residence, with the many accommodations of a perfect hotel. In traversing the grand suites of rooms on the second and third floors, the visitor will imagine that the luxurious surroundings of some Oriental potentate have been imported to California for his especial use and comfort. In observing the magnificent results of the skill which the various artists have shown in designing the high class furniture, one cannot resist the conclusion that the late æsthetic movement has initiated a new era, in all that is beautiful and useful, in meeting domestic wants.

The *cuisine*, as may be supposed, is most perfect. It matters little whether the visitor be a Britisher, wanting his rump-steak underdone; an Italian, with peculiar ideas regarding the treatment of his macaroni; or a Turk yearning for his sherbet and coffee, Mr. Sharon's *chef* is alive to all their peculiar idiosyncracies. The ordinary dining-room, when ready for the reception of guests every evening, is a sight to be remembered; but when it is set out for some great "high-toned" banquet, then, indeed, if you are lucky enough to possess an invitation, you will imagine the treasures of the old world have been placed in requisition to ornament and beautify the ordinary appointments.

The grand central court, which is paved with choice and handsome marble, offers a most delightful retreat to those who after dinner may wish to enjoy a cigar, or even the *dolce far niente*. Between each pair of columns surrounding the court, cosy nooks, shaded by beautiful tropical plants, and provided with Oriental chairs that tempt you to rest whether you wish to do so or not, invite the tired business man to throw off the cares of the day. And when to these attractions are

added the strains of a well-appointed brass band, numbering twenty-four performers, and permanently attached to the hotel, the visitor is compelled to the conclusion, that all has been done that can be devised to make pleasant this resting place of the weary Bohemian.

And now let us follow the movements of the visitor on his arrival from Australia or some Oriental port. As soon as the Pacific mail-boat has come alongside the spacious wharf, the polite and courteous hotel agent, a functionary peculiar to the United States, appears on board, and, ascertaining your intention to stay at the "Palace," makes himself acquainted with the quantity of your luggage, and sends it on to the hotel, thus relieving you of the trouble and annoyance attending a custom-house examination. He then directs your attention to the elegantly-appointed carriage, which is in waiting to convey you to the hotel free of charge.

On arriving at the hotel your lesser *impedimenta* are taken in charge by polite negro footmen, who also show you into the luxuriously-appointed office, where the busy clerks register your name, and where you have come from: at the same time giving you rooms to suit your wishes and purse. Then ascending to your apartments by means of the hydraulic elevator in that particular part of the building, you find your luggage already there, with the straps partly drawn. Attentive servants now ascertain your wishes respecting tea, coffee, or any other light refreshment you may wish for. If you are travelling with your family, and mother-familias thinks a bath will do the children good after their journey, the nursery servants in attendance quickly produce everything that is requisite, or if wished, themselves relieve you of the trouble.

As to your daily life, you can arrange it on either the American or the European plan. In the first way you pay a stated sum per week or month

for your rooms, and pay for exactly what you order at so much per meal. In the latter way you pay so much per diem, which includes everything, excepting, of course, wines, etc., etc.

The attendance leaves nothing to be desired. To intimate a wish is to have it gratified. Any information required is promptly and cheerfully given. Protection against the *chevalier d'industrie* is assured by the presence of two detectives, permanently attached to the staff. All your little requirements of hosiery, etc., can be procured at the elegant stores abutting on the central court. The most perfect order and regularity exists in every part of the building. The intending visitor can judge from this of the amount of attention and comfort he is likely to meet with at this palatial American hotel.

During the day tram-cars pass the hotel, travelling to all parts of San Francisco, about every two minutes. Thus the Mission Dolores, the first building erected in San Francisco, Golden Gate Park, Cliff House, situated at the very entrance to the Golden Gate, Telegraph Hill, the ferries, wharves, and all points of interest, are within a few minutes' reach.

After living in the hotel for a few days, you begin to think why an institution on the same plan cannot be established in Melbourne. The same cosmopolitan characteristics are noticeable in both cities, and where one traveller arrives at San Francisco, perhaps two arrive at Melbourne. Contrasting our Victorian hotels with the one I have described, the only wonder is that such a building has not been erected before now. In Victoria, one never stays at an hotel longer than can be helped. Not only are the charges high, but the attention generally leaves a great deal to be desired. On the other hand, small American families prefer living in an hotel to housekeeping; in many cases, they not only find it cheaper, but enjoy many comforts which would be impossible in a house of their own:

MY FATHER-IN-LAW.

By JAMES RAE DICKSON.

In the year 1882 I went over to British Guiana to undertake the management of a large sugar plantation, which the firm in London, of which I was junior partner, had recently purchased. At that time I was twenty-seven years of age, and, though well acquainted with the routine work of a London office, was entirely ignorant of plantation management. Our manager in Guiana, whose determination to resign was the cause of my going out, had arranged to stay on till he had initiated me into all the mysteries of sugar planting. My ideas of Demerara, and indeed of all South America, were of the haziest description, and principally derived from vague reminiscences of Mayne Reid's novels, read in the days of my boyhood.

I arrived safely at Demerara and set out at once for our plantation, which was a two-days' journey from the town. Among other letters of introduction, with which the firm had favoured me, was one to a Spanish gentleman named Olivarez, who had married an English lady, and whose plantation lay on the route. The first evening after leaving Demerara I arrived at this plantation, and was very hospitably received by the owner, a man of about forty-five years of age.

During the whole day I had been feverish, and on dismounting felt so weak that I could hardly stand. I attributed this to the fatiguing journey, made in a climate which to an European is very enervating; a swimming dizzy sort of sensation almost overpowered me as I entered the house, but by a desperate effort I mastered it and succeeded in gaining a chair. After a short rest I felt more at ease, and the first use I made of my unclouded senses was to study minutely the face of my host, as I always prided myself on my skill in character-reading. At first I was much pleased with his

features; they were of the best Spanish type; dark hair waving over a noble forehead, sparkling deep brown eyes, a thin straight nose, a fine yet firm mouth overhung by a jet black moustache, and a clear olive complexion, all combined to form the face of a man who—for weal or woe—could exercise great influence over his fellows. The calm regular beauty of his features was to me the outward manifestation of a dauntless determined spirit; evidently a man of culture, he possessed at once the courtly manners of a well-born Spaniard and the largeness of mind of a travelled Englishman.

Apologising in excellent English for the absence of his wife and daughter, who had gone for a week's visit to a neighbouring plantation, he led the way to the dining-room. I had very little appetite, but was tormented with a raging thirst, which the coldest spring water could not appease. My host pressed me to take some cool American drink—I think it was mint julep—whatever it may have been I partook of it pretty freely; it gave me but a momentary relief.

Suddenly I became sensible of a paralysing dread; something inconceivably terrible was going to happen, which I felt powerless to prevent. Could this be madness? I asked, as I trembled in an agony of terror; yet in spite of the nameless indescribable horror which overpowered me, I heard and answered Olivarez as in a dream. Terrible thoughts rushed in myriads through my distracted brain; my perceptions of time—a purely relative term—were strangely altered. By the clock I had been sitting at the table exactly eight minutes, into which as many months of protracted agony seemed to have been concentrated. My bodily tortures were not inferior to my mental ones; my blood seemed to boil one moment and to freeze the

next, whilst every nerve in my body vibrated with racking pain. All at once I nearly fainted, but by a great effort I managed to retain consciousness; mentally and physically I became calmer; I fixed my eyes on my host's face—nothing but death will efface from my memory the awful transformation it had undergone.

The almost classical beauty of his face was blasted by the ravages of evil passions; about the mouth were lines—which I had hitherto overlooked—indicating deliberate cruelty; his eyes glittered with suppressed ferocity, whilst an expression of guilty dread frequently passed over his countenance.

My skill in mind-reading became preternaturally acute, his whole character—nay, his past career—lay before me as legible as an open book; I felt that I was supping with a murderer, and one rendered all the more desperate by being haunted by the ghosts of his victims.

And yet, in spite of the awful changes his features underwent, his conversation was affable and even interesting; but I grew so horrified at his expression that my replies became very incoherent. He must have perceived this as, hastily rising, he rung the bell violently. I saw at once how desperate my position was, he was evidently summoning assistance to overpower me, his eyes gleamed like red hot coals, and every hair on his moustache seemed to bristle with rage. Determined not to die unavenged, I seized a large carving knife and rushed on him; but after two or three steps I fell fainting at his feet. At that instant two coolies entered, to whom he gave some order.

I remembered nothing more till I found myself in a bed, which seemed to rock like a ship in a heavy sea. Everything seemed changing; something that looked like a wall a few minutes ago, was suddenly transformed into a beautiful landscape, the ceiling turned into a canopy of blue sky, and the sun rose in all his splendour. Still the sensation of being tossed about at sea continued, and a horrid conviction arose in my mind that my identity itself could not escape this mutability of all things. I felt I was

gradually but surely becoming Olivarez; all my struggles against this were fruitless; an indescribable feeling of horror told me the change was accomplished, and there instantly rose in my mind a series of the most diabolical crimes ever imagined by a human being.

In the meantime the beautiful landscape had changed to a desolate heath, the sun went down, and the moon rose slowly, casting a sickly light on the scene. I felt that the time was come when I must meet my victims face to face. In the pale moonlight a beautiful girl appeared before me. She was dressed as a bride, but her veil was raised, shewing a sabre-cut across the left temple, from which the blood was slowly oozing. At her side stood a man; his face was black and distorted, his throat was marked by the fatal noose. They gazed at me in silence; there was no need for them to speak. Too well I remembered the fiendish revenge I had taken. I had loved the girl, but she had loved another. On her bridal day I, with a gang of ruffians, had intercepted the procession, cut down the bride, and hanged the bridegroom to the nearest tree.

These two spectres passed, and were instantly succeeded by two others—those of an old man and a fine young fellow of about twenty-five years of age. The former's throat exhibited a horrible gash, and the latter's left side was stained with blood. How vividly was my crime represented in my memory! My cruel murder of the bride and bridegroom had aroused the indignation of the whole country; I had fled for refuge to a distant range of mountains, and arrived, utterly exhausted, at a hut which was tenanted by the old man and his son. Though an utter stranger, they received me with the greatest kindness, and entertained me hospitably for a week. At the end of that time I discovered that the old man had a considerable sum of money secreted under a plank in the hut, and I repaid their hospitality by shooting the son through the heart before his father's eyes, cutting the old man's throat, and decamping with the money.

It would be a sickening theme to narrate even a twentieth part of the

crimes which my memory assured me I had committed. In one instance alone did I feel no remorse. It was when a spectre—with the back of his skull smashed in, and “scoundrel” stamped unmistakably on his features—not content with simply appearing, began to upbraid me in a hollow tone with having been a *traitor*. I remembered the ruffian perfectly, and, without exaggeration he had been nearly as great a villain as myself. He had got himself made President of some wretched little South American Republic, by the simple process of getting up a revolution, and hanging his predecessor. His government hardly lasted a month, for I headed a reactionary movement, and, as he had behaved shabbily to me in many ways, knocked him down with the butt end of a musket as he was running away in the first and only riot necessary to upset his government.

Sometimes, amidst crowds of pale phantoms, I would see the face of Olivarez, looking pleasing and natural as when I first beheld it; but at this I felt no surprise. He had got *my* comparatively decent conscience in exchange for *his* blood-stained one, and could consequently be happy enough, while I had to suffer agonies of remorse. Our souls had simply changed places, through some horrible enchantment of which he was master. Thus reasoning I sank into a sleep, so dreamless and profound that it might have been death.

When I awoke, mind and body were so weak that it was almost impossible to think or move. The mosquito curtains of my bed were gently drawn back, and a beautiful face with dark

hair and blue eyes bent over me. I could not be such a God-forsaken wretch after all, if such an angel condescended to attend me.

The curtains were softly replaced, and in another day or two I was sufficiently restored to recognise and converse with Olivarez. Gradually the idea dawned on me that I had been ill; but it took some time before I realised that my change of identity and fearful career of crime, were solely the fancies of delirious imagination, coupled with a faint recollection of the “Headless Horseman” and other novels. I had passed through a very severe form of tropical fever, and been nursed with the greatest care by Señora Olivarez and her daughter Consuelo.

My recovery was a slow one, which I cannot help considering a very fortunate circumstance, as I had every opportunity of becoming acquainted with Consuelo. In my case, at least, it was love at first sight, and in spite of the awful revelations of my past career, Consuelo admits that she *liked* me from the first. Señor Olivarez consented to our union, and after having got thoroughly settled in my plantation, Consuelo and I were married.

My illness has taken away my confidence in being able to read a man's character from the first glance at his face, but it has given me three good things; a wife, whom I love as tenderly as on our married day; a father-in-law, who is one of my dearest friends; and what some may think the most wonderful of all—a mother-in-law, with whom I have never quarrelled.

PHILOSOPHY.

How charming is divine Philosophy!
Not harsh, and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.

—Milton.

ADVENTURES OF A PIONEER.

By W. LOCKHART MORTON.

No. XIV.—EARLY DAYS OF MELBOURNE.

I observe that Mr. David Blair, in his able and generally correct biographical sketch of the late Dr. Lang, in *Once a Month*, refers to 1842 as the date of the first election of four members to represent, in the Sydney Assembly, the whole territory now known as Victoria. I think it should be 1843. I recollect being present at an election meeting held by Dr. Lang in Geelong, in the latter year. It was a crowded meeting, for I had to find a seat on the platform. The Doctor made a powerful speech, in which were many cutting sarcasms and personal allusions. One of these caused great amusement. It was terribly severe on a Mr. A. M'K——, who had been sent down from Melbourne, simply to speak against the candidate, and who was on the platform at the time. I can, from memory, give almost a *verbatim* report of this incident. Dr. Lang began in a slow and unimpassioned style, and seemed about to give us a narrative of one of his visits to the home country—relating what he had seen and done there, and how much interest he had taken in promoting emigration to Australia. He then went on to say, "In one of my journeys through the Highlands, I met with a young man in a very dejected state. He was destitute and barefooted; there were bare places at his knees and elbows. I felt compassion when I saw the young man's condition, and I gave him a free passage to Australia." Then raising his voice to a high pitch, he said, "Gentlemen, the young man I refer to is now on this platform, sent here by Mr. Edward Curr and his friends, to oppose my election. The young man I helped to come here has become one

of the joints of Mr. Curr's tail," etc., etc.

It was early in the year 1844 that I came to reside at Monavale, Moonee Ponds, near Melbourne. I had thus an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the town and some of the surrounding districts. I think it was during the previous year that Melbourne became a municipal town. The first Mayor was a Mr. Condell, a brewer. There was a warm contest between him and the late Mr. Edward Curr to go in for the position of first Mayor. Some doggerel verses were circulated, in which the Mr. M'K—— already mentioned was referred to. The following stanza will be sufficient to illustrate the character of such effusions:—

"There's spooney M'K——, he prays and fears
 Whilst holy water, instead of tears,
 Runs down his cheeks. . . .
 He thought for a lion, in vain, to pass,
 For his native bray betrayed the ass.
 Up, boys, up, and around you stir;
 Up with Condell and down with Curr!"

As in all small and young communities, composed of mixed materials, in those days a fierce tongue was too readily used, whilst kindly feelings were not much cultivated. The newspapers set the example; but perhaps the conductors knew how best to please their readers. Coarse, ignorant, and but half-civilised readers will not tolerate a newspaper conducted on polite and enlightened principles; just as in political life, a coarse and vulgar constituency is always delighted with an indecent representative.

In those early days, a careful observer had many curious incidents and disreputable proceedings brought under his notice. No doubtful transaction

could take place without its becoming known to the whole small community; and there was reason for believing that many things which never happened became quite as celebrated. There was a singular character always about the town who was known by the name of "Blatherum." He might be likened to a talking machine. I met him one day in Flinders Street. I was not acquainted with him, but an introduction was not necessary. On my speaking to him he stopped, put down a bag he was carrying, and began. He could speak on any subject, but his favourite theme was politics. I got more than I wanted. One sentence followed another so rapidly, with no pause occurring, that it was with difficulty I could get away from him, without appearing rude. If he had been born later he might have become a distinguished party leader in politics. If he left no heirs, he has had plenty of successors.

In 1844, a notorious character managed to get himself elected as a member of the corporation. This was an expirée and fighting tailor, whose shop was in Queen Street, next door above the Wesleyan Chapel's vacant ground, at the corner of Collins Street. Some of the newspapers, including Mr. Thomas McCombie's *Gazette*, reprobated his candidature, but in a half-hearted way, as I thought. The class to which he belonged was then numerous and powerful. Solomon says that "money answereth all;" and if he had possessed colonial experience he would have added, "and compensates for all defects." The proverb itself is perfect, so far as the rich man and his aims are concerned. The addition applies to the timeservers who regard wealth, or supposed wealth, as extreme merit. The fighting tailor might have been a great acquisition to the City Council, but probably he was a terror to the other members. For a time he figured as a member of the corporation. He had not patience to wait till he became Mayor, yet he did not resign the dignity he had obtained. He simply retired quietly from the corporation, his creditors, and the shores of Port Phillip.

In 1844 little had been done to the streets beyond clearing the principal

ones of gum trees, and putting gravel on the side walks. The gravel chiefly used was obtained from near Main's Bridge, opposite to what is now Flemington, and consisted of decomposed basalt; which then appeared on the surface only at Main's Bridge, but was found, later on, to underlie nearly the whole of Melbourne west. There was a great rainfall and flood in that year, and storm waters did great damage to some of the streets. Elizabeth Street was a perfect quagmire, where bullocks and drays used to get bogged continually. The appearance of Collins Street, from Elizabeth Street to Queen Street, was remarkable. On both sides, but chiefly on the south side, great chasms, about six or more feet wide and four feet deep, had been excavated by the storm waters, and every shopkeeper had his own private bridge, consisting of battens nailed on two saplings, connecting the roadway with the footwalks. The flood in the Yarra was so high, that boats from Sandridge landed passengers at the steps of the old Custom House.

The area on which buildings were scattered, was then bounded by Flinders Street on the south, Lonsdale Street on the north, Spencer Street on the west, and Spring Street on the east. The only buildings north of Lonsdale Street were St. Francis' Roman Catholic Church, the old gaol, and the Court-house. There were a few scattered buildings, of a rough bush type, on the south side of the rising ground fronting the beach at St. Kilda, and a few had just been built about where Nicholson Street, Fitzroy, is now; but Melbourne then had no suburbs. Prahran was an open forest of manna trees and wattles; St. Kilda of sheoaks chiefly. The Treasury and Fitzroy Gardens were an open forest of large redgum trees. Richmond and Collingwood were also openly timbered forests. Nearly all the buildings in Melbourne were of one story. Yet there were a number of buildings of two stories. The buildings were chiefly of weather-board, with shingled roofs. Some, however, were of brick. The bricks were of very bad quality, as might be

expected when made of an alluvial deposit obtained in the flat between the Yarra and the Immigrants' Home. The one-storied brick buildings had usually very low walls—such were Messrs. Heap and Grice's office, where the old Oriental Bank building now stands, at the corner of Queen Street and Flinders Lane; and Townsend the grocer's shop, where the Federal Bank is now, corner of Collins and Elizabeth Streets. The first gaol in Melbourne was a one-storied brick building in King Street—burned down a number of years ago. A high brick wall—with broken glass bottles set in lime on the top, surrounded the military barracks, in Collins Street West, opposite to the wool stores. The chief cricket ground was on the northern gentle slope of Batman's Hill—a beautiful rising grassy knoll, openly covered with handsome *casuarina*, or so-called sheoak trees.

In one of my visits to Melbourne I had a kind of adventure with an ancient rude party, in a shop in Collins Street, as I thought it was. I wanted some writing materials. I might have got them, perhaps, in one of the many general stores; for then, although the drapers did not keep writing materials, smoothing irons, or bellows—handy things for blowing, the general storekeepers had everything for sale. I walked along Collins Street, trying to find a stationer's shop. When I got within about fifty feet of the corner of Market Street, through the open door I saw what I thought might be a stationer's shelves and pigeon holes, with much paper. I found there was more than paper—there was metaphorical pepper in the place. There was a testy ill-mannered old fellow, who, on my asking for writing materials, turned upon me a fierce countenance and tongue, and asked me if I had not sufficient observation to perceive that I had come into a newspaper office to ask for writing materials. The office was that of the late John Pascoe Fawkner, and the irritable ancient party was his father. He was a healthy-looking old man, better looking than his son, but his face differed in shape. The son's tapered from the forehead downwards, the

father's tapered from the jaw upwards. He was one of the oldest colonists, having been with Colonel Collins, when he formed a settlement in the scrub, three-quarters of a mile along the coast, east from Sorrento, in the year 1803. I did not call upon him again. That was our last interview. The exact position of that shop or office has been recently disputed by correspondents in the newspapers. I know it was near to the corner of Market Street—about the site of the second office, on the east side of what is now the Union Club Hotel. It was a white building, I believe of brick with a coat of stucco, and two or three external steps led up to the door.

In 1842, pastoral property was almost unsaleable. Some fine stations in the Western District were sold, with the few sheep on them, at two shillings and two shillings and sixpence per head, the runs being given in. Port Phillip was in a bad way. Money was scarce and dear, and the district experienced a severe check. Many things had, no doubt, contributed to bring about the depression—such as over-speculation in obtaining sheep from Tasmania to stock the runs in the Western District, at £2 per head; the heavy cost in founding a new settlement, while Sydney absorbed all the revenues, and spent little or nothing on public improvements. But there was an opinion, often expressed, that a combination of agents who called themselves merchants, had something to do with the depression—intensifying, if they did not cause it. They were in number twelve, and were nicknamed "The Twelve Apostles." It is probable, however, that they merely felt the coming difficulty, and thought to surmount it by a process of financial inflation. Their grand idea was to establish what they called "The Port Phillip Bank," which very soon came to an end. I do not think the exact outline of the enterprise was ever fully made known, but the reputed characteristic of this so-called bank was to discount mutually the bills of "The Twelve Apostles."

As the first judge appointed for the district, Port Phillip possessed in Mr. Justice Willis a man of sterling

character, and one who could not tolerate injustice or wrong-doing, and the services of such a judge were urgently required; but neither could such a justice be tolerated by the smart mercantile agents. The judge sometimes got out of patience with cases which came before him. I give the following as illustrations:—A case, in which a noted resident of Geelong was interested, was before the court, and, whilst a witness was in the box, a note on a slip of paper was passing from the Geelong man to the witness. The quick eye of the judge saw it, and ordered that it should be handed to him. It was said to contain directions to the witness what to say. Mr. Geelong was instantly committed for a month for contempt of court. The sheriff then spoke and said:—"Really, your Honour, I do not know what to do with him. The gaol is full, and there is no vacancy except in the women's division." The judge replied, "Send that fellow amongst the women! That would never do." The difficulty was got over by an apology. On another occasion the conduct of one of the "Twelve" was under review, and the judge made some severe remarks of a personal character. Among other things he called him a fraudulent fellow. "Thank your Honour," said the Apostle. "You are committed for a month, sir, for contempt of court." "Thank your Honour," again said the Apostle. "You are committed for two months," said the judge. "I have no doubt," said the Apostle, "it gives your Honour great pleasure to commit me for two months." Another month was added, and then another, the Apostle answering the judge by some remark, till the total of six months was reached. The Apostle was then removed to the little brick gaol in King Street. He was permitted to do the block as far, but no further, than Germain Nicholson's Corner. The enemies of Judge Willis were numerous, and not long after the above event, they succeeded in inducing Sir George Gipps, the Governor, to suspend the judge. On the arrival of Mr. Justice Jeffcott, our second judge, a humble apology by the offender to the

new judge, and a petition to the Governor from some Melbourne residents, procured the Apostle's release.

The suspended judge commenced an action in London against Sir George Gipps, and, some fifteen or twenty years afterwards, a decision was given against Sir George, ordering the judge's salary to be paid up to the date of the decision. Of course, New South Wales had to pay for the rash act of the Governor.

The leading barristers were Messrs. Barry and Stawell. Mr. Williams was somewhat behind, and the worthy Mr. Pohlman followed within sight. I sometimes, when in town, visited the court to hear Mr. Barry. He was very witty—always spoke in such a pleasant style, with a smile on his countenance. He was never coarse, and never forgot that, as a gentleman, he had no right to wound the feelings of witnesses. I was present in the court when a scabby sheep case was on. One of the witnesses, a sort of bush lawyer, was under cross-examination by Mr. Barry, when the following dialogue took place:—"How many flocks were on the run?" "Six." "Why, you told us a little while ago that there were five—where were they kept?" "Two were at the Pine hut, two at the Ridge hut, one at the Sandy Creek, and one at the home station." "Well, that makes six." "Oh," said the witness, coolly, "there were only five, for the flock at Sandy Creek was only sometimes at the home station." "Well," demanded the barrister, "when was it at the home station and when at Sandy Creek?" The witness, with provoking coolness, and with a pause between each word, replied, "when it was at the home station it was not at Sandy Creek, and when it was at Sandy Creek it was not at the home station." There was a burst of laughter, and Mr. Barry blushed a little; but he soon so puzzled the witness that he did not seem to know what he was answering. "Now," said Mr. Barry, with a smile playing over his handsome countenance; "You can go. You are a very scabby witness, but I have given you a good dressing."

Major St. John was, for a number of years, a prominent figure in Melbourne.

He was a Crown Lands Commissioner and Justice of the Peace. Melbourne streets used to be enlivened by numerous bullock teams, especially in the wool season. The drivers seemed to think it added to their importance to make as much noise as possible with their whips. Expensive silk handkerchiefs were bought and torn up to make crackers. Some of these fellows were rowdy, like the larrikins of the present day. It was not an unusual thing for one of such rowdies to coo-e-e in the streets, and if anyone turned round to learn what was the matter, he was greeted with the exclamation, "That slued you!" A bullock-driver did this to the Major on one occasion. The man was given into custody, and was next morning brought before the Bench. The Major gave him three months' imprisonment, and added as the man was removed, "That slues you!" The Police Court was held in a small weatherboard building, on the southwest corner of the Western Market Square. A set of stocks, like those I had seen at Geelong, were said to be on the ground. Probably they were constructed for the special benefit of the gang of prisoners, who were employed in raising the breakwater to prevent the tide going higher up the river. The inhabitants generally obtained all water for use out of the Yarra. Three or four pumps were fixed on the bank at the end of Swanston Street, and the carting of water was continually followed by a large number of men with horses and carts of their own.

The military force consisted of a number of pensioners, brought over from Tasmania—then Van Diemen's Land. They used to be sent out to procure firewood, in hand-trucks, from the ridge extending from the site of the Benevolent Asylum towards the site of the University. That was about the line to which tree destruction had extended in 1844.

In those days, as now, some persons rose suddenly to wealth by the process mentioned in Dickens' *Household Words*, in the tale of "The New Squatter." They got hold of the possessions of others; always, of course, in a legal manner; for it is only

uneducated rogues of small experience who grasp the property of others in a manner contrary to law. If the so-called criminal classes would only take advantage of our Education Act, and acquire some real knowledge, within a few years Pentridge might be to let, and there would probably be little crime in the colony. Education enables many to discriminate between a punishable and a lawful wrong to individuals, as well as to society, and this discrimination has made many an Australian fortune.

It is a consolation to right-minded men to know, however, that neither lawful nor unlawful wrong-doing ever prospers long.

Whilst some rose suddenly to wealth others lost everything. Amongst the latter the case of the late Mr. Henry Dendy attracted a great deal of attention in the years 1843-4. Mr. Dendy, who arrived at Port Phillip in 1841, had sold his landed property in England, and paid into the English treasury the sum of £5000; and thus obtained authority from the Home Government to select a special survey, anywhere beyond a distance of three miles from Melbourne. This was the first special survey granted. After some hesitation on his part between selecting an area on the Saltwater River or at Brighton, he fixed upon the latter locality, giving it its present name. A more thoroughly honest, worthy man, than Mr. Dendy was, never landed at Port Phillip. I am able to say this from long and intimate personal knowledge of his character. But he was not a good business man. He had brought with him in the ship "York," a large assortment of general merchandise, which he placed in the hands of a Melbourne agent for disposal. At the agent's store he got all his supplies, whilst he built his house at Brighton Park, erected fences, and sank wells. He endorsed the agent's own acceptance for a large amount, getting security on his store building. The current account with the store-keeper came unexpectedly to a balance. The acceptance was dishonoured, and Dendy, as indorser, had to pay it. He then discovered that the supposed security he held, was no security at all. Prior to these events, he had entered

into the extraordinary arrangement of making the storekeeper a partner with himself in the Brighton Estate, without any value received. The share was to be paid for out of the money obtained by the sale of allotments of Mr. Dendy's own property! The general depression and scarcity of money which overtook the settlement came upon Mr. Dendy. Money was wanted, and could not be got, till a fellow-passenger lent him £400, Dendy giving him a bill of sale over the Brighton Estate. Shortly afterwards this was transferred by the holder to a well-known Melbourne solicitor, who immediately put it in force. The day of sale arrived, and the auctioneer announced that he had been instructed to sell the Brighton Estate, with the liabilities on it. The late Mr. Joseph Raleigh, who had then but recently arrived from England, made a bid of seventy pounds, but immediately asked what were the liabilities. The auctioneer replied, "I have nothing to do with the liabilities; I have merely to sell the Brighton Estate with the liabilities on it." Mr. Raleigh remarked that it was like buying a pig in a bag, and declined, it was understood, to make another bid. A voice bid next eighty pounds, and the estate was knocked down—the auctioneer asking "Who is the buyer?" The same voice said "———, of Plymouth." Mr. Dendy himself was so ill that he could not be present. Another voice was then heard saying, "You have killed him, and now you mean to bury him." Thus the Brighton Estate, with an area of about 5000 acres, less a site granted by Mr. Dendy for the present Church of England, a site for a school in a triangular allotment near the church, but now intersected by a street, a small area in Brighton Park, fortunately settled on Mrs. Dendy, and all the frontage to the shore between the esplanade and high-water mark, granted for the use of the inhabitants for ever, but for which the Brighton corporation had afterwards to pay rather than go to law with the purchaser, was sacrificed for £480. The singular point in the transaction was that the man who bid for the estate and got it, was the storekeeper above referred to, and the same

man who had got an interest in the estate on the extraordinary terms already alluded to; but at the sale he gave the name of another as the buyer. Mr. Dendy had granted, around the church, graves for other people, but reserved none for himself and family. After an eventful life, battling with stern adversity, Mr. Dendy rests at Walhalla, amidst the mountains of Gippsland, and Mrs. Dendy at Heidelberg.

During the year I resided near Melbourne (1844), the newspapers recorded, besides their squabbles with each other, many of the actions of the less reputable portion of the community; including excessive rum drinking—elopements of females from their (reputed) husbands—the neglect of any form of religion in the bush, and the consequences thence arising—the grasping and unjust conduct of some of the business firms and public institutions—some particulars of which could be given if it were desirable. A sharper, by the aid of a bank manager to press, the victim's solicitor to keep quiet, and an auctioneer, to be, for the occasion, an agnostic, could do anything. The only obstacle was Judge Willis. I began to think, however well worthy the district might be of the name of Australia Felix—given to it by Major, afterwards Sir Thomas, Mitchell—a large body of the inhabitants did not deserve to be called happy; and I wrote the following satirical address, which may be acceptable or interesting to some readers, with its prophetic forecast in the last stanza:—

"ADDRESS TO AUSTRALIA FELIX.

"Delightful land, the happy! now is given
To me the task to sing of thee and thine;
How fair thou sleepest 'neath thy azure
heaven,
How cooling breezes with sunbeams combine,
Whilst on thy breast gay flowers with
flowers entwine;
And how thy sons are such a noble race,
Still quaffing rum as gods' ambrosial wine;
We all perceive how heaven bedecked thy
face,
Thy sons create themselves, as any one may
trace.

"Who cannot see in thee, most happy land,
The very essence of all earthly bliss?

To active men thou lend'st a helping hand ;
The rock of independence who can miss ?
And who may not a loving fair one kiss,
Spending, in wealth, life's short yet joyful
day?

Still there's a drawback, mankind mark
well this

The ladies sometimes shy and run away,
Their relicts learning whither just as best
they may.

"All in thy rural groves may live serene,
Enjoying bliss supreme procured by rum,
Heedless of all to come or what has been ;
Who thinks for bushmen there's a world
to come ?

Of weal or woe hereafter all are dumb.
What land to mortals can such bliss display ?
What clime affords of glories such a sum ?

There's nought to hurt but human beasts of
prey,
Who plan and prowl abroad by night as well
as day.

"O, happy land ! when we are slumb'ring low,
Beneath thy flow'ry robes, in death's long
sleep,

Thou'lt rise to fame and power, full well I
know,

A place among the nations then to keep.
But may old England ne'er have cause to
weep.

Thy sons will not be happy till they find,
How much there is which money cannot
buy,

That rum is hostile to a healthy mind ;
And rogues shall reap their harvest by and by,
Whilst virtue wings an upward flight beyond
the sky.

TRANSLATABLE PUNS.

The lectures of a Greek philosopher were attended by a young girl of exquisite beauty. One day a grain of sand got into her eye, and being unable to extricate it herself, she requested his assistance. As he was observed to perform this little operation with a zeal which perhaps a less beautiful eye might not have commanded, somebody called out to him, *Μη την κορην διαφθειρης*, "*don't ruin the pupil.*"

Cicero said of a man who had ploughed up the ground in which his father was buried, *Hoc est vere colere monumentum patris*, "*This is really cultivating one's father's memory.*"

At a time when public affairs were in a very unsettled state, M. de G., who squinted horribly, asked Talleyrand how things were going on ; "*Mais, comme vous voyez, monsieur,*" "*Why, as you see, sir.*"

During the reign of Buonaparte, when an arrogant soldiery affected to despise all civilians, Talleyrand asked a certain officer what he meant by calling people *péquins* (Pekins, Chinese). "It is a name we give to all who are not military," said he. "Ah, yes," replied Talleyrand ; "just as we others call military who are not civil." "*Nous appelons péquin tout ce qui n'est pas militaire.*" "Eh, oui ! comme nous autres nous appelons militaire tous ceux qui ne sont pas civiles."

The Marquis de Bièvre was a celebrated punster in the reign of Louis XIV. The king, having heard of his propensity, one day desired to hear a pun of his. "Sire," said the Marquis, be pleased to give me a subject." "*De me donner un sujet.*" "Take myself," said the king. "Sire," replied Bièvre, "the king is not a subject" "*le roi n'est pas un sujet.*"



A CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY.

By J. D. ROBERTSON.

Améliorer l'homme par la terre et la terre par l'homme.

—*Darmetry.*

One of the most hopeful signs of our day is the increasing attention given to the rescue of neglected children. The generation is just passing away that began in real earnest to care for the little waifs and strays of humanity in our centres of population. Philanthropists have at last seen that it is by prevention, mainly, that crime, pauperism, and vice are to be kept under. Slowly has the world learned to transplant the children of neglect from the hot-beds of vice and crime into the soil of virtue, truth, and soberness. Much has been accomplished in Great Britain in this one direction, as may be seen from the fact that juvenile crime has decreased nearly fifty per cent. within the last fifty years.

How many neglected children we have already in our infant community, and how many are annually born to be neglected, who shall say? In the older lands, starvation and a rigorous climate kill off not a few of these unfortunates; but here they will live, for as yet, at least, there is food somehow for all, and but little shelter or fire is needed, even in our coldest months.

It is positively hideous that we allow children to grow up vicious, dissolute, and insubordinate. We isolate the house with smallpox, but we allow a far worse thing than the spread of that or any other disease, when we permit boys and girls to live and grow up in dens of shame, to become, at maturity, vagrants, drunkards, and debased women. These young colonies should resolve and determine to have neither the disease of pauperism, nor that of vice and crime, within their borders; and that, therefore, the infected must not have the rearing of the children, though they be their parents.

Society must protect itself; it must awake to its best interests. Let children grow up neglected in our lanes and slums and they will make us pay very dearly for our folly. They will grow up the foes of order and virtue, to hate the rich and the honest. They will endanger both property and life. Allowed by society to be cuffed, beaten, and starved in their childhood, they will repay it all, when grown up, in being the enemies of social and civilised life. Even from the most selfish of reasons, we, as a people, should care for the children of neglect. As Mr. Brace puts it, "Why should the 'street rat,' as the police call him, whose home in sweet childhood was a box or deserted cellar, whose food was crumbs begged or bread stolen, who never had a friend, who never heard of duty to society or God—why should he feel himself under any of the restraints of civilisation or of Christianity? Why should he be anything but a garroter or thug? The neglect of the poor and criminal is fearfully repaid."

Few can have any idea what one child, left to grow up a criminal, costs a country. To save a child may cost us, to-day, a few pounds; but to watch the same as grown into a criminal—say a burglar—to try him—to punish him—and, it may be, to feed his children when he is in prison, may cost hundreds and even thousands. We read of a family of three boys in New York, three brothers, two of whom were rescued and saved, the third was left in the streets, and, in a very few years, he cost his State, at least, £570 in mere money, not to speak of the suffering his crimes entailed on the innocent, and his bad example into the bargain.

It will repay us as a people a hundred times over to care for our neglected children. How one vicious family may poison a nation's springs of life is well illustrated in the example of "Margaret" and her sisters—a frequently quoted case. A century after Margaret lived there was found to be among the descendants of this woman and her sisters, 128 prostitutes and 76 criminals, not to mention many others who were worthless, diseased, and dependent paupers. Let us look after our "Margarets."

In Victoria, our Industrial Schools have been broken up, and the children boarded out. These wards of the State are everywhere doing well, and are under the care of many ladies, who deserve all praise for their voluntary help in work so truly beneficent. What boarding out has done for such children, elsewhere, is instructive. Take Edinburgh for example, where, we are informed by the highest authority that, out of a thousand children thus provided for, only ten have turned out badly. Those who advocate the keeping of children in asylums forget that the child's "first birthright is a home." Better far for a boy, and especially a girl, to grow up in a bark cabin with a mud floor, with poor but decent people, than in a palatial asylum, with electric light, gas and water laid on, and its cooking and washing done by steam. In the one case the child has a home, in the other he is but a little wheel in an overwhelmingly big machine.

It is to the United States and to New York that we must look for the best illustration of good work done for neglected children. America is a better guide in such affairs than Europe, inasmuch as our circumstances better correspond with it than with older lands. It is in New York City that we have the largest and best organised Children's Aid Society in the world. The circumstances of New York are singular, ever demanding from its philanthropists unusual care and ceaseless toil. It is the chief port of entry for the great stream of emigrants that annually flows westward from Europe. As this stream eddies and whirls in this city for a little while on arrival, it may

be but hours, or days, before moving westward, it ever leaves behind it some little of its *debris* in the shape of the lazy, feeble, sick, and dissolute. Hence it comes to pass that there are as many neglected Italian children in New York as in Rome, German as in Berlin, Irish as in Cork. The Children's Aid Society of New York is thus forced to untiring efforts, in order to keep abreast of these ceaseless additions to the normal poverty, vice, and wretchedness of a great seaport and populous city.

The New York Children's Aid Society has now been more than thirty years at work, and has accordingly a large and rich stock of experience to fall back upon. It has its schools, reformatories, health resorts, creches, lodging houses, and emigration scheme. It has its agents by the hundred, paid and voluntary. Its working expenses amounted in 1884 to above forty-three thousand pounds, besides thirteen thousand spent on buildings.

Emigration is the watchword of this Society. For this a wide field is found in the Western States, where population is sparse and bread is in plenty. In these new lands the Society has no difficulty in finding homes for all the boys and girls they rescue from the streets. In the first year of the Society's existence, 207 children were sent forth, and in 1884, no fewer than 3400. This last number strikes us with surprise, and we have difficulty in realising it, and this all the more that this work has been going on year after year since 1854—a period of over thirty years.

The methods adopted for this great system of emigration are extremely simple. The Society is now so well known in the city, that many wretched mothers, slaves of drink, hopeless and homeless, bring their children to the offices of the Society or to some of their many lodging-houses or schools, and give them up to its care. Little vagrants come in of their own accord. But agents are employed besides to gather in the outcasts. Men and women, who are well acquainted with the dens and slums of the city, are ever going forth gathering in these neglected strays, that if left to grow up would become criminals and social pests. The

ways are almost innumerable by which these wild things are secured—captured for their own and their country's good.

The Society is not known alone in the city, but throughout not a few of the States of the Union, especially those in the West, and its agents have a good idea where lie the best fields for its operations. At the first starting of their scheme of emigration, the Committee of the Society scattered circulars far and wide over country districts, telling of their work, and how they desired to find homes for their little wards. But now an agent, well acquainted with his work, goes forth to some likely country districts, and selects one where he sees good promise of many children being wanted. He generally fixes upon some railroad village as a centre, and there advertises that on a certain day a hundred or two hundred children will arrive for distribution among those who may apply for them. As a rule a great crowd awaits the arrival of the little emigrants, who travel under the care of one of the officers of the Society.

Immediately on their arrival a public meeting is called, and a committee of ladies and gentlemen of the place is formed to arrange for the due distribution of the emigrants. Each applicant has to come before this committee, to some of whom he is sure to be known; and thus the children are spread abroad, roughly and readily it is true, but as the experience of thirty years has proved, on the whole fairly and well.

Just think, courteous reader, of one Society sending off a couple of hundred children a week all the year round on these lines! And yet this is what is being done at this present time in New York, to the undoubted gain of all concerned.

The children are never indentured; the foster parents are at liberty to part with the children, and the children on their part are at liberty also. Both sides are in this way put on their good behaviour, knowing that it depends entirely on themselves whether the bond be loosed, or strengthened as the years run on.

This plan is found to work well—the cases are rare indeed when a child

absconds; it is rarer still for the foster parent to give up the child. A very large proportion of the children become virtually children of the homes in which they are thus placed, and find at last in their foster parents parents indeed. There are rich ladies in New York—as for example, Mrs. J. J. Astor—that annually send forth through this society large parties of these emigrants. This lady has sent out no less than 1100 at her own cost.

No such scheme as this could be carried out without awakening opposition, and many have in times past charged it with great evils; as for example, that the children did badly and were cruelly treated. These charges compelled the Society to commission its agents to inquire into the well-being of its wards, to the ultimate gain of the good work—the result of those inquiries having been exceedingly satisfactory. For example, an agent visited a neighbourhood in the State of Michigan, where sixty-two children had been placed twenty years before. He was able to trace forty-seven out of the sixty-two—men and women doing well; most of them married, and comfortably settled in homes of their own.

In another instance, strict inquiries were set afoot as to the well-being of some hundreds of these children, and it was proved that only two per cent. had turned out badly. As it is truly observed, one bad case makes a noise, but the good and commonplace are never heard of.

The very fact that this Society has for thirty years been enlisting an ever-increasing number of supporters, and among these the State of New York itself, and annually sending forth a larger number of emigrants, are sufficient proof that the plan of emigration works well.

Wherever we look—whether to the opinions as expressed before our own Commission on Industrial Schools, or to those of authorities in Europe and America—we shall find that the best asylum for a neglected child is a *farm-house*. Of the 74,000 sent forth by this Society of New York, only one here and there—not one per cent.—has fallen into the hands of the police.

There is something about farm life—its variety of occupation, its freedom, its out-of-door exercise, that is both wholesome and restorative alike to mind and body. It is on the farm and in the farmhouse that children learn to do a great variety of things, that they daily breathe that spirit of independence and self-reliance which lays the axe to the root of the upas-tree of pauperism and its many attendant ills.

Above all else, we must have *homes* for our neglected children, and *individual training*; now, these indispensable factors this plan of emigration secures. We must send youthful labour where it is most in demand, and nowhere is it so much needed as on the farms of a newly-settled country. The children of the reprobate must needs be completely separated from their parents and their parents' associates, and this is best secured by a removal into the bush. All this may be done at a very small expense, which, as a rule, ceases from the hour the child gets a home.

Nor is it to be forgotten that this plan gives to many a farmer and his wife an opportunity of practical benevolence, exercising charity, self-denial, and patience on their side, developing the good in them which otherwise might never be called into action. The late admirable Professor Fawcett objected to this scheme that it did more for the offspring of the worthless than many honest folk would do for their own. Mr. Brace (to whose book and reports I am much indebted) replies, "We will do the same for honest people's boys and girls, if they will give us them, but they will not;" and the statement is not true, at any rate, in this colony.

What is being done with such good effect in America may well be done in Australia, especially in the capitals and larger centres of population. The system of boarding-out adopted by the State in three of our colonies, and by some of our orphanages, points the way to such a scheme.

Here the State can furnish free transport on its railroads, and never were free passes more to purpose than in the placing out our neglected children in country homes. Then again,

we have committees of ladies already in existence, to whose care are committed the boarded-out and licensed wards of the State—ladies who would right gladly care for any other neglected children that might find homes in their neighbourhood.

The recent disclosures in England, and the rapid growth of a larrikin class in our large cities, not to speak of an increasing number of young criminals, and the lack of parental control so common in our colonial life, press upon us the need of doing more and more to save young lives from the fearful consequences of neglect. Let us have one Children's Aid Society at least in each of our capitals; a Society that shall fling its shield over the little ones, and defend them from the cruelty, moral, and often physical, of worthless parents and guardians, so called. Already we have societies to shield the dumb brute from cruelty; as much and more need the children our protection. For, oh the cruelty! Not only bruised, beaten, and starved by drunken parents, but for ever defiled by sights, language, and example; so that virtue becomes impossible, and purity a thing unknown.

If reckless parents, worse than savages in morals, will not provide their children with a home, worthy of the name, in God's name let the community do so. When parents refuse any duty to their offspring, the country must supersede them, even for its own sake. If wretched mothers will lend, give, sell their offspring to lust and crime, society must take them from their damning power, and place them where they may grow up decent citizens. Civilized men, and still more Christians, should not allow any man to teach his boys to curse instead of to pray, to steal instead of to work, to be indecent and unclean instead of being chaste and pure. If our neighbours bred snakes to let them go in our streets, or tigers to set them free in our forests, they would soon be made to stop their work; and these very boys and girls of neglect are more dangerous to the community than a snake or a beast of prey.

No one can be so foolish as to imagine that we shall sweep our streets

altogether clean of vice and crime by any one means, however excellent. Vagrants and criminals we shall still have ; but we need not have nurseries of crime and vice—we need not have trained criminals, abandoned and vicious from the cradle to the grave. Besides, we ought to give every child born in these rich colonies a chance

for life, a chance for a life worth living. We cannot begin the work too soon. One child neglected now, may be another “Margaret” of Melbourne or Sydney. Never was there nobler work than the rescue of neglected children—never work which will produce such rich fruit both for them and for those who undertake it.

WOMAN'S TONGUE.

By J. J. REYNOLDS.

Oh tell me whence there steals a tone,
Sweeter than syren ever sung ;
When man would claim her as his own,
To live and die for her alone ?
It is from woman's tongue.

And say whence bursts the cruel word,
From manhood's eye that tears hath wrung,
Which when the hopeless ear hath heard,
Makes life a page soil'd, blotch'd, and blurr'd ?
It is from woman's tongue.

And say whence flows the sentence sweet,
Unto a husband's brain o'erstrung ;
That bids his heart more calmly beat,
And cool the pulse, its fever heat ?
It is from woman's tongue.

And say whence boils the nagging phrase,
With drops of bitterness o'erhung ;
That sets man's temper in a blaze,
Making him rue his married days ?
It is from woman's tongue.

And say whence comes the silly prattle
A certain coterie among,
When words and voices loudly rattle,
In idle talk and tittle-tattle ?
It is from woman's tongue.

And say whence springs as noble thought
As ever o'er the wide world rung ;
As ever sires their children taught,
Pen chronicled, or echo caught ?
It is from woman's tongue.

JACOBI'S WIFE.

BY ADELINE SERGEANT.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.

Constantine Jacobi stood on the doorstep of Gilbert's House in Cheyne Walk. He was dressed with remarkable care and precision; he had a flower in his button hole, and a little polished cane in his hand. There was something about him almost jauntily self-satisfied and self-possessed. He hummed a tune to himself as he turned his face to the bright glancing river, where the spring sunshine laughed in every ripple, and gave a look of gaiety even to the coal-black barges and puffing steamers as they passed each other on the great highway of London.

The door was quickly opened. He asked for Mrs. Vanborough, and was shown into the drawing-room. Merle came out from the studio and closed the door behind her.

She bowed when she saw him, but offered no more friendly greeting. Her fair face was rather cold and proud; she disliked Constantine Jacobi, and did not greatly care to hide her dislike.

"I shall bring you to your knees to me some day, young lady," was Jacobi's inward thought as he made his own graceful, supple obeisance, with almost an exaggerated show of respect.

"I will not detain you long," he said. "I merely wish to take the liberty of inquiring after Miss Vanborough's health."

"Miss Vanborough's health?"

Merle looked as if she thought she had not heard him aright.

"Curse her insolence!" Jacobi said to himself, but he proceeded in his most gracious and conciliatory style.

"Pardon me, if I intrude. I feared that Clarice—Miss Vanborough—

might be fatigued with her journey, and I therefore called to inquire."

He seemed about to take his departure. Merle flushed crimson as she answered him.

"But I do not understand you. Where is Clarice?"

Jacobi, who had turned to the door, wheeled round now with a keen, suspicious glance.

"She is here, of course," he said.

"Indeed, she is not," said Merle, seriously. "She has not been inside the house."

The livid change that came over Jacobi's face surprised and almost shocked her. He looked so fierce, so wild, that it was with difficulty that she continued—

"We heard from Mrs. Danvers that she was too ill to come on Tuesday. We expected her to-day."

Then, as Jacobi still looked white with rage, or fear, or dismay, she asked—

"Why? Has there been some mistake? Has she——"

"She left Charnwood on Tuesday," said Jacobi, between his teeth. And then he looked Merle threateningly in the face.

"You are not hiding her? You are sure she has not been in the house? You do not know where she is?"

"I will ask my husband to speak to you, Mr. Jacobi," said Merle, with a world of dignity in her gentle tones and fair face. It was the only answer she gave him. But as she left the room she was startled to hear a growl of impotent rage from the dark-eyed Spaniard, whose visits she had already learnt to dread.

"It is Antonia's doing. She has played me false, as I thought she would."

Then followed a few ominous sounding words in Spanish, from the hearing of which Merle was glad to escape. She entered the studio, where she found Gilbert in a waiting attitude.

"What does he want now?" he asked, hoarsely, seeing that his wife's face had grown pale.

She told him hurriedly what had occurred, and soon saw that his anxiety equalled, if it did not surpass, that of Jacobi's. He seemed completely overcome by the news, and showed a reluctance to encounter Clarice's baffled suitor which Merle found surprising. However, in time he consented to face Constantine Jacobi; but he insisted on doing so alone, and carefully drew the curtain across the door as soon as he had closed it. He did not wish a word of the conversation that he expected would follow to be heard by Merle.

His expectations were realised to the full. Jacobi set no bounds to the manifestation of his anger. Possibly he had motives of policy in letting loose its full tide on Gilbert Vanborough. He raved, he stamped, he swore vengeance, he all but foamed at the mouth in impotent fury. If Gilbert had known anything of Clarice's whereabouts, he would certainly have been confused or forced into some admission of his knowledge; but, as he was entirely ignorant, he could, of course, give no information, and all Jacobi's frenzy produced no effect. Gilbert was terribly distressed at this unforeseen change in the course of events; but he could not suggest a course of action. Moreover, however anxious he might be to trace his sister, his state of health would not admit of his taking a very active part in the search. What he could do he would. He spoke of Scotland Yard; but Jacobi hesitated about putting the police in possession of any facts which might lead them to make inquiries respecting himself. He said, therefore, that he thought a search might be instituted without the aid of a detective.

He went down to Charnwood almost immediately, and informed Sir Wilfred

of Clarice's disappearance. The old man, in his grief and anger, cried out, with scarcely a pause for reflection—

"She has gone to Nigel Tremaine."

Jacobi had arrived at the same conclusion. He had hard work to calm the storm of sorrow and fury which his news had raised. He was glad to find that it did not at once induce another paralytic seizure, which might have been fatal; he had feared that the agitation might be too much for the old man's feeble frame, and he had broken the news to him with as much gentleness as possible. When at last he saw him fairly calm and collected, he obtained Sir Wilfred's leave to set to work in the manner he desired. His own violence of manner had disappeared when he left Gilbert's house. Possibly it had been partially assumed, for the sake of frightening Clarice's brother into confession, if he had anything to confess. Certainly, during his journey to Charnwood his face had worn a very different expression from the one with which he had confronted Merle and Gilbert; an expression of dark and subtle consideration of the whole matter, rather than one of unreasoning anger.

What could this disappearance mean? How had Antonia Danvers been gained over to Clarice's side? Jacobi thought his accomplice a hard and cold woman, possibly a cruel one. Tenderness was in his eyes a weakness, and he credited her with it no more than with stupidity. She must have had some motive of self-interest in abandoning him and his fortunes in this way. And probably Nigel Tremaine had supplied that motive.

He left Sir Wilfred to the care of his attendant, and summoned old Martin to the library. Martin could tell him nothing. One by one the other servants were examined, but they also knew nothing. Mr. Tremaine had not been near the house to the best of their knowledge. They had carried no letters or messages for Miss Clarice or for Mrs. Danvers. Last of all came Betsy Blane. And as soon as he saw her, Jacobi knew that she was implicated in the affair. She looked frightened; that was nothing; so did all the servants. She had been crying;

but that was nothing too. All the women about the place had been crying. But she was pale where she was generally red, and her eyes shifted uneasily from place to place. Jacobi looked at her critically, and allowed a smile to appear upon his face.

"Why, Betsy, you must not be frightened," he said in his most insinuating tones. "I am not going to hurt you. I only want you to tell me about the letter you took for Mrs. Danvers, you know."

It was a mere random stroke, but he saw that it told. Betsy's limbs began to tremble under her.

"There was but one letter I took to the post," she said, faintly. "And that was Monday night; I remember it well."

"Why do you remember it so well, Betsy?"

"Because my new gown was finished that day, and I wore it down the street, said Betsy, in a more confident tone.

"Your new gown. Yes; one you had bought for yourself?"

"Nay, not I. It was one that Mrs. Danvers gave me. And a kinder lady I never did see, nor a cleverer," said Betsy, wiping her eyes with her apron.

"Gave you a gown, did she? What was that for?"

"I'd made myself useful," said Betsy with a sob.

"I am sure you had. You had run errands for her, no doubt; posted letters, given messages, and so on. Quite right, too, Betsy."

"I never did much for her beyond my usual work," said Betsy. "Only once or twice across the park, as it might be, with a letter——"

She stopped and looked frightened to death.

"A letter—yes; to whom?" said Jacobi.

"That's telling," responded the girl, sullenly.

"To whom did you carry a letter across the park?"

Betsy Blane was silent.

"Very well. If you do not answer my questions you will go out of the house in an hour's time, without a character. You have your choice. Now then. To whom did you take a

letter, Betsy Blane? You had better tell it to me than stand before a magistrate and be compelled to tell it to him," said Jacobi, in a curiously threatening tone. "And then go to prison afterwards."

The girl shuddered and burst into a tempest of tears.

"Oh, lawks, sir," she sobbed, "don't send me to prison and I'll tell you. It was to Mr. Tremaine, and he gave me a half-crown for it, he did."

With a few more adroit questions, Jacobi learnt the history of her taking a paper that Mrs. Danvers had given her across the park to Nigel Tremaine; and he was soon convinced that Clarice and Mrs. Danvers had both spoken to Nigel a short time before the message was conveyed. It was quite enough evidence, to his mind, to prove that collusion had existed between Mrs. Danvers and Tremaine. And the conviction of Mrs. Danvers' treachery was a shock to him from which he found it hard to recover. That *she* should turn against him seemed the most unlikely thing in the world; and yet that very thing had come to pass. It was almost incredible.

His next step was to obtain from the servants a description of the dress in which Clarice and Mrs. Danvers had last appeared. He noted down the details in a pocket-book. "Red dress, sealskin jacket, black bonnet with red roses in it, Indian shawl." Mrs. Danvers had been dressed in black, but her waving fringe of golden hair was so noticeable, that he did not think he should have much difficulty in giving a fair idea of her appearance to persons whom he wished to interest in the search.

These matters done, he walked to the station and took a train which set him down not ten minutes' walk from Beechhurst. He wanted to ascertain, without showing himself, whether Nigel Tremaine was at home or not, and he soon satisfied himself on that point; for, in walking towards the house, he encountered Nigel strolling lazily down a green lane with his hands behind him, and a cigar in his mouth. His manner was, as usual, careless and cool; but his raised eyebrows expressed some surprise at Jacobi's

appearance; and when Jacobi, with some audacity, accosted him, he asked his business in a tone which warned his visitor to be upon his guard.

"My business," said Jacobi, "is to inform you—if you are not already well acquainted with the fact—that Miss Vanborough left Charnwood on Tuesday afternoon in order to go to her brother's house at Chelsea, and that she has not since been seen or heard of."

"Indeed!" Nigel looked grave and concerned as he spoke. "May I ask, then, why you come here?"

"I come to you to know where she is. You have hidden her somewhere—you ran off with her—you—by heaven, you shall tell me!" He began calmly enough, but almost immediately his voice roughened, his face worked, his eyes sent out a lurid flame of wrath.

"I tell you?" said Nigel, throwing away the end of his cigar, and seeming to think it scarcely worth while to cast a glance in Jacobi's direction. "Is it likely that I should know anything of Miss Vanborough's movements? And, if I did, should I tell you? This is a private road," he went on, in rather a sharper tone. "I suppose you know that you are trespassing. Nixon!" A man appeared from one of the hedges—a strong-looking fellow in a velveteen coat—and touched his hat. "Show this person out," said his master, turning away. "You had better not come here again," he advised Jacobi.

"You will answer for this to Sir Wilfred Vanborough," Jacobi called after him, with a tigerish longing to rush upon the graceful lounging figure in the easy suit of grey tweed, set his fingers in the fair English throat, and see those keen blue eyes grow dim. His hatred of Nigel Tremaine amounted almost to a passion. It supplied the absence of love for Clarice in the motive power that ruled his actions. The dangers surrounding his enterprise were assuming forms of such magnitude that he had several times been tempted to let it go and seek safety in South America once more. But his desire to triumph over Nigel Tremaine and Geoffrey Vanborough would not let him yield even to his fears. On the first suspicion that the identification

which meant exposure was imminent, Jacobi had long made up his mind that he would go. But he did not see as yet how his enemies could accomplish that identification for at least some weeks; and if he could have persuaded Sir Wilfred to let him marry Clarice in the interim he would willingly have done so. He certainly did not believe that his wife was living, but, had he known of her existence the fact would have had little influence over him. So long as he could have been sure that he would not be prosecuted for bigamy, he would have gone through the form of a marriage to Clarice with a sense only of mocking triumph in the sorrow, and shame, and humiliation that he would thus bring upon the Vanborough family, and upon Nigel Tremaine himself.

He turned away from Beechhurst, furious and rather bewildered. Tremaine was at home, it was true; but had he been at home on the day when Clarice disappeared?

He tried to extract some information from the man who had accompanied him down the lane, but with little success.

"Your master is a good deal at home now?" he said.

A grunt was the only response.

"Has he been away this week?"

"Not as I knows on," was the sulky and unwilling response.

Jacobi felt himself baffled, although he believed that the man was not speaking the truth. Nixon, however, did speak the truth—as far as he knew it. Mr. Tremaine had been away for one night, but Nixon was not aware of the fact.

Jacobi went back to London, pausing awhile on his way at the Junction to make inquiries. The station-master remembered the ladies who had asked for a carriage for themselves very well. It was on Tuesday afternoon, and this was Thursday. Yes, he remembered the lady with yellow curls on the forehead, and the invalid young lady too. Was sure that they went on to London. They had a lot of luggage with them. He advised Jacobi to ascertain what had become of that luggage at King's Cross. Jacobi found the boxes belonging to Miss Vanborough and Mrs.

Danvers at the Lost Property Office. He thought it advisable to leave them there for the present, with a man on the watch to see whether they were claimed or not. And then he fell to examining porters and officials on his own account, and he saw the guard of the train in which Mrs. Danvers and Clarice had travelled on the afternoon in question, but he gained no information at all. His mind reverted to the thought of Scotland Yard and a detective's office. He was disposed to place the matter in the hands of the police.

He was still standing in the station, having excited some curiosity, some wrath, and some sympathy by his questions, when a boy came up and touched him on the arm.

"I see two ladies, a oldish one and a young 'un, o' Tuesday afternoon, between four and five," he said. "They come asking me the way to the Metropolitan, and wouldn't let me carry their bag. I remember 'em."

Jacobi turned eagerly.

"What were they like? Had the lady light hair that curled on her forehead?"

"If she had," said the boy, dubiously, "I didn't see it."

"She wore spectacles?"

"No, she didn't."

Of that the lad was sure.

"You did not notice what the young lady wore? Had she a fur jacket, for instance?"

The lad shook his head.

"The girl looked like a servant, if it was the one I mean," he said. "She had on a grey shawl, and a veil tied over her face."

"And a red dress."

"No, a brown or a black one. Something dull and sober like."

Jacobi shrugged his shoulders.

"They cannot be the ladies of whom I am in search," he said.

"Wait a bit," said the boy, cunningly.

"Now, do you happen to know the name of that 'ere young lady?"

"Why?"

"You tell me it, and I'll tell you why. What's her initials?"

Jacobi paused a moment, then answered slowly, "Her name was Miss Clarice Vanborough. Her initials are C. D. V."

He remembered that her second name was Dorinda.

The boy winked knowingly. "I knew it," he said. "And this 'ere handkercher was what she dropped, a-going into the other railway station. See here!"

He drew from his pocket a white handkerchief with an embroidered crest and initials in one corner. The crest was the Vanborough crest; the initials were C. D. V.

"What'll you give me for it?" said the boy.

"They went to the Underground, did they? What tickets did they take? Did you hear?"

"What'll you give me, if I tell you?"

Jacobi held up half-a-crown.

"Make it five shillings," said the lad, "and I'll tell you, and give you the hanky into the bargain."

Jacobi gave him the five shillings and received the handkerchief in return.

"Bishopsgate Street," said the boy, as he pocketed the money. "I was behind 'em with another person's luggage. I'd swear to it if necessary Bishopsgate it was; third-class. Do anything more for you, sir?"

"Your name and address," said Jacobi, and, having written them down in his pocket book, he made his way to the Metropolitan Station. Here, of course, he met with no success. Clerks and officials were much too busy to have noticed the appearance of any couple of ordinary passengers, and could certainly remember nothing of what had happened two days ago. Jacobi retired baffled, both at King's Cross and Bishopsgate Street, and returned to Chelsea to consult in a more friendly spirit with Gilbert.

The girl who dropped the handkerchief was evidently Clarice Vanborough; but Jacobi was puzzled by the declaration of the lad that she wore a brown dress and grey shawl. It seemed impossible that she could have stopped anywhere on the way to change her clothes, and yet she had quitted Charnwood in very different raiment; in rich colours and costly furs, which might of themselves have excited remark. And the boy's failure to notice Mrs. Danvers' golden hair suggested a new possibility

to Jacobi's mind. Could Clarice have been separated from her companion and handed over to Nigel Tremaine's accomplices? But, then, Mrs. Danvers would surely have claimed her boxes, and presented herself at Charnwood to clear herself from the imputation of carelessness or treachery. She had seemed so faithful, so devoted to Jacobi's interests that her defection was the greatest blow to his case that it could well have received. And yet she was missing, and Clarice was missing too.

Jacobi and Gilbert took counsel with one another, and decided upon placing the matter in the hands of a detective. The officer whom they employed was a civil, melancholy-looking man named Gale; clever enough, perhaps, but by no means gifted with supernatural sagacity.

The "mysterious disappearance of a young lady" soon got into the papers and began to be talked about; but the utmost publicity in this case seemed to produce no result at all.

The following advertisement was speedily seen in all the leading newspapers of the day:—

"Two Hundred Pounds Reward.—Missing, a young lady, aged twenty; five feet four inches in height, pale complexion, dark eyes and hair, delicate in appearance and health. Left X—— Junction for King's Cross on Tuesday, the 20th inst.; was traced to Bishopsgate Street Station; has not since been heard of. Wore on leaving home a red cashmere dress, trimmed with velvet, sealskin and beaver jacket, black bonnet with red roses, fur-lined gloves, buttoned boots, linen marked C.D.V.; supposed to be in company with a lady about forty, dressed in black, with light hair curling on the forehead, pale complexion, wearing spectacles. The above reward will be paid to any person or persons who may give such information as will lead to the discovery of the young lady now missing."

The address of an eminent firm of solicitors was added below.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE ESCAPE.

At X—— Junction ten minutes had to be passed. The wind was cold, and

the station not a comfortable one; Mrs. Danvers had thought it advisable, therefore, to wrap a large, dark, waterproof cloak round her companion's figure, and tie a gauze veil over her face before they left the railway carriage. Clarice did not object; she was very gentle and subdued; but the heaviness of her wraps made it uncomfortable for her to walk, and she was glad to take refuge in the waiting room, while Mrs. Danvers interviewed the porters and the guard in turn, and secured a first-class carriage for Clarice and herself by well-timed gratuities to these officials.

The train went through to King's Cross without stopping. The journey would occupy rather more than fifty minutes. Mrs. Danvers established her charge in a corner of the railway carriage, and smiled as the train moved off.

They passed out of the station; away from the town, across a stretch of flat and undulating country. Mrs. Danvers rose up and pulled the blue curtains across the windows, then took down the black bag from the netting above her head and opened it.

"Clarice, my darling," she said, "I want to make a little alteration in your bonnet. Let me take it off."

Clarice allowed her to remove her headgear, then leaned back and closed her eyes. Had she opened them she would have seen Mrs. Danvers take a pair of scissors from her bag and begin to cut the threads with which the scarlet flower and the Spanish lace were sewn—lightly sewn indeed, judging from the ease with which they were unfastened. Then Mrs. Danvers took out a black ribbon and fastened it to the top and sides of the bonnet, leaving enough for strings. Thus disembarassed of the lace and flowers which had been piled upon it, the bonnet was a simple one enough—one with a slight poke, such as was then customary—a bonnet which might have been worn by a respectable girl of the lower middle class. When this transformation was effected, Mrs. Danvers heaped the lace and flowers into her bag.

Then she spoke to Clarice again.

"I am going to alter your dress a little, dear. Let me take off your jacket."

Clarice's eyes began to assume a bewildered expression, but her limbs were perfectly passive. Without a word she allowed herself to be divested of her sealskin. Then Mrs. Danvers slipped over her head the plain brown skirt that she had recently been making, and tied it round her waist. It had been made long enough to conceal every vestige of the red cashmere dress. Mrs. Danvers proceeded to endue her with a close woollen jacket, and, over it, the thick grey shawl that she had lately bought "for the old woman in the village." Then she tied the simple black bonnet under her chin, replaced her furred gloves by black woollen ones, and looked at her critically. Nothing remained of Clarice Vanborough, in appearance, but the white face and melancholy dark eyes, which were too striking when once noticed to be easily forgotten. Mrs. Danvers fastened the black gauze veil upon the bonnet, but did not, as yet, draw it down over the girl's face; then she smiled a little to herself.

"Who could tell her for Miss Vanborough, now?" she said. "She looks like a village girl coming up to London for the first time in her life. She is not half fine enough for a lady's-maid."

The grey shawl was a comfortable wrap, and Clarice hardly seemed conscious of the change in her dress. The common woollen gloves seemed to trouble her, however. She looked at them with evident dissatisfaction, and was not content until Mrs. Danvers had taken them off again.

Into the capacious black bag went the sealskin jacket, the furred gloves, the Indian shawl. And then Mrs. Danvers proceeded to make an alteration in her own toilette—an alteration of a somewhat startling character.

She took off her bonnet and laid it on the seat beside her. Then she took off her spectacles and put them away. Next she manipulated her hair a little. The golden plaits came off very easily; then the waving fringe which had descended almost to her eyebrows. Thus denuded, it might have been seen that Mrs. Danvers had beneath her plaits and her frizzles a beautiful head of hair of her own, straight and smooth as satin, and black as a raven's wing.

She showed the false hair to Clarice with a smile, but said nothing as she placed it in her bag. Then, she took out a handkerchief and a little bottle, and rubbed her face, sometimes energetically, sometimes delicately, for a minute or two. The handkerchief brought away a good deal of colour, and left her face much whiter than it had been before.

Two more changes had to be made. Mrs. Danvers changed her boots. Those that she placed in her bag were curiously unlike. The left foot had a much thicker sole and higher heel than the right one. If Betsy Blane had seen them she might (if she had been clever enough) have found a reason for the fact which had often perplexed her, the fact that Mrs. Danvers never sent her boots downstairs to be blacked. She had a fluid preparation which she used herself, Mrs. Danvers used to say, and that she liked much better than ordinary blacking.

Then she exchanged her cloak for the dark waterproof, which she had previously given Clarice to wear. And, thus equipped, it could be easily seen that Mrs. Danvers was neither lame nor deformed, that she was a dark woman, with a pale and steadfast face, and that her dark eyes had no need of spectacles at all. Mrs. Danvers was transformed.

Clarice looked up and gave a start of terror. Mrs. Danvers came and sat beside her.

"Don't be afraid," she said in her ear. "I am the same as ever. You love me a little, don't you?"

Clarice held out her hands to her. Her lips moved, but Mrs. Danvers could not catch her reply. She kissed the girl's pale cheek, and noticed with satisfaction that the look of terror was disappearing from her eyes; then returned to the task of concealing the garments that she had doffed in her bag.

Finally, she wrapped a black shawl round her shoulders and drew down her veil; then, took her place once more at Clarice's side, held the girl's hand in a firm but kindly clasp, and waited, erect and motionless, for the slackening of the train's pace.

Finsbury Park was past; York Road, King's Cross came next. Porters were

seen running along the platform—one or two looked in at the carriage-window, from which Mrs. Danvers had pulled back the curtain. Her own veil was down, Clarice's also, and they were both sitting at the corner furthest from the door.

Mrs. Danvers rose concealing Clarice from view, and took the bag from the seat.

"No luggage," she said to the porter in firm tones. "No we don't want a cab. I can carry my bag myself."

The porter retired. The train stopped; the guard came up and unlocked the door.

"Your luggage is in the furthest van, ma'am," he said to Mrs. Danvers, confidentially. He did not notice any change in her appearance, and he could not see the young lady who was with her. The day had been cloudy, and was already drawing to a close. The lamps had not yet been lighted, and the carriage was nearly dark.

Mrs. Danvers gave him a shilling and thanked him. He walked onwards down the platform, and as soon as he was gone Mrs. Danvers turned round and took Clarice by the hand.

"Now, my dear," she said, "come."

The two figures, veiled and muffled, passed through a jostling crowd of passengers and porters without remark. Mrs. Danvers did not pause until she was out of the station; then, she waited for a moment and looked round.

"Carry your bag for you, mum?"

A boy stood near her with a truck, on which various bags and boxes had already been deposited. He was going to wheel them down the road to the Metropolitan Station.

"No thank you. Is this the way to the Underground Railway?"

"Right you are, mum. I'm going there. Walk alongside of me and you'll see where I go. Carry your bag for you, if you like."

Mrs. Danvers refused the offer. The bag was not heavy, and she did not like to trust it out of her own hand. This refusal made the lad look at her twice, instead of conveying her luggage for her and merely thinking of the pay. He wondered "why folks would carry their own bags themselves, instead of grudging a poor cove a copper or two."

At the Metropolitan Station, Mrs. Danvers took a ticket for Bishopsgate Street. Arriving there in a quarter of an hour, she made her way, with Clarice's arm in hers, to Liverpool Street Station. Here they had a little time to wait, and she compelled the girl to drink some hot tea and eat a biscuit. Then she took another ticket, and led her silent companion once more to the train.

As Clarice seated herself in the third-class carriage, whither Mrs. Danvers had piloted her, she seemed to be seized by some new and perplexing emotion. She put up her veil and looked at Mrs. Danvers with quivering lips and startled eyes.

"Where are we going?" she asked, faintly.

"To Nigel," was Mrs. Danvers' prompt reply. And then she drew down the girl's veil, and told her to sit still and they would soon be at home.

They got out at Old Ford, a district situated beyond Bethnal Green, at the extreme east end. Once more Mrs. Danvers took Clarice by the arm and walked out with her from the station into the open road. She walked forward a little way, looking neither to the right nor left. Then, she stopped. Some landmark seemed to have caught her eye. She waited, put her bag down on the pavement beside her, and sighed.

The night had closed in, and a light rain was falling. The streets had a quiet look; there were few shops, and traffic seemed to be suspended. Not a cab was to be seen. Clarice shivered beneath her grey shawl, but did not say a word.

They had not long to wait. A man's figure, enveloped in a long great-coat, advanced with a quick, firm tread towards them. He hesitated, passed by the two women once, then turned round; Clarice had stretched out her hands to him with a sudden cry of "Nigel!" He had hardly recognised her in her disguise, but she had known him by his bearing and his tread.

"My love!" He put his arms round her and kissed her passionately. "My love! my own! my darling!" It was all that he could say. He had saved

her—he thought that he had saved her—at last ; it was not yet too late ; and never should she set foot in her father's house again until Nigel Tremaine himself could lead her thither as a free and happy wife ! It was this thought that prompted that sudden outburst of loving words, that tender clasp, that rain of kisses on cheek, and lip, and brow. The darkness favoured him ; for a moment he felt as if they two stood alone together in the universe, and could let the world go by, unknowing and unknown.

"Have we far to go?" said Mrs. Danvers, quietly.

Nigel came to himself with a start, and offered her his hand.

"I thank you," he said, simply yet earnestly ; "and some day Clarice will thank you too." Then with a resumption of his usual manner—"We have a quarter of an hour's walk before us. Let me take your bag. May I give you my arm? As we go, I will tell you the rest of our programme."

Mrs. Danvers declined his arm, which he gave to Clarice, who walked between the two. An unusual buoyancy seemed to pervade his whole being. His step was light, his voice cheerful, his keen blue eyes bright and proud. It was evident that he was sanguine about the future.

"Your journey was a successful one, then?" he said, almost gaily.

"I think so—yes. I do not think they can trace us. What have you to tell me, Mr. Tremaine?"

"First of all, you know, you must call me by my proper name," said Nigel, cheerfully. "I wish it was a less uncommon name, but, for Clarice's sake, I must not change it. I am Nigel Wilson, your nephew ; and this is my sister Caroline, whom we call Carry. We used to call you Carry once, did we not, my darling? You will not mind being called Carry again?"

"No," said the girl, looking up at him with wistful affection. "Not by you."

"And you are Mrs. Wilson," Nigel continued. "Wilson seemed to me, as I said in my letter, a convenient, ordinary kind of name that tells nothing. Your husband was a clergyman, now

dead. Your husband's brother, our father, was a lawyer. (That is true, in a sense ; my father did practise at the bar for some years ; but, of course, I have had to lay truth on one side). I am a commercial traveller—that explains my long absences from home—and my sister is in very delicate health. You have a small independence, but would be glad to give a few music lessons to eke out your slender means. I have not absolutely said all this, but I have said part and hinted the rest. Does *she* understand what she is to do?"

"No ; I have said nothing."

"I must prepare her then. Clarice, my darling?"

"Yes, Nigel."

"You know this lady? I want you to give her a new name. She is not Mrs. Danvers any longer ; she is Mrs. Wilson. Do you understand? You are never to call her Mrs. Danvers any more. Her name—to you—is——"

He hesitated a little. Mrs. Danvers finished the sentence.

"Aunt Mary," she said, quietly.

"Aunt Mary," said Nigel, with a certain momentary embarrassment, which he passed off with a faint laugh ; "Aunt Mary ; your aunt and mine. Let me hear you call her by her name."

Clarice looked at him and then at Mrs. Danvers. She did not understand, but she was obedient. She said the name submissively.

"Aunt Mary. Not Mrs. Danvers any longer. I will try to remember."

"And, my darling, don't say the name 'Mrs. Danvers' at all, if you can help it. If you do, do you know what will happen? I may have to go away from you and not see you for a long time. Remember that you are not to talk of Mrs. Danvers any more."

"I will try to remember," she said again, looking distressed.

"That will do," said Mrs. Danvers to Nigel, in a low tone. "That is enough for one night."

"And," said Nigel, rather more slowly, "I have followed my mother's counsel in one particular and brought my old nurse, Martha Judson, to town with me. She is more than sixty years of age, and has been in

our family forty years. She is thoroughly trustworthy and thoroughly kind, and can keep a secret to her life's end. We have always said of her that to tell Martha anything was like telling it into a grave; she never spoke of it again. You will find her at the house to which we are going."

Mrs. Danvers made no comment. She could well understand that Mrs. Tremaine had sent her faithful old servant somewhat as a check upon her actions, but she did not resent the implied suspicion. It was enough for her that Nigel did not manifest a similar feeling.

They stopped at last in a narrow side street, before an unpretentious-looking little house, one of a row of houses all alike.

"Number five, John Street, Old Ford," said Nigel, easily. "That is our address for the present. Our landlady's name is Snape—Mrs. Snape. She has a husband somewhere in the background, I believe."

He was talking with unusual vivacity, perhaps a little forced. Mrs. Danvers kept silence; Clarice trembled upon his arm.

He had laid his hand upon the little iron gate before the house, and was about to push it open, when Mrs. Danvers arrested him.

"One moment," said she. "You are risking something—on my recommendation. You are doubtful about the success of our experiment. If you like we can even now relinquish it. If you repent, I will take her back."

The smile had faded from Nigel's face. His eyes were as steady as her own. Not a muscle of his face quivered. He answered curtly—

"I shall never repent."

"You will weary of it?"

"Of nothing until I have made her my wife."

Mrs. Danvers bowed her head. Let us go in, then," she said, and pushed open the little gate.

Almost as soon as she had done so the front door opened. The landlady had been on the watch. She was a meek looking person, with a subdued and feeble voice, but she seemed obliging and respectful. A small servant hovered in the background.

Mistress and servant were vaguely surprised that there was no cab and no luggage.

"We are going to get our luggage presently," said Mrs. Danvers, in her quiet tones. "Are these the rooms? Yes, I think you have made a very good choice, Nigel."

Her instant adoption of the *rôle* she was to play gratified and astonished Nigel. His blue eyes danced with amusement. He turned to her with some slight answer on his lips; but the words died away before they were uttered. Mrs. Danvers had put up her veil. And then he perceived for the first time that she was a very different looking person from the Mrs. Danvers whom he had seen in the garden. She gave him a warning glance, however, which recalled him to a sense of his own part.

"Here is Martha," he said, as a grey-haired old woman in a cap advanced from an inner room to meet them, and the landlady still hovered in the rear.

"Well, Martha, how are you?" said Mrs. Danvers, shaking hands with the old servant, as if she had known her for the last twenty years. "I hope you find your room comfortable? I think we had better have some tea before we go out again, Nigel, and I will get Carry to bed at once. She is very tired, poor child. Ah! this is the bedroom."

The bedroom opened from the sitting-room by folding doors. Both rooms were on the first floor, and were of moderate size. The rooms that were to belong to Nigel and Martha respectively were on a higher story. Mrs. Danvers called the old servant to follow her and shut the door of communication between the two rooms. Nigel looked rather disconcerted by this sudden disappearance, but contented himself by directing Mrs. Snape to send up tea immediately. He had ordered what was a sumptuous repast to the inhabitants of John Street—eggs, bacon, mutton chops, and tea; and Mrs. Snape herself had added suggestions of Madeira cakes and marmalade. Moreover, Martha had been put by Mrs. Tremaine in charge of a hamper of country produce, which was likely

to be more acceptable to Clarice than the results of Mrs. Snape's cookery.

Nigel waited with some impatience for Mrs. Danvers' return.

"Isn't she coming back?" he asked, ruefully.

"She is tired," said Mrs. Danvers, smiling. "Besides, I have a little difficulty about clothes. I do not want her to be seen in those she was wearing at Charnwood. I must go out almost immediately, or the shops will be shut. Hush, say no more at present."

Tea was brought in. Mrs. Danvers carried in a cup to Clarice, as well as some food, which the girl was too weary and excited to touch; then ate and drank a little herself, and prepared to go out. Clarice was left under old Martha's charge. Nigel accompanied Mrs. Danvers.

She went to the Mile End Road and commenced a series of purchases, during some of which he was banished from the shop, and in others allowed to look on. She made her transactions as short as possible, but could not bring them to a close for more than an hour. Finally, she went into a portmanteau shop; selected two of the largest, and one small one, and directed Nigel to place the parcels with which he was laden inside them—rather to the amazement of the shopman, who was just closing for the night.

Then with great difficulty they procured a cab, and were driven with their new portmanteaus to the door of Mrs. Snape's house.

Later in the evening, Nigel turned to Mrs. Danvers, and said—

"I fancied that by this time I should have begun to understand you a little. But I am more puzzled than ever."

"I am going to explain myself," she said, quietly.

He had to wait some time, however, before she spoke again.

"Look at me," she said at last. "Do I seem very different to you?"

"Very different. You have disguised yourself completely."

She smiled.

"The other was my disguise. *This* is my natural self."

"What!" said Nigel, hastily. "You were disguised while you lived at Sir Wilfred Vanborough's?"

"Yes."

"You must have had a strong motive for such a disguise."

"I had."

"Can you tell me what it was?"

Mrs. Danvers had grown pale. She did not look at him as she replied.

"I wished," she said, "to hide myself from Constantine Jacobi's knowledge, and yet to keep guard over his actions. If he had seen me as I am now he would have recognised me—and been afraid."

"Been afraid?"

"Desperately afraid. And, but, for Joan's sake—but, for Geoffrey's sake—I would not have left him in ignorance. But the time was not ripe."

She mused for a little while, her hands clasped before her upon her knees.

"It is not ripe yet," she said. "Let him fill up the measure of his crimes. I told you—did I not?—that his wife was living still?"

"Yes."

She rose and lifted her arms a little.

"Look at me," she said. "I am like other women. I do not look as if a blight had fallen upon me?—as if my heart were buried in a grave? And yet this is so. It seems to me that I am the most wretched woman of all women who have ever lived."

With his eyes, Nigel asked her why. He dared not speak.

She turned to him with a magnificent gesture of despair.

"Pity me! she said, in a voice of exceeding bitterness. "Pity me. I am Constantine Jacobi's wife. I am Maddalena Vallor!"

(*To be continued.*)



"OUR DOCTOR."

By "IATROS."

THE OCEAN AS A HEALTH RESORT.

Of the various curative measures which the physician of the present day has at his disposal to enable him to cope successfully with disease, not one is more potent to arrest certain diseases when they have once manifested themselves, or to prevent their actual occurrence when they are threatening, than simply changing the conditions under which the patient lives.

Everyone knows of persons whose lives have been embittered by dyspepsia and hypochondria for years until, recommended to have a few weeks' complete rest and change of surroundings, they regained health and happiness. Cases of this kind are common enough. But whilst the beneficial results of an inland change are universally recognised, it is doubtful whether the even more important results that in many cases attend a sea-voyage are sufficiently well known and appreciated. There are several reasons to account for this. Until quite recently medical men had some diffidence in proposing a sea-voyage in many a case in which such a course would unquestionably have been productive of good, because they were unable to assure to their patients the care and comfort necessary to a valetudinarian. Now, however, passenger vessels are so well equipped and appointed that all the comforts and conveniences of a hotel are to be found on board, so that the physician need have no fear of his patient having to put up with any hardships.

The benefits of a sea-voyage in certain forms of consumption are well known—so well known, indeed, that it is needless to do more than advert to them; but we doubt whether it is commonly known that sea-travel in

warm latitudes offers special advantages in many other chronic ailments—notably in affections of the kidneys and in chronic rheumatism. The subject of change of air and climate also comes home to most of those who are either naturally delicate or who begin to feel the tax of prolonged physical toil and exertion, or mental tension.

In such cases the sea-voyage, when practicable, especially when it leads to new lands, new topics of thought, novel scenery and associations, is very desirable. In each and all such cases the change is not uncommonly of inestimable benefit, and almost always productive of some decided good.

The powerfully tonic effect of a sea-voyage is better understood in the east than it is among ourselves. The inhabitants of eastern settlements, accustomed to travel, and familiar with the steamships which come to their ports, have learned to recognise in a sea-trip a means of regaining health when medicine has failed to help them. Many of these very striking results with which medical men practising abroad are familiar, are simply due to the very powerful tonic effect of sea-air, and we would be equally familiar with them if our patients could be brought to look on a voyage with less apprehension. To brain-workers, merchants, and professional men of all classes, a sea-voyage offers a form of holiday which is probably unequalled for good results. An attempt to recruit an exhausted nervous system by violent muscular exercise—walking, touring, shooting, fishing, etc., unsuitable to a man who has spent the previous nine or ten months in his study or office, too often leads to an attack of acute disease. To such men the

rest which a voyage offers to the nervous system can hardly be over-estimated. The restoration of his exhausted energies begins with his first day at sea, as soon as he realises the intense relief of knowing that for a time he has escaped the post office and telegraph wire.

It is a commonly accepted idea that a sea-voyage is very "slow." After some experience of sea-travelling we are in a position to contradict this notion.

A sea-voyage in an ordinary passenger vessel is anything but slow. In reality a man can make his voyage almost what he would wish it to be beforehand, if it be of moderately long duration. It may either be a complete *dolce far niente*, or a series of remarkable events. But a voyage ought to yield not only pleasure, but profit as well. We are, therefore, in the habit

of recommending patients going for a sea-voyage to a distant shore to learn what creatures they may expect to meet with during their progress, the latitudes in which they are to be looked for, the sort of weather in which they commonly make their appearance, and to acquire a special knowledge of their habits and natures.

Were all passengers to do this they would not only lay open to themselves a rational and innocent source of amusement during the passage, but would qualify themselves for adding facts gained from personal experience (and such facts are never without their value) to the general stock of information. And if, under these circumstances, a diary be kept it will bear less resemblance to a log-book than such volumes usually do; and may afford on perusal not only interest but perhaps even instruction.

"OUR GARDENER."

By DAVID A. CRICHTON.

Most gardens suffer more or less during our long dry summers, and amateur cultivators are often disheartened by the loss of plants in which they take pride, and the withered appearance of many others. But the true lover of a garden will not be altogether discouraged from these trials, and will try and turn the experience so dearly bought to good account in the future. Hot dry weather will always prevail during the summer months, and every one who values a garden should endeavour to guard against it by every practicable means. In the first place, in laying out a garden the ground should be well prepared, and a sufficient depth of soil provided to supply the plants with nourishment. Then again it is utterly impossible to grow small plants and delicate shrubs suc-

cessfully when the roots of large trees are interfering with them. Plants may also be materially assisted during the summer months by mulching the beds and borders before the hot weather sets in. Mulching is of the greatest importance in garden operations in a climate like this, as it is a check upon rapid evaporation from the soil and lessens the quantity of water required to keep plants in a growing state. Another means of mitigating the effects of dry weather is to secure effective drainage in heavy retentive soils. It may not be generally known that when land is well drained it will retain more moisture during a dry season than soil that wants drainage. Though water must be used more or less in every garden, yet there is no necessity to be continually flooding the plants as some

people are in the habit of doing. When this practice is adopted, it takes a great deal of water, and a considerable amount of labour, while at the same time much of the plant food in the soil is destroyed by the constant action of the water.

Roses should have all suckers removed from stems of budded plants, and rampant shoots ought to be carefully regulated, so as to keep the plants as shapely as possible. Another slight pruning may be given to plants of the Bourbon, Tea, and Noisette sections, as also to free blooming varieties of the Hybrid Perpetual section. Plants belonging to these classes will flower more or less at all seasons of the year, and frequent light prunings will greatly assist them. The budding of Roses may be proceeded with throughout this month, but if circumstances are favourable, it will be advisable to get the work done as early as possible. The safest way of preparing the buds is to take them off under cover and put them in a basin of water at once, in order to keep them from getting dry. Though budding is a very useful operation for propagating new or choice kinds quickly, and facilitating the growth of many delicate varieties, yet it must not be forgotten by the amateur gardener that many Roses do best upon their own roots. Standard Roses when well grown are attractive, but they feel very much the effects of strong winds and a burning sun upon their naked stems. Dwarf, or, as they are sometimes called, Half Standards, are better adapted for this part of the world than tall ones, as they are not so much affected by high winds, and their stems are more shaded. In growing Standard Roses in this part of the world, the heads should be allowed to grow to a good size, in order to protect the stems as much as possible.

Many of our native plants are very beautiful, but strange to say but few people cultivate them in their gardens. Most of them are compact in habit, have attractive foliage, and the majority bloom in the winter and spring months when other flowers are somewhat scarce. These plants have also the advantage of being able to resist the effects of long continued dry weather better than most other

kinds, and if well established they require but little or no watering. The only protection they require is a thick mulching with dry litter during the very hot months. Care must, however, be taken not to use stimulating manures to Australian plants, and not to disturb their roots to any great extent when the borders are dug or hoed over. This remark will also apply to many other hard-wooded plants, and more especially to evergreen shrubs. If the surface soil is lightly loosened with the fork occasionally, it will be quite sufficient for native plants, and many of our most popular border shrubs. The common practice, however, is when the borders are dug over to dig with the spade among the roots, when, as a matter of course, a large quantity are destroyed or mutilated, and the plants suffer in proportion. If the layering of Carnations, Picotees, or Pinks was not done earlier in the season the operation may be performed now with a fair chance of success, but no time should be lost. Many of the plants that are known to gardeners as "tender annuals" make fine displays in flower gardens during the autumn months. Among the many plants that can be specially recommended are Zinnias, which flower profusely for a long period, and possess every shade of colour, from the purest white to the deepest crimson, purple, or orange. The Gomphrena (Globe Amaranthus) is also a most desirable plant, its neat globular heads of purple everlasting flowers, which are produced in great profusion, being general favourites. Portulacas are also very attractive small tender plants, as their brilliant salver-shaped flowers, of various colours, are freely produced. The Amaranthus family embraces a number of very beautiful species and varieties, from which a good selection is easily made. The Celosias, or branching Cockscombs, are also admirably adapted for the ornamentation of flower gardens during the autumn. They embrace various shades of red, scarlet, purple, and yellow, and are graceful and attractive in habit. For ordinary purposes seed of these plants should have been sown much earlier than this. Good plants

for the autumn, however, may still be obtained if the seed is sown at once in pots or ground.

At this time of the year pot grown plants require unceasing attention to keep them in thriving condition, and their various wants must be promptly supplied. Those under glass will require to be freely supplied with water, and the atmosphere around them should be kept moist by frequent syringings. Plants in exposed situations or plant sheds must be watered frequently, and when practicable the pots should be plunged in sand, soil, or some other material, to protect their sides from wind and sun, and lessen labour in watering. Insects must be kept down by unceasing attention, as if left to themselves they will increase with great rapidity at this time of the year. Camellias that have made their season's growth should be watered rather more sparingly than hitherto, though care must be taken not to let the plants suffer through lack of moisture. Camellias may be propagated from cuttings of this season's shoots when fairly ripened, but plants are increased slowly by this means, and as a rule should be raised from layers. Azaleas may now be readily propagated from cuttings, choosing shoots of the present season's growth which have ripened at the base. Most of the ornamental foliage plants such as Begonias, Caladiums, Marantas, etc., have now completed their main growth of leaves, and will scarcely require so much water as hitherto. When these plants reach their most perfect state the aim of cultivators should be to preserve their beauty as long as possible, and this object will to some extent be effected by retarding further development. The leaves are the principal attraction in the great majority of ornamental foliage plants, the flowers being generally insignificant and poor, and should be removed as soon as they make their appearance. As regards the Anthuriums, however, an exception must be made to this rule, as these plants produce showy and highly attractive flowers. Achimenes and Gloxinias, as they go out of bloom, should be allowed to go to rest by gradually curtailing the supply of water. Care must, however,

be taken not to dry them off too quickly, as under such conditions the roots are apt to shrivel and rot away. The same remarks will apply to Gesneras and Tydeas. Later plants of these families should have their growth stimulated by the use of liquid manure occasionally, as the more vigorous they are before the flowering period arrives, the greater satisfaction will they give, as a rule. Calceolaria, Cineraria, and Chinese Primula seed may be sown, and plants from previous sowings should be potted off singly into the smallest-sized pots, as soon as they have made their second pair of leaves. Fuchsias that have done blooming, and fairly ripened their growth, may be cut back if they are required for another season. Later plants will require constant attention in watering, syringing, and stopping, in order to secure compact, well-furnished specimens, and every effort should be made to keep the plants free from the insect known as thrip, which is often very troublesome at this time of the year. It will be advisable to propagate from cuttings a stock of the most desirable varieties, and these are now very numerous. Tuberous-rooted Begonias are becoming more and more popular, and deservedly so, as they are really a very beautiful and useful family of plants. They have been greatly improved within the last few years, and the plants now embrace in colour every shade of red, crimson, purple, yellow, lilac, and white, and some have flowers of extraordinary size. As they can be grown without difficulty in an ordinary frame, or even in a shade house, every plant-grower should include a selection of tuberous Begonias in his selection. Many of the old-fashioned species of the Begonia family, such as *B. fuchsioides*, *B. manicata*, and *B. Ingrami*, are also well worth cultivating, as they bloom freely, and last in flower a long time. Pyrethrums are generally relegated to flower borders, but they may be advantageously cultivated as pot plants. The plants bloom freely under pot culture, last for a considerable time in bloom, and if they have been well grown, are very effective for conservatory or room decoration. This family has been

greatly improved of late years, and the flowers now embrace a number of brilliant shades of colour. Winter flowering plants should have a free light to prevent drawn and weakly growth. The pots should also be turned partially round every few days, to prevent lop-sided growth. Liquid manure should also be used once or twice a week to the stronger kinds, when growth requires to be stimulated, as the more headway the plants make till they reach the flowering stage the better.

The heavy rains that fell in the early part of the month throughout Victoria were of great assistance to the late fruits, though the early kinds suffered to a great extent. If more care were taken in preparing the ground for fruit trees, and attending to their wants afterwards, there would be fewer complaints as to the failure of crops from the effects of dry weather. It is, unfortunately, a too common thing in this part of the world to see, at this time of the year, shrivelled-up crops of fruit, and stunted trees that appear to be on the point of dying off. Trees in this condition are generally those that are growing in shallow or ill prepared soils, or those that have, to a large extent, exhausted the land of its plant food. Contrast the state of trees during a summer drought growing under the conditions described, with those in deep well-prepared ground, and the advantages of good cultivation will be clearly apparent to the most superficial observer. Fruit growers ought to obtain useful lessons from summer droughts as to the true requirements of trees. If they are observant they cannot fail to learn that the land ought to be well prepared, and that the site for an orchard should be selected with care. With a sufficient depth of properly prepared soil, a due regard to drainage requirements, and the aid of mulching, fruit trees will be able to get through some weeks of dry weather with comparative impunity. Another matter of importance is to keep the trees as free from weeds as possible during the growing season. Though in Great Britain and other countries, where the climate is com-

paratively moist during the spring and early summer, grass orchards thrive well, yet they will not do in this part of the world. If in the spring and early summer months, when the trees ought to be making vigorous growth, the supply of rain is limited, as it generally is, any undergrowth of vegetation must necessarily assist in rapidly exhausting the moisture from the soil. On the other hand if the ground is kept perfectly free from grass and weeds the moisture and nutriment contained in the soil is used legitimately to supply the wants of the trees. Budding should be proceeded with at once in the case of stone fruits and trees of the Citrus family, and if early worked stocks have failed they must be budded again without loss of time, or otherwise the season will be lost. Strawberry plantations should have the surface soil loosened when it has become hard, taking care not to disturb the roots to any great extent. Strawberry plantations should not be allowed to stand more than two, or at the most, three years, as better returns are obtained from young plants than old ones. Rock Melons, as soon as the fruit has attained its full size, should be supplied with water less liberally than while the plants were making vigorous growth. As the fruit begins to colour, pieces of board, slate, or stone should be placed underneath each one, to prevent injury through lying upon the ground. It will also be advisable as the fruit begins to ripen to lay a handful of grass or straw over each one to prevent it from getting scorched by the sun.

In the vegetable garden every effort should be made to keep advancing crops in vigorous condition by the aid of mulching and the use of water, when necessary. Various seasonable crops must also be got in as circumstances will permit. Cabbages and Cauliflowers should be planted out rather extensively this month if the weather is favourable, and due provision must be made for future supplies of plants. Moderate sowings of Turnips should be made, and it will be advisable to include among the sorts the garden Swede, a variety that is a very useful vegetable. French Beans may be sown every fortnight for the next

two months, if a good succession is required. Bearing crops of Beans should have their pods gathered regularly whether they are required for use or not, in order to prolong the fruitfulness of the plants. If seed is required, it will be advisable to set apart one or more rows for the purpose, as the pods first produced are as a rule the finest, and yield the best seed. It is a great mistake when the fag end of a crop is saved for seed. Potatoes, and more especially the Kidney and other early maturing varieties should be planted without delay for an Autumn crop. Mature crops of Potatoes and other roots should be lifted, as if left in the ground they are apt to deteriorate, and

there is the risk of a second growth setting in after heavy rain. Onions and Shallots should be taken up when their growth has thoroughly matured, taking care not to let the bulbs get scorched by the sun. A small sowing of Onions may be made for use in a green state, and Shallots and Garlic may be planted. Another sowing of Celery may be made, and plants when six or seven inches high should be planted out. Asparagus plantations will be improved by a light surface dressing of salt. The flowers of Rhubarb should be removed as they make their appearance, as the production of seed is weakening to the plants.

"OUR COSTUMIER."

By "LUCIA."

There is a tendency among English ladies this season to dress with greater plainness and simplicity in the daytime than has been customary for some years, reserving the splendour of their *grandes toilettes* for *fête* or evening wear. The ladies of the Primrose League are especially patronising quiet colours, and costumes which are characterised by extreme neatness and nicety in every detail. But if by fashion's decree ordinary day toilettes are unobtrusive, those for visiting or evening wear are of excessive richness, both as regards texture and all accessories. It is at evening entertainments that the *grandes dames* are seen in all the glory of their most elaborate attire, for nothing is thought too rich for such occasions. H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, whose promenade and carriage costumes are always characterised by their stylish simplicity, invariably appears in great splendour in the evenings, when she dons a profusion of jewels. Some of the new materials for ball gowns are positively dazzling in their brilliance when seen by the medium of gaslight. "All that glitters" appears to be in great demand this season, and under

this classification I may mention tinsel and beads of every description. Some of the fabrics have designs of the most intricate nature, worked in iridescent beads on a gold ground, while others are closely dotted over with crystal or metal sequins, which sparkle and shimmer as they catch the light. The favourite material for ballroom wear is still tulle, and many of the new varieties are adorned in various ways by means of beads or embroidery. Young girls, as a rule, wear plain tulle, or else those varieties which are sprinkled with single beads, pearls being most in favour. The more elaborate kinds of tulle are worked with stars, crescents, rings, or diamonds of beads; while some are dotted over at regular intervals with pendent bead tassels. These fancy tulles are, however, only intended to be used in combination with the plain varieties, and are generally employed for the full plain overskirt, panels, or draperies. Waterfalls are still general in tulle gowns, but there is a modification of them known as the "ballet" which promises to become popular. It consists of three or four skirts, as it were, one above the other, and if liked

the whole skirt may be formed in this manner, but more generally the back only is made thus. One of the newest modes of ornamenting the skirts of evening gowns is to place a ladder of close-set bows up one side, generally the left, or, if preferred, bunches of feathers or garlands of blossoms may be substituted. Flights of birds across the front or down the side are also fashionable, but will not be patronised by those who feel any scruples regarding the wholesale slaughter of our feathered friends. Dark tulle is much worn by married women and girls who are no longer in the first flush of youth, the shades most affected being brown, moss-green, chocolate, and electric blue. A black tulle gown is a most useful addition to the wardrobe of all those who go out much, as it always looks well in a ballroom, and may be worn with flowers or feathers of various colours. In these dresses jetted tulle is much used, also bands of black velvet closely studded with cut jet beads.

A new variety of bodice for evening wear is high to the throat, with a transparent vest. For ball toilettes the *decolleté* style is decidedly the most popular, and as for sleeves, they have almost vanished, the merest apologies taking their place. A string of beads or a strap of lace over the shoulder is, in many of the newest gowns, the only attempt made in the shape of sleeves. But if they are banished from low bodices, sleeves play an important part in the high or half-high varieties which are so dressy for dinner or evening wear. Though some of the high bodices have quite short sleeves, the majority are made with those reaching almost to the elbow, the prettiest meeting the bend of the arm in front and falling in a point at the back of the elbow, and trimmed with lace and ribbons.

There is a decided change in the manner of draping the skirts of evening dresses this season, the chief novelty being that the fulness is often brought to the front, where it is caught about half-way down the skirt in a pouf. The bottom of the skirt may be finished in one of two ways, either by having the tulle (or whatever the material may be) tucked in at the hem, forming

another pouf, or else in the old way of being edged by kilts or flounces of some sort. Notwithstanding the numerous predictions that the days of *tournures* were about to end, skirts are made quite as *bouffants* as ever, and give no signs of modification as yet.

Bows of ribbon, rosettes, and flowers appear in the hair again this season. The latter must, however, be characterised by extreme lightness. Any heavy or dark flowers are inadmissible, the transparent varieties being most in request. Jewels are still *the* ornaments *par excellence* for the hair, and stars, crescents, and circlets are employed thus in profusion. Aigrettes are also worn, and *apropos* of feathers I may say they are much more worn than flowers for adorning ball gowns. Necklaces and close-fitting collarettes are again worn with low bodices, but they must always be close up to the neck, presenting a neat appearance. Bands of velvet or satin ribbon are also much patronised, and a new fashion is to fasten them with a tiny bunch of flowers caught with the brooch. Armlets of velvet to match the band round the throat are worn with low dresses, and look very pretty with the ends caught through buckles, but as a correspondent of one of the English fashion journals says, they "are apt to suggest the recent vaccination of the wearer."

There is at present in French and English fashions a marked attempt to revive the Watteau style of dress. Not only do the manufacturers produce Watteau designs in many of the new textures, but the "artistes," *modistes*, or whatever they like to style themselves, go still further and fashion them into picturesque toilettes, which are reproductions of those worn by the Arcadian shepherdesses. The pompadour designs, the incroyables coats, and the waistcoats, jabots and ruffles of the Louis XV. period are all said to be once more *à la mode*, and their revival has brought about that of the court dance with which they were contemporaneous. I refer to the stately minuet which is once more extensively danced and taught in France, where "Watteau balls" are quite a feature of this season, the guests, of course being attired in costumes of that

style. So successful have they proved in Paris that London society is anxious to inaugurate them in England. In fact, steps have already been taken to introduce them. West-end houses are preparing Watteau toilettes, and court teachers of dancing and etiquette are giving lessons in the sixteenth figures of the Minuet Quadrille so fashionable in Paris. As the present style of wearing the hair is almost exactly that of the period referred to, the only difference required will be the addition of powder, which I dare say will meet with little or no opposition from the fair sex, for powdered hair is most becoming to almost every lady. The only difficulty which presents itself with regard to these balls is the dress of the gentlemen, for it is very unlikely that they will go in for the plumes, ruffles, jabots, and periwigs of the Watteau period, and the regulation evening suits would look rather incongruous in proximity to the picturesque toilettes of the ladies. It is thought that a compromise will be made and that the sterner sex will appear in the costume which etiquette ordained to be worn at the last entertainment at Marlborough House, and which consisted of dress coat, knee breeches, silken hose, and high-heeled shoes with buckles. No doubt, with these revivals of old styles, we shall also have fashions innumerable raked up for our benefit from the times of our great-great-grandmothers. As it is I read in a journal which claims to be one of the highest authorities in matters of fashion, that "leg of mutton sleeves" are coming in again. Surely, fashion must be at her wit's end, when she falls back on such abominations as these and crinolines. And then, forsooth, we read of these antiquities under the heading of "*new fashions.*" Truly, there is "nothing new under the sun." Among other monstrosities with which we are threatened is false hair, which, of course, is always patronised by a few, at any rate by those who think it necessary to supplement the scanty locks with which nature has endowed them. But if it is decreed that we are all to display an abundance of hair elaborately dressed, there is little doubt that at least eight out of

every ten women will be foolish enough to put on what has grown on the heads of others.

The fans of the present day are certainly very beautiful, many of them perfect works of art. One of the newest and most fashionable varieties is of fine crape or gauze, exquisitely painted with designs of birds flying or in clusters, or else with charming little peeps of landscape. Designs of flowers are by no means so fashionable as the above styles. Fans of pale pink gauze painted in metallic colours and mounted in mother-of-pearl are very popular, and, by the way, pink is to be one of the most fashionable shades of the coming season. A very artistic fan of delicate black gauze had the design of an embodied spirit flying near a young crescent moon, surrounded by stars. This was painted in neutral and pale blue shades, and veiled by a medallion of fine black gauze, with pretty effect.

One of the latest freaks of fashion is that of Parisian *élégantes* who have this season adopted as an ornament an ancient Egyptian talisman, viz., the "Oudja" or Eye of Horus, representing the rising sun, and signifying health and prosperity. This ornament dates from the time of the Pharaohs, and specimens of it were brought from Phœnicia by M. Renan, while others have come from Cyprus, and varieties of it are to be found among the Egyptian and Assyrian antiquities in the British Museum. Made of gold, silver, lapis, wood, or paste, this talisman appears in the bracelet of many a fair *Parisienne*, who regards it with a sort of superstition. In appearance it is a small square frame in either silver or gold, containing the painting of an almond shaped eye, from which is falling a spiral tear formed of either of these metals. This unique article of adornment may be worn as a brooch or pin, but more generally appears in the form of a pendant to a bracelet, and appears to possess a great charm for the *grandes dames* of France, who seem to have a half serious belief that it will bring them luck, and that while wearing it they are likely to enjoy health, wealth, and happiness. For its claims to beauty—it has none. Such is the power of fashion!

MONTHLY NOTES.

SCIENCE.

By R. L. J. Ellery.

WEATHER WISDOM, OLD AND NEW.—In the December number was explained the manner in which the weather news received by telegraph from the whole coast line and part of the interior, is used to form charts of the “hills and hollows” of the atmosphere lying over and around Australia, and to ascertain whether these are moving among themselves and over this portion of the globe.

These “hills and hollows” or areas of high and low barometric pressure are seldom stationary for long, and as a rule have movement eastwards varying from a slow progress of from ten to fifteen miles up to thirty, forty, or more miles per hour. So that if a *hollow* or area of low pressure is found to be off Kangaroo Island in South Australia at nine o'clock in the morning, it will usually reach the longitude of Melbourne before nine a.m. the next day, but it may travel very slowly and get filled up from neighbouring areas of high pressure before it has got so far.

The air is always in circulation around these “hills and hollows,” in the direction of the hands of a watch in this hemisphere around a “hollow,” and in the opposite direction around a “hill” or area of high pressure, therefore in front of an advancing hollow, or low area, we get a north wind, and in the rear of it a south wind. In the northern slopes of this hollow the wind will be west, and east on the southern slopes. Here we see the reason of what is called Buys Ballot's law. *Face the wind and the lowest barometer* (or the deepest atmospheric hollow) will be on your left. In the Northern hemisphere the circulation around high and low areas is reversed, and the law therefore would be stated thus—*place your back to the wind and the lowest barometer is on your left.*

Around “hills” or areas of high pressure the air circulates in an opposite direction to that moving around a low area. So that in front of a “hill” the wind is south, in the rear it is north, and on the northern slopes it is east, and west on the southern. Meteorologists call these hollows *cyclonic areas* and the “hills” *anticyclonic areas*, but the term *high* or *low* are replacing these rather cumbrous names, and are just as significant and as easily understood. If therefore a chart shows “low” over Adelaide we know the barometer is lower there, or that there is a hollow or valley in the atmosphere the deepest part of which is over that place; we should also find that the winds were northerly to the east of Adelaide and southerly to the west of it. The distance to which these winds extend in front or rear of

the “low” depends on the *steepness* of the sides of the hollow, or as it is styled, the *gradient*. If the gradient be steep, that is if there be a very low barometer only 100 miles or so in front or rear of a very high one the circulation around the “low” will be very rapid and we get strong and violent winds, the direction of which at any locality will depend on its position with respect to the “low” and can be ascertained by Buys Ballot's law.

It would be out of place to go minutely now into this part of weather wisdom, and no doubt what has already been said will give our readers a rough idea of how weather charts are formed; it will be well to state, however, that in the onward progress of these “highs” and “lows” over our hemisphere from west to east, they undergo constant changes in gradients, rate and direction of movement and velocity of air circulation around them. Over and over again a threatening “low” appears off Cape Leuwin which promises to bring a disastrous gale as it reaches Bass' Strait, but which frequently passes away south as if it had been “cannoned” back from our coast, or having moved up with a threatening velocity towards Kangaroo Island, slackens its rate of progress and gradually fills up by absorption of a high area in front of it. In this way the meteorologist is often disappointed in his forecast, for there is nothing yet to tell him for certain whether a low area will continue to progress as a “low” in its normal direction or whether it may not be deflected out of its course or perhaps disappear by being levelled down.

The question of whether to expect rain out of these atmospheric gyrations is a very important one to Australians and a very difficult and ticklish one to meteorologists; there is far more uncertainty in forecasting “rain” than in either the direction and strength of the wind or the general character of the weather.

Having now endeavoured to show upon what utterly different foundations old and new weather wisdom has been established, it only remains to refer briefly to Mr. Ralph Abercromby's tests of the value of some of the old weather adages in the light of modern meteorology or new weather wisdom, which it is proposed to do in the next number.

ELECTRIC LIGHTING is in a quiescent stage just now, and companies are languishing. This, however, is due not to any shortcomings of science, but rather because sanguine electricians and speculators have raised too great

expectations as to its capabilities and cost. Extended experiment has most disappointingly shown the practical limits of its application as a luminant, to be far within the bounds announced by existing prospectuses and popular scientific articles. Electric lighting has nevertheless already worked wonders, and furnished a luminant as far in advance of gas as gas was of the candle. The absence of products of combustion and of any sensible deterioration of the air in which it is burnt is one of the principal claims of the incandescent lamp as against gas, a matter of more than usual importance in a climate like ours. The great bar to its more extended use is the necessity for heavy and expensive machinery for its production, except where spare motive power is at hand as in the case of waterfalls, strong streams, or surplus steam power. The introduction and improvement of the gas engine has, however, in some measure lessened this difficulty, and many establishments are now illuminated by electricity generated by the motive power of a gas engine.

The hopes so long held that secondary or storage *batteries* would enable residents in the country or in suburban villas and mansions to use this delightful illuminant without a very great cost beyond that of ordinary lighting, are now almost abandoned by practical men. Electric light generated by an ordinary or primary battery is efficiently carried out in numerous instances, but it is too costly; and although there are cases where its extra cost is counterbalanced by its great advantages, this method is making but little way, owing it may be concluded, to the trouble and irksome work of continually replenishing the wasting fluids and elements of large series of galvanic batteries. Electric light is a luxury, and like other luxuries, must be paid for; still when one considers the great advantages it offers over other luminants for public institutions, theatres, and places where large numbers of people congregate, the reason that it costs more than our very cheap gas, is scarcely a sufficient one for its very limited application in our great city.

ART.

MELBOURNE.

By E. A. C.

Though the trustees of our National Gallery have again refused to avail themselves of the opportunity offered them of obtaining really good work, there is still hope that "A Worcestershire Hamlet" and Millais' "Love Birds" may be seen on its walls, for Mr. Robert Dowling, whose generous appreciation of art in any form is well known, has written an urgent appeal to the *Argus* that a subscription should be raised to purchase both paintings, and enclosing a cheque as a commencement to the fund. As Mr. Dowling justly remarks, art students in Melbourne have but little to see in the way of really high-class paintings, either figure or landscape, and to let two such valuable works pass out of their reach is to be regretted in the extreme.

Mr. Leader's landscape is one of rare beauty and merit—a picture to stand before and recall visions of the past in homely English scenes. It is not that the view is so lovely, but so true to nature, and so admirably worked out. There is some marshy pasture land, through which winds a stream; a glimpse of some cottages on the left; a ferry, with its landing stage and shaky-looking piers; a farm-house; some boats, with traps for ensnaring eels; a quantity of reeds in the slow-moving water; some wonderfully-managed dead thistles in one corner; and a summer sky with rose-tinted clouds, the latter being handled with true artistic skill. Not much of a subject, perhaps our readers may say, and yet it would be difficult to find a grander landscape in any studio. The oftener it is examined the deeper

must be the regret at the decision of the trustees.

"The Love Birds," or, as it is also termed, "Une Grande Dame," is said to be a portrait of one of Millais' own children, and represents a little girl dressed in an old-fashioned gown of brocade, with lace ruffles at the sleeves and throat. The rich auburn hair falls over the shoulders of the stately baby-beauty and droops singularly low upon the broad white forehead. The sweet, rich brown eyes look full at the observer with all the innocent security of happy childhood, and almost seem as those of a living child. It is undoubtedly one of Millais' best works, and is, indeed, so considered by the artist himself. The brilliancy of colouring is wonderfully good, and the eye, as it wanders from the childish beauty, with her rich dress and exquisite complexion, to the green parakeet on her outstretched hand, and beautifully blended tints shown in the background of tapestry, literally revels in the splendid work. The mistake of not purchasing this painting and the landscape already described is one that will be severely felt by all who love art in Melbourne, and who have a right to expect that better knowledge be displayed by those who profess to guide and instruct the public taste by the pictures they purchase for our National Gallery.

Besides these two, Mr. Fletcher has also on view a work by Julien Dupré; it is a good specimen of the French school of landscape art, though probably at first sight the execution would not be much liked, but a different opinion is the result of a more careful examination taken at a right distance from the painting. M. Dupré

is well known in the Paris Salon, and has numerous admirers of his style.

"Disinherited," by Laslett T. Pott, is so painful a subject that the gazer will scarcely linger over it; family quarrels are too frequent, unfortunately, in real life, to need any repetition on canvas, and the fury of the father, the girl's grief, and the sad face of the disinherited son are so vividly depicted as to need no explanation. The subject is finely treated, and all the details of the home tragedy are rendered with great fidelity.

A varied and interesting collection of china, etc., is at present on view at Messrs. Allen and Co., of Collins Street East. It contains specimens of porcelain, bronzes, pottery, ornamental glass, and other choice examples. Perhaps some of the most striking are two porcelain plaques of very large size, by Herrs Richter and Pilz; the latter showing a design of an altar dedicated to the God of Love, and upon which flowers are being offered by three nymphs; and the former a mythological scene with a head in medallion of Medusa, encircled by an exquisite arabesque scroll. They are both of great beauty, and well repay prolonged inspection. A vase of very graceful form in Italian majolica arrests the attention, as do a pair of beautiful jars in blue and gold with studies of deer and wild boar, by Eckart. The Vienna and Hungarian china are both

well represented, and the Bohemian glass, with a ground that looks almost like hammered silver thickly covered with a good imitation of sapphires, is so lovely that the visitor is nearly certain to return for a second gaze at it. Bronze and terra cotta figures are to be seen in great number and variety, and are admirably executed. A visit to these show-rooms is certain to be a feature in Melbourne for the next few weeks, the vases from the Baccarat establishment in Paris alone being worth prolonged inspection. Besides what has been already named, there are some marble sculptures and a few oil paintings by a Venetian painter, Bogognon, that deserve mention.

At a meeting of subscribers to the "Art Union of Victoria," a wise alteration was made in Rule 5. Up to the present time only one work of art could be chosen by a winner, but at the meeting referred to, it was decided that, in future, two or more may be chosen up to the value of the prize. The following office-bearers for 1886 were re-elected:—President, Mr. T. Alston; Vice-President, Mr. J. Fergusson; Honorary Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. W. H. Peryman; Council, Messrs. S. J. Payne, J. Duerdin, T. P. Webb, G. G. Brown, F. B. Gibbs, F. Goldstraw, Geo. Parsons, J. Mather, G. V. Wilson, M. A. Campbell, and J. Macdonald.

L I T E R A T U R E .

By "Gleaner."

It is announced that Mr. W. H. Mallock is engaged in writing a romance, which will appear as a serial in the *National Review*.

M. Victor Duray, whose history of the Roman people is widely and favourably known, is writing a history of the Grecian people.

Mrs. Oliphant, who seems inexhaustible in her power of production, has engaged to contribute a new story, entitled "A Poor Gentleman," to the *Leisure Hour*. The first instalment is to be given in the January number.

The well-known and popular Baptist minister of Camberwell Chapel, London, has written a volume entitled "The Wit and Humour of Life." The book will be published, if it is not already published, by Mr. Elliot Stock, of London.

Dr. Joseph Parker, not satisfied with having on his hands the writing of a Scripture Commentary to be completed in twenty-five volumes, has been engaged in writing a novel which has just been published by Messrs. Swan, Sonnenschein, and Co. The title of the volume is "Weaver Stephen; or, The Odds and Evens of English Religion."

Messrs. Macmillan and Co. announce that they will publish a uniform and complete edition in ten volumes of the historical works of Mr. Francis Parkman. These historical works have been very favourably reviewed in

the principal English and American Reviews, and are of great interest and value.

Among the new serials which are to appear this year in the chief American periodicals are novels by Blackmore, Norris, and Crawford.

A new story by the popular novelist, Dinah Maria Craik, is to be one of the attractions of the new volume of *Harper's Magazine*.

A very beautiful edition, in three 12mo. volumes, of the prose and poetical works of Edmund Clarence Steadman, has just been published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, and Co., of New York.

Some time ago a popular literary journal named the *Current*, and published at Chicago, was suddenly discontinued in consequence of financial difficulties. The copyright has been sold to one of the creditors for £500, and the publication is to be resumed.

The first of the three volumes of "The History of American Literature," by Professor C. F. Richardson, of Dartmouth, United States, will probably be published this year.

Mr. W. S. Gottsberger announces that he will issue shortly "The Eber's Gallery," a handsome folio containing twenty photographs illustrating Eber's novels.

The six University Lectures recently delivered by Mr. Edmund Gosse, on Sir Walter Raleigh, will be published shortly as a brief

biography in Mr. Lang's series of "English Worthies."

Two editions of Mr. Leslie Stephen's "Life of Henry Fawcett" were taken up in seven days.

Father Didon has just returned from Palestine, where he has collected materials for a work in reply to Renan's "Vive de Jesus."

The new illustrated weekly journal, *The Scottish People*, which is published in Glasgow, is stated to be a great success, having already reached a genuine sale of 60,000 copies per week.

The authorities of the Cambridge University Library now issue a weekly bulletin, containing the titles of the new books added weekly. The price is one penny.

Mr. Keenan, the reputed author of the "Money Makers" and "Trajan," has a new novel in the press. It is called "The Aliens." The scene is laid in the State of New York.

The biography of Longfellow, which is to be published shortly by Messrs. Treknor and Co., of Boston, will contain letters and diaries written by the poet while abroad, and illustrated by himself with pen-and-ink drawings.

The diary kept by the late General Grant in his tour round the world is to be published entire in the *North American Review*.

Of the recently-published volume, "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains," the *London Academy* says that as a series of positively lurid sketches of scenery, character, and life, all harmonising with each other—for it can hardly be called a novel—it surpasses anything of the kind that has yet come from America.

Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, have in preparation a series of volumes to be entitled "Humorous Masterpieces from American Literature," to be edited by Mr. E. T. Mason. The series will probably comprise three volumes. The editor proposes to cover, with his selections, American literature from the time of the first writings of Washington Irving to the present day.

Messrs. Kegan Paul, and Co., of London, have published a handsome and instructive volume entitled "Biographical Lectures," by Mr. George Dawson, M.A. The volume contains thirty-six lectures, which have been collected from many sources, chiefly newspaper reports, from the various towns where Mr. Dawson lectured. The book is edited by Mr. George St. Clair, who succeeded Mr. Dawson as minister of the Church of the Saviour at Birmingham; and valuable assistance in the preparation of the volume has been rendered by Miss Beauclerc, who was an intimate friend of the eloquent lecturer.

The well known and popular American writer—Mr. W. D. Howells—is to contribute this year a serial novel to the *Century Illustrated Magazine*. The title is to be, "The Minister's Charge: or The Labours of Lemuel Barker." The scene is laid in Boston, and it is stated that several of the characters in the author's last completed novel, "The Rise of Silas Lapham," will re-appear.

Messrs. Cassell and Co., of London, have recently issued a new edition of Dr. Ellicott's Commentary on the Pentateuch. The valu-

able work is published at a moderate price, and is handsomely got up.

Messrs. Funk and Wagnalls, of New York and London, have just published an interesting and important volume entitled "Prayer and its Remarkable Answers." The author—Dr. W. W. Patton—is a well-known and able American clergyman. An American reviewer says:—"In the days of faith-cure hospitals and sentimental piety, such healthy teaching as is here found is refreshing."

The American Board of Foreign Missions has published a most interesting and delightful volume entitled "Mission Stories of Many Lands." The volume contains a very large number of stories arranged so as to amount to something like an illustrated anecdotal history of the modern mission work in all lands. The engravings—340 in number—form a gallery of missionary, geographic, and ethnological illustration.

The popular novelist—Mr. Walter Besant—contributes to the January number of *Longman's Magazine*, the first instalment of a new serial story. The title is "Children of Gibeon." It is stated the novel will deal with modern society among the rich and poor.

Messrs. Cassell and Co. issued on 21st December, the first volume of their "National Library." The enterprising firm selected, as the commencement of the Library, Lord Macaulay's "Warren Hastings." As stated in a previous note, each volume will contain about 192 pages of clear, readable type, the price in paper covers being threepence, and in cloth binding sixpence. Mr. Henry Morley is to edit the series, and a volume will be issued weekly. At a very small outlay, an opportunity is thus afforded of collecting a fine selection of standard works.

Students and readers generally will be pleased to know that Messrs. Kegan Paul and Co. announce the publication of Lord Iddesleigh's address to the students of Edinburgh University, on "The Pleasures, Dangers and Uses of Desultory Reading."

Messrs. Ward and Downey, of London, have just published a new work entitled "Gladstone's House of Commons." The author—Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P.—has acted as Parliamentary London correspondent for several influential journals during the last five years, and the basis of the volume consists of personal sketches and descriptions of scenes in the House, which he wrote in that capacity.

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton have issued a cheap edition of the popular and excellent volume entitled "Our Daughters," by Mrs. G. S. Reany. Of this work five editions have been published, making in all 14,000 copies. The volume is handsomely got up, and is now issued at a price bringing it within the reach of thousands. It is on sale at the store of Mr. A. J. Smith, Swanston Street.

Mr. Gardner, manager of the Melbourne branch of the firm of Messrs. Cassell and Co., London, has sent us a new volume of the "Rainbow" series of original novels. The title is "Morgan's Horror," and the writer the popular novelist, Mr. George Manville Fenn. The story is somewhat sensational, but it is striking, and well told. It is sure to

have plenty of delighted readers. The scene of the story is the wild western shores of Cornwall.

Messrs. W. S. Partridge and Co., of London, have just issued the second volume of their valuable and instructive monthly magazine, entitled "Our Own Gazette," the Young Women's Christian Association News. It is a large quarto volume, containing 480 columns of letterpress and numerous well-executed woodcuts. The reading matter consists of healthy stories, short papers on a great variety of subjects, poetry, and information concerning the progress of the branch associations in all places at home and abroad where they exist. Until we saw the complete volume we had not heard that such a publication had been started, but now we can give it a very hearty commendation as a really excellent and instructive periodical. The volume is on sale at a very moderate price at Mr. M. L. Hutchinson's store.

Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co., of London, have recently published, in a large and handsome volume, "The Life of Henry Fawcett." The biography is the work of Mr. Leslie Stephen, and could not have been entrusted to anyone better fitted. The two men were fellow students in youth and friends since. The volume is interesting and most instructive, and will afford delightful reading to many. Mr. Stephen tells the story of the honoured and useful life of a gifted and noble man. An English reviewer closes an appreciative notice of the volume thus:—"An almost unwelcome reticence has precluded Mr. Stephen from dwelling on his friend's domestic life. But through the rift of sentences scattered here and there we spy something of the brightness of the interior of his home and of the love and joy and peace that must have reigned in it."

Among many first-class works recently published, a front rank place must be given to "Louis Agassiz: His Life and Correspondence," lately issued by Messrs. Macmillan and Co. The two large and profoundly interesting volumes, edited by Elizabeth Cary Agassiz, tell the story of the life and worth of an unwearied, self-denying, and enthusiastic student and worker, whose researches and published writings have instructed and delighted thousands of thoughtful readers. He was a lover of science, a student of nature, a man of brilliant mind, yet ever humble and devout. He lived and died honoured, esteemed, and loved by a host of friends.

It may be interesting to some of our readers to mention that Mr. M. L. Hutchinson, of Collins Street, has just published a small work entitled "Rules and Forms of Procedure of the Presbyterian Church of Victoria," embodying a large amount of information of interest specially to members of the Presbyterian denomination. The same gentleman has also published the sermon delivered by the Rev. J. Clark, the retiring Moderator, at the opening of the last Assembly, 9th November, 1885. It is an able and appropriate discourse, founded on Romans i., 16, and contains many impressive and weighty utterances.

"Our Guides to the Gippsland Lakes and Rivers" is the title of a neat little pamphlet

just issued by Mr. M. L. Hutchinson, of Collins Street, which will be found useful by all who purpose visiting one of the most beautiful districts of our colony, ample information is given respecting the different parts of the district, and the ways in which they may be reached, the expenses of the trip, and the accommodation for tourists.

Mr. T. D. Morison, of Glasgow, has just published a large and handsome volume entitled "The Religious Anecdotes of Scotland." The editor, the Rev. W. Anderson, D.D., Edinburgh, has brought together a large store of things old and new, from which ministers, and others accustomed to enliven their discourses with anecdotes, will obtain a plentiful supply. The book is on sale by Mr. M. L. Hutchinson. A carefully-prepared index adds to the value of the book.

Messrs. Macmillan and Co. have just published a volume by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The title is "The Seven Gifts," and the volume contains the first series of visitation addresses delivered by Dr. Benson since his elevation to the primacy.

Messrs. James Nisbet and Co. have published two volumes by the Rev. A. R. Fausset, M.A., which will be found worthy of the attention of clergymen and theological students. The first is entitled "Horæ Psalmicæ," and the second is a "Critical and Expository Commentary on the Book of Judges." Both—but especially the first-named—should have a place in every minister's library.

Messrs. William Inglis and Co. have just issued the first number of a new series of *The Presbyterian Monthly*. We have no hesitation in stating that it stands second to no monthly religious journal in the colony. It contains thirty-two pages of letterpress, or ninety-six columns; the reading matter is exceedingly varied, and thus adapted to suit the taste of many readers. This number contains beautifully-finished full-page portraits of the Rev. D. S. McEachran, Moderator of the General Assembly, and of the late Rev. John Cooper, of Coburg. The type is of various sizes, but all clear and easy to read. A neat and tasteful wrapper encloses the whole, and the price of this valuable and instructive periodical is only threepence monthly. Nothing but a very large circulation can possibly secure from loss, and we greatly mistake the liberality of the Presbyterian ministers and churches if they allow their *Monthly Messenger* to fail through lack of support. The *Presbyterian Monthly* is a credit to the publishers and the editor, who, by the way, is the Rev. James Ballantyne, who has long experience in such work, having edited *The Messenger* in the olden time, some thirty years ago. We heartily commend this periodical, and wish for it a long and most prosperous and useful career.

The December number of *Longman's Magazine* is largely devoted to fiction. Mr. W. Black's novel "White Heather" is concluded, and already issued in book form; it is described by reviewers as in many respects the best of Mr. Black's numerous works. There are in the number two complete stories, a few good

papers, and some choice poetry. The most interesting article is a notice of an early Spanish essayist, of the fifteenth century, Mexia Gentilhomme De Seville, from whose work, entitled "Les Diverses Leçons," some curious and interesting extracts are given.

The *Cornhill Magazine* for December contains the conclusion of Mr. David Christie Murray's novel, "Rainbow Gold," and some chapters of the serial "Court Royal." There is also a complete story, entitled "Dolly's Dream," which will be a bit of pleasant reading to young ladies. The articles are few in number, and the only one of special interest is on "The New Star in Andromeda." A short paper, entitled "Superfine English," is worth consideration.

The "Belgravia Annual" contains a great variety of stories by well-known writers, and some good poetical contributions. The illustrations are not very numerous, but generally well executed. Some of the stories are rather sensational, and others are amusing. The annual is cheap, and will supply a few hours' reading at eventide. It is on sale by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, Collins Street.

The Christmas number of *London Society* is a capital number of this well-known and popular monthly. The stories are numerous and nearly all of the usual holiday type. There are a few good poems, and the illustrations are, as a whole, worthy of commendation. The best is the full page engraving, entitled "A Bright Face for a Dark Day." Among the stories we name two, "Captain Jabez Brewster's Christmas Day," and "Ballarat Jemmy," as specially likely to interest many readers. This Christmas number is on sale by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch.

The Christmas double number of *The English Illustrated Magazine* is one of exceeding beauty. The reading matter is varied and entertaining, and the illustrations of many of the articles of a very high degree of excellence. The article "A Day with Sir Roger De Coverley," from the *Spectator*, the beautifully illustrated paper, "Kiss and be Friends," and the article entitled "Through the Côtes Du Nord," are not surpassed in any Christmas annual we have yet seen this season. The number contains stories by Mrs. Oliphant, Mr. D. C. Murray, and other well-known writers. An illustrated article on "The House of Lords," by Mr. H. W. Lucy, a long poem, entitled "Dirk Willemzoon," by the Bishop of Ripon, and in addition to all this, several other good contributions, and twelve full page illustrations by eminent engravers. This Christmas number is on sale by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch.

The following Christmas annuals will be found worthy the attention of parents who wish to supply good and cheap publications for the entertainment and instruction of their young people. The Christmas number of *The Boys' Own Paper* contains numerous interesting stories and a great variety of other instructive and amusing reading. The illustrations are many in number, all good, and some mirth-provoking. The Christmas number of *The Girls' Own Paper*, entitled "Snow Drops," is a very beautiful annual. The stories are of a

high order, written by well-known writers. There is a store of music and poetry, and many finely-executed engravings. We are sure "Snow Drops" will be most acceptable to intelligent young girls who prefer what is good and healthful reading before that which is wild and sensational. The *Quiver* annual, entitled "Swift and Sure," is a delightful little volume, containing many fine stories and some excellent poetry. The illustrations are numerous and good. "The Paths of Peace"—the extra Christmas number of *The Sunday Magazine*—contains only one story, occupying 120 columns. The title is, "Where Two Ways Meet," and the writer the well-known and popular Miss Sarah Doudney. It is a beautiful and interesting story. This annual is copiously illustrated. The Christmas annual, "Father Thames"—always eagerly welcomed in many homes—contains this season page after page of illustrations that will delight the young and cause even the old to smile. Along with this annual there is a separate picture, entitled, "Beauty and the Beast." All the above are on sale at the store of Mr. M. L. Hutchinson, Collins Street.

The December number of *The Century Illustrated Monthly Magazine* has a great variety of excellent papers, and the illustrations are very numerous and, as always in this great American periodical, well executed. "The City of Teheran" is the title of the first of a series of articles historical and descriptive. A large number of fine engravings of parts of the city and a few portraits add to the interest of the paper. The articles on "The 'Lamia' of Keats" and "The Lesson of Greek Art" will give great satisfaction to readers of taste and culture. The admirers of the writings of the late Mrs. Helen Jackson will read with interest the brief biographical sketch and her last poems written shortly before her death. A beautiful portrait of the deceased lady forms the frontispiece of the number. It is a pleasant, cheerful face, full of kindness and humour. There are many other good readable articles, and of fiction an ample store. In addition to a large instalment of "The Bostonians," by Mr. Henry James, there are several complete stories and several good poetical contributions. Among the subjects discussed under the heading, "Topics of the Time," there is a short paper on "The Sunday School and Good Literature," which contains much worthy of consideration by all interested in the usefulness and success of the Sunday school. It is difficult, in a short note, to give a satisfactory outline of the contents of *The Century*.

The Christmas number of *Harper's Monthly Magazine* is a gem. The illustrations are more than usually numerous, and many of them are of exceeding beauty. The article on "The Nativity in Art" is instructive, and the numerous engravings from paintings of the "Nativity" by the old masters are generally well executed. The most attractive is the engraving from Defreggen's picture entitled "The Holy Family." The article entitled "A Winter Walk," by Mr. W. H. Gibson, is a fine piece of descriptive writing, and the illustrations are of rare beauty, two or three

are gems, and we name specially "In the Woods" and "Frolic in the Snow." "The Ritu Sanhara, or Round of the Seasons," translated from the Sanskrit by Mr. Edwin Arnold, C.S.I., is a strange and striking poem, containing many grand thoughts. The illustrations are numerous and good. The two serial novels "Indian Summer" and "East Angels" are continued. There are several complete stories, and several first-rate poetical contributions, all of which are finely illustrated. Mr. W. D. Howells contributes a farce entitled "The Garroters." The other departments of the magazine contain, as usual, much interesting and instructive reading, and in "The Editor's Drawer" readers who hold that there is a time to laugh will find much to amuse. This splendid Christmas number, which is also the first of a new volume, is on sale by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, Collins Street West.

The first article to which many readers will turn on opening the December number of *The Nineteenth Century* will be "The Interpreters of Genesis and the Interpreters of Nature," in which Professor Huxley replies to the article in the previous issue by Mr. W. E. Gladstone. Professor Huxley enters fully on the subject. Our space forbids even an attempt to give an outline. The article is not only ably but reverently written, and is well worthy of careful study. Professor Max Müller contributes a long and most interesting article on "Solar Myths," and to his article the learned Professor adds a postscript in which he replies to some statements in Mr. Gladstone's article. The article is crowded with information collected from sources inaccessible to the great majority of readers. Among many other papers on varied subjects, special mention may be made of Mr. Fortescue Fox's valuable and instructive paper on "Stimulants and Narcotics: their Use and Abuse," and Lord Bramwell on "Insanity and Crime." Both papers are on themes, as all will admit, of very great importance, and both convey a large amount of information. The number contains little on political subjects, and to many this will cause no regret. Prince Kropotkin contributes a valuable paper on "What Geography ought to be," and Constance Fletcher gives a fine biographical sketch of Giacomo Leopardi, the celebrated Italian poet. The other articles are numerous and good.

The December number of *The National Review* contains a considerable number of articles on political subjects, but has in addition articles on other important topics, including a valuable paper on "Opium-poppy Cultivation," by Mr. C. T. Buckland, which contains much information. The Hon. C. N. Curzon contributes a long and interesting paper on "Poetry, Politics, and Conservatism," which will amply repay a careful study. The two articles under the general title, "Aspects of the National Church," are good. In the first, Mr. Austen Pether treats of "The Tribune of the People," and in the second Mr. John Reynolds discusses "The Church and the Age." Mr. Reynolds states that he is an old man, and he takes rather a

gloomy view of the present condition of things, but he writes much that is worthy of consideration. The strictly political articles discuss "The Radical Programme," "Reform in the Tenure of Land," and "The Electoral Triumph." Mr. Alfred Austin, in some forty lines of poetry, tells "Why I am a Conservative." Among other things he says:—

"The spirit of our fathers is not quelled.
With weapons valid even as those they bore,
Domain, throne, altar, still may be upheld;
So we disdain, as they disdained of yore,
The foreign froth that foams against our shore
Only by its white cliffs to be repelled!"

To many the chief attraction in the number will be Mr. W. H. Mallock's story, entitled "The Old Order Changes."

The Andover Review for December is crowded with articles interesting and important. Professor Torry contributes a third of his series of able papers on "The 'Theodiceæ' of Leibnitz." The Rev. J. H. Denison writes at length and with great force on "Natural Law in the Formation of Character," and Dr. Lyman Abbott contributes a very thoughtful and instructive article on "Evolution and Theology." No part of this fine American Review is of greater importance than the editorial department, in which the subject of Progressive Orthodoxy is discussed. In the present number the series of articles under this general title is brought to a close. The subject is "Christianity, Absolute and Universal," and the article is worthy of very earnest study. Under the title of "A Preacher of Righteousness," there is a fine article on Canon Farrar. English readers will feel special interest in the article "The Old Radicalism and the New," by the Rev. E. C. Towne. The writer has much to say of John Bright, John Morley, Joseph Chamberlain, and other English statesmen. His last word respecting Mr. Chamberlain is, "Whether to-day or to-morrow he will reach a seat of almost unexampled power, and preside over changes the greatest ever seen on English soil." The reviews and brief notices of new books are numerous and excellent. This American Review is worthy of a wide circulation.

Of the ten articles in the December number of the *North American Review* three are occupied with varied information respecting the late General Grant. The titles are "Halleck's Injustice to Grant," "An Acquaintance with Grant," and "The Mistakes of Grant." The second named is a very interesting paper, by General J. B. Fry, and contains much pleasing information. Robert G. Ingersoll contributes a short article entitled "Motley and Monarch," which refers chiefly to the late President Lincoln, and contains many striking and not a few very beautiful utterances. The writer closes by saying, "Lincoln was the grandest figure of the fiercest civil war. He is the gentlest memory of our world." "Rome and the Inquisitions" is the title of a short but well-written and instructive paper by Mr. A. K. Glover, which embodies a large amount of information. It refers specially to Galileo Galilei, his trial and condemnation, and subsequent events. Other

articles deal with American subjects, and need only be named. Mr. Israel Green writes of "The Capture of John Brown." Mr. G. S. Bontwell discusses under the title of "Johnson's Plot and Motives" in 1865, and Mr. S. D. Horton furnishes a "Chapter on Monetary

Policy." These articles are good, but can only be of any special interest to American readers. The notes and comments on articles formerly published are numerous and mostly valuable.

MUSIC.

By E. A. C.

A very interesting Festival was held at Rostock, Germany, from the 24th to the 26th of September. The programme was a fine one, an incidental feature in it being the combined commemoration of the bi-centenaries of Handel and Bach, and the ter-centenary of Heinrich Schütz, known as the "father of modern German music." The entire management of the Festival was undertaken by Dr. Hermann Kretzschmar.

A regulation has been recently issued by the municipal authorities of Bonn which it is a pity cannot be enforced in Melbourne, namely, compelling all private teachers of music to apply for a license to follow their profession, and, further, to be examined by well-known musicians as to their competency to undertake it. Were this done, it would put a stop to the very inferior teaching now often given by young ladies who, because they can play a few popular airs and a little dance music, think themselves perfectly fitted to instruct in one of the noblest of the arts.

A curious discovery is said to have been lately made by a German gentleman, named Schradieck, who affirms that violins made of an American pine (a species of spruce-tree) possess a quality of tone closely resembling the world-famed Stradivari or Guarneri. The assertion is the more to be credited, as the wood of the spruce was used in making the Cremona violins, the tree at one time growing in the Tyrol. Some instruments have been made out of the wood recommended by the Herr, and the musical world will soon know the result, as they are to be tested by experts.

Madame Christine Nilsson, whose career was recently noticed in *Once a Month*, has been visiting her native country, and whilst staying at Stockholm promised, in the kindly spirit she so frequently manifests, to sing from the balcony of the Grand Hotel to those who might not otherwise have an opportunity of hearing the "Swedish Nightingale." About 30,000 people assembled before the building, and listened in delight to the "charmed strains," but as the immense crowd dispersed, a terrible crush took place, and eighteen deaths occurred, whilst many more are said to be injured. Madame Nilsson's grief was intense at the sorrow her effort to give pleasure had brought on the families of so many of her own country-people. The generosity of the offer was enhanced by being carried out directly after the termination of a concert in which she had held the principal part, and must therefore have been already greatly fatigued.

The death is announced of Professor A. G. Ritter, the well-known composer and performer on the organ.

Amongst the numerous cholera victims in the late terrible epidemic in Spain, it has been remarked that not one professional player is included in the number.

For the first time in Denmark, the opera of "Aïda" was performed at the Copenhagen Hof Theatre on the occasion of the festivities consequent upon the betrothal of Prince Waldemar and the Princess Marie d'Orléans.

M. Stanislaus Rosenzweig, a young Polish virtuoso, has carried off this year's prize for violin-playing at the Paris Conservatoire.

The Monday Popular Concerts have lately, despite their name, been so ill-supported that the "reserve fund" in connection with them has had to be drawn upon to the sum of £200, and the committee have therefore decided that only six should be given this season.

The "Viennese Ladies' Orchestra" has proved one of the most attractive features at the Albert Palace. Only a light style of music is rendered by it, and the wind department is entrusted to some gentlemen so placed in the centre of the group as to be invisible to the audience. Nothing very difficult is attempted, but the performance is altogether most pleasing.

We have received from Messrs. Allan and Co., of Collins Street East, their catalogue of vocal and instrumental music for December, 1885. The compositions are very numerous, and meet the requirements of all interested in music, from the accomplished pianist to the youngest beginner. The catalogue will be found of great use in selecting songs or instrumental pieces. The theoretical works form a valuable portion of this firm's large collection. A very interesting lecture by Dr. Carter Moffat on his wonderful discovery, the "Ammoniophone," was in the same parcel, and repaid reading. How the doctor first thought of improving the voice is now well known, but perhaps the warm approval with which the invention has been greeted by the medical world at home may not be so familiar to all the readers of *Once a Month*. Chronic bronchitis, asthma, phthisis, whooping-cough—indeed, all lung and chest affections are greatly benefited by its use, according to the testimonies of some of the most skilful of the faculty; whilst the good results to vocalists, clergymen, etc., who daily inhale from it, is shown by the remarks inserted at the close of the pamphlet. There is no doubt but that Dr. Carter Moffat has proved himself a great benefactor to the human race, and it is sincerely to be hoped that the "Ammoniophone" will everywhere meet with the success it deserves.

CURRENT EVENTS.

By E. A. C.

Those fond of gems have had a treat in the inspection of a magnificent topaz about to be forwarded to Europe. The weight is over 4 lb. avoirdupois, and it is of perfect crystalline form. The fortunate possessor found it in alluvial tin-drift, three feet from the surface, in one of his tin mines at the East Coast, Tasmania, in the year 1883. The pretty though not very appropriate name of "Light of the Sea" has been given it; "Kateena Lienna" is the Tasmanian native term. This topaz is supposed to be the largest now known in the world. A photograph of the gem is to be seen, and Mr. Wintle has also one showing where it was found, with the figures of several miners at hand. It is at present on view in the Exhibition buildings.

The coming departure of Lady M'Culloch, and the proposed closing of her Convalescent Home, are deeply regretted by all who interest themselves in the welfare of the sick and weary portion of our community. Several letters on the subject have appeared in the papers, and it has been pointed out in the *Herald* that a suitable building for the purpose could be obtained for moderate terms at Caulfield. It is earnestly to be hoped that the affair may be kept prominently before the public, as no charitable institution is at present so urgently needed in Melbourne as a "Home" where men and women can re-establish the

health that has been weakened and endangered by recent illness.

A sample of condensed milk has been recently forwarded to the Department of Agriculture by Messrs. Jackman and Co., of the Pioneer Dairy, Romsey. After being bottled for sixteen days, it was opened and found to be in perfect order. It was then re-sealed, and has been left in the offices of the Department for a fortnight or more, when it will be again examined.

A Mr. Stephen has also sent a similar sample to the *Argus*, which is being subjected to the same trial, and appears likely to prove in every way as successful as that first mentioned.

The recent predictions of the blacks in all parts of the colony as to an approaching heavy rainfall, have, this time, been abundantly fulfilled; and it is said that in some districts, when questioned as to their being able to announce such facts with any degree of certainty, that they pointed to the ants around them, declaring that some important alteration in the usual habits of the insects warned them of what weather was likely to soon occur. If such be really the case, it will excite even greater interest in these wonderful little creatures, than the charming accounts of Sir John Lubbock have already created.

THE HUMOURIST.

TOO SEVERE.

A certain admiral, who was supposed to be much disinclined to fighting, was subpoenaed to prove a nuisance at Twickenham. He had declared that the odour of a certain laboratory was intolerable, and the counsel who cross-examined him insisted that he should describe it. Becoming somewhat confused, he exclaimed, "Like! like! I don't know what it is like. It is like the horridest smell I ever smelt." "Was it like gunpowder, Mr. Admiral?" inquired the barrister, quietly. The gallant witness was utterly discomfited.

TWO HALVES NOT EQUAL TO THE WHOLE.

Dr. Barnard, one of the king's chaplains, met an old acquaintance accidentally in the Mall. "So, Mr. Grove," said the doctor, "why, you look vastly well. Do you continue to take your usual walk?" "No, sir," replied the old man; "I cannot do so much now; I cannot get round the park; but I will tell you what I do instead. I go half round, and back."

AFTER A SENSATION.

First Reporter—"Hist! Lay low! This must be a meeting place of anarchists. See! That mysterious sign on the door."

Second Reporter—"Maybe they are laying plans to blow up the city to-night. What does it say? It is in German."

"I can't read German, but most likely it says—'To arms,' or 'Blood,' or 'Up, guards, and at them,' or something like that."

"Yes, yes, no doubt, but we must get the exact meaning. Ah! here comes a German citizen; we'll ask him."

German (on being asked)—"Dot sign? Oh! Yah! Dot sign it say 'Please shut de door.'"

LONG DESCENT.

Francis I. of France, desiring to patronise Chastel, enquired of him his genealogy. "Sire," said Chastel, "there were three brothers in Noah's ark, but I do not know from which of them I am descended."

NOT BIG ENOUGH.

Mr. William Cole, a correspondent of Horace Walpole, was remarkable for his effrontery. Dining in a party at Cambridge, he took up from the table a gold snuff-box belonging to the gentleman next him, and amongst other impertinent remarks, observed that it was big enough to hold the freedom of a corporation. "Yes," replied the owner, "it would hold any freedom but yours."

REALLY GOOD ANAGRAMS.

Anagrams are often very much forced, and equally often very inappropriate, or of the nature of bad jokes. The following two good Latin ones are pretty well known:—

Horatio Nelson	Honor est a Nilo.
Quid est veritas?	Est vir qui adest.

But there are also good ones in English, as, for example:—

Telegraph	Great help.
Radical Reform	Rare mad frolic.
Punishment	Nine thumps.
Penitentiary	Nay, I repent it.
Old England	Golden land.
Astronomers	Moon starers.
Catalogues	Got as a clue.
Charades	Hard case.
Sweetheart	There we sat.
John Abernethy	Johnny the bear.

A CONCLUSIVE DERIVATION.

Porson was much annoyed by Dr. Jeremiah King finding derivations for words used in conversation. At last he exclaimed: "Dr. King, I have discovered the derivation of your name: Jeremiah King—Jerry King—Jer King—Gerkin—Cucumber."

NOT EXACTLY WHAT HE MEANT TO SAY.

Brown: "Oh, how do, Black? I'm almost ashamed of myself for not calling before; but I've put it off, and put it off, until it did seem that I never would call." Black: "Don't mention it, my dear fellow. You are very kind, I'm sure."

THE LITTLE BUTCHERS TO THE GREAT.

The butchers of Ghent are divided into two classes. When Napoleon once visited that city the little butchers, as they are called, erected a triumphal arch in his honour, with the following inscription, which we give in the original French: "*Les Petits Bouchers de Gand à Napoleon le Grand!*" This unlucky equivocal was by no means agreeable to Napoleon le Grand.

. ANCIENTS AND MODERNS.

Bishop Whipple, when in Philadelphia, told this story: He was standing in rapt silence in York Minster, overcome by the grand interior, when he was approached by a typical countryman, who exclaimed: "Wall, stranger, there's one thing purty sartin, the men who put up this here didn't build stun houses for theirsels and old wooden houses for their God, did they?"

A SHORT CREED.

One declaring to Dr. Parr that he would believe nothing which he could not understand, "Then, sir," said the Doctor, "your creed will be the shortest of any man's I know."

LITERAL INDEPENDENCE.

When a certain great man was often boasting of his independence, Dr. Paley said, in allusion to the origin of the word, "I do not know what all this boast of independence means, except that his lordship is *not yet hanged*."

SURE TO MEET HIM.

"Do you think you will see Smith down town," asked Jones of a friend. "Yes." "You are quite sure you will see him?" "Oh, I haven't the slightest doubt in the world that I will meet him somewhere. I owe him twenty dollars."

SOUNDS FROM THE SANCTUM.

Some writer has produced a poem called "Sounds from the Sanctum." It reads just too pretty, and gives readers the thought that the author never visited the sanctum when business was in full blast. If he had called about midnight, for instance, he would have seen two saints, one poring over a proof-slip, the other holding the copy, and the sounds would have been something like this.

Proof-reader—"As flowers without the sunshine fair—comma—so—comma—without you—comma—do I—full stop—breathe a dark and dismal mair—"

Copy-holder—"Thunder. Not mair—air."

Proof-reader—"I breathe a dark and dismal air—comma—of flowers—comma."

Copy-holder—"Shoot the comma."

Proof-reader—"Tis done. As bowers without the sunshine fair—semi-colon—confound slug seven, he never justifies his lines—No joy in life—comma—no worms—"

Copy-holder—"Warmth."

Proof-reader—"No warmth I share—comma—and health and vigorous flies—"

Copy-holder—"Bother! health and vigour fly—"

Proof-reader—"Health and vigour fly—full stop."

That's about the sound of it when poetry is on, says the *Des Moines Register*.

A FAIR SAMPLE.

The car was brimful, but it stopped to take on a lady. She had scarcely squeezed her way in when a man squeezed his way out, and as he reached the platform he growled:

"Here's a fair sample of the hoggishness of the men of Detroit!"

"How?"

"Why, the selfish wretches sat there and made me give up my seat to my own wife!"

LOCATION OF A SMALL JOKE.

"At a Sunday-school in ——— a teacher asked a new scholar, a little girl, what her name was. She replied: 'Helen French.' An urchin in an adjoining seat sang out: 'What is it in English?'" This item has had an extraordinary run, and is now located at Syracuse, N. Y. About a week ago it was away out in Helena, Montana, and also occurred in San Francisco, Chicago, Oshkosh, Wis., Kankakee, Ill., Kalamazoo, Mich., and various other places. Think it has not been located in Milwaukee yet.

VERY STUPID.

"He tried to kiss me, and I just told him to behave," said an irate young lady after a sleigh-ride down the road the other day. "Well, did he kiss you?" asked a friend. "No, the fool, he behaved."

BEHAVING LIKE GENTLEMEN.

A Vassar College girl tells this story: "We had a theatre with a stage fitted up with a drop curtain and scenery, and there we gave famous theatrical performances. One of our favourite pieces, I remember, was 'She Stoops to Conquer.' The actors were all girls, and so was the audience. But a portion of the audience wore handkerchiefs tied around the right arm, and the girls composing it were understood to be gentlemen. Of course they escorted the ladies to the play, and stamped their feet on the floor to express their approbation at anything particularly fine. When the curtain fell at the close of an act, the 'gentlemen' all grabbed their hats from under the seats and rushed out into the hall. There they paraded up and down the front of the theatre, shouting to each other: 'Well, fellers, what'll yer take?' and 'Reckon it's my treat; come up to the bar an' order your pizen,' and 'Sa-ay, Jim, got any good eatin' tobacker in your clothes?'"

A CHARITABLE SUPPOSITION.

Because a man does not stand, and offer his seat to a lady in a street car, it is no sign that he is not a gentleman. He may be the unhappy owner of a few restless corns that he is trying to favour.

ON THE SAFE SIDE.

First Western Desperado—"Well, did you kill old Colonel Rich?"

Second Desperado—"Yes, I fotched him."

"How did you do it?"

"I found him riding on his horse along a lonely road, and had plenty of time to aim."

"But where is his horse?"

"I did not touch that."

"Did not take the horse?"

"Certainly not. In this section they will hang a man for stealing a horse."

"NOT THERE, NOT THERE, MY CHILD."

"There, my daughter," said the old man, placing a deed for a beautiful mansion among the wedding gifts, "is my present, and my best wishes for your future happiness go with it. God bless you, my child; God bless you!" and he turned away, choked with emotion. "Is there a mortgage on it, papa?" she asked brightly, as she arranged the deed conspicuously on the table. "No," he said, "there is no mortgage on the deed; it's on the property."

SOMEWHAT PREFERABLE.

It being reported that Lady Caroline Lamb had, in a moment of passion, knocked down one of her pages with a stool, the poet Moore, when this was told him by Lord Strangford, observed, "O, nothing is more natural for a literary lady than to double down a page." "I would rather," replied his lordship, "advise Lady Caroline to turn over a new leaf."

WAN LEE'S MISFORTUNE.

The local heathen Chinese rather more than holds his own in some respects, and many of the children of the better class of Mongolians have attended school to some purpose, despite the social restriction law under which they labour. The other day a California Street matron, just returned from a three years' tour abroad, advertised for a first-class cook, whereupon an intelligent looking pig-tail applied for the position.

"Whatee you namee, John?" asked the lady, in that peculiar baby talk supposed to be adapted to infants and other foreigners.

"Wan Lee."

"You sabe loast tlurklee, Wan?" lisped the lady.

The Chinaman knit his brows and shook his head.

"Oh, dear me!" said the tourist to her imported maid, in what is known here as Mills Seminary—and abroad as restaurant—French, "what am I to do? I can't make him understand."

"It is very unfortunate," said the Chinaman, reflectively. "I see you don't speak French very well, and besides that, English and Chinese are the only languages I know."

He was not engaged.

A NEEDFUL INVENTION.

A man has invented a chair that can be adjusted to 800 different positions. It is designed for a boy to sit in when he goes to church.

POOR CONSOLATION.

A worthy baronet, who dabbled in politics, came to Sidney Smith one day very much irritated. "What is the matter?" was the immediate question. Are any of our institutions in danger? "No, but I have just been with Brougham, whom I sought out for the purpose of making an important communication, but upon my word, he treated me as if I was a fool!" "Never mind, my dear fellow," said Sydney, in his most sympathetic tones, "never mind, never mind, he thought you knew it!"

A SUNDAY LESSON.

Young lady (teaching Sunday school class): "And who comes after Esther?" (Pause.) "Is it Job?" *Pupil*: "No, Miss; it's Billy Piper's big brother. I see him every Sunday."

TWO OF A KIND.

A dude and a monkey met one day,
And to the dude the monkey did say,
"How do, Mr. Dude?"

Then to the monkey the dude replied,
"Remember my high ancestral pride,
You're only a monkey, sir; beside,
Please don't be so rude."

Said the monkey, "Pardon, my dudish friend;
Sure, I really did not mean to offend,
You take a high shelf.

If I'm a monkey, I own it is true,
But I could not help it; and as for you,
You're just my picture in all you do,
And you made yourself!"

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THE HON. CHARLES MEREDITH

WILLIAM INGUS & CO LITH

PHOTO BY BAILY.

ONCE A MONTH.

No. III.

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VOL. IV.

GALLERY OF EMINENT AUSTRALASIANS.

No. XV.

THE HON. CHARLES MEREDITH,

LATE COLONIAL TREASURER OF TASMANIA.

By L. A. M.

[The recent erection in the Domain, at Hobart, of a drinking-fountain (of which we give a representation in our present issue) in memory of Mr. Meredith, has led to the introduction into our Gallery, at as early a date as possible of a name so deservedly esteemed, and especially in Tasmania.—ED.]

“Statesman, yet friend to truth; of soul sincere,
In action faithful and in honour clear;
Who broke no promise, served no private
end,
Who gained no fortune, and who lost no
friend.”

—*Pope.*

In the last quarter of the last century, John Meredith, an eminent solicitor of Birmingham, lineally descended from the old kings of Wales, died, leaving two daughters and four sons. George, the youngest, in 1794 entered the Navy at the age of sixteen, and as lieutenant served during the succeeding eventful years in America, the West Indies, and Egypt.* He received his retirement on full pay in 1805, in consequence of injury to his eyes.

* While in Egypt he performed the exploit, so often narrated, of removing from the summit of Pompey's Pillar the Cap of Liberty placed there by Buonaparte. This trophy was a large cornucopia-shaped fabric, formed of bands of iron rivetted together, and was secured on the column under a conical roof of massive timber.

Soon after his retirement Mr. Meredith married Miss S. W. Hicks, a young heiress, and, after living for a time in Scotland, purchased the estate of Rhyndaston, in Pembrokeshire. Losing his wife in 1820, he sold all his landed property, resolving to emigrate, and after seeking all available information relative to the Cape, Canada, New South Wales, and Van Diemen's Land, he finally selected the last as the future home of himself and children—three daughters and two sons, the youngest of whom, Charles, born at Poyston, Pembrokeshire, 29th May, 1811, is the subject of this brief memoir.

Having been delicate in health as a child, he was not placed at a boys' school until 1818, when his elder brother and he were pupils together of Dr. Lindsay, at Bow. Here, when recovering from a dangerous fever, he received the sad intelligence that his mother, for whom he had the deepest

affection, had died in child-birth at Rhyndaston. His love and reverence for her dear memory, and the recollection of her gentleness and beauty, remained unabated all his life; and in after years he would tell how his noisy schoolmates seemed touched by his wan, sad face, and would pause in their play to lend a helping hand or say a kindly word "to the poor little chap whose mother was dead."

The family had rooms in Chancery Lane during the progress of the preparations for their voyage, the young people impatiently chafing at the restrictions and privations of city life, but occasionally solacing themselves by such animated indoor diversions, anticipatory of fighting privateers, hunting lions, riding elephants, etc., that the sedate law-clerks who were industriously filling parchments in the chambers below were fain to despatch the landlady on urgent missions to the turbulent powers above, praying for a cessation of active hostilities.

At that time emigrants received grants of land proportionate in extent to the amount of capital they brought out, and Mr. Meredith's promised territory was considerable. He was also guaranteed 2000 acres for each of his sons on their severally attaining the age of sixteen. He procured from Saxony some of the finest merino sheep, which were the first brought direct to the colony, and the progenitors of the fine flocks on the East Coast. He also brought English pheasants, but the selfish greed of persons who shot them when first liberated defeated his early attempt at acclimatisation. Valuable dogs, old sporting favourites, also accompanied the family in the ship "Emerald," which was chartered by Mr. Geo. Meredith and the late Mr. Jos. Archer, of Pansanger, and also carried as passengers Dr. Desailly, and Messrs. Gregson, Kerr, and others. A Gravesend smack conveyed them on board, for in 1820 steamers were not. They sailed on 20th November and touched at Teneriffe—where the genial old monks were very kind to the children, enjoying their delight in the beauty and novelty of the island, and feasting them on delicious

tropical fruits—a welcome contrast to the bitter gloom of a London November, so lately left. They also stayed a week at the Cape, seeing the lions, both quadrupedal and typical, and off St. Helena were closely pursued by a pirate; but the "Emerald" put on so brave an aspect, and showed her teeth with so warlike a growl, that the enemy dropped astern. Next day they spoke H.M.S. "Mona," then cruising off the island to prevent the escape of Buonaparte, and reported the whereabouts of the pirate, who had been "looked for" by the frigate, and was shortly afterwards captured.

On 18th March, 1821, the "Emerald" arrived at Hobart. Mr. George Meredith, after some hazardous exploring expeditions, selected his grants at the head of Oyster Bay, and with his usual energy began the work of a settler, beset by many difficulties—some inseparable from colonial inexperience, but the most serious were those resulting in course of time from the unjust despotism of Lieut.-Governor Arthur. To colonists that paid him servile court and subjection he gave liberally both additional grants of land and gangs of prisoners and servants rationed by Government, but so far from any like encouragement being offered to a settler who, however diligent and deserving, failed to lay himself and his projects at the very feet of the autocrat, every obstruction was placed in his uphill path. His most useful servants were withdrawn, or orders issued that none should be assigned to him.

In those days, long gone by, when communication with England was rare and the transit long, when the legitimate hands of power in Downing Street seemed to hold the reins of government in an inextricable tangle of red tape, the grievous misuse of delegated authority was such as if truly narrated would fail to gain credence in these times of telegraphs and special correspondents. Amongst many other despotic deeds, Colonel Arthur issued an Act "subjecting the free press of the colony to an official license." This unconstitutional invasion of their rights was warmly and successfully opposed, and an earnest letter of remonstrance was

addressed by Mr. George Meredith to the Lieut.-Governor, signed by himself and the other chief men in the colony, including the names of Gellibrand, Kemp, Kermode, Bethune, Gregson, and many others, leaders of opinion and defenders of right.

The pioneers of civilisation might well have been spared official persecution. Life was at best but a hard struggle. Of some few—and very few—of the adventures which befel Charles Meredith in those early days his wife has told in her last work.* The years of boyhood, which should have been passed in safety and study, were in his case rife with privation and danger. The aborigines, who had been peaceful and harmless at first, and glad to “camp” near the homestead for gifts of food, blankets, etc., suddenly, under the evil example of a Sydney black transported to Van Diemen’s Land, became savage and blood-thirsty, spearing and breaking the bones of every white man, woman, and child who fell into their cruel hands. Many were the hair-breadth escapes from terrible death which the lonely boy had, in the performance of duties imposed on him by the iron rule under which he grew to manhood; sometimes shepherding a valuable flock by day and night, far from any other human being except the blacks, from whose keen sight even the smoke of his little fire must be concealed; sometimes hunting kangaroo and carrying heavy burdens home for household food, as cattle and sheep were at first too precious to be constantly butchered; sometimes tracking a missing horse through hitherto untrodden wilds. The facts of his early youth outdid in sadness and severity many a sensational pathetic fiction.

Mr. Geo. Meredith, intending to make the rough first years of colonial hardship as brief an episode as possible, and to return soon to his accustomed manner of living, brought out with him furniture and all other requisites to fit up a handsome house. Meanwhile, as if to realise with complete dramatic effect all the ugliness of

the transition period, and act the part of early settlers to the very life, with appropriate scenery and stage-properties, he packed away all the comforts and luxuries of the future in a wooden storehouse, built at a distance from his temporary abode. The long dry grass around was one day burned; the flames caught the store, and all was destroyed save a few dozens of heated wine and some damaged china. (Sometimes it seems that the method of the “Wife of Bath” has the more of worldly wisdom:—

“The wasting moth ne’er spoiled my best array,
The cause is this—I wore it ev’ry day.”)

The noted bushranger, Brady, had threatened to attack Belmont, Mr. Meredith’s abode, and a small party of soldiers was stationed there to receive him; but the astute person in command, with a letter in his pocket, sent by an express messenger, warning him that Brady was coming, marched his men off, and was just out of sight when the gang of robbers, having secured the servants, walked into the cottage, demanded the keys, broke open desks and work-boxes in search of dollars, seized plate, firearms, and stores, and regaled themselves on the best they could find. They offered no rudeness to Mr. Meredith’s daughters, but said that had he been at home they would have shot him. He and his two sons were, fortunately, at a distant part of the estate. Ordering some of the servants to carry the plunder down to the creek where two boats lay, they loaded one, stove the other in, and sailed safely away. The plate was afterwards recovered.

Brady was a sort of convict Robin Hood in Tasmanian popular legends. He is said to have behaved with unvarying respect to women in his marauding exploits; and if all the hills in the colony which have been named “Brady’s Look-out” were really occupied by him during his day of power, he was almost ubiquitous. The problem which must occur to any thinking mind, in looking through the records of the terrible past, is not “why were there any bushrangers?” but “how could such hordes of human beings endure, as the wretched convicts

* “Tasmanian Friends and Foes.” London: Marcus Ward and Co.

did, wanton, lawless cruelties and tortures, wholly beyond the power of voice or pen to tell—without rising in one body to avenge their wrongs by an awful retribution?"

Years went on. Flocks and herds increased and multiplied. Mr. Geo. Meredith had contracts, worth some £2000 a year, for supplying the penal station on Maria Island with meat, and Charles, then a youth of fifteen, had charge of the little vessel conveying it. His pleasant periodical visits to the families of Mr. Lemprière the Commissary, and Major Lord the Commandant, were a welcome variety in his life; but the perpetual instances of brutal, wanton cruelty he witnessed, and was helpless to avert or mitigate, confirmed his naturally gentle nature in that horror of tyrannical oppression which was ever so salient a feature in his character.

On one occasion a schooner bringing supplies to the station was wrecked on the rocks, and a gang of prisoners ordered down to the beach to save all of the cargo which could be picked or fished up. Some kegs of common tobacco had broken up, and the "figs," saturated with salt water, were scattered about the shore. Whilst collecting this spoiled stuff, some of the poor, shivering, drenched wretches concealed—unlawfully, of course—some bits of it about them, tempted by the chance of that rare luxury, a smoke. Argus-eyed guards espied and reported this heinous crime. The miserable creatures were rigidly searched, and every one of the score or two on whom an atom had been secreted was sentenced by Major Lord to receive fifty or a hundred lashes, which atrocious punishment was carried out to the letter the following morning in his presence. Charles—then his guest, and invited to the scene of horror as to a little familiar amusement—turned away sickened at the first stroke and shriek, and never, during his whole life, was the cause, either directly or indirectly, of a single lash being inflicted. The flogging of convict servants, for the smallest offence, was at that time a matter of constant occurrence, and was thought no more of

than a mild reprimand would be now.

Charles having gone into Bass' Straits on business for his father, the schooner in which he was passenger and supercargo was wrecked on Preservation Island. He escaped by leaping ashore from the bowsprit. No lives were lost, and after subsisting miserably for many days on "burgoo," or gruel made of sea-soaked flour, a passing boat with some sealers was signalled, and put the party on shore on the mainland east of George Town. Charles Meredith was soon bare-foot, but walked, unarmed and alone, some 160 miles along the north and down the east coast to Swanport—a journey of many days, with scant food, thin clothing, and only on one or two nights the shelter of a roof, for very little of that portion of the island was then inhabited. Soon after his return he was again sent to the islands in an open boat, with a crew of one man, to bring off sealskins and other property left behind.

Tempted by the abundance of whales in the neighbouring seas, Mr. Geo. Meredith established fisheries for "bay whaling." Matters being at first but inefficiently managed, he placed the command in his son Charles' hands, under whose energetic direction the enterprise prospered; whilst the zest with which he personally entered into the giant sport, and his intrepidity and skill, greatly endeared him to the brave, rough fellows in his service.

Young George Meredith had, when sixteen, duly received his promised grant of 2000 acres of land, and taken it up on the banks of the Meredith River, Swanport. Here he lived for some few years, when he built a small vessel, and in her sailed away on a voyage of exploration, leaving his property in the care of a friend in Hobart. No direct intelligence of his whereabouts reached his family, but only rumours. Some told of his having met a tragic death by being struck on the head from behind by one of a party of aborigines to whom he was giving a meal on Kangaroo Island, near Adelaide. Another story told of his being wrecked in a boat, from which one

survivor only escaped. Charles was most warmly attached to his brother, who was brave, generous, and chivalric as a knight of old; a man withal of singular and varied ability and wit, but possessed from earliest boyhood by a thirsty spirit of adventure, and an incapacity for understanding what danger was, which might only too probably lead him into peril.

To Charles the promised grant was never given. His father's uncompromising honesty and independence, his resistance to injustice, and outspoken exposure of official corruption, had placed him in oppugnancy to Lieut.-Governor Arthur; who, with his habitual vindictive custom of visiting upon children the offences of their fathers, refused to ratify the promise given to Charles, forbade that any prisoner servants should be assigned to him, and when land was bought for him at a public sale, ordered that possession thereof should be retained by the authorities.

Under these circumstances Charles, not unwillingly, received £2000 from his father, and left Van Diemen's Land for New South Wales in 1833, with the distinct understanding that he was to embark in sheep-farming as a squatter. He found on arrival in Sydney that land on the North Shore was to be bought in almost any quantity at five shillings an acre. But—not in ignorance, for he believed in a great future for Sydney, though not guessing *how* great it would be—but in honest observance of his agreement, he let the tempting chance pass by, bought sheep and cattle, and took up runs on the Murrumbidgee, Manaroo, and Limestone Plains; for a time joining another Tasmanian—now the Hon. W. A. Brodribb—in a cattle station, prospering well in his pastoral pursuits, and making warm friends among all classes.

Having made such arrangements as allowed him with all prudence to be for a year absent from the colony, he resolved to pay a long-desired visit to England. Sailing from Hobart in May, 1838, in the ship "Seppings," the vessel, under stress of weather, put into the Bay of Islands, New Zealand, and in entering struck twice on a rock.

Charles Meredith, who alone of all the passengers knew what had really happened, ran on deck to the captain, who said that he did not think any harm was done, and begged that nothing might be said about it, as it would damage the insurance, and be a great detention, if the ship were to undergo examination. Nothing *was* said.

A few days passed pleasantly in visits to the hospitable chiefs, than whom Mr. Meredith declared he had never met more courteous gentlemen; and then the "Seppings" went on her stormy way round Cape Horn, amidst heavy gales and awful icebergs, with sails and rigging sheeted in ice, icicles like huge stalactites hanging everywhere, and only enough fuel in the ship to light the galley-fire for a short time once a day.

Arriving safely in London, and being overhauled in the dock, the "Seppings" was found to have struck so heavily on the rock in New Zealand, that a sharp point of it had pierced her bow, and broken off; but having fortunately been tightly jammed in, it stuck there through all the straining and pitching of her tempestuous voyage. Thus the impending calamity of foundering in open ocean had been strangely and happily averted.

Charles Meredith remained in England nearly a year, spending some time in London, and visiting relatives in Birmingham and Leamington, enjoying the amusements and hospitality prepared for the welcome guest from afar. Australian squatters were then *rare aves* at home, and the stalwart distinguished-looking young man, who had such varied experiences to relate, and so genial a way of doing it, found himself, if not famous, extremely popular. He surprised his kinsfolk by being so well read, they knowing how short had been his school days. The solution of the problem was that in the long lonely hours in the wild bush, herding sheep or cattle, he always had some book from the well-chosen library at home in his pocket, and in course of years read and re-read, carefully and lovingly, the old English classics, and had since made himself acquainted with the most illustrious modern writers. The general and political

questions of the day found in him sound and often original judgment. Races, reviews, theatres, and all sights worth seeing, interested and amused him, but his chief pursuit in London was the endeavour to obtain from Downing Street redress for the wrongs done him by the Colonial Government. His applications were supported by the interest of influential friends, not the least among whom was Daniel O'Connell, then a name of power in the political world. After considerable experience of the delays and complications which await any outsider who, with stout heart and a good cause, essays to obtain a hearing and just decision in any Government "circumlocution office," Mr. Meredith was courteously informed by the Marquis of Normanby that instructions had been sent to Sir John Franklin (then Governor) to enquire into the case and decide according to its merits. The brave old sailor, who was Mr. Meredith's personal friend, wrote some kindly letters expressive of earnest intention, but no restitution was ever made.

It is often seen, even now, how curiously ignorant of colonial life are many well-educated people at home, and in 1838 the deficiency was far more manifest. Geographical knowledge, especially, was of the most mixed and misty character. Loving relatives of persons abroad gravely proposed sending parcels by Mr. Meredith to India, Ceylon, Swan River, The Cape, and Madagascar, as he "would be passing by" on his return to Sydney. A young English lady, accomplished as a Parisian education could make her, enquired what language was spoken in these colonies? And the old family governess, whose peculiar care Mr. Meredith had been in his invalid childhood, and whom he delighted by going to visit her in Norfolk, was painfully exercised as to the kind of food that was eaten in such remote regions. "Yes, my dear Charles, I quite understand now. You have cattle and sheep; so you can get beef and mutton. I'm very glad of that."

"Plenty of pigs, too."

"Pigs? Then you have pork—yes, and bacon?"

"Tons, and eggs with it. Hams as well, and poultry."

"That's *very* nice. Yes, but my dear boy, what do you do for bread?"

In April, 1839, Mr. Meredith was married at old Edgbaston Church, near Birmingham, to his cousin, Louisa Twamley. On their way to London, Mr. and Mrs. Meredith made a short stay at Oxford, where, at a *soirée* given by Professor Daubeny, they met Dr. Buckhurst and many other celebrities; but the most memorable incident of that pleasant evening was the exhibition of Daguerre's first essays in sun-printing—the very dawn of photography. These were shadowy impressions of leaves, more or less distinct, and were examined by the throngs of guests with wondering admiration.

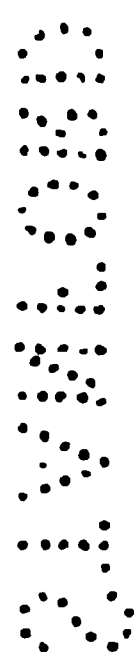
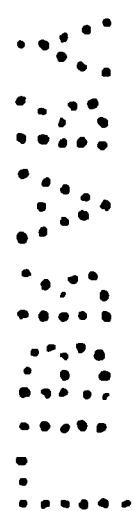
On 6th June, Mr. Meredith and his wife sailed for Sydney in the barque "Letitia," some 370 tons, a good little vessel, and whose captain was a thorough seaman, but singularly coarse and uncouth. Early on 27th September Mr. Meredith was requested to go on deck and identify the near land, which he recognised as Botany Bay Heads.

The effects of the severe drought from which the colony of New South Wales had so long suffered were still keenly felt. Wheat was 28s. 6d. a bushel,* and the livery of a horse cost a pound per night.

After journeys to Bathurst and the Murrumbidgee, Mr. Meredith rented and resided for awhile at the old house, Homebush,* but, being recalled by his father, disposed of his pastoral property to two persons conjointly, both men of high public position and supposed wealth, taking their bills, extending over two years, for the amount. In October, 1840, he landed with his wife and child in Hobart, and proceeded to Swan Port.† He subsequently purchased from his father the unimproved estate of Spring Vale, on which he built a cottage, and cleared and cultivated some extent of land. In the second year he harvested the largest yield per acre then known in the district, and a goodly array of

* See "Notes and Sketches of New South Wales." Murray, London.

† "My Home in Tasmania," by Mrs. C. Meredith. Murray, London.





Drinking Fountain
erected in memory of
THE HON CHARLES MEREDITH
in the Domain, Hobart.

TASMANIA.

portly stacks seemed a solid omen of prosperity. But the sequel to the monetary crash in New South Wales was still to be felt. One of the debtors, unable to meet the temporary embarrassments which had gathered round him, died. The property of the other had previously been made secure beyond the reach of creditors, and the two estates paid fourpence in the pound of their joint debt to Charles Meredith. This infinitesimal portion was paid to his agents, who, while holding it, also failed, and their assets were smaller still. All was lost.

Sir Eardley Wilmot, the new Governor of Tasmania, and the friend of Mr. and Mrs. Meredith's family in Warwickshire, having found it necessary to create a new police district in the north of the colony, offered the resident magistracy to Mr. Meredith, who accepted, and in the first instance proceeded alone to the scene of his new duties, leaving his wife to see the crops threshed and shipped, and other preparations for final departure made. Numerous gangs of bushrangers at this time infested the colony, and Mrs. Meredith was accustomed to see all doors barred at dusk and firearms loaded and efficient for probable service, always keeping a trusty brace of pistols beside her own bed. Alarms from neighbours a few miles distant, who had themselves been "stuck up," were not infrequent, but no attack was attempted on the lonely mistress of Spring Vale, owing, as she always believed, to the well-known fact of her husband never having caused one of his many hired convict servants to be flogged or treated with any cruelty or injustice.

During his first year at Port Sorell Mr. Meredith rented a cottage in the forest, so buried amidst huge trees that the sun did not touch it till nearly noon. He afterwards built a pleasant house by the sea, and near to the police office. In 1846 Mr. and Mrs. Meredith visited Sir Eardley Wilmot in Hobart, and with three other families of good social position were living in Government House at the very time that Mr. Gladstone, then Secretary for the Colonies, received the slanderous information that no women of respectability could be seen within the doors; and, without giving the noble old Governor the opportunity of vindicating himself and disproving the atrocious falsehood, deposed him from his high office, and—killed him. He was, indeed,

"Done to death by slanderous tongues."*

Charles Meredith continued at Port Sorell, actively discharging the duties of his office, until 1848, when his father, then advanced in years, desired his assistance. He at once prepared to obey the call, sent in his resignation, and received the cordial thanks of the chief police magistrate and of His Excellency Sir Wm. Denison for his past services.

During the succeeding ten years he rented his father's estates and resided in the district of Glamorgan. [The parliamentary and political career of Mr. Meredith will be described in our next.]

* "The annals of English history do not record so accursed a transaction perpetrated by any Secretary of State at anonymous instigation."—*Colonial Times and Tasmanian*, 9th February, 1847.

HUMAN LIFE.

Ah ! what is human life ?
How like the dial's tardy-moving shade !
Day after day slides from us unperceived !
The cunning fugitive is swift by stealth ;
Too subtle is the movement to be seen :
Yet soon the hour is up—and we are gone.

—Young. 6

LIFE'S TANGLED WEB.

By ALICE GOSSIP.

Author of "A CHRISTMAS JOURNEY," Etc.

"The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together."

—*Shakspeare.*

"O what a tangled web we weave,
When first we purpose to deceive!"

—*Scott.*

CHAPTER VIII.

MEETING.

There is nothing except a good gallop on horseback that is so thoroughly exhilarating as a morning drive behind a high-bred horse that carries you along as if speed were the pleasure of its life. It was not without its effect on Aubrey, upon whom care was wont to sit very lightly; for though his best feelings had been lately called into action, he was too much a devotee of that huge idol—self—to let his cares, his troubles, interfere with his personal enjoyment, and his spirits rose as they sped along. It need hardly be said that Mr. Cullingham was a first-rate whip. Keeping his mare up to her fastest pace, he turned corners and avoided ditches within a hair's-breadth of an overturn. It was a glorious morning; a soft breeze was gently blowing, and the sun was not yet too high for comfort; the birds were singing, and the blue sky above was dazzling in its azure intensity. The country was very pretty—hill and dale; and the road was for some miles fringed by a thick wood. In some parts, diverging from the straight line, it passed through the forest, where tall fir trees, towering to the sky, made a gloom that afforded a delightful change from the sunshine. Tom was in high spirits; a wild drive was his greatest pleasure; he whistled and hummed tunes of the liveliest de-

scription, and looked, what he was in reality, one of the happiest and best-tempered fellows alive. He left Aubrey to his reflections, only making a passing remark about objects as they flew by. Now a wheat-field coming on splendidly, now a herd of magnificent short-horns, claimed his attention; and he said what came into his head about them, without troubling himself whether Aubrey replied or attended in the least to his observation. But as they came at last to four cross roads, with the usual finger-post directing all comers to the different villages around, including Chorley, he pointed with his whip in the direction of the latter, and made a wry face at his hitherto silent companion.

"Do you know, Aubrey, I was intending to drive you over on Sunday to Chorley Church, to get a peep at this Mildred Wilmer? She plays the organ there, and we should have been sure to see her. The rector is a nice fellow, and we could have lunched with him, attended afternoon service, and driven back for dinner. It was one of the few events I had arranged for your special edification during the time you are good enough to spend with me; for you are indeed a prince of friends, to come and take up your quarters so uncomplainingly

at my somewhat incongruous establishment."

"Don't speak of it, my dear Tom. I assure you nothing gives me greater pleasure than being with you, and the perfect freedom of action is delightful. Town was getting rather too hot for me. I had some notes this morning I have not yet looked at; but the fair writers had begun to get too demonstrative, and I had got very deep into a furious flirtation with that notorious coquette, Laura Rushmore. Her worthy mother began to look terrible things at me—indeed, I was afraid little Laura herself was getting entangled, and my uncle was coming up; so I thought it wisest to beat a retreat, as there's nothing like discretion, you know, in these matters."

"Wisely remarked, O most sage of Aubreys; but what a pity you left your discretion behind you! I suppose you thought there could be no occasion for it down here. I admit we are a hundred years behind the times; but we must be waking up and on the road to civilisation when we possess resources that have such an overwhelming effect on a veteran intriguer like yourself. I have now some hopes of our advancement, at least in this century."

"You need not be told that 'the sweetest flowers seek the shade,' and indeed, under the circumstances, I do not see how a fellow could avoid coming to grief. Given this lovely June weather, a silent wood, and a wood-nymph of most divine attributes suddenly appearing to your astonished gaze, what would you do yourself in the position?"

"By Jove! I can't say, not being given to roaming in silent woods, and discovering sylvan goddesses; but I think I should have wished the lady good morning civilly, and asked her to direct me the nearest way home, with a view to lunch."

"O most prosaic of Toms! I think even you would have been entrapped."

"Well, let's hear how it came about; I shall then better understand the case."

Aubrey, finding that Tom intended to learn the whole affair, thought it wisest to put him off no longer; so he began his story, while his friend listened with marked attention.

"You remember the morning we strolled over to Daker's farm, where you wanted to learn about the fishing and the state of the water, I said that the wood looked so temptingly cool and pleasant, I would stroll into it, and meet you down by the river. I walked on for some distance on the little beaten path, but, thinking of other things, I never noticed that I had left it. As there was an opening in the trees that seemed to lead in the direction of the river, I went on expecting every moment to get out about the spot where I was to meet you, but after walking on and on, and only getting deeper into the underwood, I began to get fairly puzzled. I decided, therefore, to return, and endeavoured to retrace my steps, but was totally unsuccessful, and, looking at my watch, I found to my surprise that an hour had passed since I left you. The wood was so dense in some parts—undergrowth and tall brakes, nearly as high as myself—that at last I became thoroughly wearied, and though I thought I possessed some forest lore, found myself fairly baffled."

"No wonder," interrupted Tom; "a man and a boy, they say, were lost there, and were not found till they had been a couple of days in the place—nearly dead with hunger and thirst."

"I should not be surprised, after my own adventure. I had begun to despair, when I noticed another break in the trees and made for it, and to my intense satisfaction found someone seated there. Upon coming nearer, I saw it was a lady sitting busily sketching. It was certainly a charming spot to anyone with an artist's eye. The moss under foot was so soft that I approached without making any sound. I was so glad to meet a fellow-creature that I never thought how noiselessly I had come upon the scene, till, when I spoke, the young lady jumped up with a startled cry, and dropped all her drawing materials around her. I hurried up to her, when, seeming somewhat reassured, she laughed a merry girlish laugh at her alarm and mishap, and turned fully round. Never in my life have I seen such a face and form. Hair and eyes were simply wonderful. Masses of gold—burnished gold—were

coiled round the shapely head; the lovely brown eyes were alternately full of softened light and of laughter, and lips, colour, and figure all went to form as fair a picture as man could gaze on. I assure you I was fairly bewildered for a few moments, and almost omitted to apologise for startling her. When I told her the dilemma I was in, she informed me I was some miles from the spot where I was to meet you, and that the best way to reach it was by the river, which I was quite near. 'I have my boat here,' she added, 'and I shall be quite pleased to row you up to the Lock, along the lead which crosses the meadows on the other side. That is the shortest way either by land or water, the river turns and winds so much.' As you may imagine, I gratefully accepted the offer, and we started for the river. She did not seem to have the least suspicion that there was anything unusual in the situation, or to feel the slightest embarrassment. She was so perfectly natural and self-possessed, that I assure you a duchess might have envied her ease of manner. As the boat went along we said but little; for my part, I found occupation enough in gazing on her lovely face, and wondering who in the world she could be."

"In fact," interrupted Tom, "no person living would have recognised the self-possessed fashionable 'man about town,' and if little Laura Rushmore could have only got sight of you, she would have been totally metamorphosed into Medusa, or some of those other terrible people that had snakes for hair. Nothing short of that would have met the requirements of the enchanted ground; but I forgot you happened to be on the water. That's unfortunate for my apt illustration; but go on, Aubrey, on my honour I am awfully interested."

"Well, of course, I rowed on, saying only a few commonplace things, to which my sweet companion gave the most smiling replies. The mill-stream, along which we had come, had now brought us near the mill, and the towing-path which ran along the riverside was close at hand, so that I had no further excuse for trespassing on the lady's kindness. Besides, I began

to fear that someone might come along from the mill, or that some of the bargemen might be on the river; and I did not wish to expose to speculation on my account my fair deliverer, who, of course, must be known to everybody; I, therefore, proposed to land. She readily acquiesced, and steered in for the bank. Of course, I said all possible polite things in thanking her, and expressed my desire that someone should see her back, suggesting that she knew the mill people better than I did, and some one could be got from there. She laughed gaily, telling me that she was constantly on the river, and that she had no fear. 'Sometimes,' she said, 'I bring people over; this stream is so convenient for the mill, that when I see poor tired people looking so longingly at it when they are going there, and know the miles it is round by the road, I ask them to get into my boat and help them over. I carry some strange passengers—sometimes poor old men who are footsore and weary, and I get such blessings showered upon me for it.' Tom," continued Aubrey, laying his hand on his friend's arm, "an inward conviction told me I should see her again—that this was more than a simple *recontre*—and I took an oath in my heart I would not return evil for her compassionate courtesy, so that whatever comes of this you may trust me there. There is nothing more to tell you," broke off Elliott, abruptly.

"Well, thanks, Aubrey, for your confidences; but though I would be loth to doubt your good resolutions, I don't like the business, and wish you had never met the girl—more, I must confess, for her sake than yours. We men are often for a time bewitched with a pretty face, and think we could give up everything for it, but as we grow familiar with it, some of its witchery passes away; and when we go again into the mazy whirligig called society, we cool down wonderfully, and grumble confoundedly if we are obliged to fulfil only two or three of the solemn asseverations and protestations we so freely indulged in. So we take a plunge into Lethe, and start afresh with another idol, whom we

bow down to and worship in the same wild fashion. In this way we go on till we are half imbecile and grey, or we marry somebody with heavy coffers who might be our great-grandmother's aunt, for any youth or beauty she has. But what of the nymphs and the angels—how fare they? and how will it be this day next year with you and Mildred Wilmer?"

By this they had reached their destination, and in the bustle of arriving and alighting Aubrey made no reply. The two friends walked into the copse to examine the improvements, and the discussion of these fully occupied them during their stay. The homeward drive was again a rapid one; and the heat of the day and Aubrey's apprehension that he would be too late for his appointment with Mildred in the afternoon prevented further conversation, beyond a word or two now and then.

CHAPTER IX.

MRS. WILMER'S TROUBLE.

When Mildred came down next morning, after Arthur's visit, she did not show any appearance of suffering from the occurrences of the previous day. She moved about the room, filling the vase with flowers and putting the finishing touches to the arrangements of the table. She was thus occupied when her mother entered the room. Like most violent storms, her excitement had soon exhausted its energy. Mrs. Wilmer was glad to see this, for she intended that morning to let Mildred know something of how matters stood, and to consult with her about their resources and plans for the future. She looked round her pretty room and sighed deeply. It was so tastefully arranged; the breakfast table with its neat service of pink and white, and the various little articles of plate—a remnant of her former possessions—polished to the highest extent of Polly's art; the vase of flowers, which Mildred provided every morning—all pointed to the fact that the mistress was a lady, and every-

thing, though most simple, yet bore the unmistakable stamp of taste and refinement.

"Mamma," cried Mildred, raising her bright face as her mother entered, "look at my splendid strawberries! You all said I should never succeed in my gardening; what is your idea now?"

"They are splendid, indeed," said her mother, as she seated herself at the table; "you have quite eclipsed Larkins."

"Oh, Larkins said he would never pretend to do better than me after this. You know Arthur said——" and she stopped suddenly with a blush and a blank look. "Poor Arthur!" she added, in a soft tone, while the ready tears came to her eyes. "I had forgotten yesterday. Mamma, dear, you must not look sad, either!" for Mrs. Wilmer's face had changed, and she turned her head away from Mildred.

"'Tis not only that, my dearest child, which pains me, but I have some very unfortunate business to communicate to you this morning, and I only await the post to know how matters really are. Would you grieve much, dear, to leave our little home?"

Mildred glanced round the room with a slightly bewildered air, and paused for a moment before replying. "Why, Mamma, what makes you think we should leave here? I have never thought we would, and so I have never considered if I should like it. What is it about? Mamma, darling, don't, oh pray don't!" and she rose hurriedly as poor Mrs. Wilmer dropped her face on her hands and burst out in bitter weeping. Mildred threw her arms round her, and, raising her head, kissed her again and again, while she said every loving word that affection could suggest. After a few moments Mrs. Wilmer revived, and, trying to smile through her tears, kissed the lovely face bent over hers.

"I could not restrain this weakness, Mildred. All my courage seems to have left me, and the task of telling you what has long been on my mind seems more than I am equal to. The fear that perhaps even our little home may not be saved, and that my beloved child may have to go out into the

world to maintain herself, overcame me altogether. You are so beautiful, my darling—it is no weak flattery to tell you so in this time of trouble—that my heart rejoiced when I knew Arthur sought you yesterday to ask you to be his wife. I always knew how much he loved you, and felt sure that some day he intended speaking. I see now it was only the hope of gaining this law-suit that restrained him; and I felt so glad, knowing the dark clouds that were lowering over us, to think that when they burst my dear child would have been happily sheltered under his loving care. Your refusal has surprised me exceedingly. I always thought you cared for him, and I think Arthur himself felt sure of it. He is scarcely one to build hopes on a baseless foundation. Is it any whim, Mildred, that has caused this rupture between you? Stay, dear,” she continued, suddenly, “is it that my child is ambitious, and you thought Arthur a poor man? He is not so now, Mildred; he has come into possessions that will enable him to take his place amongst the wealthy. If riches can assist talent, there is nothing he may not aspire to in his profession, so that you need not limit your aspirations, dear!” and poor Mrs. Wilmer smiled.

“Oh, Mamma, you must think me very base if for a moment you imagined Arthur’s want of means could influence me. Had I loved him I would willingly have married him, even if his position had been a poorer one than we have ever known it to be—but I could not, Mamma. Should your worst forebodings be realised, and could I thus spare you all care, even my love for you, if it gave you a home, I think would hardly make me do it. Do not think me unkind—that I do not love you—that I would not work for you; but I could not—oh, I could not do that!”

She buried her fair young head in her hands, and longed pitifully in her heart to tell her mother the reason why she could not marry Arthur. But she was in a manner pledged to silence; and the new allegiance to which she was vowed seemed so all-powerful, so overwhelming in its force, that the

attachment and devotion of years gave way before it.

“But, Mamma,” she continued, after a few minutes’ pause, “tell me everything you fear. You should not have kept it to yourself. Troubles, you know, are always lighter when shared. We will fight our battle bravely yet; who knows what may happen long before we have to leave here?” and the love and hope she felt made her fearless of any coming ills.

“Perhaps so, dearest, I would not damp your hopes,” Mrs. Wilmer rejoined; “and above all I would not have you for one moment suppose I could desire anything distasteful to you—any outrage on your feelings. Remember that always, come what may. If I regret from a worldly point of view that your lot and Arthur’s will not be cast together, I do so merely as knowing from age and experience that a little of this world’s wealth, if not essential to happiness, is very conducive to comfort and well-being. But we will not allude to this subject again. Let me tell you how matters stand, as if this had never occurred. Since we are thrown upon our own resources, we have the love and sympathy of each other, without the interference of anyone besides.”

Poor Mildred blushed a guilty blush, but it passed quite unnoticed by unsuspecting Mrs. Wilmer, who merely added, “Let us finish our breakfast, and then I will explain as well as I can how matters stand, and how they came to be as they are.”

Breakfast was soon over, the strawberries going away untouched, and, Polly having left the room, Mrs. Wilmer commenced her explanation.

“Years ago, when you were quite a little girl, your father was requested by a friend, to whom he was indebted for much help and kindness at an earlier time, to become his security for a large sum of money. There was little or no fear of his ever being called upon; we were at that time pretty well off, and our prospects, too, were very good. Your father thought it only right to accede to his friend’s request—indeed, he felt it was nothing more than his duty to return in some measure the kindness he had formerly received. I

was too young to know the risk and imprudence of such an act. He consulted no one but me, and I gave my full consent. Nothing more was heard about it for many years, and I had quite forgotten the circumstance when the time came that your father's illness began. Then we heard some rumours that a son of this friend was in disgraceful difficulties, out of which he was obliged to assist him. Your dear father became rather alarmed, and wrote, though he was then on his sick-bed, asking to be relieved from the responsibility; for he had bound himself to almost the full extent of our whole property, trusting fully in his friend's honour. We got a reply stating that the withdrawal of the security would entail great loss on our friend, for, owing to his son's embarrassments, he could get no one to take our place; but telling us to fear nothing—he would hold us responsible for only a few months longer—and begging that at least nothing should be done till we heard from him again in a few weeks. We let the affair rest, though it troubled your father very much. But we were young and hopeful, and trusted to things righting themselves, and to his recovering his health. This was not to be. He took cold, inflammation set in, and he died. I was too broken-hearted to think of anything, and in my mourning and sorrow the whole business slipped from my recollection. I heard nothing of it till a few months ago I was told of the gentleman's sudden death. Then the matter came back to my recollection. It seems he died terribly involved. I have since received many letters on the subject of the claim against us, all equally unsatisfactory. The other day I learned that all our little fortune would have to go, and our small property to be sold, to meet the demand. Arthur has promised me to do what he can, but he fears the worst for us. I do not blame your father, for I was equally thoughtless myself. Now you know all, dear, and the worst. I would not have you think of it at all hopefully; it is a wretched business. It has come upon me like a shock, from which I sometimes think I can never recover, and I cannot help blaming

myself for my most culpable thoughtlessness."

Mildred had listened in silence to her mother's recital. The arrival of the postman prevented her immediate reply. The letters were eagerly opened, but little was learned from them. Mrs. Wilmer had employed a lawyer, who, like many others, wrote abundance of letters, but gave very little information. His communication simply stated that Mrs. Wilmer's wishes had been submitted to the other side, and that the earliest opportunity would be taken to apprise her of the result. Meanwhile she might rest assured that his client's interests would receive his best consideration, etc., etc.

"But, if he has seen these people," said poor Mrs. Wilmer, "they surely must have said something, and why could he not tell me now at once? His letters are terribly unsatisfactory. It would be better to know the worst, be it what it may, than to be kept in this suspense."

"Oh, Mamma dear, it would never suit a lawyer to act in your precipitate way. I do not like that letter at all. It seems cruel that we have to depend on him, but I suppose we could not get along without a lawyer's assistance. Would you not go to town and see him? You will fret yourself to death. If you can bear our reverses, dear Mamma, do not fear that you will hear any complaints from me. Let us put this wretched business from us, and hope for the best while we are in this uncertainty."

"Well, dear," said Mrs. Wilmer, "if the change does not bear too hardly on you, I will try to bear all patiently. As you truly said, sorrow shared is lightened. Half my trouble, perhaps, was my dread of distressing you." The kind, peaceful face resumed its wonted gentle expression, as she left the room to pursue the daily routine which the smallest of households imposes.

Mildred strolled out into the garden, and down to the little arbour, where lately she had mused many a summer hour away. Although perfectly alive to the coming trouble, hope and youth were still strong within her. It did not seem to her the terrible thing it appeared to her mother, who knew how

difficult, after their seclusion, and with their want of knowledge of the world, it would be to find any way of obtaining a livelihood.

The bravery of youth is often mere ignorance of the rebuffs and trials which the bitter experience of more advanced age knows to be certain, and against which, when they come, it is unable to stand. The love of change, too, is so powerful, as to prevent the fear of the future; and hope, youth's pole-star, shines so brilliantly that coming shadows are all unseen.

O smiling, happy Youth! Well is it that the rose-tint prevails throughout thy brief dominion. Life were but a sorry thing did it not include the bright joyousness of its earlier years. Care comes so soon, and engrosses so much our being, that it would be hard indeed if he should grasp and vanquish us in the very vestibule of life. All too early come sorrows and disappointments, and that "hope deferred" which "maketh the heart sick." True, we thus gain experience and wisdom, and for these we are doubtless the better; but should we be the better had we never been young? Had we never known the trusting faith, "the open truth," and even the keen faculty of enjoyment and anticipation, and "the fiery vehemence of youth," should we find compensation for the lack in the sombre caution and somewhat selfish sagacity of more advanced years? We need to live our whole life. Spring, summer, autumn, and winter, all have their uses, and even their charms; but in winter and autumn, and in summer, too, it is a thing of joy to recall the spring.

CHAPTER X.

RETROSPECTIVE.

It is necessary to go back a little in our story to show clearly how matters stood between Mildred and Captain Elliott. Even at that first chance meeting Aubrey had made no small impression on the mind of the simple country girl. He was so different from anyone she had ever met before; he

was so *distingué*, so high-bred; more like a hero in a novel, Mildred told herself, than any of the Chorley gentlemen with whom she was acquainted. Certainly Arthur was nice, but he did not come up to the standard of this one. As she wended her way home she tried to recall each word and every look of the handsome stranger. Who could he be? She had heard Mr. Cullingham had returned home; but she remembered seeing him long ago, and he could not possibly have developed into anyone like this, so she dismissed that notion at once. She was going to tell her mother all about her adventure; but Mrs. Wilmer had much to say of some visitors who had called during Mildred's absence. So, on second thoughts, she felt she hardly liked, after all, to mention it to her mother. Not that she feared blame—she had never in her life heard anything but love from her mother's lips—but a conscious feeling which she herself hardly understood restrained her. Thus keeping silence, the first unwise step was taken. Others, that led to bitter suffering, followed of course. *Il n'y a que le premier pas qui coûte.*

The day passed as usual; the next succeeded it; still in Mildred's imagination lingered thoughts of the stranger. She felt a longing to go into the woods again, yet a timid feeling prevented her. She was so listless and pre-occupied that at length Mrs. Wilmer remarked it. At this she took alarm; and when her mother suggested she should go out and finish her sketch, she started off at once, and went forth all unknowingly to meet her fate.

Aubrey, as we have seen, had been haunted by her wondrous beauty; he also was feeling restless and impatient. The day after he met her, making some excuse to his friend, he went down to the mill to inquire if he could have the use of a boat; he cared not what he paid for it, so long as it was kept in reserve for him at any time. He said he was fond of rowing, and should he be late and desire to return home quickly, the mill stream was so convenient, as it saved miles. The people willingly gave him a boat, seeing he was an expert oarsman.

He took but a short time to reach the opening in the wood where he and Mildred came through, and made direct for the spot where he first found her seated. Though his own common-sense told him she would not likely be there the next day, he could not resist going. He wandered about, and, returning to the boat, went up and down the river, but all to no purpose—the fair divinity was nowhere to be seen; and he had simply to go home again, vowing to himself he would search the woods and fields daily till he met her. This *contretemps* at the first attempt only acted on him as a further incentive.

Next morning he was in his boat again. Having made some inquiries, he started for Chorley, trusting that fortune would favour him that day. But ill success again attended him, and he resolved to land on the morrow at Chorley and go into the fields, or even down the village itself, rather than be again baffled. This was the morning on which Mildred started with her book and pencils. She had got down to the riverside when a sudden fit of timidity took possession of her, and she turned her steps in another direction. She thought she would take a long ramble in the fields instead, so turned and crossed the stile that led into the long winding lane, appropriately called "Lovers' Lane," leading to a seat which had been considerably erected by some parish guardian in sympathy with the younger generation, or in remembrance of the days of his own youth.

Mildred sauntered on, taking off her hat and swinging it in her hand, wrapt in reverie, when a sound close by startled her, and she saw coming down the bank into the lane the very person on whom her thoughts were centred. She blushed deeply, feeling very much vexed at her own embarrassment. Aubrey, although out again in the hope of meeting her, was nearly as much surprised as herself, but, concealing his astonishment, he met her with so much ease that she felt reassured. It was quite impossible to avoid speaking, so Mildred accepted his proffered hand. Aubrey smilingly observed that he feared she would begin to think him

some evil spirit of the woods, bound to appear suddenly to cause her alarm; but that nothing was further from his intention. Mildred laughingly replied that as she was a denizen of the woods, she must exercise her prerogative and summon their guardians for her protection. The ice once broken, pleasant talk ensued, while they went on together down the lane.

No wonder that with every look she drank in deep draughts of the subtle mixture, admiration and love. Aubrey, ignoring every tie of worldly advantage that had hitherto restrained him when he thought his heart endangered, threw into his voice the magic tones of love, that sank deep down into the girl's free and unsuspecting heart. They talked of everything—music, flowers, art; and if Mildred learned much before unknown, Aubrey found that beauty was not her only charm, but that she possessed taste and intelligence, with a cultivated mind, and a sensitive refinement akin to his own. This contributed much to augment the passion which he felt was rapidly absorbing him. Like Rebecca of old, she was very fair to look upon; so fair that Aubrey thought the wealth and position which were to be his were as nought to the bliss of winning her; and he made the resolution then and there, if her love was to be won, it should be his. They reached the "lovers' seat" in the lane, and, feeling a little tired, Mildred sat down, while Aubrey leaned against the old oak whose wide-spreading branches canopied the seat. As he was speaking of some Canadian scenes he had witnessed, Mildred looked up, and with a wise shake of the head, involuntarily said, "I thought so." Aubrey, surprised, stopped speaking, when she continued, "Oh, I beg your pardon; I spoke my thoughts aloud."

"May I ask what they were, without laying myself under the imputation of inquisitiveness?" he returned.

"Certainly, if you will pardon the interruption. I had somehow connected you in my thoughts with a traveller—one who has seen the world, and different people, and countries; and when you spoke of Canada my thoughts seemed confirmed, and I unconsciously uttered them. I dare say

you know that I have lived here all my life ; I am Mildred Wilmer. Of course, every stranger here is at once known, and I saw that you were not one of the Chorley gentlemen."

Aubrey, in reply, assured her she was conferring another favour on him by telling him who she was. Would she allow him to introduce himself? His name was Elliott, and he certainly was a stranger, but hoped he would not be considered so any longer. Mildred wished he had given his other name, but the thought passed away as other subjects came up. At last she rose to go, saying her Mamma would be expecting her, and she would wish Mr. Elliott good morning. Aubrey did not detain her, though in his soul he longed to retrace his steps by her side down the long leafy lane. She told him it was but a few moments' walk across the field to the green at the end of the village, when she would be home at once ; and again held out her hand. So he bade her farewell, saying he trusted he might again meet her in his rambles. Looks spoke more eloquently than words his sincerity. She left him, whilst he stood motionless till she passed quite from his sight before he made a single step in the direction of home. He felt sure of meeting her again in the wood, and he resolved that not many days should elapse before he would break down all barriers and openly declare his love.

Mildred meanwhile passed quickly onward. She now more than ever felt she must keep the meetings secret. Once, and she could have told ; but now again, all the long morning passed with a stranger. . . . She was ready to cry, but she thought—and the too willing heart lent its aid in exonerating her—it was not her fault in any way that this Mr. Elliott should be walking through the fields when she was in the lane. Had she gone to the woods with the consciousness of her wish to see him again, she would have blamed herself had he been there. Thus poor Mildred argued. She felt that she had deviated a little from the right path by the concealment from her mother ; but having once turned aside she knew no course but to go on. So it came about that meeting after meeting took place ;

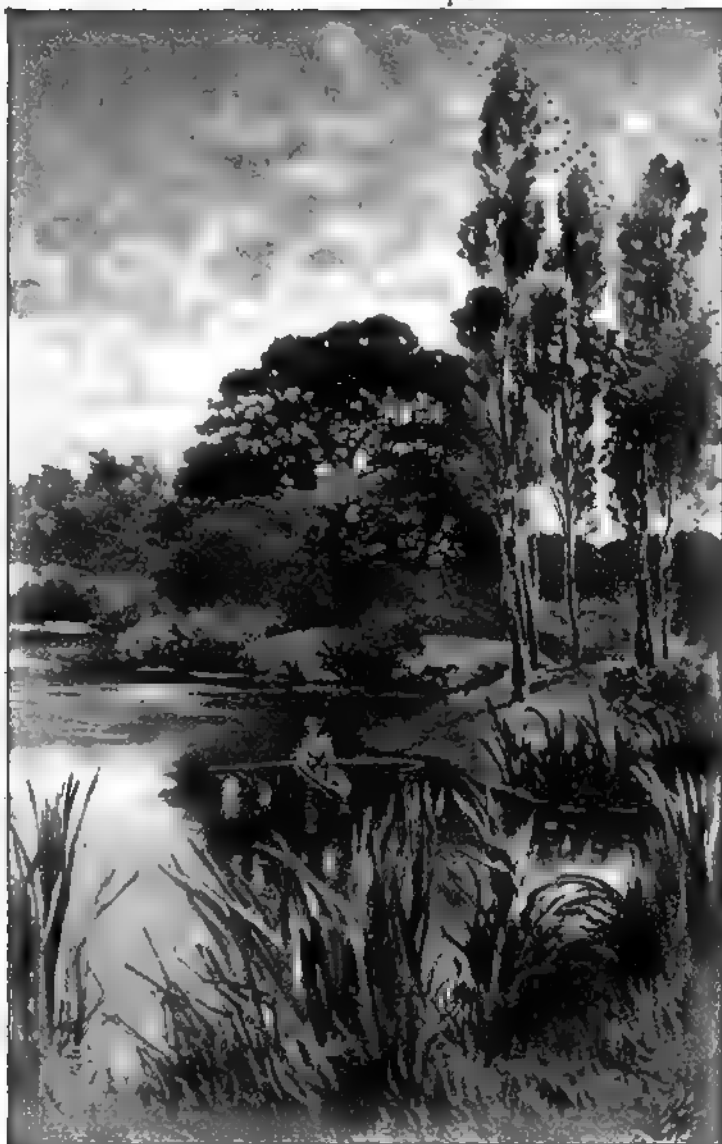
first for a little while seemingly by accident, but afterwards by mutual consent and appointment. Mildred thought and trusted that her secret remained unknown.

CHAPTER XL.

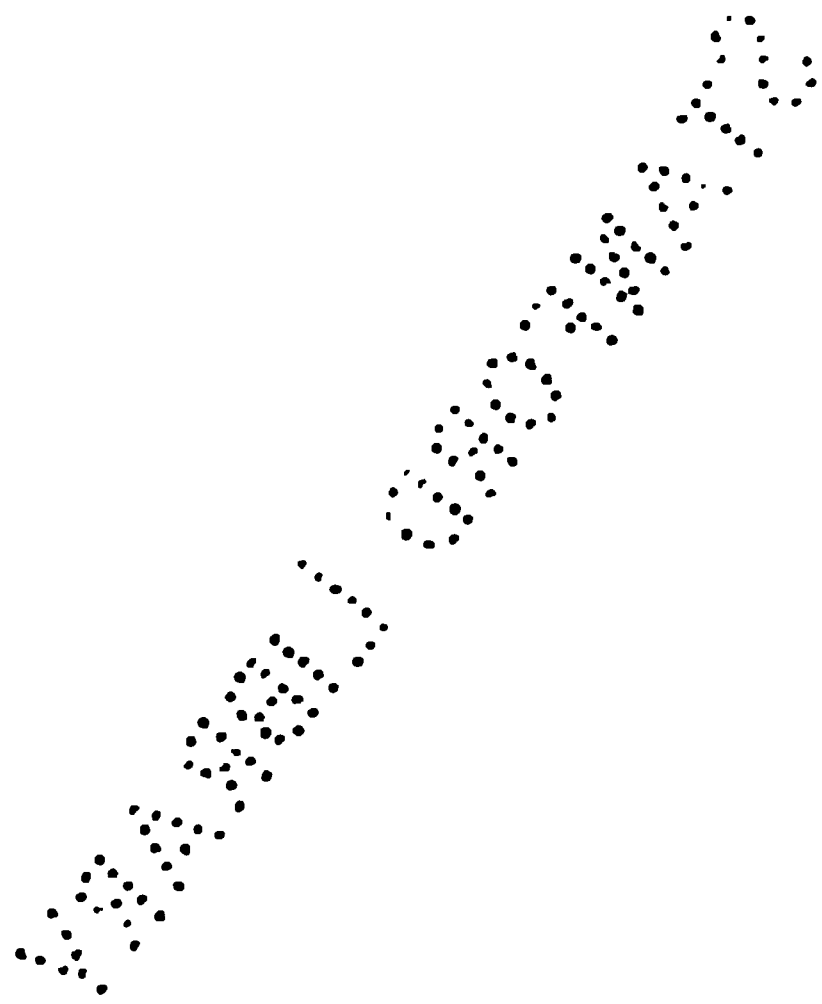
THE MISSES CRAMMINGTON'S.

In that most delightful of English watering-places, Brighton, all the requirements of society are to be found—wealth and beauty, fashion and *ton* ; shops containing every requisite under the sun ; sumptuous hotels, grand houses ; equipages and equestrians ; all religious sects in their different phases ; lords and ladies by dozens, and often a royal prince ; ample railway accommodation ; so that high and low may go there and have all their requirements satisfied, and enjoy the last, though far from least, of its attractions—"the glorious sea," which in itself has charms for all, and in its different aspects rivals the enterprising town in variety. There the eye roams over a grand sea view, for miles stretched out in its vastness, the mighty waters now lying calm, with scarcely a ripple, the tiny wavelets creeping languidly to the feet of the watchers on the shore. Anon white-crested waves dash in, and in the bright sunshine sparkle and fling their foam around, rushing back with low, rolling, muttering sound, telling of their tremendous power, though now in abeyance. Again, sea and sky of one leaden hue, the rising waters gather themselves together, pouring in with irresistible fury, and roar and bellow with a terrible grandeur, while the wind shrieks out her discordant accompaniment like the wail of the "ban-shie," as though wild spirits held their revelries in the air ; or else sobs and moans as if chanting a requiem for the departed souls of lost ones engulfed in the abyss.

There, in a splendid house in one of the grand terraces at the quiet end of the town, was the establishment of the Misses Crammington. A most select establishment it was, though of course



"He took but a short time to reach the opening
in the wood where he and Mildred came through."



not called by a name so commonplace as that, nor either college or seminary. It was simply "The Misses Crammington's," but for all that it had a world-wide fame. There were terms like those of a university, and professors of every grade; learned doctors, German "Herren," French "Messieurs," and Italian "Signori," teachers and expounders of all the "ologies" known; lectures on chemistry and physiology, with illustrations and experiments, and even anatomical demonstrations. They had not yet got to vivisection; but if it became the thing, and fashionable, the Misses Crammington would certainly introduce it. In short, there were no advantages that were not given to their young ladies; and there was nothing to which they were not trained, except, perhaps, humble-minded gentleness, and the modest, retiring simplicity of maidenhood. These would have interfered with the forward and successful display of the accomplishments acquired there; and, as the chief object of the ladies' efforts was the extension of their connection and the keeping up of their numbers, with a view to realising and retiring soon, these unimportant characteristics were ignored. Yet there bloomed many a fair flower in this aristocratic and learned mansion. Sweet buds thrived and expanded to glorious blossom. The Misses Crammington, if they did not foster, could not always kill the fresh purity possessed by some of their charges. Though they might not have known it, or would not have recognised it, these in no little degree advanced their success; for loveliness of character is valued and acknowledged, as well as more brilliant attractions. So the worthy ladies flourished and prospered.

In a small room, at the end of a long corridor, were seated several girls. This room was especially devoted to the use of girls in their last term, during the hours when they had leisure for fancy-work, or were not engaged with masters. It was simply, but prettily, fitted up, and it was the coveted goal of school-girl longings, for its privileges did not mean only the prospective ecstasy of leaving school, but exemption from rigid routine, and a comparative amount of freedom.

The Misses Crammington were wise in their generation. They shrewdly thought if the girls, before leaving them, were petted a little, or allowed some indulgence, they would more likely praise and uphold a school where their latest recollections were pleasant ones. They had not had intercourse with youth so long as not to know how soon kindness wins, and how it obliterates all remembrance of former injustice; so, while bare school-rooms, none too liberal food, and strict discipline, were reserved for the majority, the elder girls had not a bad time of it. There was another advantage of this arrangement—their manners were improved, losing a good deal of stiffness and constraint, often the relics of the previous discipline.

Eleanore Constance Elliott was one of the privileged number; and as she most concerns us, we will try to picture her as she leant over her fancy-work frame. Her youthful figure was slender and graceful. Her face was charming, and full of a quiet intelligence. Long curling lashes shaded her soft grey eyes; dark brown hair clustered in natural waves on her smooth white brow. Her expression was gentle, almost approaching timidity, yet showing a natural cheerfulness and even an appreciation of quiet fun. It was the face of a young Madonna; one of those that speak of the future more than the present; one of those supposed to prognosticate early death, or at least some great sorrow. It was a face that naturally attracted love; even the lively girls around her never addressed her but in a softened tone and by a loving name.

They were all now busy; chatting gaily about all manner of possible and impossible things to come, chiefly of the holidays, only a few weeks distant, and of a grand concert to be given by the pupils and their professors.

"I don't care a bit," said Ethel Moorhurst, an aristocratic young lady of about seventeen; "I don't care a bit what you girls say. If I have to sing with old Signor Scoli, instead of young Monsieur Lemont, I will either break down or sing too high notes, just to make the old fellow quite mad."

"But that will spoil the concert," said Ella, gently. "Besides, the poor old professor is so kind, and so proud of you, Ethel, that if I were you I should give him the pleasure of hearing you sing your best. It is the last you can give him, you know."

"Oh," said Ethel, "you are always thinking of other people's feelings, Ella. Why don't you think of mine? To have to be perched up before everybody with that old fossil! and then Lucy says Captain Sanderson is sure to be there."

"Well, dear Ethel, if you value the captain's opinion so much, would you not appear to better advantage if you sang your best? and I am sure the contrast would not fail to be impressive. You and the professor would be May and December."

"You are an angel, Ella. Wouldn't it be glorious if Crammington let us have *tableaux vivants*? We could utilise the old professor to some purpose then."

"Oh, there was some talk of it," said the Hon. Lucy Sage, "but there's nobody brave enough to introduce it again. Ella dear, you never get a word said to you. Would you ask for us? It would be grand fun. You should be Amy Robsart—that face of yours would be just the thing, dear."

"It's no use," said Ella; "Miss Jane is quite adverse to it. I heard them speaking of it the other night when I was in the dining-room, or else I would ask in a moment for you."

"Of course!" interrupted a dashing-looking girl, Judith Hilliard by name; "if that old scarecrow could not take some gushing part herself, she'd never consent. She would want to be Mary Queen of Scots, or Fair Rosamond, instead of being the Witch of Endor or old Mother Shipton—the only thing she's fit for. It's no use discussing what can't be. Let's talk of something better—what we shall do after we leave here. 'Better dwell in the midst of alarms than live in this horrible place!' Ella, my bird, tell us what you are going to do when you go home and get married? Have you heard anything more about Captain Aubrey? Why ever don't you have him down here, and let us see him?"

There's that wretched little Captain Sanderson that Ethel's crazy about, but never your fair knight."

"I heard from papa that my cousin is staying in the country with some friend, but papa intends sending for him to come to town when I join him, and we are all to return to the Hall together. You must come and stay with me and then you'll know him, and perhaps he'll fall in love with you; and indeed I should be very glad, for I don't know if I shall like him at all. I have not seen him since I was a little girl. He has been out in Canada with his regiment. You girls seem to think it so grand to be engaged. I quite dread the meeting, and only that Papa's heart is so set upon it and I should not like to grieve him, I would ask him to end it."

"Ella's quite right," said Lucy Sage. "It's not a right or just thing to do to engage young people just to please an old man's fancies, and I can't understand your father's insisting on it, Ella."

"O, Papa knows best, I suppose. He is so good to me; and I would not for any feeling of my own do or say one word to grieve him. You know I have told you, as Papa has no son, part of the estates and the baronetcy go to my cousin, and poor Papa thinks I should have everything he has, if his desire is carried out."

"Why don't he get married himself, if he thinks so much of it, and so perhaps let you off? I say, Ella, ask Miss Jane down. She would help, I'm sure," said madcap Judith. "She would let you do whatever you liked if you only made her Lady Elliott. That's a grand plan, and would please all parties. Jane would be in the seventh heaven; your papa might have a son, you would be free, and I shouldn't wonder if it met the gallant captain's views, too; for, dear sweet darling as you are, with man's usual inconstancy, the very fact of being obliged to have you will make him not want you, and ten to one he is madly in love with someone else."

"Don't talk such folly, Judy," Ethel interrupted; "the idea of your proposing the Witch of Endor—as you just said she was only fit to be—for

Sir Anthony Elliott's wife! I have seen him, and he is not the least bit old, and is very handsome. He might choose even yet from amongst the fairest, and he must know it as well as anyone. Depend upon it, it's his one idea about Ella and her cousin, and, you know, *che sarà sarà*."

Judith shrugged her shoulders and said nothing further, and they passed on to other subjects—the coming concert, and who would be there—the dresses to be worn on the occasion. Ella was to play an arrangement of some Welsh air on the harp. Miss Moorhurst, as she stated, was to take part in a duet with her old Italian singing master, and this did not at all suit the young lady. The professor had been ill for some weeks, and had sent in his place a good-looking young

Frenchman, one of his most promising pupils, only thinking, poor man, that Monsieur Lemont, through his proficiency and skill, would best fill his place as instructor; whereas he had perfectly upset his class, and anathemas were heaped on his head for daring to get well before the concert and so supersede the handsome young master. They had looked forward to practisings and rehearsals, at which Monsieur would be obliged to attend, and, with school-girl folly and love of fun, had promised themselves unlimited enjoyment and excitement, which the poor professor's re-appearance put to flight.

The ringing of the bell for prayers ended the conversation for the night, and, putting away books and work, they all re-entered the school-room.

B E A U T Y .

I've seen the eye of sunny blue,
And lips like rubies dipt in dew,
And locks in sunny radiance wreathing,
And forms like alabaster breathing;
And felt that Beauty never stole
A lasting fetter on the soul;
As lightning swift, and free as wind,
The mind alone can chain the mind.

It is not in the witchery
Of rosy lip, or azure eye,
Nor in the deeper sacrifice
Of cheeks abash'd, and whisper'd sighs.
Light as the summer-meteor's glance,
It startles from the tempting trance;
Or won—as quickly lost as won,—
Waves its bright pinion, and is gone.

Where then to find the spell that flings
The fetter on those wav'ring wings?
'Tis in the native truth of heart,
That scorns the thought of female art,
That keenly thrill'd by joy or pain,
Disdains the thrill to hide or feign;
And anxious but one heart to move,
Toils not for triumph, but for love.
On his wild plume this fetter twine,
The wand'rer's thine, and ever thine.

—Croly.

THROUGH ONION LAND.

By JAMES HINGSTON.

"Come unto these yellow sands!" says Ariel, and it is at this time of the year that we feel disposed to act upon such invite. Where to go is the question which puzzles many of us as much as the too many bundles of fodder did the donkey. "Our best things are nearest us," sang Monckton Milnes, and there is much truth in that same. "Distance lends enchantment," we are proverbially told, but only find by experience that with the distance passed over, the delusion has gone with it. Owing to vivid recollections of former sea sorrows and their after effect, it appeared likely that we might not get back again exactly when we wanted—if we crossed Bass' Straits. It was therefore as well to look up "yellow sands" nearer to hand. With that idea we resolved to see what lay between Geelong and Queenscliff—a *terra incognita* to us until some little time back.

There are pretty settlements on the shores of Melbourne's magnificent bay which have a fine future before them. It is not being too sanguine to prophesy that much for Portarlington, situated on the bluff of Corio Bay. It has the one great advantage of site which Ballarat, as a city, possesses over Melbourne—in being high placed. Our metropolis can never be much among the picturesque cities of the world, owing to the low level of the land on which Melbourne lies. We may make a New York of it, and a much improved New York in many particulars, and that will be about all. It will not be many years either before that result is achieved. Portarlington is, however, happily on a promontory, which slopes gracefully from high ground to Ariel's "yellow sands," and to beautifully blue water.

Ascending the beach from the jetty, we come upon vantage ground affording extensive views all around. The

opposite shores of the bay are not visible from it, and we seem to stand upon an ocean beach. The streets laid out, to three sides of us, run away for miles, and their far terminations are lost in the distance. These long and broad thoroughfares, in their even roadways and well-grassed sides, wooingly invite one for drives and rides in a way difficult to resist. In a buggy or on horseback we might, we think as we look about us, well spend a week in explorations of the fine open country all around. The soil is good and well drained. There are no swamps to be seen, and the air is pure and refreshing. At either one of the two hotels good accommodation is offered, and the Geelong boats make frequent calls. Irrespective of water communication, the visitor can visit Portarlington by rail, lying, as it does, within an easy drive's distance.

Portarlington has not, as yet, advanced to any municipal care. When it attains to that honour the streets will doubtlessly be planted with side-rows of trees—the one thing wanting. The pleasant sight of wood and the shade to be thus given to the sidewalks will then be supplied. With its streets so graced with trees, Portarlington will be a veritable Hastings, and become, doubtlessly, as fashionable a resort as is that well-known English watering-place. As trees take time, however, to develop, it will be all the better that such one want of Portarlington should be early noticed. In no watering-place that we have seen is there greater advantage in the way of long and pleasant water-side drives and gallops, which is alone a great recommendation with visitors.

Our host of the Pier Hotel supplies us with a buggy, and suggests, for our first drive, a visit to Drysdale, some five miles or so along the beach towards Geelong. The road is a good

metalled one all the way, and takes us by cultivated fields and farmers' homesteads of comfortable appearance. The fields on either side are seen to be thickly dotted with upstanding sacks of something, to the number of many thousands, each sack appearing to be as much or more than one man could well lift. No guess that we can give about this strange appearance is satisfactory, so that we have to stop the first wayfarer met on the road for a solution of the mystery. We ask—

"What are in all those sacks of which all the fields in sight show so many?"

His answer is laconic and surprising. He says—

"Onions!"

"What! nothing but onions? There must be enough of them to supply all the world!"

"They are just the finest that the world can produce—large Spanish onions, which the soil hereabout grows to the choicest perfection."

"Can they be grown to profit in such quantities?"

"Oh, yes; and pay well for growing—as well as potatoes do about Warrnambool, if not better. There is a speciality in the soil for onion-growing here, as there is for potatoes in the Western district."

We are now enlightened, and quite happy in such newly-acquired knowledge, the removal of the ignorance which distressed the mind, and the satisfaction of the enquiring spirit which had before troubled us. The fields and their one produce have now a new interest, and we have thus started for us a great subject for talk. The further on we drive, the more we get into onion country. It is now onions, and nothing but onions, and onions, and onions again, all around, and near and afar off.

"Wherever can they find a market for it all?" is what naturally occurs as a query from one of us—a bachelor who knows nothing, or next to nothing, of housekeeping.

"Easily enough," answers a better informed one of the party. "Onions are like lemons—every kitchen must have a supply of both. Onion sauce goes

with roast mutton, and is the prime part of the stuffing of a goose."

"To say nothing of the great addition it makes to a 'dish of steaks.' Did you never have a supper of rump-steak and onions?"

The mind opens thus on the subject of onions, and we soon get satisfied that they play a larger part in cookery than we had superficially considered. The cultivation of them seemed to be attended with but little labour, and the gathering of the harvest to be as easily done as that of potatoes. We get so full of the subject that we feel in want of more information. We recall that Sterne tells us that he is but "a poor traveller who, as he journeys on his way, misses anything he can fairly lay his hands upon." We must lay our hands upon an onion, and likewise upon more information about them. A wayside farmhouse offers the opportunity, and we draw up to the gate. There is no need for apology for so doing. We are thirsting for information, and seek it as naturally as we should ask the favour of a drink of water. So we lift the latch of the gate and take our horse and buggy within the fence. The farmer and one of his daughters, as we take her to be, come to the door, and pleasantly say "good morning" to us.

"Good morning," we reply. "We want to know something about onions. You grow them, and we are purchasers for at least four—one a-piece for us. We could not think of going home without a specimen of such great produce of this part of the country."

We are invited within, and most cheerily received. The farmer takes our onion-purchasing idea as a good-humoured joke, and proposes a glass of colonial wine as first step towards such business. We acquiesce with pleasure. Our host is evidently a man of business and a gentleman. He knows mankind, and how much a glass of wine will do towards helping a bargain. In that way he is wise as the promoters of land sales who give preliminary champagne lunches to prospective purchasers.

The wine finished, we ask the farmer for the onions, and, with a pleasant smile, another daughter of his house

brings four of them—the very finest we ever saw. They are not of the disc-like shape, but of the pear form, and twice the size of the largest pears that we have seen.

“What onions do you call these?” we ask.

“Spanish onions, and the best of the sort—the onions you see in the windows of the shops in the Central Avenue in Covent Garden—onions prized there as much as is fruit. Properly roasted and dressed, these onions can be eaten as you eat a roasted potato, with pepper, salt, and butter. So treated, one will, alone, make a good meal.”

Our thoughts wander away to the other end of the world at the mention of Covent Garden and the roasted potatoes. We are in London at once, and are among the potato-cans seen so much about on cold, wintry nights. We think of the many times that we have, in our younger days, purchased for a penny a baked potato, and warmed our cold hands with it before cutting it open and putting within it the butter, pepper, and salt included in the purchase money, as preliminary to our munching it as we went on our way.

We now get details of the cost of the growth and gathering of the onions; also of the markets for them, and the price obtained, and the profits thereon. Our eyes widen as we get thus enlightened and learn what money has been made, is making, and can be made by onion cultivation. We are anxious to buy the farm, but the price asked for it stops all further thought that way. “When a little farm we keep” it shall be an onion farm, was our first idea, but a fortune seems wanting to buy such a farm hereabout. Onion-growing seemed to require but little knowledge, and no particular skill. Our host explains, however, all about it.

“The soil is everything. If you get the proper soil you are all right for onion-growing, and that is why the land best fitted for such purpose fetches so high a price. It is the same with potatoes in the Western district. Land down there which cost but one pound per acre lets at a rental, to the

potato-grower, of ten pounds a year for the same acre.”

“Ten pounds for one pound is a thousand per cent!” we say, thinking of the fabulous return in the way of wealth such investment must give.

“Have we the honour of addressing a settler who has made a fortune here and in this way?” we ask.

“You have,” is the reply. “I took up this land twelve years ago at one-twentieth of the price I could get for it now—not reckoning all the crops and improvements, which would have to be taken at a valuation. You would have to pay pretty stiffly to clear me out.”

We resolve to think further about it, and do no more onion business that day; especially so as we learn that there is no more onion-growing land unimproved to be had for miles hereabout. If we deal at all for it, we must purchase of the present proprietors. To do that we must wait for the death of a rich relative who may happen, by will, to remember his or her Australian nephew or cousin who migrated so adventurously in earlier days to this quarter of the world. Such things do sometimes happen, and there is one sensation which many folks would like to live to experience—that of receiving a large legacy.

We have but one more question to ask before bidding our kindly farmer adieu, and that is why, in the midst of such a multitude of onions, we have had no nasal notice of their presence? He says—

“Onions, like many other vegetables, fruits, and spices, give out no aroma until they are deprived of their skins, or cut, or crushed.”

That they give out “aroma” enough then and thereafter we were well aware. The onions we now take away prove to be each too large for our ordinary coat-pockets, and we have never an overcoat with us. They have therefore to be packed away beneath the seat of the buggy, and we again get on our drive towards Drysdale.

It is on and onwards through onions all the way thither, the big bags of them standing upright in the fields around, near and far away. These bags so standing would afford excellent

practice as targets for rifle-practice at different distances, save for the injury the contents would suffer from the bullets. By near-sighted people they might be taken at first sight for sheaves of wheat bound up and waiting cartage to the barns for threshing.

At Drysdale we find ourselves upon the edge of the cliffs, whereon a weatherboard hotel appears. As this looks larger than the requirements of the district appear to need, we ask the cause. It is well we do so, or we might have departed with only the knowledge of the price of our luncheon. We learn that the reason of the apparently superfluously-large hotel is that it is a home for invalids coming to the medicinal springs.

"The what?" we ask.

"The medicinal waters of the Drysdale springs!"

"Where are they?—nothing of the sort to be seen hereabout."

"They are on the beach below the cliffs. You will find the road down through the garden and the paddock beyond."

We are soon on our way down as directed, the road leading to a great semi-circular gap in the cliffs—quite a large amphitheatre excavated by nature. A winding path around this, and through the trees growing thickly about it, takes us down to the sandy beach—a depth of some hundred and fifty feet from the cliffs above.

Here is found a fine beach of smooth sand, offering excellent bathing accommodation. Along this strand, to the distance of three hundred yards or so, are to be seen enclosed spots having circular coverings to them supported on posts. Within these rude enclosures are "the springs" of which we had been told at the hotel above. It is curious to find springs of mineral water, so many in number and so various in quality, so near together, and so adjacent to high-water mark. We were not sure, indeed, and are not now, that they are always above the high-water mark of all tides, and incline to think to the contrary, but we omitted the inquiry. Indeed, there was no attendant to answer any questions, and we should have had to think it all out for ourselves but for the

presence of a farmer's boy, who was here gathering seaweed.

The first spring we investigated was of sulphurous water—as good and strong in quality as any of those to be found in the northern island of New Zealand. The taste and smell of it was convincing enough on that point to any one who had been, as we had, to Rotorua and Rotomahana. The sulphur spring welling up here runs to waste over the sands, which it much discolours in its course. What was obviously needed was a pipe to conduct the water to a more inland basin, in which it could be used for bathing purposes, and for which there was space in plenty. Heated by proper means in such basin, here was, ready and handy, the curative sulphur bath for which folks go all the way, thousands of miles, to the hot springs of New Zealand.

"What a waste of a good thing!" we said.

"Many a flower is born to blush unseen, and waste its sweetness on the desert air," was the comment made by the poetical member of our party.

Some hundred feet or so away was another spring welling up its water, which in a similar way ran down the beach to waste. This proved to be strongly impregnated with iron—a chalybeate spring of as grand tonic water as we ever tasted. From a cup chained to one of the posts supporting the canopy to this spring we each took a long drink of this water.

"By Jove, this is strengthening stuff!" was the remark uttered by one of us, and echoed by us all after duly testing the water on the tongue and feeling its effect when swallowed. That effect was best told in the second and third cupful, to which each of us now treated ourselves.

"Why is not this better known?" we asked of each other.

"There has been no one yet to make it known!" was our poetical man's answer. "Don't you know that every genius and every man of talent needs his agent to bring him before the public. Even 'Virgil might have lived and died unheard, had no Macænus lived, and loved the bard.'"

"Yes," said another of us, "and I can cap that quotation by another as good, referring to the lost cities and people of the past :

' Vainly for fame all arts they tried,
They had no poet and they died.
In vain they fought, in vain they bled,
They had no poet and they are dead. ' "

The water was beginning to operate, and evidently enough was of an exhilarating quality, accounting thus for such poetical outbursts.

"This water ought to be bottled off and sent about for sale. Such a tonic as this is worth something per quart. Half a dozen draughts of it daily would ironplate a body and so fit him for a man-of-war !" was the remark of a less poetical but more practical man of the party.

The next spring was but as little distant as was the chalybeate one from the sulphur spring. The water here was of the kind for which the springs at Saratoga are famous—water which folks are advised to take for correcting liver complaints. We knew the taste of it at once from Saratoga remembrances, and so spoke out about it.

"Don't take too much of this," we said, and were asked why.

"This is not one of the springs of which you are bidden to 'drink deep or taste not.' You must take the converse of that advice with this water, or you will be troublesome to us on the way back."

"What's the matter with it, then—it tastes as very good ?"

"Yes, and it is very good, taken medicinally, and with a knowledge of its qualities and the effect of them."

"You know it by the taste, then ?"

"And by sad experience ! Drinking too much of such water as that of this spring brought one into a sad state in a land far away from this."

"Experience teaches fools."

"And the worst is that we are mostly all fools and have to learn from our own experience and not taking note of the teachings of others. When in America I went up the Hudson river from New York to Albany, the capital of New York State. There is not much to be seen there, and in that way it is much like all the capitals of the American States. Sacramento is, for

instance, the capital of California—a mere provincial town compared with the great metropolis of San Francisco. Within half an hour's railway trip of Albany there was, I found, the great sanatorium resort of Saratoga—noted for its mineral springs, and standing to New York as Bath, Cheltenham, and Tunbridge Wells once did to London. Their glories have departed, and they are no longer what they were to our forefathers in attraction as popular resorts."

"Saratoga still holds its own in that way ?"

"Oh, yes ! It is a combination of all the once popular spas I have mentioned, with the addition of the attractions also of the now popular German ones. I hurried on to there from dull, stupid Albany, expecting to find Saratoga as I had heard of it. It did not occur to me to enquire, or I should not, very likely, have gone to it. Saratoga is a very live place indeed for just three or four months in the year, and for no longer. In that way it is, though an inland place, like seaside watering-places—all shut up for eight or nine months in the year."

"You went, then, when it was out of season ?"

"Just so ! and found it all deserted. Big hotels of four or five hundred rooms were all closed, and their furniture packed away. There was scarcely a soul to be seen in the deserted streets. It reminded me of Melbourne on the afternoon of the Cup Day, when you may fire a cannon down Bourke or Collins Street without danger of injuring anybody or any vehicle."

"You were a day after the fair !"

"Several days after it—in fact two months after it—for I was there at the end of November, and so had all the place to myself, or nearly so. But the waters were still there which the New Yorkers in the season come in crowds to sip or drink. The bands of music were wanting, and the open places of amusement, as also the throng of those who come to live upon the idlers. In fact, all that made up 'all the fun of the fair' was wanting. I could ramble about, therefore, among the deserted springs and the pavilions erected over

them—the which I did. These springs are some six in number—‘The Congress’ and ‘The Columbian’ being the most popular. All the waters are pretty much of one sort, and mostly aperient in their quality, as is this one of which we last tasted. Draughts of this mild seidlitz composition I took at each spring—more by way of saying that I had tasted of all the waters of Saratoga than for anything else. There was not even an hotel open there at which I could qualify this cold water drinking with anything that might have stayed the powerful effects of it—as a glass of spirits might have done. I never saw such a Goldsmith’s Deserted Village as Saratoga presents out of season to the stranger who may stray into it.”

“And what came of it all?”

“I went away from Saratoga back to Albany, and then on to Rochester, on my way to Niagara. It was night when I got to Rochester, the railway to which runs down the principal street of the city, as railways do in many of the American cities. There was something to see at Rochester, in the shape of the Genessee Falls, which is as a preliminary sight to those of Niagara. I stayed there for the night, putting up at the Brackett House, a well-known hotel. Now, at the Brackett House, as with all other American hotels, the bar trade is altogether a secondary thing. The bar-keeper there, as elsewhere, lives out of the house—locks up the bar at night, and goes away home, to return again in the morning. Tired enough, I went to bed early, but was awakened about two a.m. by the worst stomach-ache I ever had. The griping pain was something unbearable. I rang the bell several times before the night porter answered it. He entered, bringing in his hand, of all things, a glass of that iced water of which Americans are such drinkers. The sight of the water was as odious to me as to one suffering from hydrophobia. I explained the state of the matter to him, and begged for brandy and port wine.”

“‘The bar is closed, and the man with the keys lives a mile from here!’ was the consolatory answer I got.

“‘Take a dollar—take half-a-dozen dollars, and scour the town for what I

want, or I shall be dead in half-an-hour from this!’

“The monetary inducement stirred up his energies, and he evidently saw the urgent need of what I wanted, though I did not for the moment think of what caused my trouble. It occurred to me, after he was gone, that the Saratoga waters were fighting it out amongst themselves, and that my interior was in chemical commotion as the consequence. I never suffered such pain as while awaiting that porter’s return with the medicine I had, fortunately, prescribed for myself. He brought a bottle of each of the prescriptions with him, and the mixture proved to be just what was wanted. There was little left in either bottle by the time I had done with them, but the cure was a complete one. I was kept in bed until nearly noon of the following day, and my host well understood what had been my trouble when I told him of my indiscreet drinkings of the Saratoga waters. He said—

“‘It just shows that your liver must be all right and that you had no need of such medicine. Had you been out of order the waters would have set you right instead of upsetting you!’

“This was some small satisfaction for my night of suffering, and I found no further ill effects from my indiscretion beyond the loss of appetite for the whole of that day and part of the next. The Genessee Falls were seen by me with very sickly eyes and utter want of those animal spirits which go so much to the enjoyment of natural wonders.”

“Happy thought! We will, when we get up the cliffs again, qualify the waters we have been drinking with some of the medicine you took so much of that night!” was the commentary now made upon my timely admonition, thus fully explained.

The fourth of the springs was now tasted. It was evidently medicinal or mineral water, but even the farmer’s boy could not tell us of its exact name and properties. All these springs well up constantly, but sometimes, he told us, in greater profusion than at others. All the water runs away down the sands of the beach, and helps only to give the fishes a change of drink—a sad waste

of good things here provided by Nature for humanity's service and needs.

We sat down now and lighted our pipes, the better to look about and take stock of the situation—to "realise it," as one of us expressed it.

"This land is sure to be private property," said one of us; "all the land about here has been sold!"

"Do you know whether the Government sell land down to the water's edge?" said another.

"They have not done so at Brighton, I know. In Dendy's special survey there, on which Brighton now stands, the land is not sold to within some hundred yards of high-water mark." To this information another added:

"In some places the land has been sold to the water's edge. I know several instances of it. If the land hereabout was sold in old times it is as likely as not that we are sitting on private property. For the last twenty years, however, no such sales have been made, and all the beaches are reserved by the Government."

"This must be private property, though; otherwise, why these coverings to the several springs and the water-cups from which we have been drinking. The Government have not provided that much for the general public. We must take it that we are on someone's land."

"Then why the deuce does he not make a more payable use of it? There is a large fortune here!"

"What would you do with it?"

"Do with it? Why, have none of you ever visited the hydropathic palaces in any of the many parts of Great Britain? They are highly popular, and fortune-making for their owners."

"Tell us more about them."

"Easily enough! a man finds out that he has upon his land a spring of water of an unusual taste. He takes a sample to a doctor. The doctor, with the help of the chemist, analyses it, and then sets to thinking."

"What comes of it?"

"What often comes from thinking—action, practical action! He finds that the spring is of mineral or medicinal qualities, such as folks go to the remote parts of the Continent for. He thinks that he will save them a journey

to the Brunnens of Nassau, to Schlangenbad and Wieserbad, and all the other crack-jaw-named "bads." He has found a water as good as what they go there for, and only wanting to be known to be appreciated as much."

"How does he work the oracle?"

"He leases the land on which the spring is, and then gets a little syndicate together to build a hydropathic establishment on it, of which he becomes the resident medical adviser. He has got the lease of the land and the water, and has already all the medical knowledge necessary. Having thus found the brains for the venture, he soon finds others who have the money. You know the Claimant's aphorism—'Some men has brains and others has money. Them as has brains live on them as has money.'"

"Until those who so work upon others get into jail—as he did!"

"Because he had nothing of value to work upon! Here, with mineral springs of immense value, is plenty to work upon. The doctor I am speaking of wishes to push a practice to get patients, and show his skill in curing their ailments. He has been about at home and abroad and sees that pleasant company is wanted by invalids. He notices that the German waters are often enough as much sought for the company found at them as for the good they do the patients. Hence he knows that what is wanted is a pleasure resort, and not a mere hospital, with dreary wards, and a prison-like life."

"How does he go to work then? What is the result?"

"The result is that he builds a 'Hydropathic Establishment'—a palace-like hotel under another, and more high-sounding, name. It is a place to which folks will go who will not go to live at hotels, much as people will go to music-halls to see and hear what they would not enter a theatre for."

"The medicinal waters are the excuse, then?"

"With three-fourths of the visitors to these places they are. The invalid, however, finds company and amusement there. The hydropathic establishment has its social hall, its musical

evenings, and weekly balls. There are billiard-rooms and croquet grounds, and skating rinks and a tennis-court, and lawn tennis-grounds—and last, but not least, the evening card-tables.”

“At the German spas there are gambling tables also.”

“Just so, and people can gamble anywhere if they are minded to do so, without going to Germany. Folks out of business, and folks who have never been in business, are continually on visits and rounds of visits to these hydropathic places. They can be seen in plenty in Derbyshire. At Scarborough there are more than one, and a popular one at Lisdoonvarna, near to Galway. They are spread all about Great Britain.”

“Expensive places to visit and stay at?”

“Not at all. The common hotel charges are only made. People living on their incomes find it an economical way of life to visit about, through the year, at these resorts. The widow goes there who wishes to renew matrimonial life, and the widower also on the same errand bent. The managing mamma takes her daughters there, and there in plenty come idlers and adventurers who have much time and but little money—hoping to make more money or to get into society by the acquaintances they may make on such visits.”

“Then you would put up a Hydro-pathic Home here?”

“Yes, and it’s the very place for it! Nature has provided this embowered amphitheatre in the cliffs here for that special purpose. Look at the advantages it offers—to those who can see beyond their noses! There is a winding walk among the trees all around. At the bottom there are three acres or more of available land in which the necessary buildings could be placed, all well sheltered from every wind, but that from the bay. A tree plantation would shelter it that way if need be.”

“You would cut out Queenscliff and Schnapper Point as sea-side places by so doing!”

“Not so in any way, but only adding to the attractions of the sea-side resorts, and providing also a sanatorium for invalids. Those who wanted sea-

bathing only would find it here as good as anywhere, with the same advantages of sea-side air. Those suffering from rheumatism would not need to go to New Zealand for sulphur-water baths. The debilitated could get strong on the tonic water, and those troubled with “liver” and its outcomes would get the required benefit from the aperient spring. The fourth spring may have other good effects when its qualities are known.”

“There is a house of the sort you mean at Waiwera, in the bay of Auckland—‘Graham’s.’”

“The very place—a holiday seaside resort for the people of Auckland, and situated much as Lorne is here, except that Lorne has several houses and Waiwera but one. At Waiwera they have also but one spring to attract invalids—a sulphurous one. The establishment is, however, the great attraction—a large place of some hundred or more of rooms, with all the addenda to it for pleasantly spending a week or a month. The grounds, too, are well laid out, and when I was there the house was quite full, as I believe it generally is. Waiwera, however, is as nothing to this place. It has but one spring, and but one water beyond the sea water, while here at Drysdale we have four springs, and all best of their kind. We have proved that.”

“If an American overheard us, he would think about the capabilities of this place—so overlooked.”

“He would think but little about it—he would go to work and make a Saratoga here within the next twelve months. He would draw up his plans and get an architect to shape them. Then would follow his prospectus, with an analysis of the waters made by all the popular doctors of Melbourne. Money to carry on with would soon be got, and the Victorians have a place to come to equal, for the pleasure it would afford, to anything to be found in Europe, with the addition of curative waters, clustered together here, which they would have to go to four different places to find elsewhere.”

“The house above us on the cliff is not the thing for the place, then?”

“Not at all!—a far too lonely and humble sort of a place, in which an

invalid might mope to death. Invalids want amusement and enlivenment of the mind, with plenty to draw off their too much attention to their ailments. The Hydropathic places are built with that knowledge, and carried on upon the principle of making life pleasant to their visitors. These dine to a band of music, and have a programme provided of diversions for the day, if the company they meet do not do as much for themselves. Combination is the soul of pleasure, as it is of business. If I come down here to stay I must bring books with me, and it is not everyone who is bookish and can read for long when condemned to do so for passing the time. I want a pretty widow to take an interest in me, and young ladies seeking to make me happy now with the hope of making me happier in the future. I should find this in a Hydropathic Home, with the addition of meeting all sorts of people there as studies of character. I should not want to read novels when those all around me were such as people the pages of novelists. I should see something of life, and not be left to think only of disease and death!"

"What would be the cost of the venture?"

"About half as much, or at the most as much, as is wasted in sinking many a useless mine; certainly nothing like as much as was expended on the Magdala

and Newington mines at Stawell, in which nothing but disappointment has been found."

"It is as well, then, that this land should be private property for your proposed dealing with it. If it were Government land—this beach—you could not lease the springs as proposed?"

"Perhaps possible to do so and perhaps not. Anyhow, either way, the thing is to be done. All obstacles vanish, in these days, to those who put their heads and hearts into what they go about. Look what patience and persistence have done at last in providing Melbourne with tramways—a thing which looked quite impossible before some energetic man, not to be beaten, showed how it was to be done, and went about and did it."

"No more debate for to-day; see the hour. We shall just get back in time for dinner at Portarlinton, and then to drive to the railway."

Warned of the passing time, thus spent upon Drysdale beach, we make our way back up the winding path to the hotel. The landlord is away, and so escapes much questioning. The horse and buggy are brought round, and we bowl along again through the onion land to Portarlinton, knowing a little more of many things—but especially of onions and mineral waters—than when we started.

SONNET.

As Venus wandered 'midst the Italian bower,
 And marked the loves and graces round her play,
 She plucked a moss-rose from its dew-bent spray,
 "And this," she said, "shall be my favourite flower;
 For o'er its crimson leaflets I will shower
 Dissolving sweets to steal the soul away;
 That Dian's self shall own their sovereign sway,
 And feel the influence of my mightier power!"
 Then spoke fair Cynthia, as severe she smiled—
 "Be others by thy amorous arts beguiled,
 Ne'er shall thy dangerous gift these brows adorn;
 To me more dear than all their rich perfume,
 The chaste Camellia's pure and spotless bloom,
 That boasts no fragrance, and conceals no thorn."

—*W. Roscoe.*

SCALPING EXTRAORDINARY.

By JAMES RAE DICKSON.

In the afternoon of a blazing hot day, I was reclining in a squatter's chair on the verandah of Debilquil station, in the Port Curtis district, Queensland.

Enjoying the pipe of peace, I gazed dreamily over the partially cleared horse-paddock. Following the track which, passing through slip-rails, joined the main road at a distance of a quarter of a mile, my eyes rested on a horseman.

He was evidently bound for the station, as he dismounted and pulled down the rails; having led his horse through, he did not stop to replace them, but made several attempts to mount, which the restlessness of his steed rendered quite futile. After trying in vain for ten minutes, he evidently gave up the thing as a bad job, and, leading his beast, proceeded on foot.

No one but a new chum, or a cantankerous traveller, would leave slip-rails down; the man could not be a colonial traveller, or he would have succeeded in mounting his horse; *ergo* I concluded he must be a new chum, possibly the one about whom Mr. Stuart—the boss—had spoken to me on the preceding day.

This young fellow was expected to arrive at the port direct from England by a sailing vessel, in which he was the only passenger. The port was very seldom visited by anything besides a few intercolonial steamers and coasting schooners; therefore the arrival of an English vessel in its unfrequented waters must have caused a great sensation. Jones, the new chum, was to make his fortune out here by starting as a jackaroo under the care of a distant relative, named Dillon, who owned Ballyshannassy station, thirty-five miles from Debilquil. The ship had been sighted and reported by the Cape Capricorn lighthouse-keeper, but important business prevented Dillon wait-

ing in town for his *protégé*. He had therefore written a letter for Jones, with instructions to ride out to Debilquil on a saddle-horse left for that purpose at the hotel; his effects would follow him later on in a dray. Mr. Stuart had promised to see that the new arrival was "passed on" all right to Ballyshannassy.

As I recalled all this the stranger drew nigh, looking very sore and stiff after his twenty-seven miles ride. I was rather pleased with his appearance. He looked a fine strong fellow, who would be sure to make his way. At the same time I could see that he was very simple-hearted, and might come in for a good deal of chaff; however, his muscular development would inspire a certain amount of respect anywhere.

As he approached the garden-gate, I walked down to meet him, when the following conversation ensued:

"Are you Mr. Stuart?"

"No, my name is Richardson," I replied; "but Mr. Stuart spoke to me about you. I presume you are Mr. Jones?"

"Yes."

"All right; we'll just take off this swag."

We removed one about the size of a rolled-up mattress; it bulged out in the most extraordinary manner, and, as the saddle-straps were slack, it now completely filled the saddle from pommel to cantle. No wonder poor Jones found some difficulty in remounting. A fine new revolver hung in a leathern case at the side of the saddle. I unstrapped it, opened the case, and found every chamber of the weapon loaded.

"Mr. Jones," said I, "you had better unload this before taking it into the house. Mr. Stuart has a down on unnecessarily loaded pistols; he has had one or two unpleasant experiences in that line."

"Yes, but will it be safe to leave it unloaded?" said Jones.

"Safe?" replied I in astonishment. "A jolly sight safer, I should think, for all of us. Now if you carry that swag into the house you will find your bedroom through the second door to the right, facing the verandah. By-the-by, you put up the slip-rails of the paddock fence, I suppose?"

"Oh, I am so sorry, I forgot all about it. I'll go back at once and put them up."

Poor fellow! I saw he was so stiff that his joints almost creaked as he walked. As the American said of the strident cicala, "he wanted *oiling*."

"Never mind," said I, "I'll fix that and turn your horse out, while you change and have a wash."

I galloped over to the rails and replaced them; returned and unsaddled the horse. The enormous swag—loosely strapped on—had chafed the poor creature's withers, and established a very successful "raw." After applying a mixture of olive oil and diluted carbolic acid, which we kept for anointing sore backs, I turned the horse out into the paddock, and went back to the house.

Jones was sitting in the verandah, dressed in a brand-new suit of clothes; he looked the better for his wash, but still very much fagged and done up.

"You look tired, Mr. Jones," said I; "will you have a nip after your long ride?"

"A nip!" queried he. "I don't quite understand you."

"Oh, a drink."

"Well, I *should* like a glass of wine, thank you."

"Very sorry," said I; "there is nothing but spirits. Carriage up here is so high that wine and beer are seldom seen on stations. But Mr. Stuart has some good whisky, which will set you up; it will be an hour and a half before you get tea."

We had a glass together; the whisky refreshed him wonderfully, as it always does those who do not abuse a good thing, and he became more communicative.

We got on pretty well together. I found him very ignorant and strangely misinformed about Australia. He was

very great on the iniquities of the Labour Trade, and spoke with considerable indignation about Queensland aborigines being shot down like dogs. I dislike contradicting people, principally from laziness, so I merely remarked that of course everything here would appear new and strange, but that it was a good line not to judge things too hastily. Even should he see things he disapproved of, he had better, at any rate just at first, reserve his opinion. I said all this, because, as I saw that he was very simple-hearted and credulous, I feared that, till he had knocked about a little, he might occasionally make an ass of himself.

He took my advice in the spirit in which it was given, admitted that he had much to learn, and said that he would be very chary of reflecting on anything he might see, especially to those older than himself. I was pleased to hear him say this, as I knew Dillon was very prejudiced in some matters. In return I spoke of the sort of life he would have to lead.

In speaking about squatting life I forgot that I was conversing with a new chum, and said,

"At any rate the squatters here are not so much annoyed by 'cockies' as they are in New South Wales."

"Cockies?" inquired Jones.

"It is the short for cockatoos," said I. "They settle on the runs there by dozens, and have ruined many a fine station."

"Why don't the squatters shoot them?"

"Well," said I, laughing, "I dare say some of them would like to, but it would be rather illegal. I beg your pardon for not explaining more fully. We call a little one-horse selector, who comes on the run merely to blackmail the squatter, a 'cockatoo'; I suppose because he merely settles on the land, grabs what he can, and generally flies away again."

One subject of conversation after another having been exhausted, he recommenced about the blacks, and the shameful treatment they were receiving at the hands of the colonists. I merely replied that the blacks were not invariably the suffering angels he seemed to think; many of them were

cowardly murderers, and, owing to the very limited police protection, squatters were often compelled to act for themselves. He would understand the question better when he had been a little longer here—and so forth.

As I was speaking, Mr. Stuart, a fine specimen of a bronzed and bearded squatter, rode up to the stables and dismounted. After unsaddling and letting his horse go, he strode up to the garden-gate. His simple costume of a flannel shirt with the sleeves rolled up to the elbows, tight moleskin trousers, and leather leggings overlapping a pair of rather heavy boots, showed off his powerful figure to the best advantage; the only expensive article of dress he indulged in was a very large real cabbage-tree hat. Mr. Stuart's life had for the most part been a continual up-hill struggle against bad seasons and overdrafts; or, as he expressed it, "against the relentless cruelty of nature and stock and station agents." He had just succeeded in getting his station entirely free of debt, and, though now in an excellent financial position, his face still bore the resolute, stern expression of one who has struggled against tremendous odds. Yet, a more generous, kind-hearted man I never met; though his outward appearance at this moment was not, to a new chum, very reassuring.

As he opened the gate I could see that his right hand and arm were covered with blood; a large blotch stained the otherwise spotless white of his trousers, and the handle of the sheath knife at his belt was red and sticky-looking.

We rose to meet him.

"Mr. Stuart—Mr. Jones," said I.

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Jones. Excuse my shaking hands; I am all over blood. By Jove, Richardson, I have just had a grand spin after an old man—ran him down just outside the paddock. I had trouble enough to settle him, even after the dogs pulled him down by the ears. Hang him!"—he hated kangaroos, and with good cause—"I thought he would never die; his throat was like leather. Well, I must have a wash."

And off Mr. Stuart went.

Why did Jones turn so pale and remain speechless so long? The silence became oppressive. To break it I said, "Well, Jones, there's an incident in colonial life for you!"

He did not reply for some time. At length he said, "It is *frightful*! I could never have believed it. When I was at the port last night a gentleman I met there, named Doyle"—the most mischievous "romancer" in the district—"told me to be careful and handy with my revolver, as the blacks were out; but I never dreamed of anything so horrible as this. A poor feeble old man—hunted by dogs! Oh! cruel, cruel!"

I was so utterly dumbfounded by this extraordinary speech that I could not even laugh. Was Jones such a preposterous ass as to believe——? Well, it was time he had a lesson, and a severe one. I knew Mr. Stuart would not be very seriously offended at the misunderstanding, and I determined to let him and Jones come to a mutual explanation. By a desperate effort I said, coolly, "Well, Jones, of course these things seem strange, and even cruel; but hastily-formed impressions are often false. Excuse me"—I saw he was going to answer, and felt that I could not control myself much longer—"I shall be back soon."

I rushed off to my room and did not emerge from it till tea-time. Like most thoroughly good bushmen, Mr. Stuart was always particular about appearing clean and decently dressed after the day's work. Indeed, the idea that dirt and slovenliness are the necessary accompaniments of pastoral life is confined to the roughest outstations. It seems a small matter enough, but unless one is particular on such points in the bush, one's manners and cleanliness degenerate with surprising rapidity.

There was very little conversation at tea, Mr. Stuart and I being very hungry. Poor Jones looked awfully depressed; the murder had evidently affected his spirits—still he did not make a bad meal. It was a delicious feed; the fortnightly victim had been slain that evening, and his carcase adorned the gallows, whilst his brains and steaks furnished us with a rich repast.

When "the rage of hunger was appeased"—the ancients were, I think, superior to the moderns in digestion—we strolled into the verandah. There are indeed feelings, as Tyndall somewhere says, which we can neither analyse nor comprehend; love, awe, and the ecstasy we derive from the contemplation of a lovely face or picture, or from listening to exquisite music, belong to this category. But the most peaceful and lasting (for half-an-hour at least) of such unanalysable feelings is that engendered by a pipe of good tobacco after a thoroughly good meal. It may be a sensual pleasure—I only know that in such circumstances my heart expands towards my fellow-creatures, and I believe I could forgive my bitterest enemy. It is to me a most mysterious thing that such perfect contentment and placability should originate in one's gastric juice working on a pound and a half of steak and brains, a pinch of salt, a dab of mustard, half a dozen slices of bread and butter, and three cups of strong tea, with a thimbleful of tobacco to help it to act.

As if by agreement, little was said till our pipes were done. Then Mr. Stuart spoke to Jones about the voyage out, talked to him about the country, and told him a good deal of his own early experiences. Indeed, he gave us quite a lecture, concluding something after the following fashion:—

"The only way to get 'colonial experience' thoroughly is to learn to do everything yourself, however distasteful it may be. By Jove! how I hated killing a beast at first! You would hardly believe it to look at me now, but the first time I saw one shot and cut up I was as sick as a cat. But I had to overcome this feeling, and soon learned to kill, skin, and dress a bullock as a matter of course. A young fellow with lots of money can afford to give £100 premium, and loaf about on a swell station, where he can watch others working; but a man who has to make his own way must make himself worth his salt, and something more, if he means to succeed. I saw you looked shocked, Mr. Jones, when I came in with my arms all over blood. Richardson here was just the

same when he first came up—hated to kill even a tough old man; now he does not stick at anything. Don't think I am a butcher by inclination; but these creatures ruin us, and we must clear them out of the country as soon as possible."

Could Jones still persist in his insane idea after such a speech? Incredible as it may appear, he actually *did*, and remained silent.

"By-the-bye, Mr. Stuart," said I, "I am going to the port to-morrow, and I had better take any scalps you have to the receiver. Have you many?"

"Oh, no; about 200. They are getting scarce now. If I were on the board I would raise the price from eightpence to a shilling, and have them exterminated now they are so few."

"What scalps are these you speak of?" said Jones, in a faint voice.

"Oh," said I, interfering just in time to prevent Mr. Stuart's explanation, "it is a curious system in force here. When Mr. Stuart, for instance, shoots or runs down an old man, he scalps him, and for such scalps he receives eightpence a-piece on presenting them to the duly-appointed receiver."

"Good heavens!" gasped Jones, "only eightpence a scalp?"

"Yes," coolly replied Mr. Stuart, "little enough, isn't it? Considering the trouble it should be at least a shilling, even though we stockowners might have to pay a higher assessment. Scalps are a kind of current coin here; storekeepers will accept them at a small discount, and it is quite common to see a scalp paid away for a drink at a shanty."

Jones could contain himself no longer; he burst out into a torrent of indignation.

"Good God! can such things be in a British colony? Can the scalps of our unfortunate fellow-creatures be publicly sold? And *you* calmly speak of it as a matter of course! I heard from Mr. Doyle yesterday that they were out in hundreds ravaging the country; but no provocation can justify such a frightful system. Low and degraded as they are, they are still our brethren. Cannot you civilise them? Cannot you convert them? Cannot—"

How much more he might have said I cannot tell, as I could contain myself no longer, and simply roared with laughter. Mr. Stuart's face, during this speech, was a study, which the moonlight gave me a fine opportunity of observing. Unbounded amazement quickly yielded to indignation; but the absurdity of the last suggestion overcame any transient anger he might have felt. He laughed till the tears came into his eyes. Poor Jones looked at us as if we were madmen, and seemed inclined to bolt, when Mr. Stuart gasped out, "Don't go, Jones—all a mistake—kangaroo—explain in a moment!"

Short as this explanation was, poor Jones was not long before he understood it, and he looked ready to cry or sink into the earth with shame. His distress served to compose Mr. Stuart very quickly.

"Never mind, Mr. Jones," he said kindly, "I am not in the least offended; it has been a very good joke. And don't feel too ashamed of the mistake you have made. After all the lies Doyle would cram you with, the wonder is that you had pluck enough to ride out here at all. Blacks! you might live seventy years here, and not see a dozen."

The unfortunate Jones looked so dreadfully penitent that we both felt really sorry for him.

"Jones," said Mr. Stuart again, "don't brood over it. Neither Richardson nor I will tell the joke to anyone—though" (regretfully) "I must say it would bear repetition. It is getting late, we'll have a glass of grog before we turn in, and forget all about it."

We adjourned to the dining-room, Jones breathing out vows of vengeance against Doyle, which unfortunately he has never fulfilled.

JEAN MERIAU.*

By E. B. LOUGHRAN.

For five long years in prison, parted from child and wife,
Jean Meriau had wearily endured a felon's life.
His only crime—the people he had loved and served too well;
His reward—the patriot's guerdon, the galley and the cell.

But now at last the day long hoped, long laboured for in vain,
Comes, when the blessed air of Heaven he freely breathes again.
The toil of many a midnight success has crowned at last,
Gaoler and fetid dungeon are a black dream of the past.

Many a long league behind him the tyrant's bloodhounds bay.
The lost path seeking vainly, baffled and wild they stray.
To-night, beyond the frontier, in their little mountain nest,
Both child and wife he once again shall strain to his throbbing breast.

But the way is long and weary, and prison toil and fare
Have sadly told on limbs that once were buoyant as the air.
As weaker grows the fugitive, he looks with longing eyes
To where, embowered in leafy trees, a little cottage lies.

*This ballad is founded on a narrative of facts.

“Here surely happiness and peace have fixed their secret shrine ;
And love, that flies the rich man’s hall to train the cottage vine ;
Methinks, not vainly at this door need poverty apply”—
But when the threshold he hath crossed, alas, what meets his eye !

Around a fireless hearthstone three starving children crouch,
Near them a dying mother lies upon a tottering couch ;
The aged, careworn father, in agony and gloom,
With want and woe on every side, paces the narrow room.

The pitying stranger paused and viewed the scene with sorrow fraught,
Till to his eyes his own distress to *this* appeared as nought.
In kindly accents he inquired how on so bright a home,
While Nature smiled so fair around, the hand of care had come.

“Stranger,” replied the cottager, “’tis but the poor man’s tale,
In every land where might’s strong arm o’er justice can prevail,
Where, that kings may war for glory and nobles slake their greed,
The peasant’s arm must toil and ache, the peasant’s bosom bleed.

“For years ground down with taxes, with rents that still increased,
We’ve struggled hard to keep our home—our toil has never ceased ;
Dawn sees us aye at labour, and in the arid field
Oft have we toiled by moonlight pale to win its scanty yield.

“But thin as grows the harvest, the seigneurs still cry ‘Give,’
Till to the peasant is not left even bread whereon to live.
The rent at last we cannot pay ; for us the struggle’s o’er ;
To-night will find us homeless stretched upon the wind-swept moor.”

Tears he could keep no longer burst from the poor man’s eyes—
He thought of his helpless little ones and his pale wife’s agonies !
The stranger felt his heart-strings rent as the tale of woe he heard,
And in the patriot’s loving soul a noble feeling stirred.

“My friend, in want and sadness I reached thy cottage door,
But a tale of deeper misery I never heard before.
Now let thy grief be over, I will point out the way
The gold to keep thy hearth and home thou canst procure this day.

“A captive, from the galleys escaped through wall and guard,
Whoe’er shall yield me to my foes will earn a rich reward.
A city lies beyond yon hill ; thither we two will fare,
And thou the captured galley-slave shalt yield up to the Maire.”

“Now Christ forbid !” the peasant exclaimed with blushing cheek,
“Better that wife and children all die on the moor-side bleak ;
The gold so base a deed should earn would bring disgrace and shame
That even death would not assoil, or banish from my name.”

“My friend, I thank thine honest heart for words with honour rife,
But see thy starving little ones, think of thy dying wife ;
No shame is his who yields the law what law can justly claim ;
Yet do I swear, if thou scorn’st my prayer, to yield me all the same.”

Long was the struggle, but at last the patriot had his way,
And sure, a sight most marvellous the city saw that day—
Around his neck a halter, a young man strong and tall
By a peasant old and feeble led into the Mairie hall.

That night within a dungeon brave Meriau sleeps once more,
And the spirits that cherish noble deeds hover his hard couch o'er.
But ah, no balmy slumber comes to the peasant's eyes ;
His bed a spectre pale attends—remorse that never dies !

His crime lies heavy on his soul, his seems the Judas-sin ;
What can he do, that once again lost peace he may re-win ?
The gold he longed for now seems dross, and glows like molten lead ;
His fevered fancy sees it flame and burn around his head.

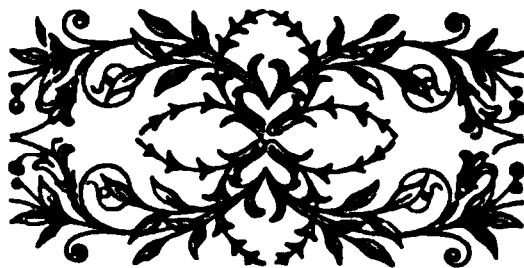
So passed the night ; and as the sun had tipped the hills with gold,
Back to the city walls his course he saw the peasant hold,
Slowly (how slowly) pass the hours, the dragging hours, before
He stands within the justice-hall and greets the Maire once more !

“Take back the cursed gold thou gav'st, free if thou canst my soul
From tortures worse than know the damned around whom hell fires roll.
Take back thy gold, and oh ! restore the noble and the brave
Who, Christ-like, offered up himself, a wretch like me to save.”

Amid a breathless silence the peasant's tale is told—
How want and woe had tempted him to stain his soul for gold.
The kindly Maire could not keep back the moisture from his eyes,
As he heard of brave Jean Meriau and his noble sacrifice.

With words of tender pity he soothed the poor man's grief,
From his own purse he paid his debt, and gave his wants relief ;
And in a moving missive, before a week hath sped,
The monarch and his council Jean Meriau's tale have read.

“No traitor's heart is his, I ween,” exclaimed the generous king,
“Who thus can feel my people's woes and share their suffering.”
And ere another hour had gone, honoured and free once more,
Noble Jean Meriau had passed through the prison's open door.



WHAT WE NEED—A BRISBANE REVERIE.

By J. L. SHATTOCK.

“The world is too much with us, late and soon,
 Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers,
 Little we see in Nature that is ours;
 We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
 The sea that bares her bosom to the moon,
 The winds that will be howling at all hours,
 And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
 For this, for everything we are out of tune;
 It moves us not.”

—Wordsworth.

THE REVERIE.

The aspect of Nature in her primeval state, before man has appeared with the implements of a vulgarising but inevitable civilisation, cannot but be regarded as the true ideal of æsthetic conception, supplying the principle or faculty through the operation of which we are led to the recognition and appreciation of the beautiful.

The beauties of the virgin forest, of the natural parkland, of the streamlet, the river, or the waterfall; together with the “atmospheric effects,” the ever-varying light and shadow, the colouring of distant hills—in a word, all the subtle, mysterious elements of the landscape, are not in themselves merely exquisite or sublime, but they are pregnant with silent lessons—mute discourses to humanity. They seem to warn us that if, as orthodoxy teaches, the world is made for man, it is undoubtedly man’s duty to supplement the efforts of Nature by sustaining, cultivating, and emulating that principle of harmony which is embodied in her works, and is seen in the formation of a mountain range as in the tracery of a leaf, in a storm on the ocean as in the air-rippings on a pond.

The love of the beautiful is implanted deep in the human breast, and is ever present, though subject to and oftentimes minimised and warped by local

influences. That delight in colour and sound which is manifested by the savage, and has expression in his yearning for brilliant feathers or rags wherewith to adorn his person, and in the construction of rude drums or horns, is but the first tentative prompting of that instinct which receives its highest development in the art gallery, the opera, or the oratorio of his cultured “brother.” Nature teaches her children slowly, perhaps, but surely; opens their eyes to her quick changing beauties of form and colour, their ears to her melodies, the ineffable rhythm of the woods and the waters, the symphonies of wind-swept forests, of shoreward rushing seas. She calls forth the latent powers of the primitive mind, awakens the slumbering intellect, and, as the perceptive faculties are developed, engenders the larger, restless, never-sated spirit of inquiry without which there is no knowledge. And thus is the foundation of all culture laid: little by little does the work go on, until by cultivation and experience the artistic sense or faculty arrives at the initiative stage, and its possessor is enabled to depict crudely and hesitatingly the forms and images of the objects and scenes around him.

It is the possession of the æsthetic principle which elevates man above the baseness of mere animalism; it bestows upon him ideality, the influence of which may be seen in the ennobling of his work. If it be possible to find the man *sans peur et sans reproche*, it should be in the *true* artist; *he*, at least, should be incapable of foul action. If he wilfully strays from the path of honour and pure living, his conscience—his ideality—should become a scourge torturing with the concentrated fury of a thousand Eumenides.

There are men and women, nathless, calling themselves artists and versed in

the *technique* of their craft, who may be guilty of all the pettiness and meanness of commonplace human nature, but such persons are *not true* artists. He who comes under this category may, I take it, be almost ignorant of the mechanical or technical elements of mere painting, or music, or poetry, or sculpture (which in themselves form not the soul, but the voices of the soul), but his whole being is attuned to their principle, imbued as it were with their spirit, and in this inner and natural refinement of feeling and taste he holds the ideal of the higher and purer life. The old cry, "*Nascitur, non fit*," may be urged in this connection, and it may be objected that it were idle to look for artistic sentiments in any but the artist born. The truism, doubtless, has some show of reason. While it is essential that the quality of refinement, if I may so term it, should be of natural growth, and not forced or "*affected*," as too frequently is the case with exponents of æstheticism and dilletanti, it is yet beyond question that it can, under proper influences, be cultivated and raised into a powerful factor in education. Indeed, from a purely educational and ethical standpoint, this quality, coupled with its congener, ideality, may be regarded as all-important. Human nature, viewed in the mass, is so easily swayed by demoralising and debasing influences, so easily governed by a downward tendency, that any counter-acting force is to be welcomed. And above all that which tends to elevate and purify public and individual morals is ideality.

"The wisdom of mankind creeps slowly on,
Subject to every doubt that can retard
Or fling it back upon an earlier time ;
So timid are man's footsteps in the dark,
But blindest those who have no inward
light."

THE APPLICATION THEREOF.

In new settlements it is inevitable that the utilitarian or strictly practical spirit should predominate. The thirst for gold, the struggle for existence, are detrimental to the up-growth of the artistic sentiment, and that which is merely useful and necessary usurps the place of, and pushes out of court, that which gives breadth and colouring to human life. The consequences thus

entailed upon the community may be witnessed in the homestead, bare in its weatherboard nakedness, and oft-times unadorned by even the merest pretence of art, by the addition of a library, however humble, or by the simplest form of horticulture. In the homes of the better classes these defects may not be so conspicuous, though still apparent. I have seen houses of persons well placed as to the world's goods, in which the only art, if such it may be called, was that of the ironmonger and upholsterer; but in those of the poorer there is little or nothing to suggest anything above or beyond the lives of the occupiers—dreary, common-place, and monotonous as their wooden tenements. This unloveliness of the dwelling-place is perpetuated in the thoroughfare, and streets that are narrow and disfigured by primitive or semi-ruined buildings meet the gaze at every turn, leading the observer to imagine that the inhabitants are callous to all but a crass and make-shift utilitarianism.

The passing years necessarily bring their changes and incongruities; the "new premises" raise their elaborate stucco *façades*, dazzling in gorgeous newness, side by side with the venerable but disreputable shanty which has braved the vicissitudes of weather, the storms and changes of decades. Since the early days of the city, and behind those elaborate *façades*, stretch acres of unsymmetrical brick and mortar.

Second, perhaps, to the pleasure arising from the possession of a good home, harmonious in all its details, is that of living in a city designed, built, and managed with an enlightened regard for the moral, physical, and intellectual well-being of the community—a city in which broad streets, handsome buildings, parks, gardens, and recreative resources of all kinds, please the eye and soothe the mind of the brain-weary worker.

The ancients appear to have been wiser in this matter than the moderns. We cannot read of those noble monuments of bygone industry and artistic skill — Babylon, Alexandria, Rome, Carthage, or Athens—without remarking the fine public spirit which appears to have animated the predecessors of

our own sternly matter-of-fact, roughly-practical aldermen and builders.

The city is national property, and it should be the duty of the caretakers—those in whom its management is vested—to prevent, as far as possible, unnecessary disfigurements, the erection of unworthy buildings, the perpetuation of the “lean-to” order, and to eliminate dreary ugliness generally.

Mr. Escott, in his admirable work on “England,” writing of the vast northern properties of the Duke of Northumberland, says—“As he has farms and villages, so he is the proprietor of the soil on which docks and entire towns are built. Tynemouth, at once the Brighton, Ramsgate, and Margate of the prosperous inhabitants of Newcastle-on-Tyne, literally belongs to him.

. There is an evident advantage in the supreme control being thus vested in the proprietor—the place is sure not to be disfigured by hideous buildings, or spoiled by an irruption of undesirable visitors. . . .

At Tynemouth there are laws as inflexible as those of the Medes and Persians against the erection of buildings which do not come up to a certain standard of beauty and solidity.” When shall the day come when similar laws may be enforced in the various Australian centres of population?

It is, however, scarcely fair to establish a comparison between the municipal government of a model English “town of pleasure” and a busy commercial city in a new country. In the former the authorities have, doubtless, ample leisure in which to gratify their own and the public’s artistic “yearning” by setting up types of beauty, architectural and otherwise, while their *confrères* in the latter are too deeply engrossed by their search for the Golden Fleece to foster the nascent æsthetic instincts of the community. Nevertheless, that more might be ac-

complished in this matter than has been in the past is somewhat painfully obvious in more than one instance.

Without an Art Gallery, a Public Library, a University, or indeed anything approaching in character and aim a comprehensive institute—if we except the conventional collection of deceased birds and beasts and fishes, and the circulating library—for the amusement and instruction of the people, this Brisbane of ours presents, for one example, a curious, not to say lamentable dearth of intellectual resources. On every hand we observe evidences of the pressing demands of business, the hurrying, bustling turmoil of money-winning, with its creed, “Sufficient unto the day is the labour thereof, and there is no margin left for aught but pleasure.” Here truly, as Wordsworth says, “the world is too much with us”—the work-a-day world, with its anxieties, small or great, and its all-engrossing trivialities.

In the material aspect of the city there is much to be desired. More or less dingy shops and dwellings are huddled together in narrow streets, imperfectly paved, with an effect that may be picturesque in certain aspects, but is unquestionably “poverty-stricken,” while in many of our public buildings there is as yet little to suggest to the youthful generation the possibilities of art. The establishment of the long-talked-of National Gallery of Painting and Sculpture would do much to remove the stigma under which we carelessly rest—the stigma of “provincialism,” the verdict of “commonplace” and “uninteresting!” Sooner or later we must follow in the footsteps of our more enterprising, more public-spirited “sister cities,” and let us hope that it will be *sooner*, for an art gallery with all its associations of culture and refinement is, indeed, WHAT WE NEED.

If not to some peculiar end assigned,
Study’s the specious trifling of the mind ;
Or is at best a secondary aim,
A chase for sport alone, and not for game.

M Y Q U E E N .

AN AUSTRALIAN STORY.

By T. L. GRACE DUMAS.

CHAPTER I.

The sun, whose unshaded beams had shone down so fiercely all day on the parched earth, was some distance past its meridian in the cloudless Australian sky as the Rev. Philip Trevanion emerged from his cottage home.

The young clergyman had passed a long morning in mental work indoors; and it is to be questioned whether the occupation of solving abstruse problems of thought and traversing the paths of theology with ancient divines was not a more congenial task than the one before him—that of making a round of visits among his parishioners.

His parish, the little mining community of “Brown’s Diggings,” lay in a valley at the foot of a hill, on the side of which stood the quaintly-fashioned little weatherboard church, surrounded with a few roughly-carved headboards—homely mementos of some early occupiers of the soil. A little above was the cottage residence of the young clergyman, which had been hastily constructed of canvas and bark on his arrival at the new “gold rush,” many months ago.

Arid and brown as the surrounding vegetation had become from the effects of continual hot winds and want of rain, the garden in front of Philip Trevanion’s cottage was bright with fresh and fragrant blossoms. His love of flowers was the one passion of his nature which the young man freely indulged, and the cultivation of his garden was a real delight. It mattered little that it involved the labour of carrying water from the little river at the foot of the hill; he was more than repaid by the brightness his floral favourites spread around his home.

The scented breath of the roses, whose stately heads bent so gracefully to the soft summer breeze, would often transport him in fancy far from the land of his adoption, with its radiant sunshine, cloudless skies, glorious glowing sunsets of purple and gold, and tender dewy twilights. How clearly then would he see the carefully-tended “rose garden” of his English home, in which it was so easy to picture the little group seldom absent from his thoughts! The stately English mother, in her favourite dress of black satin and old family “point;” the two fair sisters in their soft white draperies; and above all, the graceful figure of the girl without whom no dream-picture of the past seemed ever perfect—the one who reigned over every other remembrance in his heart, and fully realised his ideal of all that was purest and sweetest in womanhood.

But it was broad daylight now, no peaceful twilight hour of dreams and memories, and practical thoughts connected with the life-work he had undertaken were occupying Philip Trevanion’s mind. He made a handsome picture of patrician manhood, as he passed slowly down the garden-path, between the borders of mignonnette. His dark face, with its clearly-cut features, massive brow, and square, firmly-moulded chin, was unconsciously expressive of proud determination; while the tall, well-set-up figure, with its easy, haughty grace, would, it seemed, have suited better with a soldier’s uniform than with the sombre garb of his profession.

Mrs. Trevanion had been a just and loving mother to the three little ones

left to her entire guidance and control, Major Trevanion having died when the eldest was barely six. She had brought up all alike, with the same tender care. Anxious as she had always been, however, to let there be no difference apparent in the outward manifestation of her feelings, she was only too conscious that, dearly as she loved her two pretty daughters, her first-born and her only son was the idol enshrined in her heart of hearts.

It was in accordance with the wishes of the handsome, gracious mother, whom he so honoured and revered, that Philip relinquished his boyish dream of following his father's footsteps, and seeking the glories of a soldier's career. He studied for the Church instead; and his mother indulged in fair dreams of a future, in which her idolised son should be settled down quietly beside the manor, with no inducement to wander. It was the cruelest blow imaginable to her hopes, when the young clergyman expressed his ardent longing to commence his clerical career by a year or two spent amongst the newly-discovered gold-fields of Australia, before he settled down in the quiet country village near his home.

Mrs. Trevanion's shrewd common-sense stood her in good stead at a juncture when the very intensity of her mother-love was in danger of creating a breach between herself and the son who, for the first time during the twenty-five years of his life, was causing her a genuine heart-ache. Her instinctive knowledge of the folly of attempting to coerce the actions of the man, as she had done those of the boy, prevented her from vehemently opposing a plan that caused her the bitterest sorrow. Had Philip really comprehended the pain his resolve caused Mrs. Trevanion, it is possible that he would have renounced his cherished project for her dear sake, to whose tender affection he owed so much. Failing, however, to perceive the deeper feeling beneath the gentle dissuasive pleadings, he was totally unconscious of the rose-tinted, aerial castles which lay shattered at his feet as he stood before his mother, pleading for her consent to waste (as she

indignantly termed it to herself) his youth and talents. Never had Philip been dearer to his mother than at that moment. Irresistibly he reminded her of the brave, bonnie young soldier who had been the one love of her life, as he passed from her to the battlefield, whence he never returned to those he loved. The same eager light flashed in the young clergyman's steel-grey eyes, shaded with long black lashes, and the same determination curved the lips beneath the drooping dark moustache, as had kindled in the face of the soldier who, in leading a forlorn hope, had met a brave man's death.

One hope had lurked secretly in Mrs. Trevanion's heart, even after she had expended all her arguments and entreaties in vain. She trusted that, in spite of Philip's resolute demeanour, there existed a talisman in his native land that would render it a difficult matter for him to quit its shores. It was only when her tremulous question of—"And Dora?" failed to elicit any response, save a deep flush on the brown cheeks and a slight quiver of the steadfast mouth, that she realised with a heart-sick pang that there was nothing which could avert the parting she so dreaded.

Philip's determination, formed in the brave, aspiring spirit inherited from a long line of soldier-ancestors, was too firm to be turned aside even by the thought of the girl he had secretly loved so long. After he had breathed the solemn vows which bound him to the service of his Master, he had resolutely turned from the alluring prospect of a calm and happy future passed in a peaceful English village. There, as it seemed, the inhabitants, sheltered from the world's more grievous sorrows and temptations, pursued the even tenor of their way, unneeding his care and service. His thoughts wandered longingly from this restful spot to that new land where it seemed so necessary the standard of right should be planted and supported—in the midst of the fevered, restless population of gold-seekers, who

"—drooped and fainted,
In the fierce race for wealth."

The capital of Victoria, in the early gold-mining days, was a very different

place from the city of present times, with its wide-spreading suburbs, commodious buildings, and general air of comfort and prosperity. Philip's first colonial experiences, like those of many others, were composed of hardships and deprivations. While gold was being scattered in Melbourne with lavish hands by "lucky diggers," it was a matter of impossibility to obtain the poorest shelter or the commonest necessities of life, under prices which would have seemed exorbitant for the most princely luxuries.

The young Englishman's journey from the metropolis to the diggings, many miles beyond Ballarat, where an opening for his services presented itself, had been accomplished in a dray drawn by sturdy bullocks. The team of patient animals had pursued their slow way carefully over rough bush-roads and through wildernesses where, save to the practised eyes of the drivers, scarcely the sign of a track was at all visible. Sometimes their route led past unfathomable gulfs of woody valley and irregular and bewildering ridges, whence sometimes bounded a flock of kangaroos, or a herd of the wild bush cattle would come galloping down to within a few feet of the travellers, round whom they would stand staring in mute astonishment, till, startled by the motion of an arm or the sound of a voice, away they would wheel, tossing their heads and bursting like a hurricane through the crashing bush. One of the most startling incidents of the journey, to unaccustomed English eyes, was a bush conflagration. Then the far-stretching forests by which they passed presented a strange, striking pageant of fire and darkness, accompanied by the crackling of flames and the crash of falling trees. Here a bridge over a creek—empty from the summer drought—was seen with its sleepers glowing in red charcoal. There a "giant of the forest" lay across the road, its kindled branches lighting up all surrounding objects with ruddy brilliance. Further on, where the bush was thinner and the materials for ravage more scanty, one single hollow, headless trunk stood burning alone; from its top, as from a funnel, a volume of flame and a shower of

sparks ascending with a fierce, steady roar into the darkness of the night. In addition to these features of the scene, so novel to the English traveller, the road between the burning trees swarmed with strange living creatures—snakes, iguanas, bandicoots, and opossums—fleeing from the intense heat and the suffocating smoke behind them.

Quixotic as the young clergyman's Australian expedition might have seemed to some, it had been undertaken in too earnest and steadfast a spirit for him to be easily daunted or discouraged by drawbacks or difficulties. It was certainly owing to no lack of patient endeavour or unswerving adherence to his duty, that an apparent want of success had hitherto attended his ministrations in his new field of labour.

He had not at the commencement underrated the obstacles with which he should have to cope in a newly-formed mining community like Brown's Diggings. The little township was overshadowed—as unfortunately most, if not all of the "new rushes" at that time were—with lawlessness, and even crime, and an insatiate thirst for gain was universal. The population comprehended every type of men, from the "new chum" fresh from the comforts and refinements of home life, to the broken-down gentleman and the reckless, hardened desperado. Some lives were honest and noble; but too many had darkly-shadowed backgrounds of shame and sin.

Philip had not only striven to win those about him to better things by the exercise of the trained eloquence and oratorical power in which he excelled; he had also earnestly endeavoured to enter into the lives and sympathise with the needs of the people whom he was seeking to guide. He was utterly unconscious, however, that the barriers he so deplored as existing between himself and the more reckless spirits were raised or aggravated by the very purity of the life by whose silent example he hoped to influence them for good. His steadfastness of nature, perhaps, made him fail to comprehend others' weaknesses, or understand the full power of the temptations

presented to those around him. He looked with cold contempt on the broken promises and vows of amendment of those whom he had striven to win back to their better selves. Often, perhaps, he shrank from the sinner, when he might have renewed his efforts, while he condemned the sin.

Before Philip reached the gate of his garden on the afternoon on which our story opens, his progress was arrested by a sudden remembrance, which made him pause and retrace his footsteps. Roses of every description were blooming around him — rich crimson *Géants de Bataille*, creamy-tinted *Malmaisons*, and golden-hearted *Gloires de Dijon*. From these he gathered a bunch of fragrant blossoms, murmuring half apologetically to himself as he surrounded the flowers with sprays of dark-green foliage, "As I am going to the Deanes' first, I may just as well take Marjory some of the flowers she loves. It is really as much a charity to brighten her wretched existence with shapes of beauty, as it would be to carry more material benefits to her neighbours."

As the young man pursued his way down the uneven, sunbaked hillside, his thoughts were far from being bright ones. He was musing sorrowfully on a piteous sight that his eyes had rested on the night before. It was that of a mere boy, in whom he had grown greatly interested, reeling from the door of the principal grog-store, with drink-inflamed features, and oaths on the fresh young lips. He felt bitter sensations of anger and loathing, which he could not repress, rise in his heart against the author of much of the evil around him that he strove so vainly to combat. The man who led many of the younger and weaker of the community astray was a miner, William Symons, or "Yankee Bill" in the phraseology of the diggings. This man had determinedly set himself against the young clergyman from the beginning, and left no effort untried to oppose and nullify his influence.

Philip had almost reached the bank of the narrow stream, over which he would have to cross on a roughly-constructed hand-bridge to reach his destination, when his eye was attracted to

the figure of a man extended face downward on the grass. He was lying at the foot of a lofty gum-tree, whose waving branches scarcely shaded the recumbent figure from the piercing rays of the sun. Believing, at the first glance, that he saw one of the miners under the influence of the degrading vice that was so fatally common, Philip would have passed by with a shudder of abhorrence, if another and a closer look had not assured him he was mistaken. Then, kneeling by the prostrate figure, he laid his hand gently on the head bowed to the very earth with some overwhelming despair.

The rough toil-stained miner's garb could no more disguise the easy grace of a slight well-knit figure, than the long, dark, unkempt beard, and mask of sunburning could transform the delicate-featured, high-bred face into that of a son of toil. As the dim blue eyes met Philip's, he recognised in a moment a young fellow to whom he had grown warmly attached. Even with Philip, however, in spite of the friendship which had grown up between them, Arthur Sinclair had ever observed the same reserve and reticence which he displayed towards those among whom he wrought. He was a solitary digger—as companionless in the claim he had taken up as in the tent he occupied unshared by chosen "chum" or partner. Now, for the first time, Philip saw the impenetrable armour of self-control laid aside. Feeling very uncomfortable at having intruded on the presence of a great sorrow, he would have moved silently away, reserving to another time his efforts at consolation, if Arthur Sinclair, rising to his feet, had not laid a detaining hand upon his arm and begged him to remain.

With infinite gentleness, Philip listened to the young man's recital of the trouble weighing on his heart. Arthur Sinclair had married the only daughter of a wealthy Manchester merchant. Indignant at his daughter's steadfast affection for the struggling young barrister, the worldly man had disowned and denounced her when he found her constancy was not to be shaken.

"Poor as we were," faltered Arthur in tremulous tones, "we were so happy

the first few months of our married life. Then came the heart-sick, vain waiting for work ; the anguished bitterness of seeing my bright darling, in spite of her brave unselfish efforts to conceal her suffering, droop and fade under her altered circumstances. Worst of all was the agony of our parting, when, utterly hopeless, I resolved to seek my fortune out here. How hard I have struggled since I came no one will ever know. Now cheered by a glimpse of success, now disheartened by disappointment, I have toiled on towards a goal which ever seems to recede from me."

Fully comprehending the uncertainty of such a search for wealth, and sympathising heart and soul with the passionate, despairing longing of the faithful, loving heart, Philip's voice was gentle and tender as he replied, laying his hand affectionately on his companion's shoulder—

"Cheer up, my dear fellow ; the unfortunate may always expect brighter days. Our joys and the fulfilment of our hopes are often hidden in some of the darkest clouds which overshadow our sunshine."

The fair head again sank down despondingly upon the clasped hands, and the young man murmured sadly—"But my heart seems breaking, torn asunder by the bitterest longing and despair. My darling's letter to-day bids me return at once to her and her new-born child. She craves for my presence to comfort her in her loneliness and weakness, and I will never go back without the means of providing her the comforts to which she has been accustomed."

Words seemed powerless to lighten Arthur Sinclair's gloom, and Philip could only look his sympathy with his suffering. Human sympathy, however, is always cheering, even in the deepest sorrow ; and before the young men parted their friendship had expanded into an almost brotherly affection, which, in spite of himself, comforted and solaced Arthur's aching heart.

CHAPTER II.

The little township of Brown's Diggings consisted of one long street

of dwellings of every description. Weatherboard stores, substantial slab huts, and comfortable tents, contrasted with rough bark gunyas and calico-covered saplings. Here the dwellings were planted far apart, there crowded with the compactness of a city street. The little township presented few signs of life or bustle as Philip Trevanion passed over the ground, sprinkled with sand, gravel, and fallen twigs and branches. The scene was a peaceful one in the calm of the golden summer afternoon. The light breeze barely ruffled the gaudy flag on the top of the principal "grog-shop." The only sounds which broke the dreamy stillness were those from the distant rocking of the miners' cradles, their falling pickaxes, and creaking windlasses. The shout of hopeful discovery and the laugh of recklessness came faintly from the invaded forest, whose echoes so short a time ago had been awakened only by the murmur of the river, and the voices of laughing-jackasses, bell-birds, and jays. A still more different aspect, however, would the scene wear a few hours later, when, lighted with smoky lamps and flaring candles, the place would be alive with noisy revelers in their moleskin trousers, red or blue shirts, and cabbage-tree hats. In spite of its being the busy part of the day, an eager little group was gathered in the post-office, consisting principally of rough bearded men, whose faces were softened into tenderness as they eagerly perused their budgets from "home." Anxious as Philip was to follow their example, he resolutely put his packet of letters away for future enjoyment, and pursued his onward way. Some distance down the long straggling street, he reached a tiny bark hut, standing slightly apart from the other dwellings. In front of this he paused, and tapped lightly at the closed door. Acquainted with the habits of the little mining community, it was with a certain degree of surprise that the young clergyman found his knock unanswered. On repeating it he imagined he detected a shade of reluctance in the tones which bade him "come in." On accepting the invitation, however, and entering the rough but exquisitely clean apartment, the indifferent

coolness of his reception was fully explained. The mistress of the little abode was so busily occupied in attending to something cooking in a little saucepan on the wide hearth, almost level with the floor, that she scarcely heeded his entrance.

The room contained another occupant, which was a most unusual occurrence in this particular dwelling. Surprised beyond measure, Philip stood in absorbed contemplation of a sleeping girlish form, extended on an improvised couch of rugs and cloaks, and a wasted, colourless face, from which suffering had obliterated every trace of youthful bloom and prettiness. His scrutiny ended, Philip turned to meet the dark eyes of Marjory Deane, with a mute question in his own which confused and abashed her.

There were very few men whose eyes would not have rested with pleasure on the girl standing by the young clergyman's side. The Juno-like statuesqueness of her tall, finely-moulded figure gave her a dignity of demeanour beyond accord with her nineteen years. The well-formed dark head was proudly poised on a full, round throat; the handsome face, with its regular features, gained character from finely-arched brows and a broad, low forehead. The hands, though well-formed, were roughened with traces of toil; while exposure to sun and wind had deepened the roseate tints on the rounded cheeks into a ruddy brown.

Appreciation of Marjory Deane's beauty, however, was apt to be checked by the girl's fierce impatience of even the smallest sign of involuntary admiration. The stately pose of the noble head, with its rippling waves of silky black hair, and the cold scorn of the dark eyes, had hitherto proved successful in keeping her many admirers on the diggings at a respectful distance. Most of them had grown weary of their unappreciated attentions, and begun to transfer their fickle homage to more agreeable, if less perfectly handsome goddesses.

In many respects it was unfortunate that Marjory Deane, the motherless daughter of a worthless father, should have been so remarkably endowed. Besides beauty of no common order,

she possessed wonderfully refined sensibilities, a reserved nature, and an inbred, resolute pride. The latter quality, like that of an Indian chief, would have steeled her to bear the keenest suffering in silence rather than submit to pity, or even comment. The girl's resolute bearing, however, covered gentle, tender feelings, and a warm, passionate heart. Her natural reserve, it is true, shielded her from much that was lowering and degrading in the rough life around her. In setting her apart, however, from companions of her own age and their pursuits and enjoyments, it rendered her existence too solitary and joyless not to mature too early, and even to chill, her nature.

Uncultured as Marjory Deane was, until lately her lack of knowledge and lowly origin had troubled her but little. But now, with bitter mortification, she was beginning to realise how ardently she craved those graces and accomplishments which hitherto she had considered mere frivolous appendages to the idle, dainty butterflies of fashion, whose lives were placed so immeasurably far from hers.

A strange new influence was slowly making itself felt in the girl's lonely life—a power which now made the indignant defiance of her answering glance to Philip's mute interrogation melt into unconscious wistfulness, and the firm tones sounded pleading and tremulous as she answered the unspoken question by the words, "This is Millie."

Philip was about to exclaim, "And who is Millie?" when a closer scrutiny of the faded face, flushed with two hectic spots, as the sleeper struggled painfully with a dry racking cough, revived a memory in his breast. It was a dim remembrance of another face, blooming with health, and bright with beauty. It was this very beauty which had been the bane of the "Lily of Brown's Diggings." It had exposed her to insidious flatteries, which the weak, vain nature had been unable to resist. Drawn from the safe shelter of her grandfather's home, and finally abandoned to her own devices, foolish, pretty Millie Radford had become friendless and desolate. Heart-sick and repentant, she had wandered back

to her old home. Overcome, however, with compunctious fears, she had paused at its very threshold to seek Marjory's aid and protection, falling asleep like a tired child upon her breast, before the sad tale of folly and weakness was half told.

It was very easy for Philip to fill in the details Marjory left unmentioned, and, turning to her compassionately, he asked gently, "What are you going to do with her?"

"Keep her here with me until I can nurse her back to health and spirits," was the reply.

"Are there no others," said Philip, in grave remonstrance, "better fitted than you to undertake such a charge, Marjory? I know several houses where she would be carefully tended and kindly treated."

As, however, Marjory was well aware that those who had grudged the girl the triumphs her beauty had won would be but cold friends to her in her want and sickness, her resolve was not shaken by Philip's suggestion.

"Maybe she'd be a trouble to any but me," she answered, gently, "and old Mr. Radford, since his blindness, is fit to do nothing for the poor girl. I'll keep her for a while at any rate, till she's a bit stronger."

Unwilling to express his strong secret dissatisfaction with the arrangement, Philip was glad to make the flowers he had brought an excuse for changing the subject. Although the rich bloom in Marjory's cheeks, as she received the frankly proffered gift, rivalled the tints of the glowing crimson blossoms which formed a bright spot of colour in the dingy room, her thanks were quietly and simply spoken.

It was very sweet to the young clergyman to drift into descriptions of his beloved far-off home to so sympathetic and interested a listener as the girl beside him. Very soon, therefore, he was telling Marjory of the English scenes he loved. Once he made her smile at the idea of a tiny, stunted wattle-tree being reared, like some rare tropical plant, in a heated conservatory—a reminiscence that he had recalled with amusement the night before, as he stood amongst the monarchs of the Australian forests, waving their mighty

branches, in glad freedom, on the passing wind.

Eagerly as Philip had looked forward to the hour when he would be free to enjoy a leisurely perusal of his home letters, it was late in the evening before he made an effort to open the packet. When at last he settled down with his letters in his hands, in the golden after-glow which irradiated the summer twilight with its mystic fleeting brilliance, there was an unrest about him which he could neither explain nor overcome. He broke off several times before he had got half-way through his mother's epistle. For once he found it impossible to derive his usual keen interest from a study of its contents. Yet the pages before him were full of little items of home news, in which he was specially interested, and abounded with references to Dora Thornycroft, his sisters' gentle beloved friend, who sent kindly little messages of "remembrances" to her childhood's and girlhood's companion.

Philip Trevanion was, and ever had been, fastidious to a fault with regard to women in general. He was especially so respecting the one woman in particular who was "waiting somewhere for him to honour," the "lady" into whose keeping he should give his heart. She should be a "queen," to whom he would render willing and absolute homage, and still, at the same time, a gentle loving woman:

"Ever on his her strength should lean."

Dora Thornycroft fulfilled to the utmost his ideal of perfect womanhood. The pure, daintily-reared girl, whose small white hands had never been soiled with the drudgery which he thought deprived woman of her womanly charm, lacked no attribute necessary to make her the "sovereign of his life."

To-night he was conscious of a vague mutation, so that, strive as he would to bring the gentle image of his dreams before his mind, it was strangely shadowy and indistinct. The sweet, Madonna-like face, with eyes like violets bathed in dew, had been ever present to his memory as he saw her last with the noontide sun

"Shining down on her ringlets sheen."

Now, however, this picture was overshadowed by another, which, endeavour to banish it as he would, stood out in bold relief before his mind. It was the picture of a tall, stately figure, resembling in no particular whatever the slight, clinging form of his girl-ideal. It was bending in tenderest compassion over a sufferer, while the noble face was bright with unselfish pity, and from the parted lips came loving words bidding the wanderer turn to Him who rescued the lost and comforted the desolate.

Stephen Deane, when sober, was a placid, easy-going man. He left the management of household matters contentedly enough in the hands of his "lass," whom he regarded with a mixture of admiration and reverence. He was never weary of boasting amongst his kindred spirits of her clever ways, and wonderful capabilities of making his home comfortable. But when under the influence of strong drink, from which his daughter's earnest influence was insufficient to restrain him, Stephen Deane was transformed into a fury, whom the slightest contradiction would goad almost to madness.

A knowledge of her father's peculiarities made Marjory's heart sink within her when, some hours after Philip's visit, the stillness was broken by the heavy uncertain footstep she knew so well. She heartily wished that Millie, who sat shivering by the fire—summer evening though it was—had been safely out of sight.

It was only after two or three lurches at the closed door—with which he parleyed indignantly, as with an enemy striving to oppose his progress—that the intoxicated man managed to enter his home. When at last he entered the room where his daughter stood, his blood-shot eyes fell fiercely on the travel-stained, forlorn, little figure, whose tear-dimmed eyes drooped nervously beneath his staring scrutiny. Heedless of Marjory's interceding hand, the angry man advanced to the fireplace, muttering in hoarse, thick tones, "I won't have any tramps in my house, so you'd best get out of this at once."

Terrified at the threatening gesture which accompanied the words, the trembling girl rose weakly to her feet.

Before she could move, however, a strong arm was thrown around her fragile form. With gentle force Marjory put her back in her seat, and confronted her father with an earnest reproving glance, before which his own wavering look fell. Still the fiend within him was too strong to be easily quelled. It nerved him with wicked resolution, and, turning fiercely upon the daughter he loved, he struck a cruel blow upon the arm which shielded the stranger from his fury. Then, in instant reaction, he sank, a degraded, helpless heap, upon the floor.

The sick girl tossed in an uneasy broken slumber on Marjory's narrow couch all through the night. She was disturbed with the heavy-laboured breath it was so hard to draw, the cruel cough which racked her feeble frame, and fevered dreams, in which she saw the peaceful home to which she so longed to return, and the loving old man whose heart her loss had well-nigh broken.

Had Millie—whose highest ambition had ever been to brighten by exterior adornments the charms of her pretty face—been able to discern what was passing around her in the poor room, she would have stared in unbelieving amazement. She scarcely would have credited that it was proud, indifferent Marjory, who was striving with infinite patience and unwearied efforts to write a copy spread out on a small deal table by which she sat. But fortunately for the peace of Marjory Deane's proud heart, there were no curious wondering eyes unclosed beside her. Unobserved the heavy tears might fall from the dark eyes, when the stiff, toil-roughened fingers struggled vainly to achieve the longed-for purpose, and were fain, sore and aching, to abandon it for the time. There were none to notice with what pitiful endeavour and impatient mortification the girl pursued other uphill labours. The only witnesses of her efforts were fragrant, fresh-plucked roses, whose perfumed petals could have told of the bitter despair which seized at last upon the earnest student as, laying her books hopelessly aside, she strove to shut from her ears the sound of her father's heavy drunken breathing.

(To be continued.)

THE RECENT SURVEY OF PALESTINE.

By ROBERT STEEL, D.D.

THIRD PAPER.

After the preliminary *reconnaissances* made by Captain Anderson, R.E., Captain Warren, R.E., and Major Wilson, R.E., in certain parts of the Holy Land, the Palestine Exploration Committee organised a party for the trigonometrical survey of the western portion of the country from the Jordan to the Mediterranean. It was hoped that the eastern portion would be undertaken by an American committee, as a very great amount of interest had been taken in the exploration by travellers from the United States. Captain Stewart, R.E., was, with the consent of the Board of Ordnance, appointed to the command. He had been employed in the great survey of the United Kingdom, but he readily resigned his position to devote himself to the arduous work of surveying and exploring the Holy Land. Two experienced non-commissioned officers, Sergeant Black and Corporal Armstrong, both long engaged in the ordnance survey, were also secured. Mr. C. F. Tyrwhitt Drake was attached as interpreter, archæologist, and naturalist. This accomplished gentleman had travelled with Professor Palmer, was familiar with Arabic, and had other exceptional qualifications for exploration. The year 1871 was unusually favourable to the novel undertaking. The country was quiet, provisions and animals were plentiful and cheap, and the Bedawin tribes were submissive to the Turkish Government. A Firman was procured by means of the British Ambassador from the Sublime Porte on as favourable a scale as could be expected from the "unspeakable Turk" — indeed, the Ottoman Government had been rather disposed to be conciliatory to Christians since

the Crimean war. The Prince of Wales and his party, which happily included Dean Stanley, had been permitted to enter the mosque at Hebron, one of the most sacred of Moslem shrines, and where the great Hebrew patriarchs, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, had been buried. The mosque of Omar had also been open to Christian visitors of all kinds who might apply through the resident Consuls at Jerusalem.

Captain Stewart and his party landed at Jaffa in the autumn of 1871 — rather an unhealthy period of the year for work in Palestine — and commenced operations in the Plains of Sharon, not by any means the healthiest part in the hot season. The consequence was that Captain Stewart's fatiguing work in laying down the first base line — some four miles long — near Ramleh, quite prostrated him, fever supervened, and he was at once invalided and had to leave for England, where he resigned his appointment. Mr. Tyrwhitt Drake then superintended the field operations, which were carried on by the intelligent non-commissioned officers as far as Jerusalem, and from that to Nablous, a square of 500 miles. The surveyors knew nothing of Arabic, but they were unmolested in their work, and it was subsequently found that they had done it with great correctness. Lieut. Conder, R.E., was next appointed to the command, and proved to be a very efficient officer, and one who took a remarkable interest in all the details of exploration as well as of survey. He reached the camp in July, 1872, and continued three years and three months in Palestine, with the exception of four months' leave of absence to recruit his health in 1874,

after the hardship and exposure of tent work in the Jordan Valley. In 1875, the survey party were attacked by a sheikh at Safed, and suffered considerable injuries. Indeed every member of the expedition was more or less injured, and all were subsequently stricken with fever. They were nursed in the Carmel Convent till they were recovered. The affair was then placed in the hands of the English Consul at Beyrout, for redress, which was ultimately obtained. Besides the punishment of the chief offenders, a fine of £270 was paid to the Committee. The work was suspended for a year owing to this unhappy affair; but the invalided party, recalled to England to recruit their health, did good service in preparing the results of their previous work for publication. Lieut. Kitchener, who had been attached to the survey, and who had been also badly wounded, returned to Palestine in 1877, and completed the survey. He also took many photographs of scenes and ruins. The non-commissioned officers specially granted from the War Office were Serjeant Armstrong, promoted for his gallantry and service at Safed, Corporals Maule, Brophy, Wilson, and Malings, all valuable and efficient men, whose names deserve to be remembered.

Mr. Tyrwhitt Drake was lost to the expedition by fever, by which he was attacked in the Jordan Valley in the end of 1873. He had to be conveyed to Jerusalem in a litter, but he succumbed to the malady. This disease had to be contended with by all, especially amidst the hardships of the Jordan Valley. During five years the surveyors lived in tents, and had many difficulties, but they did their work with consummate care and accuracy. The scale adopted was an inch to the mile, like that of the ordnance survey of Great Britain. The triangulation was laid down on a base line, sometimes in Galilee, of twenty-five miles in length, with calculated lines from eight to twelve miles in different directions. So exact were the detailed measurements that there were scarcely two feet of possible error in a mile, and consequently the error in twenty-five miles was only equal to

the thickness of a pencil-line! From the fixed triangulation points a number of supplementary angles were taken to every village, hill-top, prominent tree, or other important object in view, so that almost every spot was fixed. The heights of all places were taken by aneroids, which were again checked by a standard barometer morning and evening. Thus by levels, vertical angles, mercurial and aneroid barometers, all the localities were carefully determined, and astronomical observations were taken to check the triangulation. The survey embraced 6000 square miles, and was delineated on twenty-eight sheets, ultimately published as the Great Map of Western Palestine on the scale of an inch to the mile. The plan shows towns, villages, roads, ruins, water-courses, buildings, tombs, caves, cisterns, wells, springs, and rock-cut wine-presses. Every hill is marked, and the cultivation of the country indicated, such as olives, figs, vines, and palms, while the wild growth of oaks, scrubs, and other trees is specially distinguished. Old Roman roads, with their remaining milestones and other relics of antiquity, are shown. The principal heights are given, and the levels of the Lake Huleh, the Sea of Galilee, and the Dead Sea are for the first time correctly marked. There are nearly *ten thousand names* on the map. These are all modern, and of course in Arabic. They were carefully collected from the resident population and checked by native assistants, and then by the interpreter. Every effort was made to trace them to the original Hebrew, and thus many sites were identified.

The surveyors kept journals of their work, and prepared an account of every place. Topography, orography, and hydrography are thus carefully noted. In archæology every ancient building and ruin has been marked, and minute details are given in the notes of the mortar, masonry, and architectural features of each. A number of plans and surveys of important towns, crusading fortresses and churches, Byzantine monasteries, Hebrew synagogues and tombs were also made. Every sheet of the map was accompanied by its own memoirs,

compiled by the officers of the survey from their own note-books, observations, and journals.

The identification of sites mentioned in the Old and New Testaments, the Apocrypha, and Josephus, was kept constantly in view. So much tradition had gathered around places alleged to have been identified ages ago, that great care and patient investigation had to be made before coming to a judgment respecting them. Many Hebrew names had been concealed by the Arabic rendering of them, but the interpreters often got agreeable surprises by the discovery of the original consonants, or by the translation of the Arabic, every word of which was translated. The geology of Palestine was investigated throughout the whole field of survey. In Lebanon hard crystalline limestone abounds, with an overlying formation of white chalk. This gives the name Lebanon, or milk-white. Numerous fossils, chiefly of fish and of sharks' teeth, were found. In Upper Galilee, "traces of mummulitic limestone ascribed to the Tertiary period overlie the chalk." In Lower Galilee the formation is what is known geologically as crag and tail, the hills at Nazareth being of chalk. All the lower hills are also of soft chalk. The backbone of the country from Samaria to Hebron consists of hard limestone, with soft chalk capping the hills—the Mount of Olives, for instance, consisting almost entirely of this formation. The soil of the Plain of Esdraelon is a rich basaltic loam, but that of the maritime plains from Carmel to Gaza is covered from the denudation of the hills and the sand which accumulates on the shore. The Jordan Valley is one of the wonders of physical geography, and appears to have been formed by a longitudinal

fault before historic times. "In the cretaceous period," says Captain Conder, "it appears tolerably certain that the Jordan Valley extended to the Red Sea; but shortly after that epoch disturbances, accompanied by volcanic eruptions, took place. The watershed of the Arabah was raised nearly 800 feet above the sea, and the Jordan Valley sunk to a depth of nearly 1300 feet below the Mediterranean. A chain of at least four large lakes was thus formed, the shores and beds of which may still be traced. As the evaporation increased these lakes appear to have dried up gradually, leaving raised beaches still existing, so that they are at the present day represented only by the small sheets of water known as the Lake of Merom, the Sea of Galilee, and the Dead Sea."

Before giving in another paper the great results of the survey, it may be appropriate to state that the survey took five years' work in the field. The preparation of the great map occupied two years, and four years more have been required to get all the memoirs published. The expense of the seven years was as follows:—

Survey and preparation of the map	£18,000
Expenses of the office in London	5,200
Returned to subscribers in the published numbers of the <i>Quarterly Statement</i>		4,400

Making a total of ... £27,600
This sum was contributed by persons interested in the Holy Land, and whose desire was to bring every modern appliance to aid in exploring a country so closely identified with the Sacred Book and an unparalleled life. The money, as we shall see in our next paper, was well expended.

MURDER AND WAR.

One to destroy, is murder by the law;
And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe:
To murder thousands, takes a specious name,
"War's glorious art," and gives immortal fame.

—Young.

PRESENTIMENT.

By R. R. HAVERFIELD.

"It must be an awful thing," I heard an old shepherd say once, "for a man to have a dread of summat on his mind as he don't know what it is, but it's what you may call the deadly-dreadfuls, and weighs on his mind like a waking nightmare. I had a mate as was took that way one time, all of a sudden. I done everything I could think of to cheer 'm up, but 'tworn't no use. 'I've a tried to shake it off and cheer up,' he says, 'but I can't. I can't shake it off. I sees a dark shadow constant afore me, and when I turns round my head, there it is behind my back and both sides of me,' he says. 'I'll tell you,' says I, 'what I takes it to be, it's the bad blight as you've had in your eyes, as has dimmed 'em considerable.' 'No,' he says, 'taint that, Tom. My eyes aint so strong as they was, that's true; but I can see things clear enough with 'em anyhow. When I looks at you, there's nothing dark about you, nor yet about the dogs there, nor nothing else. It's only all round myself. 'Taint in the eyes, Tom, it's in the heart. It seems just as if there was a great leathery-winged bat, about the bigness of a dray wheel, a-hanging about, right up over my head, and I can feel the chill of it like as it had just come out of a icy cave. I've a notion as you'll have to bury me afore long, Tom,' he says, a-heaving of a deep sigh. I looked at the poor fellow for a bit, doubting whether he worn't a bit touched in the head. So I changed the subject, and he talked as sensible about everything else as ever he did in his life; but every now and again he cast a scared sort of a look about 'im, and shook his head to hissself like with an inward kind of a shudder. He was that way for two days, and on the evening of the second day he was drowned in the Goulburn, a-trying for to save a sheep

as had slipped over a steep bank into deep water. It give me a shock, that did, and set me thinking very serious like over things, I can tell you. If ever any of you sees a man in that state of mind, you can prepare yourself for the worst for 'm any minute."

One is naturally led to inquire why one man should be apparently forewarned of his approaching end, and another be suddenly struck down whilst full of hope and in the enjoyment of excellent spirits; but this is a question which I may not venture to discuss.

A strange instance of presentiment came within my own knowledge at Mount Sturgeon station, then held by Dr. Martin, of Heidelberg, about the year 1847. I happened to be staying there for a few days, when an old and mutual friend of Mr. Peerman, the manager of the station, and myself arrived, having come up to the Grampians to endeavour to purchase some well-bred rams. One day I was riding with him on his way to a neighbouring sheep station, and I noticed that he—usually a very cheerful man—was in a very taciturn and gloomy mood.

"You seem to be in the blues to-day, Patterson," I said. "What's the matter?"

"Well, old man," he replied, "I can't tell you unless my liver or something or other is vilely out of order. I cannot account for the feeling I am experiencing, which is very much like what I should fancy that of a man under sentence of death. Do you know, I keep on fancying there's a coffin floating in the air before me. Of course, it's absurd, but I can't get rid of the idea."

Two days after that he was returning to Mount Sturgeon from the station where he had been selecting sheep, and most unfortunately—induced probably

to do so by the horrible feeling of gloom with which he was oppressed—he called at a public-house about two miles from the station. On this occasion he was riding a nasty-tempered brute of a colt, which, amongst other vices, had a habit of making a bolt if possible whilst a man was in the act of mounting him; and I should mention that poor Patterson would persist in riding with very loose girths. As he was attempting to remount the colt, the beast made a plunge; the saddle turned and my poor friend, whose foot stuck in the stirrup, was just able by clinging to the mane to keep his head off the ground. In this way he was dragged at a lashing gallop for about a quarter of a mile, when his head was brought into contact with the butt of a tree about two feet or eighteen inches from the ground. A shepherd who witnessed the awful occurrence at a distance of at least the eighth of a mile, stated that the sound of the head striking against the tree was like that of a heavy blow of an axe or maul on solid timber. Death, of course, was instantaneous.

Two men went out together one morning on a run in New South Wales, not far from the Murray, or Hume River as it was then called, some distance above Albury, in search of lost horses. On arriving on the bank of a creek, they found from the tracks that the horses had parted there, one lot having crossed to the opposite side. They, therefore, agreed to separate, so that they might search both sides at the same time. Very shortly afterwards, the man who had crossed came galloping back after his mate, in reply to whose enquiry as to “what was up?” he said that he felt compelled by some inexplicable feeling to come back and bid him farewell, and to request him to remember him to all his friends. He didn’t think he should see any of them again. Strange as it may seem, it is nevertheless true, that the next day he was found dead on a hill-side, his horse having evidently fallen with him and his neck having been broken.

One hears of bright as well as dark presentiments. Instances of the fulfilment of the former are not numerous, and I think the two following little

stories will be found interesting by the reader. The first was told me a long time ago by an old bush friend. “I rode into Melbourne once,” he said, “with Tom Sheepshanks. Tom, as you are aware, was a well-shaped, good-looking fellow, and he knew it. There was only one thing that displeased him about himself, and that was the colour of a heavy moustache which he had cultivated with great care during his sojourn in the bush. On the evening we reached Melbourne, the first thing he did was to rush to a hairdresser’s shop, to purchase some cosmetic wherewith to change the hue of the moustache. When this had been duly applied he was so altered in appearance that at first I scarcely knew him.

“‘What do you think of it?’ he asked.

“‘I think it’s absurd,’ I replied. ‘It looked much better as it was. Go, for goodness’ sake, and wash that stuff off at once.’

“‘Thanks for your advice,’ returned he, with a stiff bow—‘Tom could put on frills when he liked—but I prefer it this way. I assure you that, looking at myself in the glass, I feel quite a glow in my heart—a splendid sort of feeling, a presentiment, as it were, of some approaching happiness.’

“‘All right,’ I said. ‘I wish you every success; but I must tell you candidly, Tom, you are simply making yourself ridiculous.’

“Shortly afterwards we were invited to spend an evening at the house of a mutual friend at Richmond, and we accepted the invitation, of course. Amongst the company was a very pretty young lady, who had known Tom very well before the advent of the moustache, so that she was not aware that its natural colour had been altered. They were spooning about together all the evening, and took an opportunity to steal out into the garden. There was a heavy dew that night, but of this fact, important as it was to him, Tom was either ignorant or heedless, and the consequence was that when the young lady made her appearance again in the house her mouth, cheeks and forehead were covered with great black patches. When Tom came in, his moustache,

to the surprise of every one but myself, had changed colour from the ebon hue of night, to that rather of the flush of the eastern sky as earth loyally lowers her horizon at the approach of the Royalty of day. People looked curiously at the demoiselle, all unconscious as she was, poor thing, of the disfigurement of her beauty, and also at the strangely altered appearance of the ornature of Tom's upper lip. Presently the fair one caught a glimpse of her face in a mirror, and uttered an involuntary little shriek. Tom rushed to her side, and, in doing so, beheld his own reflection in the mirror. His look of dismay was one of the most comical I ever beheld on a human countenance, and the whole party burst into a fit of irrepressible laughter.

"'Say you are engaged, right out,' I whispered Tom.

"'We—we—we are engaged, ladies and gentlemen,' he stammered forth.

"'Who are engaged?' asked the young lady.

"'You—you and I—' he replied.

"She was a girl of high spirit, and possessed of a good amount of mother wit.

"'I was engaged,' she said, half laughing and half crying, 'to a man with a black moustache. I am not to be won under false pretences. Let me go and wash my face and have a good cry, for I am thoroughly ashamed of myself, and of you too, Mr. Sheep-shanks.'

"Then her female friends rallied about her and bore her off.

"'What about the presentiment now, Tom?' I asked, as we were returning to town.

"'Oh, bother the presentiment!' he answered snappishly, and not another word did I hear him utter that night. Thus his vanity was severely and cruelly punished, but I am happy to be able to say the young lady took him for better and for worse after all, and he used no more cosmetics."

Harriette Holt, as we will call her, for I am not at liberty to give her real name, the daughter of a gentleman who at one time owned some valuable station properties, was a lovely golden-haired child just entering upon her thirteenth summer. On a beautiful

afternoon in the spring time of the year she was sitting with her mother in the garden at their charming residence in a pleasant suburb of Melbourne. The sun was shining brightly, shedding a grateful warmth, and a light breeze, with barely sufficient strength to cause a tremble in the tiniest leaves, playing among the flowers, filled the air with a delicate and delicious fragrance.

"Do you know, Mamma," said Harriette, after a thoughtful silence of a few minutes, "I feel so very well to-day, and so very, very happy, that I really think there must be something the matter with me."

"The matter is," returned Mrs. Holt, "that you are in excellent health, and have nothing whatever to trouble your mind."

"Oh, it is something more than that I am sure, for I have been in excellent health and have had nothing to trouble my mind for a long, long time."

"Perhaps the anticipation of our visit this evening to the theatre has something to do with it?" said her mother.

"The theatre! oh, no—I was not thinking of that. Do you know, as I sit here, with my eyes closed, I fancy I can see into Heaven, and angels seem to be beckoning me to come to them. Oh, if I could only fly!"

"And would you leave us, Harriette, if you could?"

"Oh, no, I don't mean that. But I feel as if I were being drawn towards Heaven with no power in me to resist the attraction. But I will go and do some gardening, and try to shake off the feeling, although it is so very, very delightful."

"A day dream," said Mrs. Holt to herself, as the fairy-like figure of her daughter tripped off in search of some garden tool.

The evening was closing in, when Harriette went to the garden gate to meet her brother, who had promised to return from town at an appointed time. There she stood gazing into the blue vault where the first stars were beginning to struggle into view. Around her fair neck she wore a handsome gold chain, which was plainly discernible in the twilight. Presently she heard a stealthy footstep advancing

towards her. Without withdrawing her look from the skies, she said, laughingly, "Ah, Mr. Ned, you are not going to take me by surprise, and give me a fright, don't you believe it."

But the approaching form was not that of her brother as she supposed, but of a square-built, sturdy ruffian, who, on reaching her, dealt her a severe blow on the temple with his clenched fist, and she fell heavily to the ground. The villain then robbed her of her chain with a valuable watch attached to it, and hearing some one coming whistling merrily, made off as fast as he could. Just two minutes too late to save her from this outrage, her brother came up, and was shocked to find her prostrate and insensible at the gate. He was a fine, strong young man about seventeen years of age. Taking her up tenderly in his arms he carried her into the house. Medical assistance was, of course, promptly obtained; but she lay in a deplorable state, never regaining consciousness until the evening of the third day, when, to their inexpressible delight, she recognised her father and mother, and the other members of the family,

and conversed with them cheerfully for some minutes. But suddenly she relapsed into her previous condition, in which she remained for about a quarter of an hour, when her power of speech was again restored.

Taking her mother's hand, she covered it with kisses.

"Mamma dear," she said, "they have brought me wings, and the beautiful spirits which you see hovering above my head are waiting to help me to fly to Heaven! Kiss me—kiss me, all, before I go!"

One after another, in bitter distress, they embraced her gently.

"Good-bye, baby, darling," she said, addressing her infant sister, faintly and affectionately; and as her weeping mother held the little one over her, the arresting angels claimed the summoned soul, and the warm baby cheek rested softly on parted lips from which the mortal life had flown.

As far as I am aware, her murderer was never discovered, but it is to be hoped that he has had, or will have, a duly fulfilled presentiment of perishing on the gallows.

FRIENDSHIP.

Distilled amidst the gloom of night,
Dark hangs the dew-drop on the thorn;
Till, noticed by approaching light,
It glitters in the smile of morn.

Morn soon retires, her feeble power
The sun outbeams with genial day,
And gently, in benignant hour,
Exhales the liquid pearl away.

Thus on Affliction's sable bed
Deep sorrows rise of saddest hue;
Condensing round the mourner's head,
They bathe the cheek with chilly dew.

Though Pity shows her dawn from Heaven,
When kind she points assistance near;
To Friendship's sun alone 'tis given
To soothe and dry the mourner's tear.

—*Penrose.*

ADVENTURES OF A PIONEER.

By W. LOCKHART MORTON.

NO. XV.—BUSH LIFE IN VICTORIA.

In the year 1845 I resigned the comforts of civilisation, and went into the "bush." Never again to the west, but to the north, and ever afterwards, up to a recent date, still further north. In human life there seems to be a destiny to which all are subject. Some small incident, or the paltry action of some insignificant fellow-mortal, may change the course of a whole life. Some obstruction or disturbing force makes a human atom go off at a tangent from its centre of attraction, never to return to it again. In consequence of the treatment I had first met with in the Western District, with the exception of a short residence at Colac I never again even visited that district for thirty-seven years. I had been repelled and driven into a new orbit. I once crossed the extreme west diagonally from the north to Portland, but the pursuit after Gardner, the bush-ranger, was against my will, and yet could not be left undone.

There is no region to be met with, however, from the south coast to the tropical parts of Queensland, to be compared to the western district of Victoria, either in beautiful surroundings or in excellence as a field for pastoral pursuits. In the west are magnificent landscapes, beautified by green mammaloid hills in every direction, some visible 100 miles away; splendid lakes and running streams of clear water; whilst the surface of the whole region is thickly covered with grass and herbage, ever refreshed with rains or dews. In the far north, there is almost nothing to be seen but level plains, so level that one's vision is circumscribed by a horizon from three to five miles distant; or a flat surface covered with dwarf forests or shrubs through or over

which vision can extend but a few hundred yards. There are lake beds without water, and creeks which never run. The streams are all white or red, according to the colour of the clay-beds through which they pass. Man and beast in the ever-recurring droughts get only "half-and-half" drinks, that is—half water and half mud, and have to be thankful if there is no worse material mixed therewith, as is generally the case. There is but little grass anywhere, and the less the better; for, like the abundant herbage, it soon perishes in such hot, dry, and drought-afflicted regions. A merciful Providence has clothed vast areas with low shrubs, and has given the instinct of goats to sheep and cattle to eat them and not die.

Instead of one acre feeding from five to eight sheep, as in the western district of this colony, in the dry regions of New South Wales and Queensland from five to ten acres are required for every sheep.

In the year above referred to, I got the management of the Sutton Grange station, which is on the east side of Mount Alexander. That hill was originally named Mount Byng, in honour of Admiral Byng, by Major Mitchell, but a local resident subsequently took upon himself to name it after Alexander the Great, in the following whimsical manner. The late Mr. Charles Hosson Ebdon, afterwards Treasurer of this colony, had settled at Carlsruhe as a squatter, and one day, when riding with some other gentlemen near where Kyneton is now, one of them, pointing to the hill, asked its name. Mr. Ebdon, rising in his saddle, said with a pompous gesture:—"This is Mount Macedonia and that is Mount

Alexander." By an inversion Major Mitchell had named Macedon in allusion to Port Philip—Macedon of Philip, instead of Philip of Macedon—and Mr. Ebdon, in a whimsical moment, changed Mount Byng into Mount Alexander, after Alexander the Great of Macedon. It was probably the same gentleman who named the river Campaspe after the favourite mistress of Alexander the Great. Whilst referring to the absurd way in which original names have been changed, the name of Bendigo Creek may be mentioned. It probably originated in the mind of some gold-digging pugilist who thought to perpetuate the name of Bendigo, the English fighting-man, or perhaps someone thought it appropriate to the rowdy fighting characters who in numbers first rushed to the new diggings there. The name first given to the locality was Bandicoot Creek, and the one on the east of it was Emu Creek—a name it still retains—whilst to the west was Bullock Creek. The latter name, however, has, I believe, itself been changed from the native word "Bollok," which means a creek or swamp or lake, dry in summer. Even Phillip is now erroneously spelt with two "l's."

Having always taken a deep interest in geological studies, I knew that the formation in the neighbourhood of Mount Alexander might be rich in metals, and I often washed portions of soil on a shovel or spade, after the method of the Cornish miners—that is, a shovel with some washdirt on it is gently moved from side to side under the surface of water, when the lighter portions are carried away and the heavier remain on the shovel. I found plenty of magnetic iron sand, but no other metal. When I came upon reefs of quartz I often dismounted from my horse and examined the rock, breaking one piece with another, but never found one speck of gold. I used to pick up beautiful specimens of rock crystal, with which I ornamented the mantelpiece of my cottage, but these crystals were all that I found. During the year I resided at Moonee Ponds I often washed portions of soil on a shovel, and made short excursions in search of fossils and metals. I found

some fossils (Silurian) in a cliff on the creek opposite to where Brunswick is now. On one occasion I thought I had discovered a trace of copper. Reducing the stone to powder, I applied nitric acid, and with a feather painted the blade of my knife, on which copper at once appeared. I then found, however, that the presence of the metal was due to a part of my testing apparatus. I found also quicksilver in a singular position, and for the presence of which I could never account. The family filter used to filter the creek water failed to act. On opening to reconstruct it I found the whole surface below the upper plate studded with innumerable minute globules of quicksilver. Although quicksilver has twice the specific gravity of iron, it will float like a needle on water if it is divided into minute globules, and, if such globules exist in the dry bed of a creek, when a stream comes down the quicksilver will float away on the surface of the water. This would account for its presence in the filter. The only other way of accounting for it is that the manufacturer put it there. Had it got in by accident it could not have been in such minute globules. During the years (1845-46-47) that I resided at Sutton Grange I consider that I came very near the discovery of gold; and I often think that if I had possessed the practical knowledge of digging, such as I afterwards acquired in actual work and by inspecting operations when Forest Creek was first opened, I might have been successful, for afterwards I generally could find gold in likely, but then untried, places.

It was only when about my ordinary duties that I looked for metals. I generally went out hunting wild dogs twice a week, for they were very numerous and destructive, and we had not then become acquainted with strychnine. Either in hunting or in looking for lost sheep more than half of my time was spent in the saddle. The dogs had to be looked for in the stringy-bark and iron-bark covered ranges to the north and north-west of Mount Alexander. Thus I was often over the future goldfields. But in very hot weather I often came

upon them in the shadow of great granite boulders on the crest of the Alexandrine range. In one of these hunting excursions along the range my dogs found some object, and on riding to where they were I saw the spines of a porcupine ant-eater quickly disappearing below the surface. Procuring a lever, I gently raised it to the surface. This was in 1845, and was the first time I had met with the creature. I took off the saddle-cloth and carried it home in front of me. Next morning I found a young one in the case with the mother. It was about the size of a cockchafer beetle, perfectly formed, and its soft, pink-coloured skin was quite naked. Thinking that the mother had given birth to it in the night, and as it was dead, I set the mother at liberty. Afterwards I regretted that I had not examined the mother to ascertain whether the ant-eater (*Echidna*) belongs to the class of marsupials or not. It seemed to me certain that the young one was either recently born, or, if the animal was a marsupial, it had been carried in the mother's pouch. I resolved to examine the next one I met with. Some months later three visitors from Melbourne were with me on Mount Alexander, when the dogs found another. I explained to the others what I wished to ascertain, and we each took hold of the toes of a foot and pulled gently till we extended it to its full length, and, as it happened to be a female, we saw that it was a marsupial animal. Some years afterwards Dr. Bennett, of Sydney, seemed to doubt the correctness of my observation, and in a letter to me mentioned that he had dissected numbers of them and had not discovered the usual marsupial bone. Within the last two or three years the ant-eater and other Australian animals belonging to the monotremata have had some attention bestowed upon them. Some discoveries are alleged to have been made by Mr. Caldwell, who was sent out to Queensland for the purpose, but in consequence of the hysterical and blundering telegram sent to the British Association during its meeting at Montreal, not one man in ten thousand can say to-day whether the ant-eater is oviparous, viviparous,

or marsupial. My own impression is that this interesting point in natural history has not been settled. It is certainly a marsupial, and we may fairly conclude that, like other marsupials, it is viviparous. If it is oviparous the eggs or egg must be deposited in the pouch till hatched. More light on the subject is required.

At the head of Emu Creek I had an out station, named Preston Vale, and the shepherd there informed me that he had been visited by a stranger, who was coming with stock to take possession of the creek lower down. Without delay, I started a flock of sheep to take possession, the bullock-driver with his team, and a splitter. We started on a Monday morning and had to travel nine miles to the spot, but by Wednesday evening the hut was finished, and I had got back to the homestead. We had all the material to cut, split, and cart to the spot selected. The splitter and myself cut quickly all the posts, wall-plates, and rafters, and whilst the bullock-driver was dragging them in we cut down stringy-bark trees and split them into slabs, taking care to save every sheet of bark before we split the logs.

Some days afterwards a party arrived with tools to begin operations, and were surprised to find themselves too late. The region was within the recognised boundaries of the run, but in those times, unless one could prove that he had been in possession, the Supreme Court might upset the rightful owner's claim, and even override the authority of the Crown Lands Commission with impunity.

A fearful tragedy was enacted a few miles from Sutton Grange shortly after the first settlers arrived from the "Sydney side" along "the Major's line." Seven escaped prisoners had made their appearance in the neighbourhood of the Campaspe. They were then bushrangers, and some volunteers, including Mr. Ebdon of Karlsruhe, went out in pursuit of them. They were encamped one night by a small creek on the Stratford Lodge run, and near the track leading to Sutton Grange, subsequently made. A hut afterwards built there was called the murderer's hut. Two of the seven

had conspired against the other five, and intended to murder them. The two conspirators were watching by night, whilst the others slept, and they arranged that one of them should murder two, whilst the other had to murder three. They were successful in carrying out their awful work—all the five men, their companions, were tomahawked as they lay asleep. The two murderers then made back towards the Murray, but were said to have been afterwards apprehended, tried, and executed.

Some sayings of Mr. Ebden's on the occasion referred to were afterwards talked about in the district. He alleged that the men he had with him did not understand the English language. He said, "when I told my men to secrete their arms they did not know what I meant, but when I told them to plant the guns they understood."

It was the youthful Mr. Ebden of Karlsruhe who was represented by a Mr. James, who published a small book on Australia, as a young squatter who had remarked to him that he was "getting disgustingly rich."

Mr. Ebden was very hospitable, but had an objection to entertain, in his own dwelling, travellers that were strangers to him; and he was perhaps the first in the Port Phillip district to provide a cottage for strangers where they were waited upon, and had all their wants attended to. He was such a gentleman as would now be called a pure merino squatter, and whilst he did not choose to entertain strangers in his own house, unlike a cross-bred squatter, he could not humiliate them by sending them to the men's hut. The late Mr. Parker, protector of aborigines at Mount Franklin, called one evening to claim hospitality, and was shown into the strangers' cottage. Mr. Parker was displeased, and next morning left a sovereign as payment for the accommodation. Mr. Parker, of course, should not have done so, but Mr. Ebden was equal to the occasion, and sent the sovereign as a contribution from a stranger to the Darebin Creek Lunatic Asylum.

It is very remarkable how far from being correct were some of the estimates regarding the value of pastoral

country made by some of the first arrivals from Sydney. Whilst the Western District and the regions near Melbourne were being settled, chiefly from Tasmania, a stream of settlers began to arrive along the "Major's line" from the "Sydney side"—the Major's line being the track by which Major Mitchell returned to Sydney from Portland Bay. Amongst the arrivals from Sydney was the late Mr. A. F. Mollison, one of the most noble-minded and sterlingly just and honourable men that the district ever possessed. Mr. Mollison, on reaching the neighbourhood of Karlsruhe, appears to have thought of going further west. He asked Mr. Ebden if there was any good country in that direction. Mr. Ebden replied, "Nothing but barren, useless plains." It was understood afterwards, that the barren, useless plains referred to were those about Glengower and Clunes—nearly the very best in the colony for the growth of merino wool and sound sheep. Mr. Mollison "sat down" where Malmsbury is now. Mr. Mollison's journal, recently presented by his sister to the Public Library, must contain many interesting particulars respecting the first days of the settlement.

In 1846 I undertook to make a tour to find unoccupied pastoral country. I proposed to go out on condition that I should have a half interest in whatever discoveries I made. I started early in 1847, by myself, going first down the Avoca to see the boring operations which the Messrs. Ham, now of Melbourne, had been engaged in to the north of Wycheproof Hill. From the Avoca I afterwards crossed to Swan Water, then in the possession of the late Captain Harrison. When I got there, after experiencing a period of fearfully hot weather, I learned that three men had been lost in trying to cross over the trackless plains between the Avon and Avoca rivers. Two of them had been rescued from Swan Water station, but the third was supposed to have perished. I learned from Captain Harrison that the three men had got bewildered on the plains. They were steering for Yowen Hill at first, but becoming doubtful whether the landmark to the east was Yowen Hill, they turned and went north in the

direction of Mount Jeffcott, till they became exhausted through want of water. Then they resolved to kill the sheep-dog they had with them. They caught the blood in a quart-pot, and each got a share. After they had started again, one of them said he would go back to the dog, and try if he could get more blood; and the other two saw no more of him. The two reached an empty hut, and one of them was able to reach the homestead in a speechless condition. When able to speak he mentioned the two others. Captain Harrison sent a cart to rescue the one at the hut, and sent horsemen all over the plains; but the third man was not found. After hearing this tale of disaster, I started westward for the Avon, over the then trackless plains. I came upon the body of the unfortunate man, and about 100 yards from it the skin and bones of the dog. As in nearly all cases when men perish from thirst, the body was almost naked. I do not think that this is the result of delirium, but of the excessive high temperature which follows the entire suppression of perspiration. I saw where the poor fellow had been sitting, on the west side of a bush, then on the south side, and afterwards on the east—indicating that he had been there during one whole day. He had risen up, taken two steps, and fallen on his face. He had apparently been sensible to the end, for beside his last sitting-place were his boots, carefully placed, and on the other side his cap, in which was a handful of *mesembryanthemums*, which he had been eating. It was a sad spectacle.

I reached the Avon in the evening, a short distance below Mr. Horsefall's Rich Avon station, where I was kindly received. At my request two men were sent with me next morning, and we dug a grave at the spot, and interred the body. We found nothing in the pockets but a discharge from Mr. Jennings' station, near M'Ivor, and a Van Diemen's Land certificate of freedom. The name on both papers was Henry Shepherd. I subsequently communicated all particulars to the Crown Lands Commissioner.

I went out to the westward of the Avon. I might have secured pastoral

country there, such as was afterwards the scene of a bush battle between Thomson and Armstrong, and Taylor and M'Pherson, where there was more rough language than bloodshed. The fight took place near a shallow lake, and during the engagement a team of bullocks, left to take care of themselves, wandered into the lake, and all the water quickly disappeared. There was probably only a thin stratum of clay in the bed of the lake, and when this was broken by the bullocks the water went down into the beds of loose marl so common in the Wimmera district. I had quite a companion in my noble horse, "Roy," and he, I thought, regarded me as his companion too. When I camped for the night I turned him out without hobbles, and he was always within view in the morning. One morning, at break of day, a dingo came up to smell me—the only instance in my experience of a dingo venturing to do so. I did not like the country I had seen, and, returning to the Avon, I went down to Banyanong, Messrs. Donald and Hamilton's station. From thence I went out to the north and saw the plains to which were afterwards given my name, but not by me. I lost no time in proceeding to Decameron, on the Upper Wimmera, to make application to Mr. W. H. Wright, the Commissioner for the district. On my way home I travelled to Burnbank, and thence made a straight cut through the bush to Mount Alexander. Between M'Neil and Hall's station and Bucknell's I came upon splendid quartz reefs in a forest of iron-bark. I lost much time in dismounting and breaking the quartz rock, but saw no gold. This was in January or February, 1847. I have never been there since, but I believe it must be where the Daisy Hill diggings were afterwards found, and probably in the near vicinity of the spot where gold was discovered by one of M'Neil and Hall's shepherds—the first gold discovered in Victoria, and which produced, either in 1847 or 1848, the first rush of gold-seekers from Melbourne. On that occasion Mr. Latrobe sent up a body of black troopers, as he said, to protect the interests of the Crown.

No gold was found, but it was afterwards stated that there was no stone on M'Neil and Hall's run left unturned by the crowd from Melbourne.

Shortly after returning to Sutton Grange I proceeded to Melbourne and rode out with my employer to South Yarra, to get a license from Mr. Commissioner Wright, who was then on a visit to Colonel Anderson. The area applied for and obtained was twenty miles by twelve.

Early in June I started from Sutton Grange, with men and sheep, to take possession. We experienced most severe weather on the road, rains and hail-storms, and the first night we camped on the new country there was a slight fall of snow—a most unusual occurrence in that latitude. We had some adventures and narrow escapes in crossing the rivers and boggy creeks. Temporary bridges for crossing sheep over rivers are generally made with two stout spars, covered with sheets of bark. My mode of constructing them was as follows:—Cutting two strong spars, long enough to reach from bank to bank, the bullock team drew them across. Strong boughs were then placed on the spars, with plenty of leafy branches, and a stratum of clay above. When a large number of sheep have to cross a bridge made of bark, it is liable to be destroyed or worn away by their feet, when a disaster is almost certain to happen; but, with a bough and clay bridge, the more it is used the better it becomes. In crossing the Avoca, which was in flood, after building a bridge and two wings of brush fencing to keep the sheep back, the onward rush of the sheep was so irresistible that all hands were nearly forced into the river. We crossed the Avoca opposite to Yowen Hill, and made a new track thence to Banyanong, near where Donald township is now.

On reaching the new station we first camped at Watcham for a short time, building there a hut of pine logs. We thence removed north to a place the blacks called Barpcurt. We had not been at the latter place long, when several blackfellows arrived through the mallee from the Murray. I found out that these were the murderers of

Mr. Andrew Beveridge, an M.A. of Edinburgh, who had shortly before, accompanied by some of his brothers, taken up a new station on the Lower Murray. On their way with cattle to the Murray station, the Beveridges had called upon me at Sutton Grange, and spent a very pleasant evening. Andrew was a fine young fellow of great promise, but was murdered at the homestead by three or four savages, because he had charged them with spearing the cattle. Anxious to have these murderers apprehended, I sent for the Horsham police, but in vain. The murderers were subsequently caught by stratagem, taken to Melbourne, tried, and executed. Such an execution could not take place without the tribes, far and near, hearing of it. I have heard blacks as well as whites express their dislike to hanging. "No good," said a blackfellow to me one day after the execution, "that fellow widgel widgel." Widgel means swing about—a very brief but graphic description of the last movements of a black or white man on the gallows.

We had a large number of blacks in the neighbourhood, but we had no trouble with them, except on one or two occasions. One of the men, a young sailor and new chum, had thrown hot ashes on some blacks, because they would not go away from the camp. They were, of course, highly indignant, and threatened to murder him. I therefore took the earliest opportunity of settling with the offender, and sent him away unknown to the blacks. He had previously got lost in the mallee scrub. He had been sent out with the bullock-driver and his team to cut and bring a load of mallee sticks. They left the team, and when they had cut a load they could not agree in what direction to look for it. The new chum went westward into the Great Mallee, and the bullock-driver found his way to the open country, but could not find the team, till, coming upon the dray tracks near the camp, he followed them up, and brought home the empty dray. I started to look for the lost man, and rode far into the mallee. Whenever I coo-eeed I was certain I heard an answer, but I could come no nearer to him. I felt

convinced at last that in my state of anxiety I merely imagined I heard an answer, or else I heard an echo of my own coo-ee. My dogs had gone after a kangaroo in the mallee, and one of them did not return to me. He reached the camp about midnight with one of the man's braces tied round his neck. I thus knew that the dog had found him, and I knew the direction in which the dog had followed the kangaroo. I spent the whole of next day in the mallee, and I ought to have found him, but did not. When I reached the camp I was compensated for all my weary search—the poor fellow had returned. He had gone westward, through mallee scrub, till, exhausted and thirsty, he resolved to camp for the night. Breaking down some boughs, he lay down; but two dingoes coming near to him, he did not think it safe to camp, and went on, followed by the dingoes. When the moon rose about midnight, he remembered that there was no scrub to the eastward of the camp, and that if he travelled towards the moon he must reach the open plains. The sailor therefore reversed his course, kept travelling on, attended by the dingoes, till he got out of the scrub, and reached the camp in the afternoon.

With the object of making a correct map of the area, I travelled on foot, leading my horse over the length and breadth of it, finding the position of every object to the right or left by triangulation. On one occasion I had a fine opportunity of witnessing how much a blackfellow can eat in a given time. On going north to Lake Marlbid, where I meant to camp, I took a blackfellow with me on horseback. On the way we saw three emus, a long way off. To my surprise, I saw one leave the other two and come towards us at full speed. The blackfellow understood the movement and briefly remarked, "Old woman look out coolie." It evidently thought we were other emus. We turned our horses' heads towards the emu, and stood still, and our dogs lay down. When it got within eighty yards of us, it suddenly stopped and looked at us with one eye for a second, and then fled. The emu, like some other animals whose safety

depends on escaping from their enemies, can see better behind than in front; hence to obtain an accurate view they use one eye only. But the emu can show great courage in defending its young. I have seen them turn and jump upon a dog, and rescue a young one; and, when running at full speed, if an inexperienced dog gets too forward and hesitates to spring at the emu's neck, an oblique downward stroke of the foot will probably descend on the dog's back or head with fatal effect.

After a fast run for about a mile, the dogs killed. The blackfellow cut off the two legs, and secured the stomach, which contained sour herbs and two iron stones as large as hens' eggs. On reaching Marlbid in the evening, no time was lost by "Barney" in commencing the feast. The stomach, just as it had been emptied, was placed on some hot ashes for a few seconds, and then devoured. One leg was next attacked. During the night I heard him get up twice to eat, and by the morning he had finished both legs. Each leg probably weighed six pounds.

I wished to get some information from Barney respecting the serpent or snake which is said to inhabit the Great Mallee, and which, like the "Bunyip," is an object greatly dreaded by the aborigines. To indicate its length he pointed to two trees about fifty feet apart, and to another a foot in diameter to explain its girth. I doubted his story, and pointed to a small sapling, asking if it was not big enough. With great energy he said, "Piccaninny belonging to that fellow liket that one." I asked him where it lived, and he said, "in ground alonga Mallee." "What does it eat?" "Walla-by and paddymellon." "Blackfellow frightened?" "Big one frightened!" "What does he do to blackfellow?" Barney answered by opening his mouth several times and snapping like a dog. It is a curious circumstance that, like some savage tribes in other parts of the world, when the disease of small-pox came amongst the tribes to the south of the Mallee and amongst the Murray tribes, it was attributed to the big snake or *Mindi*, and their professional medical men gave the disease the high sounding name of "Monolo-Mindi,"

i.e., the plague of the Mindi. Their medical terms, unlike our "fog-fever," require a translation.

I found a deaf-adder about two feet in length and two and a half inches in girth, yellow in colour, and with fragile rudimentary legs. It had all the characteristics of an adder, but the legs, as well as the colour, proved that it was quite distinct from the small, grey, dirty, common deaf-adder of Queensland and New South Wales; but in colour it resembled a species I have seen in the latter colony. When the blacks saw it they expressed great horror.

It is very easy to overtake dingoes which have not been accustomed to see a man on horseback, for they frequently stop and look back, and it is as easy also to drive a dingo home to the station as a single bullock or cow. A sharp gallop to head him once is necessary, and then he goes along at a moderate canter. If he is inclined afterwards to go to the right or left, by turning the horse's head in the same direction he at once changes his course. This expedient was very valuable in hot weather, when dogs could not be taken out without perishing. Whenever I returned to camp, some of the black gins used to inquire if I had killed a dingo. If I had killed within two miles, some of them would run back the horse tracks and get the dingo. I one day asked a blackfellow if he ate dingo. He denied the insinuation, and, with the languidness of a Lord Dundreary, added, "Only lubra and piccaninny eat 'um." No personal peculiarity can escape the notice of a blackfellow. On asking a boy if he had seen Mr. Robertson, the black's protector, he said he had seen him at Banyanong, that "he gave blackfellow 'bacca, and big one play about." On my expressing a doubt, he moved his hand in a circle above his head and exclaimed, "All gone wool belonging to this one!" and, drawing his hand across his face, added, "This one liket fire," meaning he was bald and had a red face.

In September we started to bring back the sheep to Sutton Grange to be shorn. As we were going into camp, on the east side of Lake Bollok, the

depression which receives all the flood waters of the Avon river, one of Donald and Hamilton's men came along with a lot of newly-shorn sheep. Knowing that there was no yard in which to secure them, and that they were hungry, I asked him to take special care of them, or they would get away from him. About two o'clock in the morning they came with a rush, and got amongst our sheep before we could stop them. I had to take the whole of the sheep back to Corack to draft them. When we got there, we found the yard just large enough to hold them, and there was nothing with which to make a catching yard to leg draft them. I adopted the following expedient with entire success. Opening a gateway, as if about to count them, and securing both sides with stakes, I procured two long rods. One man and myself took a stand inside of the gateway, and let the sheep run out; but any shorn sheep we touched on the face with the rods, and they at once drew back. In this way we succeeded in getting nearly all our sheep out. We then contracted the yard, and got sufficient hurdles to make a catching pen, and what would have been a hard day's work was finished in a short time.

From the time I lived at Colac in 1843, when I invented the "dip" for dressing scabby sheep, I had been considering what would be the most simple and effective plan for drafting them. The expedient I adopted at Corack suggested the swing-gate. In that expedient one sort of sheep went through a narrow opening as fast as they could run. The question arose in my mind, why could not more than one sort be allowed to run through the same opening, but into separate yards? A gate opposite to the opening acting like a tongue or valve to divide the current of sheep was the answer; a narrow lane for them to approach the gate by being merely a convenience to regulate the current and to enable the operator to see which sort was coming. As soon as I had leisure after shearing, I turned my invention to practical use at Sutton Grange, Mount Alexander, on New Year's Day, 1848, with entire success, without a stoppage or hitch. But it was at Corack, to the north of

Banyanong and Donald, in September 1847, that the invention was made. There was no "Patent Act" in force then, and I at once made it known for the benefit of the pastoral interest, writing a description of it on the same evening and sending it to the *Argus*. For some reason my letter was not published till the 14th of January. To this day no man has made any improvement, and no improvement on the principle is possible.

Early in 1848 I resigned my position. My employer had sent up as overseer a man of most infamous reputation, and, as proving that he knew his evil character, he asked me to send him away to the Goulburn, whilst he him-

self was about to pay a visit to the station.

On settling up, my right to have any interest in the new country I had found and taken up was denied, under the allegation that it was worth nothing. The pastoral license, I then found, had been obtained in his own name by my employer. He had immortalised me, he said, by naming it "Morton Plains." Shortly after my resignation, Morton Plains was sold for several thousand pounds, and I never got a farthing for all I had done to secure it. The distinct understanding that if I discovered new country it would be for our mutual advantage was wholly ignored.

REPROACH.

Perhaps, some day,
When all this petty toil and strife,
Which in our blindness we call "life,"
Shall sudden cease for me, and God
Shall free my soul from this earth clod,
You'll know,
And knowing, sigh, "Too late !
Her famished soul could no more wait !"

Perhaps, some day,
When, folded on my pulseless breast,
The hands that strove are laid to rest,
When far from all this tumult wild,
I sleep as sleeps a tired child,
You'll know,
And knowing, wish that you,
Had tenderer been, more fond, more true !

Perhaps, some day,
The heart that now I cannot reach
May learn what now I cannot teach ;
The ears that now are deaf to me
May heed the voice of memory.
And then ? Ah, then !
I shall not, dear, have died in vain.

—W. J.

THE UNDERWRITERS' FIRE PATROL, SAN FRANCISCO.

By F. T.

One evening during a visit to San Francisco, I had finished discussing a most appetising "menu" provided by mine host of the Baldwin Hotel, and feeling inclined for a stroll, lit a choice "Henry Clay," and stepped out on Market Street, with the intention of walking down to the Pacific Club and calling on my old friend, C——. While slowly making my way along that thoroughfare, which at eventide is always crowded by theatre-goers and artisans, and others having a promenade after the cares of the day, my ears were suddenly saluted by a *ding, dang, ding, dang, dong*, and in an instant the whole crowd of pedestrians rushed to the edge of the sidewalk, all traffic in the roadway, including the cable cars, stopped as if by magic, and like the flash of a meteor there dashed by at lightning-speed a red-painted waggon drawn by a pair of grey horses at full gallop, and, as it seemed to me, enveloped in a huge blaze of light.

While spending the evening with friend C——, I mentioned what I had seen, and asked to what particular institution it belonged. "Oh!" he answered, "that was one of the waggons forming part of the plant of the Underwriters' Fire Patrol, and if you have not yet inspected their plant and equipment, and witnessed their drill, which takes place at noon every day, you should do so, and as Mr. B——, the chairman, is an intimate friend of mine, I will get you a card of admission if you will come to my office in the morning." I thanked him and said I would do so.

The next day, having procured the "*entrée*" promised, I made my way to the Fire Patrol building, situated at the corner of Stevenson and Ecker Streets, and but a short distance from Market Street. The building was of a

plain and unpretentious appearance, having two stories, and large half-glass double doors opening inside. I stepped in, and having presented my introduction, together with my own card, was courteously invited to take a seat with perhaps a dozen other visitors already there.

We sat in chairs with our backs to the street, and consequently facing the waggons and horses, which were in the middle and back of the ground-floor respectively. The first object of interest that attracted my attention was the apparently complex electrical apparatus fixed on the wall of the office, which was to the right and front of the basement, and alongside of which we were sitting, the double doors referred to being on our left. Surmounting the electrical apparatus was a large electric bell and clock, and attached to the former were a host of wires, communicating with other parts of the building. But I shall refer to their use later on.

To the extreme left and middle of the basement was a large waggon, painted a bright red, containing, as far as I could see then, two patent fire-extinguishers, axes, buckets, and rolls of tarpaulin, which were snugly stowed in the body of the waggon. A space of about ten feet intervened between the large waggon and one much lighter, but possessing the same equipment as the first. A long way in front of the lighter waggon stood a light four-wheeled buggy, with whip, rugs, etc., in their places, and ready to hand.

The tongues of the waggons and the shafts of the buggy were suspended in the air, at about the same height they would be when the horses were hitched up.

The harness for five horses—a pair each for the waggons and one for the buggy—was suspended from the roof

above by what seemed to me a puzzling system of small ropes and steel pulleys. The double waggon-harness collars opened at the throat, the inside portion of each being fastened to the tongue by the ordinary pole-chains, the end of the other half being held high in the air by one of the small ropes referred to. This harness consisted of collar, traces, half-saddle without any girth-strap, and britching. The traces were already hooked on to the whiffle-tree, which worked on a pivot, but the outside end of which was held in the air by some of the ropes above, at an angle of about fifteen degrees from the perpendicular. The single harness for the buggy-horse was suspended above the shafts with open collar, in exactly the same manner.

Immediately behind the two waggons were a pair of magnificent, up-standing bay horses for the large waggon, and a pair of equally-fine grey ones for the smaller. The buggy horse, a bright chestnut, was stalled away to the right of the buggy. Each horse was in his own stall, facing the spectators, and with no harness on but a plain bridle with ordinary snaffle bit, no halter being used. Between the two waggons, a bright steel pole, about four inches in diameter, and running through double trap-doors to the rooms above, and a similar pole to the right of the large waggon, and coming through trap-doors alongside the box-seat, were noticeable. The use of these will be seen later on. With the exception of the horses, there was no perceptible sign of life about the building beyond the lieutenant on watch, who slowly paced up and down in front of the waggons. The captain in charge, a stout, good-humoured-looking man, was busily engaged writing in his office, and apparently paying no attention to what was going on outside.

It was now five minutes to twelve, and I looked around with the expectation of seeing a crowd of firemen turn up for the purpose of being put through their evolutions. I was not disappointed; they did turn up, or rather down, but most certainly not in the manner I expected. At about one minute to noon I noticed the horses

were getting fidgety, throwing up their heads and moving about restlessly, but not making the least attempt to walk out. The few seconds that we had to wait now seemed like hours, and everyone was glad when a sudden and continued whirr-r-r-r saluted our ears. We naturally turned to the electrical apparatus for an explanation of this, but seeing nothing settled in our chairs again. To our great amazement, however, an astonishing change had taken place. The plant generally, which a moment before had been inert and motionless, now teemed with life and activity. The horses were not only hitched up in both waggons and the buggy, but the waggons were full of men in the ordinary firemen's uniform; the drivers of both waggons were in their places, ribbons in hand, restraining the horses with some difficulty; and the portly captain was in the buggy, ready for a start, had occasion required, but this time it was only drill. After we had recovered from our surprise, someone asked how long it had taken them to do all this. "Five and a half seconds," was the captain's reply, with a look of humour in his face; "we never take more than that at noon drill." The captain now intimated the drill was at an end. The men dismounted from the waggons and proceeded to unhitch the horses, which was done by merely unclasping the collar at the throat and attaching two of the small ropes, one to the outside end of the collar and one to the outside end of the whiffle-tree, and by pulling on a central rope the entire harness was lifted completely off the horses, which, instead of turning round to walk into their stalls, actually backed in. One would have thought they were highly-trained circus horses, so intelligently did they seem to understand what was required of them. Having expressed a wish to go over the building and examine the plant more minutely, the captain introduced a fine smart-looking young fellow to me and intimated he would act as my cicerone.

After a little pleasant introductory conversation, my guide invited me up stairs and showed me into the men's bedroom. This was octagon-shaped,

the head of each bed being to a side of the room, with the foot towards the centre. In the centre was a large double trap-door, with one of the steel rods before referred to running right through. To the right was another trap-door, with a corresponding pole. This last door was immediately over the large waggon on the floor beneath.

Alongside each bed were a pair of gum-boots, a little shorter in the tops than half-Wellingtons; a pair of strong brown canvas pants were slipped over the tops of the boots in a manner that enabled the wearer to put his feet into the boots and then pull up the pants in an instant.

The lower ends of all the bed-clothes were attached by a small rope to levers above, which in their turn were attached to the electrical apparatus below. The trap-doors were also in communication with the same apparatus.

All the streets in San Francisco cut each other at right angles, converting the city into a series of square blocks. Each block has attached, in a prominent position, an electric fire-alarm, the visible mechanism of which is protected by a small pane of glass. All the large public buildings, theatres, hotels, etc., are each fitted with the same contrivance. These fire-alarms communicate directly with the central fire station, and thence to the Fire Patrol and subordinate fire stations. Thus, when an alarm is turned in from any block in San Francisco, the head office first receives the intelligence, which is then flashed on to the other stations, including the Fire Patrol; which, by special ordinance granted by the Board of Supervisors, is the only branch of the city fire organisation that is allowed to gallop their horses when going to a fire.

For the purpose of seeing this useful adjunct to the fire brigade at work, let us suppose that it is eight p.m.; the watch has turned in in the room above; the four men and lieutenant on duty are slowly walking about, quietly conversing, and occasionally speaking to the horses, who quite seem to appreciate what is said to them; and the automatic apparatus above is attached to the electrical mechanism below. Suddenly, from a distant part of the city, an alarm is turned in. The same electrical

current that rings the alarm-bell sets in motion the automatic machinery above, the immediate effect of which is to pull all the bedclothes off the sleeping men.

Through long practice, the men are awake in a moment, and thrusting their feet into the short boots before mentioned, pull up the pants, and are half-dressed; the trap-doors have flown open, and, instead of running downstairs, which takes time, with one jump the men slide down the bright steel poles to their positions in the waggons, which contain their coats and helmets. The horses are already in, the large doors are automatically opened, they receive the locality of the fire, "Twenty-First and Valencia," and at full speed off they go, the whole time occupied between receiving the first alarm and getting out in the roadway being exactly eleven seconds. Let us accompany these typical Salamanders on their errand of usefulness, and we shall have an opportunity of witnessing their *modus operandi* when at a fire.

Seated on the waggon, and holding on like grim death, we leave the Fire Patrol building, and, at a sharp trot, make our way into Market Street. Once there, our warning bell is kept clanging vigorously, and, at a full gallop, away we go up the street. As the warning tones of our bell are heard, everything on wheels draws to the side of the road and stops. The cable cars stop, and remain motionless till we have passed. Crowds of semi-excited people are assembled at every corner to see us pass by, and, in some cases, give us a cheer; and as I sit on the waggon the wild and furious energy of the horses, at top speed, seems to be in a measure imparted to myself, and a thrill passes through my veins as I begin to realise, for the first time, the wild "vim" and excitement of a fireman's life. Arriving at the corner of Twenty-First and Valencia Streets, the exact location of the fire is easily seen by the presence of the large crowd assembled there. Fast as we have come, the captain, with his buggy and fast-trotting Hambleton, has come faster. From him we learn that, if we are smart, the fire can be extinguished easily. In an instant, out come the horses—this time with their

harness on—and the waggon being backed into a convenient position, the two patent fire-extinguishers are hoisted on the backs of two stalwart firemen, who, accompanied by two more with axes, and the captain, make their way into the building. In a few moments they re-appear outside, and the dense volumes of smoke betoken only too plainly that their efforts have been in vain. By this time the engines of the regular brigade have arrived, and, while they are attaching their hose, etc., the Fire Patrol men have taken from their waggon the rolls of tarpaulin referred to, and, making their way into the basement, spread these over the merchandise or furniture. Thus, in the event of the fire being confined to the upper stories—a desirable object that the smartness of the ordinary firemen is generally able to attain—the whole of the contents of the ground-floor are saved from damage by both fire and water.

To summarise the work of the Fire Patrol: they first endeavour, by means of their patent extinguishers, to quench the original source of the fire, and, if unable to effect that object, which is not often the case, they then, by means of their tarpaulin sheets, proceed to save the contents of the building from damage.

Through the above means, some hundreds of thousands of dollars are saved to the Fire Underwriters annually. By reason of their splendid special training and discipline, combined with the privileges granted them by the Board of Supervisors, they are always enabled to be first at a fire; thus, in most cases, grappling with the danger at a time when a few moments later would place it beyond their power to be of any service. In mentioning the extraordinarily short space of time they occupy in hitching up and manning their waggons, one might almost be accused of exaggeration. Personally, I can vouch for the following:—The Fourth of July, as most people are aware, is the anniversary of the day on which the famous “Declaration of Independence” was signed; and, to celebrate the occasion, the various American cities vie with each other in exploding the greatest quantity of fire-

crackers. San Francisco, particularly in the suburbs, is built mostly of wood. The risk of fire, therefore, on that particular day, is very greatly enhanced. Recognising the danger, the fire brigades are on duty, without any relief, during all day and night on the Fourth of July. On that particular evening last year, I sat in the Fire Patrol building from eight p.m. to ten p.m. During that time the Patrol turned out to no less than thirteen alarms, and on no occasion were they more than six seconds in getting under way. Between noon on the fourth and eight a.m. on the fifth they turned out to no less than thirty-four alarms, and in almost every case succeeded in arresting the progress of what, but for them, would have been a serious conflagration.

The Patrol men have in most cases been seamen, and are thus peculiarly fitted for their special duties. Being paid men, and not volunteers, they are amenable to discipline, and they show the most commendable “*esprit de corps*.” Besides the bedroom already described, which is the acme of cleanliness, they enjoy the use of a splendid library and billiard-room. The funds for the maintenance of the Fire Patrol are collected *pro rata* from the various Fire Insurance societies in San Francisco, and they have found it to be one of the best investments they could have made. In Melbourne, built mostly of brick and stone, the necessity for such an institution does not perhaps exist, but the order, discipline, and efficiency of the Underwriters’ Fire Patrol of San Francisco might be copied with very great advantage.

The facility with which these firemen get away, and the admirable order and discipline that are so noticeable about the whole institution, recall to me those lines in Scott’s “Lay of the Last Minstrel” descriptive of the “Custom of Branksome Hall:”—

“ They quitted not their armour bright
Neither by day nor yet by night ;
They lay down to rest with corslet braced,
Pillowed on buckler cold and hard ;
They carved at the meal with gloves of
steel,
And drank the red wine through the helmet
barred.”

INCIDENTS IN A MINER'S CAREER.

By W. H.

No. III.

On one occasion "a diggings" broke out in the northern part of New South Wales, and I, with a former mate, went to it. We had to go from Melbourne to Sydney first, then to Raymond Terrace on the Hunter River, and then by coach fully 200 miles in a northerly direction, and on our way we had a few eventful experiences. From Melbourne to Sydney the water was smooth as a mill-pond; but at Sydney there came on a terrible storm, and as we went north we experienced such a night as I never wish to experience again. We sailed out of Sydney harbour in the midst of the gale, and I think if the captain had known what the sea was like outside he would never have gone farther than the Heads. However, he could not turn back. It was a quick passage, but we had a narrow escape from going on "Nobby's"—a huge pinnacle of rock close to the entrance to Newcastle Harbour; and when we got up to the wharf we found there were two crafts that had been driven ashore during the night on the "Oyster Bed." The escape occurred in this manner: the steamer was a paddle one, and just as we got opposite Nobby's, something went wrong with one of the paddles. I never exactly knew what, but I know we could steam no longer. We were drifting on to the lee-shore, impelled by wind and current, and the sailors were preparing to steer for the open sea, under canvas, when, to the intense relief of all, the damage to the paddle, or the gearing of the paddle, was set right, and we were soon in safe harbourage. Up the Hunter the weather was a bit fine. The gale gradually abated, and the sun actually shone out at intervals; but this was only a sort of mocking prelude to a steady downpour.

My mate, who had been sick almost all the way from Melbourne, began to recover rapidly, and by the time we got off the boat at Raymond Terrace was as well as ever he was in his life. At this place the coach was waiting, and we booked right through, taking the box seats because of the indications of fine weather; but we had not gone a mile before we regretted we were not inside. The rain came down in torrents, and at the first stopping-place, nine miles from the Terrace, we were glad to get our overcoats dried and something warm for ourselves. Our driver secured a horseman to ride ahead, and see that the bridges across the creeks were safe before he ventured on them, for the water was rushing over all of them, and it was impossible to see whether any of the planks had "started." Well for us that he did so, for at the very first swollen creek it required careful piloting to get over at all, and at the next we had to turn down stream to a fording-place, and then make through the bush to the track again. On we went along ridges of sandy hills, and into the pretty little village of Stroud, nestling with its oasis-like farms amongst a cluster of little hills surrounded by all but valueless land. Away again, up the hill, and through the valley of the Bowral river, and on and on until we reached a swollen river, the waters of which were coming roaring down at the rate of ten miles an hour. There was then no great depth, however, only a pinch in the deepest part of the stream, over which the horses got, the leaders at all events, before the coach itself was in the thick of it. The following day we found ourselves at Gloster, a little township twenty miles from the diggings

we were bound for, but, according to the accounts we got there, we might as well have been a thousand miles away; for, so we were told, the river—a large one—was a “banker,” and it would be impossible to get over. This river was nine miles off, but we persuaded the driver to go forward to it. At the hotel where we stayed was an old Scotch lady, a motherly creature, who insisted on drying my clothes for me before a rousing fire, and gave me as hot and stiff a glass of brandy as ever I gulped down, and probably it was this that prevented my getting rheumatism. There are two things in connection with this coaching journey that are worth mentioning. At most of the stopping-places in “the forest primeval” we found huge fire-places, most of them as large as an ordinary bedroom, with benches inside them. On either side were immense openings, through which a tall tree was drawn and in full blaze, and as the part inside was burned away the next part was brought across the fire-place, and thus in course of time the entire tree from end to end was burned, without the fire ever going out. About half-way between Stroud and Gloster there is a little settlement of people from the Highlands of Scotland who still speak the Gaelic, many of whom have never been more than twenty miles from their own homes. There they or their progenitors have lived in comfort and peace for more than eighty years, hearing little and caring less about the doings of the busy world, their chief source of information in this respect being letters received about twice a year from home. Yet they are accumulating money. They find a market for the maize they grow, and each year they have a second and a third growth from the one stalk, with which they feed numerous pigs. Each settler has a flock of sheep, a few head of cattle, a number of horses, poultry, and melons and pumpkins in thousands. So they live contentedly on, the younger ones hoping some day to go away across the great ocean, which their grandparents crossed, to the land of Lochiel and Mac Colin More; and treasuring in their inmost hearts those traditions that have been told them, and which are ever

and anon renewed in their memories, when the old piper in his tartans pays them a visit, and “Evan’s, Donald’s, fame, rings in each clansman’s ears.” Surely if one or other of our Caledonian Societies knew of this miniature colony of Gael away in the most thinly-populated part of New South Wales, with the manners and customs, thoughts and feelings of the inhabitants of a Highland glen a hundred years ago, they would visit the place *en masse* with a friendly invasion.

The old lady at the hotel did more for me than dry my clothes and ply me with Hennessy’s best. She told me where I could hire a horse that would cross any river, and under any circumstances; and not only did I take her advice and hire the animal, but I found she was right. Well, up to the river we got in a little over an hour, I riding behind the coach—and the water was found to be higher than it had ever been. The driver at once asserted, pointing to the deepest and swiftest part of the stream, that if the coach got in there it would soon be over, and calling our attention to an ugly-looking hole lower down, he remarked that anything that got in there never got out again. The branches of a huge tree, whose roots were on the opposite bank, were peeping up here and there above an eddying, circling pool, white with foam; and as I looked I thought to myself that if I did happen to have to strike out—for to cross I had determined—I would give that part of the river a wide berth. Heading my horse up the incline from the crossing-place, I turned him round and dashed into the water, keeping him with his breast as much as possible against the current. The animal evidently knew what he had to do, for he kept diagonally on his course, making the angle more and more acute until he got off his feet, and then I had to ease him by a manoeuvre I had tried once before. When his haunches went down and I found the water rising round me, I gently lifted myself out of the saddle, and, getting hold of his tail, threw myself flat on the water, preventing myself as well as I could being swung round under him. In a minute or two he found bottom, and before he had his

four feet on solid ground I was again on his back. I cut a switch from a bush and drove the horse back, and then first my mate, and next the "special commissioner" for the *Sydney Morning Herald*, who had been in the coach with us, going up to report on the new El Dorado, crossed in safety. With the aid of the stirrup-leathers we got our three kits pannier-fashion across the horse, and drove him in front of us to the new field, ankle-deep nearly all the way in mud. A few rough buildings had been put up along the course of a creek, which came down from the range of hills towering above, and entered the township right at the foot of a valley. We quartered at one of the hotels, and the next morning, the weather being simply delightful, we traversed the ranges. The alluvial at many points along the bed of the creek and in the gullies had been tried, and found to be "a duffer;" but several quartz reefs had been discovered, rich with the precious metal. The original prospectors, three in number, had gone out there twelve months before, with a gun and ammunition, a supply of flour, a tent, a billy-can, etc. Their provisions got exhausted, but they kept up their spirits and worked on until they cut a quartz lode by trenching. For a month or two they had had to live on the opossums and birds they shot, but they had their reward, for, unlike most pioneers of a goldfield, they dropped on the richest claim of all. First they "dolloed" the best of the stone with a rude pestle and mortar, and then with saplings and a few other things, chiefly of Nature's providing, they constructed a primitive battery of two heads. So they got together fifty ounces of gold, and sent one of the party away to turn it into coin, and bring back what they required, meantime, of course, securing the ground. Soon the find got wind, and when my mate and I reached the place there might have been about 300 men scattered over the hills. There was a ten-head public crushing battery, and another five-head one was going up, but it was a terrible job to get the stone up perhaps one very steep incline, and then down another even more difficult slope. One party, known as the "Hidden Treasure," had cut a rich

three-foot lode, but before they could get a ton of stone crushed they had to make a zig-zag cutting a quarter of a mile long to the top of the hill, and then it took eight horses to pull up fifteen hundredweight. My mate and myself set to work first of all to put up a slab hut, with a chimney of stones, and then went out prospecting. The country we found was very much broken up, some lodes having a northerly and southerly course, and some running almost at right angles to these. We trenched the four different ways, and followed two reefs down to over twenty feet without raising even "a floater." Our luck took a turn, however, not long after this. High up on the side of a hill, not 500 yards from where the ten-head battery was, we cut a lode which cropped out on the surface over thirteen inches thick, with nice defined walls. We were not long in stripping it for about fifty feet in length, for though it dipped away in both directions from the crest, the ground dipped nearly as much. In the cracks over which the rain had washed the alluvial soil we secured by panning over ten ounces of free gold, which gave us quite a start, and then we began to get out a crushing simply from an open cutting. The quartz was of a brownish colour, and very honey-combed, but where it was most honey-combed it was richest. When we had fifty tons in the paddock, as it is called—a clear space cut away below the shaft, over which to tip the quartz—we determined to get it put through, but we could not get carts to take it to the battery. In this quandary my mate, a jovial cockney, suggested that we should carry it on our shoulders in bags; and half of the fifty tons we did actually take to the battery in this way. Then we managed to pick up two wheel-barrows and wheeled the remainder down.

It was while our stone was being crushed, and we were together watching to see that things went straight, that my mate told me a little of his career on the diggings. Three times he had been excessively lucky since he and I had parted company many years before, on each occasion having netted more than £8000. Once in Melbourne he had spent, lost, and

been robbed in one fortnight of over £4000, and the only good he appeared to have done at any time with his money was when he sent £1000 home to each of two maiden sisters in England. That was the last time he had been lucky, and he told a peculiar tale about it. Not more than a week after he had sent off the drafts, he changed the last pound he had in the world, and not only did not know where to get enough to start again with, but even did not know where to go to start. One night he went home to his lodgings in Elizabeth Street very down in the mouth, and began looking over the things he had in his box to see what he could sell. To his amazement he found two prettily-shaped nuggets, one of seven ounces and the other of a little over five ounces. Then it flashed like lightning over his mind that eight months before he had put these nuggets away for those maiden sisters to whom he had sent the money. He said, "I had two stiff brandies straight away on the strength of that find, and then more before I turned in, but the next afternoon I was in the coach for Mount Alexander, and I have managed to rub along ever since and put a little away. But I'll tell you one thing, old chum. When I was a lucky digger I used to drink fearfully, but from the day I found the two nuggets it seemed so like a God-sent gift—for I had forgotten all about it, I suppose I was drunk at the time—that I determined I would drink no more for the rest of my life, and for the last ten years and more I have kept my word."

It was then, too, he told me a little of his early life, with all its romance and its brief period of tranquil joy, followed by subsequent long years of sadness and unrest. He was the son of a solicitor in good practice in London, and was articled to his father's firm, and would doubtless have been admitted into partnership. But things were not so to be. In the course of business he met a young lady who to him was an angel. Both her parents were dead, and it was all along expected that she would have inherited a large fortune, but her father had married a second time, and when the will came to be read it was found that, except a few

hundreds, everything was left to the second wife. It was on this discovery that my mate pressed his suit, and eventually persuaded her to marry him quietly and unknown to his family. They lived for more than a year in sublime happiness. Then his father became aware of the *mésalliance*, as he chose to call it, and stopped the allowance—an unusually liberal one—he had hitherto made. But his saint wife, as he called her, did not live to know what existence in straitened circumstances is; for a week or two afterwards she died in giving birth to a child, which only survived the mother a few hours. Within two days of the double funeral this mate of mine had taken ship for Victoria. His own death was romantic, and possibly this is the fitting place to record the circumstances.

It was several years after he and I parted that he with another mate was travelling in New South Wales, and near the junction of the Murrumbidgee with some other river they were crossing in a punt, which somehow capsized in mid-stream. My mate was an expert swimmer, but his companion could not swim a stroke; yet the former held him up with one hand by his hair, and so rescued him, but at the expense of his own life. The companion caught hold of a bush, and reached the bank safely, and then my poor mate made a grasp at another bush and caught it, but it gave way in his hand, and he sank to rise no more. The river, I believe, was full of "snags" about the scene of the sad fatality, and probably he got entangled in one of these and could not extricate himself. To the present moment, and it is now more than twenty years since the accident happened, I never think of poor Jim Lister without shedding a silent tear, for he was just one of those noble-hearted fellows that, under favourable auspices, would have developed into a sincere philanthropist. It was the loss of his young wife that made him the wandering, reckless dare-devil and spendthrift he was for many years.

It was about eight o'clock in the morning when we got our crushing finished, and when we opened the boxes we could see at a glance that it

was at least payable. To make a long story short, we got an average of eighteen pennyweights to the ton, which paid us fairly well, for the stone was plentiful and easily got out. By far the greater part of the gold was contained in the boxes, and this led us to try the tailings, because there should have been more on the plates and in the ripples. Well, we got good prospects from the refuse sand, but we could do nothing, for the battery altogether was a rattletrap concern, and the unsteadiness of the engine made things worse. It was one of those old portable engines that I imagined must have travelled with a threshing machine for many years. After this our yields were varying, and we put down a shaft to cut the reef in the underlie. We sank sixty feet, and were just about to open out, when one day three men, undoubtedly speculators, came up to us and asked us what we would take for our claim. I asked £1000 at first, but after a good deal of haggling we came down to £650. The money was paid in sovereigns, the transfer signed, and off my mate and I started, each with about £450 in his pockets.

At Hill End, a quartz-reefing place in the Tambaroora district, I spent some considerable time. As early as 1857 a little quartz-mining had been done, and Rowley's reef on the brow of Hawkins' Hill had paid well in patches. By 1869 the Hill and its vicinity shared increased activity. Suddenly in Raws-thorne's claim a crushing was taken out of twenty tons, which gave sixty-three ounces to the ton, and then, of course, a rush unprecedented in the mining annals of New South Wales set in. No field in the world of its size perhaps yielded so much gold in such a short space of time as did Hawkins' Hill. It is almost incredible now-a-days to learn that Krohman's company, out of one crushing, had a cake of 24,000 ounces of gold, which was shown at the Exhibition of 1871; that thirty tons of stone gave a return of 3500 ounces; that a result of three months' work was 5673 ounces; and that Beyer and Holterman's claim gave 15,000 ounces for a like period. Yet these are facts beyond question that occurred about 1870, and up to 1873 the yield was

simply phenomenal. In one claim, which was afterwards, and possibly is still, known as the Star of Peace, 9368 tons of stone were crushed for a total of 17,816 ounces of gold. At the time I went to Hill End things were pretty lively, and I had to give £250 for a twentieth interest in a co-operative party, which had just struck Paxton's vein, as it was called, at the 200 feet level. We followed that down to 340 feet in the underlie without getting much gold, barely enough indeed to allow us to clear expenses and declare small dividends; but we struggled on, and in the course of a few weeks more came upon a "blow" from which, in less than three months, we took 1500 ounces of the precious metal, principally got by "nuggeting"—not more than 200 tons of stone having been sent to the battery. It was here that I met a former schoolfellow of my own in the old country. He was, like me, a working shareholder, and one day he came up to me on the brace, and said, "Look here, old fellow, I know a deal more about Hill End than you. I've just taken £400 for my twentieth, and now's your time to sell too. There's a Sydney chap over there at Morgan's "pub" who will give £400. You'd better take the money, for I don't like the look of things below at all. I don't believe there'll be many more dividends, for some time to come at all events."

I took my old schoolfellow's advice, and sold out, too, for £400, and then he and I agreed to set out together to an alluvial diggings that had broken out away in the north-west. Except perhaps the Port Curtis rush, which I have yet to refer to, this was about the most unlucky trip I ever went. A good part of the way we had to "swag it," and on one occasion we lost our road entirely. We had come on some timbered country, not very thick, fortunately, but still thick enough when we had really got off the track. We had been told at a "shanty" a few miles further back, that if we followed the "blazing" on the trees through the forest for about four miles we would come out on an undulating country, and that there we would see, on a hill six or seven miles ahead, the new diggings. There was a track which followed

the "blazing" for a little, and we thoughtlessly followed the track without looking out for the tree-marks, until night began to come on, and we stopped to halt and consider. Allowing that we had walked at the rate of three and a half miles an hour, we must have travelled not less than ten miles since we had struck the timber, and we then observed for the first time the absence of blazing on the trees. There was nothing for it but to camp for the night, but we began to dread the want of water, for we had not more than a pint-bottle barely full. There was no tea that night, though we lit a fire for warmth, and even of the tucker we had we ate sparingly, and the water we only sipped in tea-spoon quantities. When daylight broke we consulted, and finally agreed that it would be most advisable to follow the track we were on, which we thought must certainly lead to some habitation. After a light breakfast we shouldered our swags and trudged on, and some four miles further ahead we came to a deserted gully, with some eight or ten shallow holes. Evidently a prospecting party had been there years before, and they had left, luckily for us, a windlass, and rope, and bucket. With these my mate lowered me down, and from the water in the bottom which, stinking as it was, we were glad to get, we filled our bottles and had a good draught each, and then started to follow the track back. But once again we got "bushed." At a point in the track we were following, another track came in, or rather we reached a point where there were two tracks, and we knew not which to take, finally throwing up a coin, "heads for the right, tails for the left." "Tails" showed uppermost, and to the left we went, on and on all the day, watching closely for a "blazed" tree. Late in the afternoon we were fairly bewildered, and by no means easy in mind, for we had not half a cup of water remaining, and only a few crusts of very hard bread. There was nothing for it but again to camp for the night, but before doing so my mate succeeded in knocking down with a stick a couple of laughing-jackasses, which we threw into the red ashes, feathers and all, and made one of the most enjoyable meals either of us ever

had. A little to the right of us I noticed there was a small narrow valley running down to flatter ground, and there I went and followed it down till I came on greener patches indicating moisture, and so I searched and searched, turning over the grass and weeds with my hands, till at last I got a few drops. I then with my knife dug a little hole down to a gravelly bed, and opened up the ground at an acute angle above in very small channels, and so succeeded, pressing the water out of the earth, in getting in the course of an hour about three-quarters of a pint, and I knew there would be more there in the morning. We made ourselves as comfortable as we could for the night, and next morning, after filling our bottles from the hole, harked back to the point where the two tracks met and took the other, which we followed until we saw the blazed trees, and there our dangers and difficulties ended for the time.

By dusk we were at the new rush, if rush it could be called, where there were only about thirty miners on the ground. It was on the highest of four little hills, which stood about equidistant from each other, east and west, that the diggings had broken out. Not far from the top of this hill, which might have been perhaps 300 feet high, there was the outcrop of a large quartz reef, and a few feet lower down the not very steep side of that hill a run of washdirt had commenced, thin, narrow, and shallow at first, but getting thicker, wider, and deeper rapidly, as it went down. The original prospectors had got quite a nest of nuggets in the uppermost part of the washdirt, chiefly above and in the midst of a bar of clay. Three or four other claims lower down had also got on to good gold, but not so nuggety or in such quantities as higher up. We took up ground near the bottom of the hill, and as all the claims were troubled with water, we decided to put in a tunnel, in the belief that the then discovered run and others to be discovered would fall into a heavy wash, as I had noticed in a similar formation at Sago Hill and Bunker's Hill, near Haddon, in Victoria. We ran in our tunnel with a good incline, and had to timber heavily all the way.



Hawkins Hill - Hill End.

At a little over 200 feet from the mouth we struck a heavy wash, and got a burst of water which drove us out for a few days; but we rather liked this than otherwise, thinking it would give us plenty for puddling. When we got into the face again, there was a good bit of repairing to do, as well there as where the pipe-clay reef had swollen in the tunnel. The further we went in the heavier the wash got, and we had to use facing-boards. We cut a race from the mouth of the tunnel, and built a dam, into which we ran the water, and then constructed a puddling machine and purchased a horse. The first machine—indeed the only one we ever got—gave us sixteen ounces, and as there was eight feet of wash, we thought we had a splendid thing on hand. But alas for all calculations about certainties in mining! Two days after we sluiced off that machine we went into the face of a cross-cut off the tunnel, and, just as we got up to the dirt, away went the facing-boards with a crash, and such a burst of water and sand followed that we ran like deer. My mate was behind, and somehow stumbled in the drive. I turned to help him, and the rush of water nearly swept me off my

feet, while the sand was actually over the tops of my mate's heels. I pulled him up, and we soon got to the mouth of the tunnel, out of which there was a flow of water fully eighteen inches deep. Leaving the tunnel to drain the ground, we went up the hill a bit and started a shaft, and got into the wash again at thirty-five feet, but it was a case of "water, water everywhere," and we never even succeeded in bottoming. Altogether we spent fully thirteen months in trying one way or another to beat the water, but without avail. The tunnel got choked entirely and held back the water, and though we put a whim up at the shaft and kept baling night and day, it was like trying to empty the sea. There was a running drift over the wash which must have been connected with an underground lake on the tableland above. At all events, the terrible body of water we met with forced us to leave what was undoubtedly one of the best alluvial chances I ever had.

I must now have exhausted my quantum of space for the present number, and consequently must leave further recitals for a future sketch.

THE SKY-LARK.

Go, tuneful bird, that gladd'st the skies,
To Daphne's window speed thy way;
And there on quivering pinions rise,
And there thy vocal art display.

And if she deign thy notes to hear,
And if she praise thy matin song,
Tell her, the sounds that soothe her ear,
To Damon's native plains belong.

Tell her, in livelier plumes arrayed,
The bird from Indian groves may shine;
But ask the lovely partial maid,
What are his notes compared with thine?

Then bid her treat yon witless beau
And all his flaunting race with scorn;
And lend an ear to Damon's woe,
Who sings her praise, and sings forlorn.

—*Shenstone.*

JACOBI'S WIFE.

BY ADELINE SERGEANT.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE FUGITIVES.

Nigel Tremaine was so utterly unprepared for this communication that his only resource lay in keeping silence. He looked quietly and gravely into the face of the woman who declared herself to be Jacobi's wife, and wondered to himself whether he was dreaming, or whether she was mad. And as she met his gaze—cold, questioning, perhaps even a little severe—the impassioned fire died out of her large dark eyes, her arms sank to her side, she uttered a weary sigh almost like a low moan, and seated herself once more, with listless hands hanging down, and pale averted face. She had donned a widow's cap since her return from the shopping expedition that she had planned; its white outline singularly changed the character of her face, to Nigel's mind; he could hardly reconcile its hopeless sadness with the energy, the determination, the quiet cheerfulness that she had shown him all the evening.

"You do not speak," she said at length in bitter tones. "What do you think of my communication? Have you no word of pity for a woman who calls herself *his* wife?"

Nigel was collecting his scattered thoughts. He was standing; he placed one knee on the seat of a chair beside him, and grasped the back of it with his hand. Then he spoke deliberately.

"If that is the case, you must have had very strong reasons for not immediately making the fact public. Why have you kept silence all this while?"

"That is my business," she said, without looking at him.

"It seems to me to be my business too," said Nigel. He paused a little, knitting his brows as the thought of

various past events recurred to his memory. "You could have stopped the persecution of Clarice any moment," he said.

"Yes."

"But you allowed matters to come to this pass. You lived in the Vanboroughs' house and saw your husband——"

He stopped and looked at her. She finished the sentence for him.

"I saw him prepare to marry Clarice Vanborough. What did it matter? I knew that he could not marry her. I let him amuse himself. When the time came, I meant to declare myself, and not before."

"And meanwhile Clarice lived in an agony of dread! Did you feel no regret for the torture she was undergoing? Did you never think it would be only common humanity to tell her the truth?"

"I did my best," she said, in the calm and even tone that she always employed when no emotion troubled her. "I gave her a hint. I told her she would be safe, that I would see that the marriage never took place—for I pitied her when I knew that she was unhappy—but I suppose she did not trust me. She consented to the engagement on the ground of my promise; but as time went on I dare say the strain became too great for her. I thought her merely weak and nervous, until it was too late to explain matters. She could not understand. Then I let things take their course."

He did not speak.

"You think I was cruel?" she said, looking at him for the first time with some wonder.

"Yes." His tone was sombre, and a very dark frown rested on his brow. His eyes were bent upon the floor.

"I did not mean to be cruel," said the woman who was Jacobi's wife, in a curiously indifferent way. "She was sane enough before that midnight flight to the Darenths, which I never fully understood."

"What was that?"

She told him in a few words all she knew concerning Clarice's escape to the Hillside Farm. Darker and darker grew his face as she continued, more and more stern his brow. But he did not move nor speak; and Madame Vallor (as she now may be called) went on quietly to the end of her story.

"It is since that night," she concluded, "that Clarice has not been herself."

Nigel moved now. Every trace of colour had left his face as he reared himself up to his full height and said decisively—

"There must be an end of this. I will no more consent to leave her in the power of a person who could see her suffer and refuse to help her than I would have left her to the tender mercies of Sir Wilfred and his son, and of—of—Constantine Jacobi himself."

He hesitated before introducing her husband's name, but did not look one whit less resolute than before.

"Every one of the arguments that you used against her living with her father or her brother might be used against her living with you," he said, and then he paced up and down the room once or twice—a sign that he was strongly moved. "I was too hasty," he said.

Madame Vallor raised her eyes from her lap, and regarded him with a mixture of surprise and interest. She was not offended; a slight smile even had curled her lips as she listened to his words.

"You mean," she said, "that you think that I would let her suffer now? You are mistaken."

"How?"

"Think of my position, Mr. Tremaine. I have had to bear great wrongs at my husband's hands; I have borne them mostly in silence. But for the

last seven years I have chosen to watch over him and his doings, and thwart him in his projects whenever I had an opportunity. Many a time he has fancied himself at the height of prosperity, and then a touch came—a rumour was raised—a question asked—and his prosperity crumbled away into dust. It was I who worked him the evil. He has never known, never suspected. I think he really does not know that I am living. I have followed him from place to place; tracked him from country to country like an avenging fate. I *am* his fate! He will not escape me now. I lost him awhile in South America, and for a time I gave up the pursuit. I was ill and miserable; I resolved to seek out my mother's relations at Charnwood. I came; they were good, they were kind. They cured me of my illness, almost of my heart-sickness. And while I stayed with them at the Hillside Farm I found that he, my husband, had come to Charnwood too, and taken up his abode at the Vanboroughs' house. Then I knew that I was not to cease from my work. Then I knew that my time had come. Then I knew that God had delivered my enemy into my hand."

There was a long silence. Nigel waited for her to speak; but she, with crossed hands and dreamy eyes, seemed to be looking into worlds he could not recognise. At last he asked a question—

"How did you introduce yourself into Sir Wilfred's house?"

"I heard that a companion was wanted—I placed myself in his way. I used the disguise in which you first saw me. Let me continue my story. When I came to Charnwood Manor, what was Clarice Vanborough to me? A tool, a puppet, an instrument of punishment for him. I had no interest in her—no interest in any member of the Vanborough family. I was cruel to her, perhaps, for when she stood in my way by her resistance to her father's plans, I resolved to crush her. I thought she was proud and weak; I hated her pride, despised her weakness; but on the whole I thought of her less as an individual than as a link in the chain of events by which I

meant to punish *him*. I meant to let them stand together at the altar; then to expose him publicly, and brand him with infamy and shame. What was it to me whether a girl of nineteen—a poor, slight thing, that one could crush like a butterfly—were driven into a madhouse or not? No woman could be made to suffer a tithe of the wrong that I have suffered; and yet I—I am not mad!"

She spoke fiercely, but with a certain self-restraining power which redeemed her words and manner from the charge of wildness. Nigel looked at her as he might have looked at some half-tamed animal in a cage; but he did not speak.

Suddenly the fiery light died out of her eyes, the lines of her face relaxed, her voice grew soft.

"I thought so until last October, and then I changed my mind."

"Why?"

"I was anxious as ever for his punishment; but I resolved not to wreak my vengeance upon the Vanboroughs as well as upon him. The Vanboroughs had a claim upon me. Geoffrey Vanborough had a claim upon me. For his sake especially I tried to spare his sister. I did not know that there was any reason against his returning to England when I wrote the letter that brought him home. I waited and waited and thought you would never come. On that wedding morning I was close beside you, ready to declare myself. I did not want to do so, but I made my preparations. And then you came. You stopped the marriage. I had no need to speak."

"What was your motive for altering your plans?"

"I cannot tell you. It was no unworthy motive, and it still exists. I am Clarice's friend—Geoffrey's friend. Clarice is safer in my hands than in those of anybody else."

"And you sacrificed her happiness without remorse?"

"I brought you home," said Madame Vallor, steadily. "Indirectly I stopped the marriage. I was kind to her. She is fond of me now, as you may see. I did not expect that anxiety and suspense would have so bad an effect

upon her health. I do not see what else I was bound to do."

"At any rate, let the suspense end here. Let the matter be cleared up at once."

"No," said Madame Vallor.

"You say *no*?"

"I say no."

Quiet, motionless, self-contained, she sat in her high-backed chair, her hands crossed before her in her lap, her fine profile strongly defined against the dark red curtains that were drawn across the window behind her, her beautiful eyes absently fixed upon the mass of glowing coal in the grate. It was with a thrill of impatience, almost of anger, that Nigel recognised the fact that this woman was imperious alike to argument and to entreaty—that, after choosing her own line of action and following it for seven years, she was not likely to change it because the fortunes of one frail girl, or even of an entire family, were involved. She acknowledged that she had been hard and cruel to Clarice, but she acknowledged it apparently without remorse. If it suited her interests, would she not be cruel and hard again?

Madame Vallor was quick to read his thoughts.

"You cannot go back," she said, looking at him when the pause had lasted for a minute or two, "You will make matters far worse if you were to change *now*!"

"Suppose I were to inform Sir Wilfred of the facts which I have just heard?"

Madame Vallor smiled easily.

"You would not betray a woman's secrets without her consent," she said. "That would be dishonourable. I have trusted you. I do not suppose that you are unworthy of my confidence."

"An unsought confidence, Madame Jacobi."

"You had better not call me by that name," she said, tranquilly, though the tremor that ran through her whole frame when she heard the word, seemed to show that its utterance had hurt her like the striking of a blow. "My husband's true surname is Vallor. But you know that here we might be overheard. It is always

better to be careful. You need not call me by any name when we are alone." She concluded with the faintest possible ghost of a smile. "In public I am Mrs. Wilson, and your aunt."

"Pardon me if I wounded you; I ought not perhaps to have used that name," said Nigel, with some abatement of the bitterness of his tone. "But I am not sure how much longer this device should be concealed. I am quite sure now that perfect frankness would have served our cause much better."

"You are like all young people—you think no cause so precious as your own. Are there no interests but yours and Clarice Vanborough's to be considered? And, like all men, you are ungrateful. I may not have saved her in the best way, but I have saved her—and for you."

"Certainly you have."

"And now I will give you a word of warning. If you say I am Jacobi's wife before the day when I give you leave to say so, I have no scruple of conscience to prevent my denying every word that I have said to you to-night. The proofs of my marriage cannot be produced by anyone but me. Your friend, Burnett Lynn, may have been deceived. Jacobi will swear that he never saw me in his life before. And, supposing that the charge dies down in that way, what would you do? You would have placed Clarice in the hands of her worst enemies, and all your efforts would not save her from Jacobi's clutches. I dare you to say a word more than I tell you to say."

"In short," said Nigel, gravely, "you mean to threaten me?"

Her face softened as it had softened once before.

"Oh, no," she said, "I have not the slightest wish to threaten you. Why are we not friends? I am trying to save Clarice too. I do not want to see her suffer."

Nigel's own tones were softer as he said—

"Will you not even give me the satisfaction of knowing why you do not declare yourself?"

"I cannot," she said, seriously. "You shall know some day. Wait—

till Geoffrey Vanborough is better—or at least able to speak—and then I may be able to help you more."

"And in the meantime I am to leave Clarice with you?"

His decision hung on a thread. Should he take Clarice back to her friends and let her run further danger to life and reason from Sir Wilfred and Jacobi, or should he trust her to the care of Jacobi's wife in an obscure London lodging? Risks either way; which were the ones he ought rather to incur?

Her next words determined his choice. She rose and came towards him, looking him full in the face with a singularly grave and earnest expression.

"Believe me," she said, "I will be true to her and to you. Believe me, that I will care for her as though—as though she were my own child; yes, as though she were the little child I left buried in sight of the great ocean seven years ago. I swear to you by all that you hold most dear and holy that no harm shall come to her if I can avert it. Trust her to me. God knows that I will do my best to give her back to you safe and unhurt, even—I say it again—even as though she were my own child whom I had once more to protect from Constantine Vallor's cruelty."

"I will trust you," said Nigel, more moved by the passionate pathos of her tones than she could tell. He had heard sufficient of her story to understand the allusion to that little grave upon a sea-beat, wind-swept, distant shore, and guessed that her reference to it gave, in her eyes, peculiar sacredness to the promise she was making. "I am sure you will care for her—I am sure you will not let her come to any harm. I am sorry I seemed to doubt you."

He held out his hand. He had spoken with an effort, but his sincerity was evident. Madame Vallor cast one glance at his face, a little less calm than usual, and began to utter some reply.

"You are very good"—these were the only words he could distinguish, for suddenly she caught his hand in both hers, pressed her lips to it, and then burst into a passion of silent sobs.

Burying her face in her handkerchief, she hurried from the room, and for some time he saw her no more.

Had he been wise or not? he asked himself. Had he sacrificed Clarice or saved her? He believed in his soul that he had done well.

Madame Vallor—or Mrs. Wilson, as they had decided to call her—came back in an hour's time and ordered some sort of evening meal for his benefit. She herself hardly touched a mouthful, but she spoke and moved with her usual quietness of manner. It seemed as if she wished her past agitation to be forgotten.

"You will go away to-morrow," she said, before they separated for the night.

"To-morrow?" he said, his face falling a little. "Why so soon?"

"You must be seen as usual. You ought not to have stayed here to-night. You must show yourself in all your accustomed habits and occupations, for you are sure to be suspected, and possibly questioned."

"No one has a right to question me."

"You will be followed. You must not come here again for a week."

"I suppose you are right," he said, with a sigh. "You must remember how anxious I am to see her; how little I have been with her of late. But, of course, I must not endanger Clarice's safety."

"Use your own judgment," said she, abruptly. "Come when you can; stay away if you think you will be watched and followed. Mark my words, you *will* be watched and followed, and that before long."

He was allowed half an hour's interview with Clarice in the morning, and was struck by finding how much his presence seemed to cheer and animate her. She began to respond to his questions with some willingness; once or twice she made some little trivial remark of her own accord; a faint colour stole at times into her cheeks; a faint smile played upon her lips. It was plain that he exercised a healthful and soothing influence upon her mind.

Madame Vallor gave him, perhaps purposely, an opportunity of speaking in private to nurse Martha. He put

Clarice under the old servant's especial care, and told her to write to him from time to time. And then he bid farewell to that dissimilar trio who lodged together in that little house in John Street, Old Ford, and went back to Beechhurst.

Jacobi's visit on Thursday, the following day, apprised him of the discovery of Clarice's flight. He breathed more freely when this was made. But it was with a great effort that he maintained the coolness with which he treated Jacobi's communication. He would have liked to accuse the man there and then of the crime that he had committed, and give him part—were it only indeed a tithe—of the punishment that he deserved. He was thankful afterwards that he had merely ordered him off the premises, and not lowered his self-respect by taking the law into his own hands.

He had telegraphed to Burnett Lynn immediately after Geoffrey's accident, and was somewhat surprised to receive no answer. For, although he did not now see how Burnett Lynn could throw much light upon the matter, he was anxious to have his friend in England, and to hear what was his opinion of Geoffrey's case. Strange to say, Geoffrey Vanborough's state of insensibility or torpor still continued, and though he swallowed food in a liquid state, and did not appear to suffer pain, it was evident that his condition was a very critical one.

The days of Nigel's banishment from Clarice dragged slowly by. He was forced, for appearances' sake, to transact business as usual, to look cheerful, and enter into conversation with his friends, while at the same time his heart and brain were racked with anxiety. The news of Clarice's disappearance soon got wind. Strange rumours were afloat respecting her character and her fate. He had great self-control, and he needed it all in order to preserve the grave tranquillity and apparent openness which were his best disguise.

His sisters knew nothing of the secret that he guarded so carefully, and Mrs. Tremaine was almost as self-contained as Nigel himself. Her mind seemed to be completely taken

up with "matters of the house;" above all, with the fact that old Martha, the faithful nurse of the family, had been called away to nurse a near relation. In the midst of Nigel's deepest anxiety of mind he was moved to a smile when he heard his mother discoursing gravely to the girls, or an intimate friend, on the inconvenience of Martha's absence, and the possibilities of her speedy return. "I was so sorry to lose her," Mrs. Tremaine declared with an unblushing face, and an innocent look in her blue eyes; "but when she said that she must

nurse her sister's child through this terrible illness, what could I do? I was obliged to let her go."

"What is the illness, Mamma?" the youngest girl asked carelessly one day in Nigel's presence.

"Consumption, dear," said Mrs. Tremaine, with creditable promptness; "and I am afraid that poor Martha will not be able to return to us for many weeks yet."

Nigel played his part very well, but his mother played hers better.

(To be continued.)

DREAMING.

I dreamed we two were friends again
 As in the days of yore,
 And all life held of bliss or pain
 Came back to me once more;
 Your laughter, ringing clear and sweet,
 Your dark eyes' tender beam,
 The echo of your footfalls fleet,
 Were in that happy dream.

I dreamed we two were friends again,
 And set my dream to song,
 So you might listen to the strain
 That sought you 'mid the throng;
 That you might list, perchance might sigh,
 Whilst idle tears would start,
 To feel it with the last good-bye
 Of one poor faithful heart.

I dreamed we two were friends again—
 Alas! 'twas but a dream,
 That fled when o'er my window-pane
 Awoke the first red beam.
 Oh! as it brightened on my sight,
 And trembled o'er the floor,
 I whispered: "Vanish happy light,
 For I would dream once more."

—F. S. Miller.

“OUR DOCTOR.”

By “IATROS.”

FEEDING AND FASTING.

Every action we perform entails a corresponding amount of work in our bodies—in fact, from a physiological point of view, *work* is synonymous with *waste*. Every action that is performed by us or within us—voluntarily or involuntarily—is accompanied by an expenditure of force derived from and accompanied by a proportionate waste of substance.

But even as every action necessitates bodily work, so corresponding physical repair is requisite. The question, therefore, “Why do we require to take food?” demands the services of no very great physiological knowledge for its solution.

It would be out of place here to discuss the intricate processes of digestion and assimilation, so suffice it to say that for the due carrying out of the processes of repair of waste tissues the ingestion of the matter from without in the form of food, its proper digestion, and due assimilation, are necessary events.

We must now consider what kinds of food are necessary to repair the waste and to maintain the heat of our bodies.

In order, however, to know what materials to supply in the form of food, we must diverge a little to consider the nature of the matter the body is in want of. A human body consists of two-thirds its weight of water. (Water enters largely into the composition of every part of our bodies, and that is the reason why thirst is so much more painful to endure than hunger.)

The importance, therefore, of water as an article of diet is manifest. In addition to water, a large quantity of various minerals are contained in the tissues of our bodies. Thus lime and

magnesia enter largely into the formation of bone; common salt is found in the stomach and various other tissues; soda, potash, iron, etc., are present in the blood; phosphorus in the brain, spinal cord, nerves, etc. Then we come to the soft tissues of the body. These are described by physiologists as nitrogenous and non-nitrogenous. The former class, represented by the “albuminous,” or white of egg-like substance in our tissues, contain the element nitrogen; the latter, represented by the fats, sugars, and starches of our various tissues, is devoid of nitrogen.

In this brief study of the chemical composition of our bodies we have discovered that we are made up of water, nitrogenous, non-nitrogenous, and various mineral substances. We will take it for granted that all these substances wear, waste, and disappear in the work of life, and that it is necessary to replace them, because the work cannot of necessity be a single and final process. We have then an important indication as to the kinds of foods on which we ought to subsist.

The varieties of food-stuffs are divided into two great classes—the *nitrogenous* and *non-nitrogenous* groups already alluded to.

If we eat a piece of animal food—beef or mutton, for instance—we are supplied with nitrogenous food by the juice and fibres; and we are also being supplied with water, non-nitrogenous and mineral matters by its other constituents. If we eat an egg we are being provided with a more perfect compound and union of the two great classes of food; for in an egg, water, fats, and minerals are present, in addition to the white and other parts, which consist largely of albumen.

It is perfectly clear that for the maintenance of health we require a mixture of the two afore-mentioned groups of foods. We cannot live either on a diet consisting solely of nitrogenous, or on one consisting solely of non-nitrogenous matters. This great truth in regard to foods receives direct confirmation from an appeal to nature. The first food we are supplied with and intended to subsist on for the first few months of our lives is "Nature's own food—milk." Let us consider the nature of this fluid. One hundred parts of cows' milk is found on analysis to be composed of eighty-five parts of water and fifteen parts of solids. Of these solids one-half is composed of albuminous (nitrogenous), the rest of fatty, starchy (non-nitrogenous) and mineral matters.

Milk is thus seen to be a mixture of nitrogenous and non-nitrogenous foods. By direct experiment also we find that one kind of food, however nutritious it may be, will not suffice to preserve the body in a normal state. As to the relative merits of an exclu-

sively vegetable or a mixed dietary, we are not now specially concerned. Man is supported as well by food composed entirely of animal matters as by that which is formed entirely of vegetable matters, provided, of course, that it contains a mixture of the various nitrogenous and non-nitrogenous substances which we have just shown to be essential for healthy nutrition. The structure of the teeth, as well as experience, seem to declare that a mixed diet is the best and most economical for man. That it is so is principally for this reason—that we obtain such a mixture of nitrogenous and non-nitrogenous matters by a combination of animal and vegetable foods, as would be difficult to obtain from an exclusively animal or vegetable dietary. Remembering these facts, the folly of attempting to sustain life without the aid of those substances which can give heat and restore waste is plainly apparent. So much for "feeding." In our next paper we will devote a brief space to the consideration of fasting.

"OUR GARDENER."

By DAVID A. CRICHTON.

March is rather a busy month in the flower-garden, as evergreen trees and shrubs may be transplanted, and all except deciduous border-plants shifted, with a fair chance of success. This is also an excellent time for laying out new gardens and making any necessary alterations in established places. Those who are about to lay out gardens should, at starting, have some clear ideas as to what they require, but, unfortunately, in too many cases, people commence work with but little or no consideration. Everyone who lays out a garden should endeavour to produce the best possible effect with the space and material at his command. Much may be done to make a garden attractive by a careful selection of trees,

shrubs, and other plants, and their judicious arrangement. As a matter of course, in arranging a garden, the size of the place, the dimensions and style of the residence, the character of the outside surroundings, and other local circumstances must be duly considered. The trees and shrubs selected should be in keeping with the dimensions of the place, and when gardens are very limited in area a preference ought to be given to those that will not attain a large size. There are a great many gardens which are not nearly so attractive as they ought to be, through being laid out in a faulty manner, or mistakes made in planting unsuitable trees and shrubs. In many cases these defects may be remedied or modified, and

more especially if operations are not delayed too long. Cultivators should bear in mind when laying out gardens that plants always thrive best in well-prepared soil. Any deficiencies in the soil should also be made good when it is first prepared. Drainage is another matter that should not be overlooked, and more especially in the case of heavy, retentive soils. Many amateur cultivators have an idea, as we often suffer severely from summer droughts, that drainage is a matter of but little importance, but in this they make a great mistake. After very heavy rains undrained land becomes soddened with water, to the great detriment of the plants growing upon it. On the other hand, drained land never holds a superabundance of water, though it retains more moisture in dry weather than undrained ground. In making gardens it will also be advisable not to attempt too much, which is a very common mistake in this part of the world. A great many people form gardens without any consideration as to what it will cost to keep them in good order afterwards. As a consequence, too many gardens are sadly neglected, and afford but little pleasure to their owners.

Evergreen trees and shrubs should be transplanted as soon as the ground can be got ready for them. When shifted at this time of the year, as the ground contains a considerable amount of warmth, the plants are at once stimulated into active growth, and get firmly established before the winter sets in. Care, however, must be taken to let the present season's growth harden a little before the plants are shifted, as when too soft the shoots are apt to die back. Campanulas, Columbines, Polyanthuses, Primroses, and other winter and spring flowering herbaceous plants should now be divided and planted out in the borders. Carnations, Picotees, and Pinks may still be propagated from layers, if an increase of stock is required, and plants may be divided and replanted. Other species of the *Dianthus* family have been so greatly improved within the last few years that they are, in a great measure, taking the places formerly occupied by the ordinary Carnations and Pinks. Prominent among them

is *Dianthus Hedderriggi*, which now embraces a very large number of beautiful single and double varieties, and comprises many brilliant shades of colour. Plants of this family have also the advantage of producing their showy flowers more or less throughout the year, except in very cold localities. The plants are also compact in habit, and are easily obtained from seed, which may be sown this month. They are also capable of resisting the effects of drought better than many other small plants. *Dianthus sinensis*, a Chinese species, includes a large number of exceedingly handsome varieties that deserve places in every flower-garden. Tree Carnations are to a great extent now filling the places formerly occupied by the ordinary kinds, and they well deserve the popularity they have attained, as they are invaluable in a garden, and may also be successfully cultivated in pots. Many choice varieties have been raised during the last few years, and no garden should be without a collection of these very useful plants, which yield their handsome flowers throughout the year. This is a very good time for sowing perennials and biennials, as the seeds will germinate under the most favourable conditions, and the young plants have a chance of getting a good start before the cold weather sets in. Sowings of the principal hardy annuals may also be made for early flowers.

Pot plants will require attention in various ways, and their wants should be effectively and promptly supplied. Plants under glass must be shaded in the middle of the day, but care should be taken not to give a denser shade than is required, as a strong light is essential to healthy growth. Neither should plants in shelter sheds be covered too densely, and strong-growing climbers running over them must be kept thin, so that light and air may circulate freely. Many amateur gardeners make the mistake of covering plant-sheds with too thick a layer of bushes, whereas it is sufficient to have just enough shade to break the full power of the sun. It is also a great mistake to smother up plant-sheds with robust climbers, as is often done. Any plants that require to be

re-potted should be shifted at once, so that they will get thoroughly re-established again before the cool weather sets in. In shifting plants the operation should not be performed till it is necessary, and care must be taken not to use larger pots than are required. Over-potting is a very common fault, and more especially with amateurs, who generally are anxious to obtain large plants in a short time, and think that the more room they give the roots the better. This, however, is a great mistake, as plants always thrive best when their roots are near the sides of the pots. Placing a small plant in a large pot is often equivalent to a sentence of death, if it happens to be of a delicate kind, and even robust specimens are liable to have their growth checked. Fuchsias that have done flowering should be cut back as soon as the wood has fairly matured, if the plants are required for another season. Late flowering Fuchsias should be occasionally watered with liquid manure, as the more vigorous their growth is the better. This is a very good time to raise Fuchsias from cuttings, selecting strong young shoots for the purpose. Plants of the Cactus family that have flowered this season should be fully exposed to the sun, watered somewhat sparingly, and protected from heavy rains. Pelargoniums must have their growth regulated by pinching back over-luxuriant or misplaced shoots, in order to obtain compact, well-furnished specimens. Some varieties must have their branches tied down to the rims of the pots, in order to get them into the desired shape. Camellias should be examined, and when the buds are too numerous it will be advisable to thin them out. Begonias and other winter-blooming plants should be supplied occasionally with liquid manure, to encourage robust growth. Chinese Primulas, Cinerarias, and Calceolarias should have moderate shifts as they require them, and must be freely supplied with air, and kept near the glass to ensure robust growth. Young plants of the Coleus family should be propagated from cuttings, choosing the points of well-coloured shoots for the purpose. Many of the spring flowering bulbs make useful pot-plants for

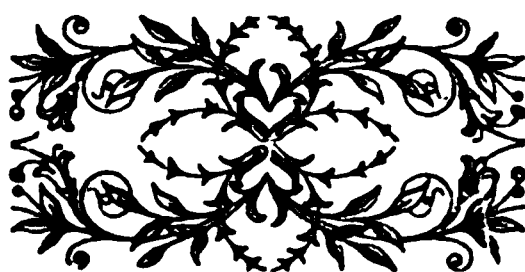
the conservatory or room decoration in winter, when other flowers are somewhat scarce. Anemones, Hyacinths, Crocuses, Tulips, Ranunculuses, and different varieties of the Narcissus family may now be started. They all thrive in rich loamy soil, with a good proportion of sand and well-decayed manure, and must have plenty of light and air, or otherwise the plants will be drawn and weakly.

Those who intend to plant fruit trees during the coming season will do well to make preparations for them as fast as circumstances will permit. It is a great advantage to have the ground broken up a few weeks before the trees are planted. In preparing land for fruit trees, it is important that the work should be done in a proper way. The planting of fruit trees is too often carried on in a careless, senseless fashion, that makes it impossible for them to thrive well. In too many cases when orchards are planted the ground is merely broken up a few inches deep with the plough; and still worse is the very common practice of digging holes, in which the trees are planted and left to take their chance. Trees planted in ground that has only been worked to the depth of a few inches cannot last long and bear freely, unless the soil is exceptionally good. Then, again, when the trees are planted where holes have been dug, in heavy soils they are placed under very unfavourable conditions, as the ground becomes saturated after rains and the holes become so many basins of water. Trees cannot possibly thrive under such adverse conditions, and it would be well if fruit-growers would treat them in a more rational manner. In fact, in this part of the world it is of vital consequence that the ground should be worked deeply and well-drained, to allow the trees to find sufficient food, and enable them to hold their own during periods of drought. While recommending deep cultivation, however, cultivators are advised not to bring up too much of a bad subsoil to the surface. Oranges, Lemons, Guavas, and Loquats, may be planted out this month, if circumstances will permit. Care is, however, required, and moist or dull weather

should be chosen for the work, so as to lessen the risk of the roots getting injured by exposure. The plants should also be carefully shaded and watered for a few weeks, till they are established. This is a very good time for making fresh plantations of Strawberries, as when started early the plants are able to make good headway before the winter sets in, and will be in the best condition for fruiting when the season comes round. It is not advisable to allow Strawberry plantations to remain more than two, or at the most three years, as better returns will be obtained from younger plants. This is a very good time for dressing Strawberry plantations with manure, though equally good results may be obtained if the work is done next month.

In the vegetable garden there will be plenty of work this month in attending to the requirements of advancing crops, and preparing for others. There should be no unnecessary delay in planting out full crops of cabbages and cauliflower, and seed ought to be sown for future requirements. In those localities where they thrive, Savoys, Brussels Sprouts, Brocoli, and Scotch Kale may also be planted and sown. This is also a favourable time for planting Red Cabbage. Cultivators must bear in mind that all plants belonging to the Cabbage family are strong feeders, and that strong and rapid growth are essential to the success of the crops. Therefore, manure must be used freely in preparing the ground for them. Carrots, Parsnips, Red Beet, Salsafy, Scorzonera, Skirret, and Rampion may now be sown in deeply-worked ground. The last-mentioned crops are but little known even to gardeners in this part of the world, though they are excellent and palatable vegetables, and deserve to be more generally cultivated. All these crops thrive best in

trenched land, having a depth of at least eighteen inches. In soils that are very shallow, cultivators should give a preference to the Early Horn Carrot, which is a very good variety for family use, though rather small. In mild localities another crop of Kidney Beans may be put in for successions. This is a very good time for putting in a crop of Broad Beans, and another sowing of Peas should be made. A crop of Turnips should be got in some time during the month. Onions for a main crop may be sown any time this month, taking care to work the ground deeply and thoroughly. Potato and Tree Onions, both of which are very useful kinds, should be planted, as also Garlic and Shallots. Celery should be planted out in shallow, highly-manured trenches when the plants are six or seven inches high, and another sowing of seed may be made. The more forward crops of Celery should be earthed up to blanch as soon as growth is sufficiently advanced. This operation should be performed when the plants are perfectly dry, and care must be taken not to bury too much of the leaves. Care must also be taken not to let the soil get into the leaves of the plants, and the operator should gather the stalks together with one hand, while with the other he packs the earth firmly round them. Lettuce and other small salad plants should be sown about every ten days, in order to keep up regular supplies. Endive may now be sown, treating it in every respect as Lettuce. When it is intended to save seed from Cucumbers, Vegetable Marrows, or Melons, it should be taken only from the finest fruits selected for the purpose. As plants of these families are easily crossed, no others should be growing near to those from which seed is saved.



"OUR COSTUMIER."

By "LUCIA."

It must be confessed that the English-speaking community is by no means a race of laggards, for in many respects at least they take care not to let "the grass grow under their feet." At any rate, no time is ever lost in the matter of fashions and *modes*, which, by the way, are as transient and fleeting as the clouds in a summer sky. Before we take leave of one season we are confronted with a bewildering assortment of novelties for the next; and while still experiencing the heat of summer we are tempted by the attractions of winter goods. Although few of the shops have as yet announced their formal autumn and winter shows, there is, nevertheless, a most attractive display of novelties for these seasons to be seen, as shipments of goods are arriving every week. To commence with the dress materials, I can only say their name is legion, for there are a host of new fabrics in addition to all our old friends. The chief characteristic which marks all the newest is their roughness. Coarse, hairy, and loose of texture, they require to be made up by an expert dressmaker, for unless a good fit is ensured they lack style. As regards the making of gowns, the new season brings us nothing very new in the way of styles. Short dresses are still universally worn, except for receptions and similar entertainments. The *gilet* appears in almost all the new costumes in some form or other, either simulated or otherwise. Many of the stylish little jackets intended for out-door wear are made to open over a *gilet*, and are described indiscriminately as Zouave, Turkish, Bolero, Figaro, etc.

Stripes are the order of the day, and spots are also extremely fashionable. Stripes appear in plush, velvet, and all the silk family, while they reign supreme among the countless varieties of woollens. One of the features of the season is the introduction of front

breadths, which form a contrast to the rest of the skirt. Much elaboration is expended on their adornment, and they are either of very rich material or else extensively beaded, embroidered and beaded. These *pentes* are prepared in lengths just sufficient for the front breadth of a skirt, and in some cases for the *gilet* as well. Never before was plush so fashionable, nor were its varieties so numerous. *Escalier* or staircase plush is characterised by ridges which bear a strong resemblance to the old corduroy plush in a coarser make. Corded silks are very popular, and the fancy varieties are striped with plush or velvet. As for *brochés*, their doom is sealed, for the present at any rate, as they are quite superseded by the striped varieties. Velvets, silks, and satins are striped with satin, plush, and moiré. Velvets have a *frisé* or terry stripe interwoven; other velvets have stripes of silk basketwork or canvas; others again have beaded stripes, and so on *ad infinitum*.

Never was there such variety in the way of trimmings in any previous season. The specialities are the rosary beads and wooden-tipped fringes and ruches. These rosary beads appear on everything—they edge jackets and bodices, they cover panels, insertions, cuffs, and collars, they even abound in the mantle and millinery departments. Narrow gimps are edged with these beads, and all sorts of braids are studded with them. The chenille fringes, from which depend countless wooden *pendreloques*, are more curious than anything else. As the wearer walks these wooden pendants rattle incessantly, reminding one of the nursery rhyme which says, "She shall have music wherever she goes," only that the music is by no means delightful to the sensitive ears of persons afflicted with nerves. The rosary beads may be had in black, brown, green, claret, oak,

and other shades, and all are more or less elaborately carved. Beads of all kinds and all sizes are employed on dresses, mantles, and bonnets, and they vary from the tiny seed varieties to some as large as cherries. Braiding in every form is much in vogue, and its effects are often heightened by the introduction of beads. *Brandebourgs* and froggings in cords and braids are applied to dress bodices and outdoor jackets, many of them being headed by rosettes of braid. All the trimmings this season are characterised by heaviness and a certain massive appearance, which, though tolerable in winter, would be unbearable in warmer seasons.

Buttons play a prominent part on the new gowns and jackets. On the latter they assume gigantic proportions, some attaining three inches in diameter. Among these the filigree metal are the most effective, many of them having designs *appliqué* in wood. Square buttons have been introduced, and some of these can only be described as works of art, notably the hand-painted pearl ones. The bullet-shaped button is still the most popular for gowns, and in them there are many new varieties. Wooden or metal clasps are often placed on bodices at the waist, and fasten over the vest.

Fur cuffs and boas have been revived, and it is predicted that the latter will almost entirely supersede the fur capes. Some of them are enormously long, measuring no less than three yards and a half. The muffs are no longer the old-fashioned fur bolsters, but dainty confections of plush or velvet trimmed with ribbons and lace, and made in the form of a bag with a broad ribbon run through, by means of which they may be slung over the arm when not in use.

The autumn and winter hats and bonnets vary little from those worn in the summer, the only point of difference being in the material, as the shapes are very similar. There is an effort to change the trimming from the front to the back, a style by no means becoming, and which gives one the impression that the hat has been put on back to front. Stockinette hats are new and likely to be popular. They appear in high-crowned and sailor-

shapes, and are often trimmed with astrakhan. The trimming of felt hats still consists of plush or velvet, birds or wings, and beads *ad libitum*. Ostrich feathers are not popular, the fancy wings and birds having taken their place, and many of these latter look as if they had been dipped in molten gold and allowed to dry. Some ostrich feathers also appear with a metallic surface, as though painted with lincustra. Velvet feathers are quite new. They are stamped to look like wings or single feathers veined with gold. Toque shapes are to be much worn, and few hats are so becoming and neat. They appear in plush, velvet, sealskin, astrakhan, etc., the latter being employed extensively for trimming mantles also.

The colour which takes priority in mantles this season is brown in all its shades, from tan to seal, the latter being the favourite. Plush mantles of a dark seal-brown colour bear such a strong resemblance to sealskin as to be easily mistaken for it at a short distance. In furs otter is largely used for trimming, also fox and skunk, and all sorts of tail fringes. Chenille fringe is largely used, especially the woollen-tipped varieties. Short mantelettes are likely to be worn, as well as the voluminous garments which cover the whole gown. The old *visite* shape seems to be coming to the front again, and there is a new shape, short at the back with long ends in front, having a small muff in each, one for each hand, and a jelly-bag hood at the back. The short jackets of the season are extremely stylish and smart-looking. They are made in plush, brocaded velvet, corded silk, Cheviot tweeds, and all sorts of rough cloths. The trimmings consist of braiding, frogging, *brandebourgs*, fringes, rosary beads, and enormous buttons. Some of them have vests of watered silk or moiré, and dainty bows of coloured ribbon are often introduced in the front.

There are lots of pretty collars and dainty neck arrangements this winter. Straight beaded collars are made in all colours and all kinds, and some have deep scallops falling round below the straight band. Velvet collars of this description have rows of tiny wooden beads put on in threes, while others have larger wooden beads, gilt. Pretty

arrangements of lace are fastened to some of these collars, and caught at the waist, thus covering the whole of the waistcoat. Plush and fur collars are also in vogue, moderately wide and quite straight; fur cuffs of the same description are fitted with an invisible spring which fastens them.

If we are to believe predictions, brown will be the most fashionable colour for the coming season, and the rich dark shade will take precedence of the lighter ones. It may be brightened up by a touch of any colour, as gay hues are to be extensively employed in millinery and in the various acces-

sories of a fashionable toilette. Black and white is a combination which is finding much favour, both for day and evening wear, the addition of gold trimming in the way of beads or galons is often effectively made. Shawl dresses have been resuscitated, the bodice and draperies being formed of the shawl, over a skirt of plush, velvet, or some other rich material. In fact, there is so much to chronicle on the subject of winter fashions, that whereas there was a difficulty in knowing where to commence the same perplexity is experienced in knowing where to leave off.

MONTHLY NOTES.

SCIENCE.

By R. L. J. Ellery.

We have another explosive added to our already long list of such compounds, and our Amercian cousins have christened it *Rackarock*. On 10th October, last year, one of the largest rock-blasting operations that ever took place was carried out at the East River entrance to Long Island Sound, at New York, when another of the numerous rocks which has made the navigation to these waters unpleasantly dangerous was practically demolished. Now there is twenty-five feet of water over a surface of about nine acres, formerly occupied by what was known as *flood-rock*. Upon this stupendous piece of engineering over 240,000 of the new explosive "*Rackarock*" was used, and it did its work so thoroughly and so safely that it is likely to turn out one of the safest and best compounds for all mining and other engineering operations, and become popular for certain qualities it possesses. *Rackarock* is a mixture of chlorate of potash with some hydro-carbon, such as coal-tar oil, and was invented by Dr. Sprengel, who says in *Nature*: "*Rackarock* is simply powdered potassium chlorate, mixed with an inexpensive oily combustible such as coal-tar oil, and is one of my safety explosives." It is not readily exploded, and requires strong detonators, but it is safe and can be handled without any injury to the health. If desired, the potassium chlorate can be readily mixed with its carbonaceous material where it is to be used, and the ingredients unmixed are perfectly safe, or as safe as salt-

petre and any ordinary oil. The explosives that now find most favour, especially among miners, are compounds of nitro-glycerine, which are dangerously explosive, give rise to temporary illness such as nausea and severe headache when handled, and after explosion give off fumes or finely-divided particles which, being breathed by the miners using it in the mines, produce the above symptoms in an aggravated form. Nevertheless, this form of explosive is so powerful, and lifts such immense masses of rock, that miners, despite its poisonous and painful effects, will insist on using it in preference to any other. Possessing freedom from any unpleasant effects from handling, and from its composition not likely to give off in explosion such poisonous fumes as nitro-glycerine, it is quite possible *Rackarock* may become popular with the miners, more especially as, notwithstanding a certain slowness of action, it has the power of lifting great loads without shattering so much as nitro-glycerine explosives.

Weather prophets still rise up in judgment against our slow-going meteorological departments which only venture on predictions twenty-four hours ahead. Lately I received a card from an individual in Sydney giving the following periods of "unsettled weather" for 1886:—"Unsettled weather, 1886, 4th January to 12th January, 19th January to 17th February; an eclipse of the sun on the 6th March; 19th March to 3rd April, 26th April to 24th May, 9th June to 16th

June, 15th July to 4th August; total eclipse of the sun on 30th August; 4th September to 25th September, 15th October to 18th October, 26th October to 2nd November, 10th December to 31st December."

It is not stated where this unsettled weather is to occur. If it applies to Victoria the prophecy has not been much out so far, for unsettled weather has been the rule since the beginning of the year.

A pamphlet in German, entitled "Weather Prognostics," reached me a few days since. It is by a Dr. Overzier, and is published in Cologne, apparently every month. In it are given predictions of not only the probable winds and weather generally, but also very minute details, such as whether the nights will be clear, frosty, cloudy, foggy, or wet, whether the following days will be warmer or colder in the afternoon than in the morning, and if the evenings are to be mild, cold, wet, or windy. If one had faith and one of these pamphlets in his pocket for reference, he need have no doubt about taking his umbrella or overcoat whenever he goes out of doors. It is stated that royal personages on the Continent take great interest in these prognostics. If this be so, Dr. Overzier must be a prophet honoured in his own country, and a "made man," for royal interest in Germany and Austria is of more value than scientific truth, to weather prophets.

It has been found in Austria that the use of closely-ruled paper, especially if ruled in squares, or with diagonal lines, is very injurious to the eyes of the pupils, who have hitherto been accustomed to use it rather extensively to facilitate writing and arithmetic lessons; and now the Minister of Public Instruction of that country has prohibited its use in all public schools.

Professor Langley, concerning whose experiments on the Alleghany Mountains in America, on the absorbing effect of our atmosphere on the sun's, something was said in a former number, has lately turned his attention

to the temperature of the moon's surface, and he has come to the conclusion that its real temperature is lower than that of melting ice.

As far as earthquakes are concerned, I think Japan must bear off the palm, although we now in the ordinary course of events receive a report of slight shocks from the south-east corner of our own territory (Gabo Island) at least twice a month. Professor Milne, in Japan, has traced an average of one earthquake a day at Nagasaki; while an official Government report gives an average of over one per week of sufficient intensity to do damage to life or property.

Another value of our despised eucalyptus trees has been discovered in America, namely, that the gum resin put into steam-boilers prevents incrustation. If this turns out practically true it will be of immense importance. It does seem curious that the valuable properties of this plant, indigenous to Australia, should have to be discovered in other countries. True, Mr. Bosisto has developed a market for the essential oils of several of the species, and I hear the demand far outstrips the supply; but it has been left to other countries to test its value for *de-miasmizing* (if one may venture on such a term) unhealthy swamps and damp places. It is remarkable how rapidly the eucalypt disappears from the gardens and grounds of our suburban villas and mansions, and gets replaced by the everlasting and monotonous *Pinus insignis*, and the question arises, is not this a mistake? If the eucalypt is as sanitary an institution as Americans, Italians, Germans, and Frenchmen tell us, why banish it so entirely from the immediate vicinity of the spot on which we live? Although many of our common species scarcely come within the category of ornamental trees, others certainly do, especially a number of the Queensland and Western Australia varieties, as can be readily seen by a saunter through our beautiful Botanical Gardens in summer months.

ART.

MELBOURNE.

By E. A. C.

Several studios have of late been thrown open to the public for the inspection of paintings intended to be forwarded home to the Indian and Colonial Exhibition. As was mentioned in our "notes" of last month, several of such works were for a time on view at the Exhibition Buildings. Mr. Mather had, however, but one finished at the time, and recently showed four additional finely-treated typical Australian scenes. They were "Mount St. Leonards, Healesville;" "Evening," showing Mount Juliet in the glow of a rosy sunset, whose gleams fell on it and some of

the surrounding foliage with an exquisite effect; "Myrtle Creek, Fernshaw," in which bush-scenery was faithfully depicted, and the artist, as usual, very happy in his study of the noble gum-trees to be found in that district; and a "View on the Upper Yarra," cool in tone and altogether very nicely treated. Mr. Mather has put into these paintings the best work we have seen from him, and English critics will doubtless not be backward in awarding them due merit.

Mr. Tom Roberts also issued invitations for the same purpose. His principal exhibit was a scene often witnessed on board our steamers on their way out from home. "Coming South" was graphically treated, and the grouping of the several figures true to nature.

"Mary" was the title of a portrait of a young Australian girl; the face was pleasing, as were also the delicate tones employed throughout. "A scene near the Hawthorn Bridge," and a view at "Darebin Creek," were both meritorious.

The full-length model of the figure of the late Sir Redmond Barry has just been completed by Mr. Percival Ball, to whom, as our readers are perhaps aware, it was entrusted after the lamented death of Mr. Gilbert, who had undertaken the work. The likeness to the deceased judge is extremely good. Sir Redmond is represented in the robes of the Chancellor of the University. The statue, which is to be cast in bronze, is ten feet in height.

At the last monthly meeting of the Victorian Academy of Arts, a report was received from the committee appointed to try and improve the welfare of that society. Some discussion ensued, but it was finally determined to postpone any consideration of it until the next meeting of the council. The annual exhibition of the Academy is to open on the 3rd of April, and paintings will be received for that purpose at the gallery on 20th March. So many of our artists have forwarded their best work to the approaching Colonial and Indian Exhibition, that we fear it will be difficult for the Academy to make any great show this year. Amongst those who have done so, we must not omit to mention Signor Rolando, who, like most lovers of nature, has apparently fallen in love with the exquisite scenery to be found in the Fernshaw district. "Morley's Track" is a favourite subject with artists, and the Signor has given it in all the exquisite hues of the sunset hour. Three views of the lovely Watts River cannot but fail to charm all who examine them, and a delightful bit of bush-scenery is a forest-clearing on the banks of a stream with men engaged working at a great log. The fresh, out-of-door feeling experienced on looking at these paintings is somewhat similar to that felt whilst gazing at works by Senhor Louriero, and doubtless arises from the same fact—that both artists feel and appreciate Nature in all her varied moods.

A very interesting oil-painting has just been completed by Dr. Glanville, one of the late Sir Peter Scratchley's suite. The late High Commissioner is shown passing through a thick jungle. The guide is a chief named Kulu Garia, and is directing them on the road to Kailo. Decorations of shell-necklace and plume of snowy feathers tell the rank he holds. Sir Peter is accompanied by the Rev. J. Chalmers, of the London Mission, and by Dr. Glanville, and following them are Komate (the native servant of the missionary) and some thirty to forty villagers bearing weapons and walking in Indian file. The wonderful vegetation of New Guinea is admirably portrayed, tall cocoa-nuts, the graceful sago-palm, fig-trees, bread-fruit, and drooping willows being depicted in all their wild and rich luxuriance, whilst orchids, foliage-plants, ferns, and mosses make an undergrowth of strange tropical beauty. Dr. Glanville asserts that it is a perfectly accurate view of New Guinea scenery. A very good

likeness of the late High Commissioner has been recently on view at the studio of Messrs. Harrison and Co., Eastern Arcade, Bourke Street East, previous to being placed in our National Gallery. By those who best knew General Scratchley it is said to be a most faithful representation, and the execution and colouring are decidedly good. Some enlarged opal photographs may be obtained of the deceased officer, taken by the same firm from some ordinary ones. Both the portrait and the work by Dr. Glanville have excited a good deal of attention.

Mr. A. Fletcher, of Collins Street East, has lately received from Dusseldorf several paintings by the late L. Blanc of that city, all of which are characterised by refinement of manner and great delicacy of finish, and with so much in common of the work of some of the best modern English masters that we have no doubt of their being acceptable to our Melbourne *connoisseurs*. They are eight in number. "Schneewittchen," from Grimms' fairy tales, showing a pretty, graceful girl lying asleep on a couch in a cave, surrounded by wondering gnomes holding lamps in their hands. "Bottom and Titania" is very quaint and simple in design, the figure of the former, with the ass' head, in particular, being noticeable for fine treatment. That of "Penelope" must attract immediate attention, the grand, stately figure at once challenging the gaze of the visitor. Besides these works are five heads, that of a Greek girl being exquisitely finished. Mr. H. J. Johnstone has also forwarded to Mr. Fletcher a few very charming Australian landscapes. They are but small ones, but those conversant with his former works will be glad to notice much greater freedom and simplicity of style in these later efforts—Mr. Johnstone, in fact, has grasped the higher meanings of his art, and in the sense of colour, feeling of refinement and sympathy with nature, shows that he is no longer content with the lifeless and somewhat harsh outline to be remarked in some of his earlier paintings.

Some very interesting works have been just consigned to Mr. Henry Steinhauer Gibbs, and are at present on view at that gentleman's art gallery, Excelsior Chambers, 13 Elizabeth Street South. Mr. Horace Van Ruith is an artist whose paintings are now exhibited, we believe, for the first time in Melbourne. Indian subjects appear to be a speciality with him, and it is evident that he is completely at home in their delineation, for the most cursory glance at the four works about to be noticed is sufficient to make the observer feel certain that Mr. Van Ruith's knowledge of Bombay life is one of long standing.

The principal picture represents a scene in a coffee-shop in Bombay, and shows four figures, each natural in position and full of life. On the left sits a hawker, evidently just entered for a cup of his favourite beverage while he rests from his avocation of selling vegetables, a basket of the latter standing at his feet and a stick for carrying them lying between his knees as he sits cross-legged drinking his coffee. The red fez style of cap suits his dark, swarthy features admirably, and

the drawing of the whole is splendid. Beside him stands the owner, apparently, of the shop, a tall wiry-looking man, with profile turned to the gazer, dressed in a short jacket of grey, silky material, white trousers, and red cap, and pouring out something for another customer, evidently in a much higher rank of life than the hawker, and seemingly a merchant of standing in the community. The features of the latter are handsome and intelligent, and a thick, dark beard adds to the pleasing appearance. The hands are finely treated, and the jewelled one holding the cup is amongst the best features in this portion of the work. His dress of silken material of dull red, with sash around the waist, and graceful white turban, seems to indicate his better position in society. Close to him, as though listening to his conversation, sits an Arab in brown flowing burnous and slippers, smoking a hookah. Mr. Van Ruith has shown some grand colouring in this painting, which is one that grows upon the visitor, and repays frequent and careful examination. The various expressions are, as we have already said, full of life, and the whole work is instinct with vitality, whilst at the same time the artist never loses sight of the indolent, lounging manner belonging to those whom he so graphically puts on canvas. The size of this fine work is four feet three inches by three feet.

"Parsee Children at School" is a perfect gem of its kind. The bright, intelligent faces are charmingly portrayed, and the grouping most artistically carried out. Four figures are to be seen. An elder girl, with attractive features, olive complexion, and long black hair, sits with Oriental lazy grace upon a box, holding a half-closed book in one hand, whilst the other plays with a crimson rose lying in her lap; her dark eyes follow the movements of two children near her, one of whom bends intently over a sum she is working, the second watching its progress with almost as earnest a glance. A boy in a blue dress stands behind the elder girl as though vainly endeavouring to obtain a glimpse of the contents of the volume she holds. The expression of this child's face is a piece of finely executed work. Great delicacy of touch is to be noticed in this picture, and the different fabrics, and rich soft colouring, all speak of a master's hand. The dress of the elder girl (who seems as though in charge of the rest) is very effective; the short silken jacket with lace sleeves, and loose full trousers of some fine material, silver arm-ornaments, and handsome fez, all harmonising well with her dark beauty, and telling that the wearer, as well as her associates, are children of parents comfortably off in the world.

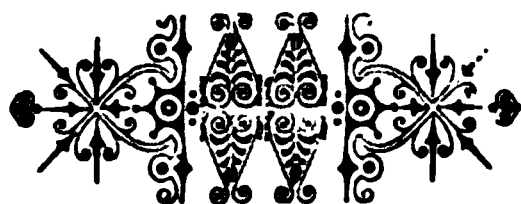
The third exhibit is a landscape, "Sunset on the Bombay Coast." This work is powerfully treated, and gives a view of what is

known as "Reclamation Bay," on account of the attempt made some years ago to reclaim a portion of the land from the sea; the endeavour was, however, unsuccessful, and resulted in heavy loss to the shareholders. The gorgeous hues of purple, blue, and golden-orange, are magnificently treated, and the gazer, remembering our Australian sunsets, can readily acquiesce in the probable accuracy of the scene. A narrow point of land runs out into the sea, and at its termination may be remarked two small houses, or rather huts, from the roof of one of which flies a red flag, probably some kind of signal; close in shore are some natives drawing in their nets, and another paddling about in a small boat. Beyond are some rising ground and a few palm trees. In colouring, atmospheric effects, and perspective, this painting of Mr. Van Ruith's takes a high rank amongst works of art.

The last picture to be described is a very clever figure study, showing a sentry on duty. The artist is evidently fond of such a subject; all the minute details are carefully wrought out, and the same correct drawing is to be noticed as in his larger exhibits. The man, who wears a white and red dress, with tightly-rolled turban of the last named colour, stands, tulwar in hand, in an erect position, with his large circular wooden shield lying at his slippered feet. It is a spirited and effective bit of work from the hand of a true artist. A similar figure may be frequently seen in Bengal, known there as a "Police-Peon," in charge of either the collector's private residence or his Cutcherry (native court). Probably "A Kattiawar Sentry" is performing the same duty at Bombay.

It is not likely that Mr. Van Ruith will forward any more of his paintings to Melbourne for some time to come, as he is at present busily engaged upon numerous works intended for the coming Indian and Colonial Exhibition, as well as several other pictures ordered by his many admirers, and therefore the artistic portion (a small one, we regret to say) of our great city would do well to examine these fine exhibits, which, both for their own great merits and the unfamiliarity of their subjects, should have a decided claim upon the attention of Victorians. We would gladly express a hope that we may see at least one or two of them upon the walls of our National Gallery, but after the recent decision of the trustees in regard to the "Leader" and the "Millais," of what avail is it to wish to see those of Mr. Van Ruith hanging there?

Mr. H. S. Gibbs has a variety of very meritorious water-colour drawings and sketches in his gallery, of which we hope to give a fuller account in our "Art Notes" for April next.



L I T E R A T U R E .

By "Gleaner."

As an illustration of the enterprise and liberality of some publishers, it is worthy of being recorded that the publishers of the popular American periodical, *The Youths' Companion*, offer this year £1000 in prizes for stories.

Book Chat is the title of a new literary journal published in New York. It contains short notices of new books, extended criticisms, literary gossip, and pleasantly diversified reading matter.

Property worth half a million pounds sterling, and possibly more, has lately become available for the founding of a public library at Chicago.

Illustrations is the title of a threepenny monthly magazine, the first number of which was published in January. It is edited by Mr. F. G. Heath.

Messrs. Cassell and Co. issued in January the ninth divisional volume of "The Encyclopædic Dictionary."

Mr. W. W. Astor's novel, "Valentine," recently published, has been so favourably received that it is already in its third edition.

Messrs. Macmillan and Co. have issued a new edition in one volume of the popular work entitled "Marius, the Epicurean," by Mr. Walter Pater. As our readers probably know, the book has attracted much attention.

The correspondence of George Sand has been published by Messrs. Ward and Downey, of London. The work extends to three volumes, and has, in addition to the letters, a biography of the famous French novelist by M. Ledos de Beaufort.

The popular novel, "Called Back," has been translated into Spanish, and is to be published by Messrs. Appleton, of New York, under the title of "Mysterio."

Mr. Tiedal, United States Diplomatic Agent to the Congo Free State, is preparing a work on the Congo, which will, it is said, make some startling revelations about the true state of affairs there.

Messrs. Longmans, of London, are about to publish a series of small volumes, entitled, "Historic Towns." The volumes will be edited by Mr. E. A. Freeman and the Rev. William Hunt.

During the restoration of the ancient wooden church at Hopperstad, in Norway, a book has been discovered which is supposed to have been written in the thirteenth century, and parts of it even at an earlier date. This curious volume consists of six leaves, made of beechwood, covered with wax, on which pencil drawings have been made.

The first volume of the posthumous work of Victor Hugo, the publication of which has been delayed owing to various causes, was expected to be ready last month.

The first number of the *Historical Review* was announced to be issued on 15th January.

Among other articles there is one by Mr. E. A. Freeman on "The Tyrants of Britain, Gaul, and Spain, 406-411," and an essay by Professor J. Gairdner on "The Death of Amy Robsart."

A new novel by Mr. Henry Harland, the author of "As It Was Written," is announced to appear in a syndicate of newspapers. It will be entitled "Mrs. Peixada."

Messrs. Dodd, Meed, and Co., of New York, announce a novel by Miss Mary A. Roe, a sister of the popular writer, Rev. E. P. Roe.

"Bricks from Babel" is the title of an instructive volume by Mrs. J. M'Nair Wright. The writer gives a racy and popular account of the early migrations and colonisation of men as indicated in the records of Genesis, and confirmed by numerous and recent discoveries.

Messrs. James Nisbet and Co. have just published "Daisy Chains," by the author of the still popular work, "The Wide, Wide World."

"When I was a Child" is the title of a handsome little volume by Mr. E. W. Shurtleff, a young American poet. It is a delightful little book, containing reminiscences of childhood, and is well illustrated. The publishers are Messrs. D. Lothrop and Co., Boston.

A remarkable volume, entitled, "My Religion," has recently been published in England and America. The author, Count Leo Tolstoi, is a Russian noble, and his work is an exposition of the Christian life in relation to its social aspects and duties, apart from theological teaching and human systems of ecclesiastical government.

A very interesting volume has been recently published by Messrs. Fords, Howard, and Hulbert, of New York. The title is "The Women Friends of Jesus," and the volume contains twelve lectures on the lives and characters of the holy and devoted women of Gospel history, by the Rev. Dr. H. C. M'Cook, pastor of the Tabernacle Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia. The volume is one of great interest. This is proved by the fact that the lectures were delivered three times in Philadelphia to large audiences, and by the frequent and urgent requests made for their publication in permanent form.

Messrs. Funk and Wagnalls, of New York and London, have just published a volume containing forty-eight discourses by a well-known and able minister, Dr. Deams, pastor of "The Church of the Strangers," New York. The sermons deal specially with the great ethical aspects of Christianity, illustrating the practical duties of Christians.

The demand for Lord Tennyson's new volume, "Tiresias, and Other Poems," has been very great at the publishers'. In addition

to the poem which gives a name to the volume there are twenty-five other poems, a few of which have been previously printed. Among the collection the principal are those entitled "The Wreck," "Despair," "The Ancient Sage," "The Flight," "To-morrow," and a new "Idyl of the King," entitled, "Balin and Balan." All are marked with the gifted writer's old power, and abound in passages of great beauty. The poem, "The Spinster's Sweet-Arts," is full of humour. It is written in the dialect of the Eastern counties of England, and is equal any way to the "Northern Farmer." Some of the short poems are very beautiful, and that entitled "Early Spring" may be named as specially excellent. The lovers of good poetry will be grateful to Lord Tennyson for the rich feast provided for them in this volume.

The popular story, "The Chronicles of the Schonberg-Cotta Family," by the well-known Mrs. Charles, which was published some years ago by Messrs. Nelson and Sons, has been translated by the Religious Tract Society into Arabic. It is designed for circulation among the increasing number of Christians and others under instruction in the various mission schools of Beyrout and other places.

Some time ago we referred in our notes to the publication of a volume entitled, "Our Deathless Hope," by the Rev. John Pulsford, of Edinburgh. We have just received a copy of the book, and have great pleasure in bringing it under the notice of all who prize rich thoughts and weighty and pregnant utterances. The volume of about three hundred pages contains twenty-five of Mr. Pulsford's wonderfully suggestive discourses, which are introduced by a brief, characteristic preface, in which the venerable preacher says, "What is here given was first received. It belongs not to the writer; it belongs to us all. Make it your own, my readers; and if you have both the ability and opportunity, give it forth to others, new-born, through the spirit and life of your love, and sparkling with your own genius." The book may be considered not strictly orthodox, but if young preachers will purchase, read, and meditate upon it, they will derive great benefit from its perusal. The price of the volume is 5s.

Two volumes have just been published in New York, entitled, "William Lloyd Garrison: the Story of his Life told by his Children." The two volumes cover, besides his early history, only a small part of Mr. Garrison's active and useful life, though perhaps the most eventful. The period embraced is from 1828 to 1840. The volumes are very handsomely got up, contain twenty-eight full-page illustrations, and are enriched with numerous notes. The work has been generally fully and approvingly noticed in the American and English journals. Future volumes will continue the history from 1840 to the death of Mr. Garrison.

American reviewers are not satisfied with the portrait of an American young lady given by Mr. William Black in his recently-published novel, "White Heather." The reviewer of the novel in the Boston *Literary World* writes thus:—"In the interests of

truth we are bound to state that we do not believe that in all the United States and Territories, from lowermost Pensacola to westernmost Alaska, a young woman could be found who is at all like Miss Caroline Hodson. She is purely the product of Mr. Black's creative brain. . . . We should be glad to set on foot a subscription to pay somebody's expenses to cross the water and set Mr. Black right on these points."

It may be of use to our readers engaged as teachers in Sunday schools to state that the American Presbyterian Board has just published a volume of sermons on the "International Sunday School Lessons for 1886." The volume contains forty-eight short discourses, and among the preachers we find the names of a number of the most prominent Presbyterian ministers in the United States, including Drs. John Hall, Herrick Johnston, Howard Crosby, and Theodore Cuyler. The volume is not on sale, so far as we know, in Melbourne, but can easily be obtained through any of our booksellers.

Among new theological works recently published there are a few of considerable importance which may be named as worthy of the attention of clergymen of all denominations. We name first "The Idea of God as affected by Modern Knowledge," by Professor John Fiske. The contents of the volume originally appeared last year in the form of articles in the *Atlantic Monthly*. "Beyond the Grave," a volume of great interest by Dr. Hermann Cramer. "The Blood Covenant: a Primitive Rite and its Bearings on Scripture," by Dr. H. C. Trumbull. This volume has been very favourably reviewed in English and American journals. To the above may be added the third volume of Dr. Joseph Parker's "People's Bible," which contains a series of expository discourses on the books of Leviticus and Numbers.

Among new works of interest recently published, a front-rank place must be given to "John Bunyan: His Life, Times, and Work," by the Rev. John Brown, B.A., Minister of the Church at Bunyan Meeting, Bedford. Mr. Brown has devoted many years in collecting material for his work, searching through historical manuscripts, old libraries, State papers, and municipal archives and registers, and the result of long and unwearied labour is a large and valuable volume, which, as an able English reviewer remarks, "will serve the double purpose of a permanent work of reference and a thrilling narrative for continuous perusal." The work is somewhat costly, but we hope a large sale will soon warrant the issue of a second and cheaper edition.

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton have just published a remarkably interesting volume, entitled, "Golden Legends of the Olden Time," by the well-known veteran Congregational minister, Dr. John Stoughton. The volume is divided into nineteen chapters, and places before the reader many legends and stories of the heroines and heroes of the early Christian age, including legends of the Virgin Mary, the Twelve Apostles, the Martyrs, and many other most interesting subjects. The same

publishers have just issued "Songs of Earth and Heaven," a volume of sonnets, hymns, and metrical musings, by the well-known and popular Rev. Newman Hall. Both volumes are on sale by Mr. A. J. Smith, Swanston Street, and will form a valuable addition to any family library.

Mr. M. L. Hutchinson, Collins Street, has on sale a new work by the Australian lady so well and widely known under the *nom de plume* of Maude Jeanne Franc. The volume is entitled, "The Master of Ralston." It is an interesting story, equal in every respect to any of the numerous previous volumes from the pen of the gifted lady who, for a quarter of a century, has delighted many a family circle with her pleasant and instructive stories. We may add that her old London publishers, Messrs. Sampson, Low and Co., have sent forth this new volume uniform in size and binding with all its predecessors. We commend the book most heartily to our readers.

The London Religious Tract Society has just published the first volume of a new series of "Present Day Tracts." The book, which is uniform in every respect with the six volumes of the first series, contains treatises or essays on the following important subjects:—"The Christ of the Gospels," by Dr. Henry Meyer; "Ferdinand Christian Baur, and his Theory of the Origin of Christianity," by Dr. A. B. Bruce; "Man, Physiologically Considered," by Alexander Macalister, M.A., Professor of Anatomy in the University of Cambridge; "Utilitarianism: an Illogical and Irreligious Theory of Morals," by the Rev. J. R. Thomson, M.A.; "Historical Illustrations of the New Testament Scriptures," by the Rev. G. F. Maclear, D.D.; and "Points of Contact between Revelation and Natural Science," by Sir J. W. Dawson, LL.D. The importance of the subjects cannot well be over-estimated, and the writers are all fully qualified to deal with their themes. The volume is published at 2s. 6d., and is on sale by Mr. A. J. Smith.

The Expositor commences the first number of the year, and of a new volume, with an excellent article by Professor B. F. Westcott, D.D. The title is "Christus Consummator: Lessons from the Epistle to the Hebrews." In this article, which is apparently the first of a series, the learned and able writer notices at length, and in a profoundly interesting manner, "The Trials of a New Age." In the second article, Professor A. Harnack, D.D., reviews Bishop Lightfoot's work on the Ignatian Epistles, discussing specially their "Genuineness and Date." Dr. S. R. Driver contributes a very important paper on "The Cosmogony of Genesis." This article is worthy of careful study. Under the title of "The Bane and the Antidote," the Rev. Dr. Alexander Maclaren continues his series of expositions on the Epistle to the Colossians. The portion of the Epistle noticed in the present article is chap. ii., 8-10 verses. Professor Franz Delitzsch, D.D., is the writer of a fine paper on "The Bible and Wine;" and Sir J. W. Dawson contributes a very striking paper on "The Probable Physical Causes of the Destruction of the Cities of the Plain." The

number closes with an interesting account, by Rev. Professor G. T. Stokes, M.A., of "The Discovery of a New Bible Manuscript."

In the January number of *The Monthly Interpreter* the articles are not very numerous, but they are of great excellence and value, all on themes important, instructive, and of abiding interest. Under the title of "The Difficulties of Scripture," we have the first of a series of articles by the Rev. W. J. Deane, M.A. The paper is well written, and evidently the result of patient and careful research and study. The Rev. Prebendary E. Huxtable, M.A., contributes a second article on "The Brethren of our Lord." Canon Rawlinson continues his series of articles on Biblical Topography, communicating much interesting information in his present contribution on Elam, its chief city, and its chief river. "A Study of St. Paul's Doctrine of the Church" is the title of the first of a series of articles by the Rev. G. G. Findlay, B.A. The writer notices at some length the relation in which St. Paul places the Church to Christ Himself, and he offers many very beautiful and impressive remarks on various texts in Paul's Epistles. The article gives promise of a most interesting series. The number closes with a fine exposition of Psalm viii., by Professor John Forbes, D.D. The two theological monthlies, the *Expositor* and *Interpreter* should have a place on the study-table of every Christian minister.

The January number of *Longman's Magazine* has much that will please and gratify a large circle of readers. Mr. Walter Besant's new novel, "Children of Gideon," gives promise even at the outset of being an interesting story. The contribution of Mr. Andrew Lang, entitled "At the Sign of the Ship," is the first of a series. The writer criticises men and books; some of his remarks are rather severe, but there is also much that is amusing. Mr. Richard A. Proctor supplies a very instructive article on "Suns and Meteors;" and Mr. Charles Hervey is the writer of a paper, entitled, "How Actors Fared in the Reign of Terror." There are other papers on topics of considerable interest, two complete stories, and a poetical contribution, "Sea-Spells," by Mr. D. R. Robertson.

Macmillan's Magazine for January is a good number. The biographical sketches of General Grant and George Borrow are attractive, and Mr. Arthur Tilley's paper on "The Poetic Imagination" is a bit of pleasant reading. "The King's Daughter in Danger" is the title of a long article on the question of Disestablishment. The story, entitled, "A Strange Temptation," is singular and exciting.

Nearly all the articles in the January number of *The Contemporary Review* are on subjects of present-day interest and importance. The Bishop of Peterborough discusses at length, and with great clearness and force, the subject of "Oaths: Parliamentary and Judicial," and his remarks may be commended to the attention of all who are perplexed in mind on the subject. Mr. F. Peek contributes an excellent paper on "The Salvationists," in which he gives information respecting the origination and present strength of the

"Army," refers to the work it is doing, and closes thus: "Its mission seems to be to force upon a selfish generation the vital truth that real Christianity is incarnate unselfishness, idealised and embodied in Christ, the author and finisher of the faith: when this is accomplished and the older churches have become thoroughly inspired with the enthusiasm of unselfish love, its mission, too, will have been fulfilled." Two articles on "Self-Government in the Church" and "Church Reform," will be found worthy of careful study. The writers are thoroughly conversant with their subjects. "Life, Art, and Nature in Bruges" and "The Little Prophets of the Cevennes" are the titles of two very admirable papers, and scholars will find a delightful and instructive half hour's reading in Julia Wedgwood's fine paper on "Archylus and Shakspeare." The remaining articles on "The Burmese Question," "Recent Events in South Africa," and "The Home Rule Question," will be of interest to many readers. Mr. H. D. Traill's "Parnell and Gratton" should be read by all who are interested in the present and future of Ireland. The reviews of books in the present issue are both numerous and valuable.

The reader must be very difficult to please who does not find in the January number of *The Nineteenth Century* very much to gratify his literary appetite. In a brief note we can do little more than name the varied topics discussed. The place of honour is given to an article entitled "Proem to Genesis: A Plea for a Fair Trial," in which the writer, the Right Honourable W. E. Gladstone, replies at great length to an article in the previous number by Professor Huxley, and notices also the remarks on the same subject by Professor Max Müller. It is a very able and profoundly interesting article. The last paper in the number is written by Dr. Reville, and is a reply to Mr. Gladstone's "Dawn of Creation." Mr. Andrew Lang contributes an instructive paper on "Myths and Mythologists," in which he discusses Professor Müller's views as set forth in an article in the December number. Literary men will find much in the article on "Thomas Middleton," to interest them. The writer, Mr. A. C. Swinburne, notices and criticises the principal works of Middleton, and in closing describes his subject as "a man worthy to hold his own beside all but the greatest of his age, and that age was the age of Shakspeare." Mr. Frederic Harrison contributes an article entitled, "A Pedantic Nuisance." His strictures are severe, but just, and the article is worthy of study. The political and several other articles which we cannot specially notice are well written, the subjects discussed important, and the information imparted varied and useful. We may name as present day topics, Sir Henry Thring on "The Fallacy of Imperial Federation," and Dr. Jessopp's article, "The Little Ones and the Land."

The January number of *The National Review* contains several articles of very considerable interest, but nearly all are of a political character. Strictly speaking, the only exception is Mr. Arthur Symon's biographical sketch of "Frederi Mistral," the leader of the Provencal movement known as

the Felibrige—a movement which, during the last thirty years, has restored to Provence a language and a literature. Mr. Symon notices at some length the writings of Mistral, especially his poem named "Mireio." The article will be valued chiefly by literary men. Mr. W. J. Courthope replies in an article, entitled, "Poetry and Politics," to some strictures by Mr. Lang, in *Macmillan's Magazine*, on Mr. Courthope's volume on "The Liberal Movement in English Literature." Without taking either side in the controversy, we may say the reply is well written, and is worth reading. There are other articles which will interest many readers on account of the information they convey. Among these may be specially named, "Persia as an Ally," "The Turkish Army," and "An American View of the Land Problem." The article, entitled, "My Election Experiences," by Lady John Manners, is good, and worth reading. Four additional chapters are given of the story by Mr. W. H. Mallock, "The Old Order Changes."

The *North American Review* commences this year with a number containing a great variety of excellent articles specially on subjects interesting to American readers. "The Shiloh Campaign," by General G. T. Beauregard, gives a full account of the writer's own work at the period of the civil war, to which he refers. The article is unfinished. Under the heading "Canadian Prospects and Politics," several well-known friends of Canada give their opinion respecting the present and the future position of the country. "Landlordism in America," is the subject of a striking article, crowded with information. The writer, Mr. T. P. Gill, M.P., was appointed to personally investigate the present condition of landlordism in several of the States and the article is his report. The widely-known Mr. Andrew Carnegie contributes a brief paper on "Democracy in England." The writer deals specially with the question what will England become under the rule of a democracy in which no barriers exist between the popular will and its prompt execution. "Work of the Church in America," is the subject of a short but very interesting article by Archdeacon F. W. Farrar. The writer states that he means the term Church to apply to any and every religious community. The short paper is worthy of study. We can only name as deserving commendation Mr. W. W. Astor's article on "Lucretia Borgia," and the "Notes and Comments" by various writers.

The January number of the *Andover Review* is first of a new volume, and is every way worthy of high commendation. In our brief notes we can only name the most important articles. Professor Ladd contributes a long and very able article on "Education, New and Old," in which he continues the discussion opened by Professor Palmer in a previous number. "Revelation as a Factor in Evolution" is the topic discussed in a profoundly interesting paper by the Rev. F. H. Johnson. Theologians will probably consider Professor L. F. Stearn's article the most important, valuable, and instructive in the number. The

title is "Data of the Doctrine of the Atonement," and the learned and able writer states that "its object is to furnish some aids to reflection touching the fundamental conceptions involved in the doctrine of the Atonement." The article is rich in thought, clear and full in its utterances, and cannot fail to instruct the thoughtful reader. There are other excellent and instructive papers by Professors Asa Gray, and Churchill, on "Louis Agassiz" and "Church Architecture," and under the heading "Editorial" three valuable articles on "The Enlargement of the Function of the Local Church," "The Pope's Encyclical," and "Criticism and Comment." The reviews and notices of books are numerous, and will gratify literary men generally, and be found of special value by theological students. The *Andover Review* is published monthly.

A large portion of the January number of the *Atlantic Monthly* is devoted to fiction. In addition to large instalments of the serial stories, "The Princess Casamassima" and "A Country Gentleman," there are two chapters of a new novel by Miss Murfree, entitled, "In the Clouds," and a long complete story, "Two Bites into a Cherry," by the well-known and popular writer, Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrick. Among many interesting papers there is one deserving special notice, by Professor John Fiske, on "The Political Consequences in England of Cornwallis' Surrender at Yorktown." Two recent works are reviewed fully, namely, "William Lloyd Garrison" and "The Poets of America," by Mr. E. C. Stedman. These reviews are thoroughly interesting. Dr. O. W. Holmes contributes a fine article in his "New Portfolio," under the title of "A Cry from the Study." The poetical contributions are by well-known writers, including Miss Edith M. Thomas, the late Mrs. Helen Jackson, and Miss J. K. Wetherill. All the other departments of the magazine contain a large amount of instructive reading, and the notices of many new books, though brief, are satisfactory, judicious, and trustworthy. The January number commences the fifty-seventh volume.

In the January number of the *Century Magazine* the initial article is the second and concluding part of the descriptive paper, commenced in the previous issue, on "The City of the Teheran." While the letterpress is interesting, the numerous beautiful illustrations deserve high commendation. "The Lesson of Greek Art" is the subject of an able and delightful paper by Mr. Charles Waldstein. Politicians will find much information in Mr. W. J. Linton's long article on "Some European Republicans," in which he notices some of the most important incidents in the lives of such men as Lamennais, Mazzini, Worcell, and Herzen. The article is illustrated with fine portraits. A short paper by Mr. Edward Hungerford, on "Spiritual

Preaching for Our Times," is worthy of special mention. There are many other articles of considerable interest to which in our brief note we cannot refer with but one exception, namely, that on "Verdi, the Composer," which we commend to the attention of the lovers of music; a portrait of this eminent man forms the frontispiece of the number. The usual serials are continued, and there is also a complete story entitled "Trouble on Lost Mountain," by Mr. Joel C. Harris. The poetical contributions by various writers are good, and in all the other departments of this great monthly there is a rich abundance of varied information and excellent reading, interesting, instructive, and amusing.

The January number of *Harper's Magazine* opens with a bit of most delightful reading, entitled "Winter in Devonshire." The lady writer, Lucy C. Lillie, gives a pleasant description of places and persons; many of her sketches are amusing. The illustrations, by well-known artists, are numerous and all good. Another fine descriptive article by S. G. W. Benjamin, gives much information respecting the "Domestic and Court Customs of Persia." This article is copiously and beautifully illustrated. The series of articles recently commenced, on "Great American Industries," is continued, the subject in this number is the oil industry, and under the quaint title of a "Lampful of Oil" a large amount of valuable and interesting information is given. The popular and widely-known writer, Mr. Archibald Forbes, contributes a fine paper entitled "Christmas-Tide with the Germans before Paris." As usual a large portion of the number is devoted to fiction. Instalments are given of Mr. Howell's novel "Indian Summer," and Miss C. F. Woolson's "East Angels;" and there are two capital complete stories entitled "Sis" and "Uric Edinburg's Drowndin." The poetical contributions are good, and all the usual departments of the magazine are instructive and amusing. A new department, named "The Study," is commenced, and is under the charge of Mr. W. D. Howells. Literary topics are discussed at length.

We have received from the Government Statist the "Victorian Year Book" for 1884-5, unfortunately too late for review in our present issue.

We have also to acknowledge receipt of the "Northern Territory Times Almanac and Directory for 1886," written and compiled by V. L. Solomon, Palmerston. This publication contains a large amount of information concerning the "Northern Territory," with an excellent pastoral map, and a well-executed plan of Palmerston. We recommend this publication to those of our readers who wish to acquaint themselves with this interesting portion of Australia.



CURRENT EVENTS.

By E. A. C.

"The Montefiore Memorial" which the Jewish citizens in Melbourne propose to erect, will take the form of a home for poor and aged persons of that persuasion. A more suitable remembrance of the noble philanthropist whose memory they wish to honour could hardly have been proposed, and the chairman, Mr. E. L. Zox, M.L.A., and Mr. E. Blaubaum, honorary secretary, have addressed a letter to the *Argus*, asking their Christian fellow-colonists to come forward and assist in the good work. As yet, the appeal does not appear to have been very successful, but for the honour of Melbourne it is to be hoped donations will be freely given to an institution bearing the name of one who, like our lost Christian hero, never turned away from the cry of the suffering and weary of any creed or nation. This want of generous open-handed sympathy is also to be remarked in connection with the Heytesbury Bush Fire Relief Fund; *individuals* are working earnestly in both cases, but the warmhearted, noble assistance for which Melbourne is proverbial, is now lacking, strange to say. Can it be possible that Melbourne society has become so fashionable that it must even imitate a habit of subscribing sums that may justly be called *mean*?

The exhibits for the Colonial and Indian Show are very numerous and varied, one of the most interesting being some life-size waxen figures, manufactured by Mr. Kreitmeyer, and arranged under the superintendence of Captain Page, secretary to the Society for Protection of Aborigines, and Mr. Le Souef, director of the Zoological Gardens. The group represents a man engaged in skinning an opossum and seated in a hut made with a framework of boughs and strips of bark, the inner sides of which are decorated with native designs. Near him is a woman lighting the fire in readiness for the evening meal, and a young girl lies at a little distance, idly watching the scene. Approaching the hut may be noticed a chief and his wife, the former cautiously reconnoitering before making their presence known. Both are dressed in opossum-skins, and the woman carries a baby and native-made basket, within which is a kangaroo-rat. The exhibit is at present on view at the Exhibition Buildings, prior to being forwarded to London. A photograph has been taken of the group by Mr. Lindt, to be sent home with it, so that any needed rearrangement necessary after the voyage can be easily effected.

We are glad to notice that a Convalescent Home for Women will be started at Oakleigh, under the direction of the lady who acted as matron to that of Lady M'Culloch, and who has most kindly offered to fill this responsible charge without payment. There are now small houses of this kind for both men and women in the suburbs of our great city, but what is still urgently wanted is a large one,

capable of containing many convalescents of both sexes; these small homes, good as they are, being but drops in the ocean, from the fact of their being only able to help such a limited number. Whilst these more fortunate persons are gaining the health they so much need through the benefits of rest, quiet, fresh air, and strengthening food, dozens—aye, hundreds would not be beyond the mark—are sinking into the grave for want of these very things, which are perfectly unattainable because the small convalescent homes are all filled for the time being, and the wealthy portion (or great part) of our Melbourne community is too selfish or too indifferent to the woes and needs of others to practise a little self-denial in the way of useless luxuries, and come forward *at once* with a sufficient sum to build a convalescent home of the size and requirements such as, thank God, are to be found in many parts of England.

A meeting was held on the 4th ultimo on the subject of "Vegetarianism." There was a moderate attendance, the Rev. Mr. Higgins presided, and Miss Fanny Samuel was one of the speakers. In the course of the various remarks, it was mentioned that there were a hundred vegetarians in Melbourne. The proofs adduced in favour of vegetarianism were well put, and there is no doubt but that far better health would be enjoyed by adults as well as by children were less meat eaten in the colony. "To live NOT according to the climate" seems the rule in too many households in Victoria. A good deal of interest was shown at the meeting, and it is to be hoped satisfactory results will ensue from it.

A large case of mid-season fruit from the gardens of the Royal Horticultural Society and the orchards of Mr. G. C. Cole, of Hawthorn, has been taken charge of by Mr. James Thomson, president of the Victorian display in the Indian and Colonial Exhibition.

The MS. diary of the late Mr. A. F. Mollison (one of our earliest colonists), bearing date of 1837, and describing his journey from Uriara, on the Murrumbidgee, to Port Phillip, has been presented to the Public Library by his sister, Miss Mollison, of Daracombe, Kew.

About forty members attended the annual meeting of the Victorian Engineers' Association, held on the 3rd ultimo. Mr. R. H. Shakespeare, president, was in the chair. The number of members was stated to be 124, twenty-two having joined during the past year. An offer from Messrs. Haase, Duffus, and Co., to issue a journal every month in the interests of the Association, was accepted. Professor Kernot was elected as president for 1886. The Chairman expressed his hope that means would be adopted to hold annual inspections by their Association of any remarkable engineering works that might be in progress throughout Victoria.

THE GERM THEORY.

Probably no discovery in the history of discovery has been fraught with more beneficial result than that which is popularly known as the germ theory. Kirchner, Schwann, Hemholtz, Koch, Pasteur, Budd, Huxley, Lister, Sanderson, Carpenter, Tyndall, and Bastian have shown us that in the midst of life, indeed, we are in death. The air we breathe, the water we drink, teems with minute organisms termed bacteria—active agents in the work of putrefaction. Huxley, in his discourse upon “Dust and Disease,” proved the organic origin of the motes floating in London air, which are revealed by their reflecting and scattering the light of a beam of sunshine or electric light. When these motes are burnt or intercepted, darkness is produced in the beam, the air being then rendered optically pure. Germs, then, are never absent from the conditions of our lives, unless under the application of heat, or, in a minor degree, of filtration. It is obvious, therefore, that it should be our care to keep the air we breathe and the water we drink as free as possible from the contamination of life germs, whose putrescent action is the cause of disease. To do this, it is incumbent upon us to keep our dwellings and surroundings free from those influences in which arise the germs of disease. This, however, is at all times difficult to accomplish; and it is a curious circumstance, not as yet explained by scientific investigation, that disease is by no means the scourge only of those who live amidst surroundings of filth and squalor. On the contrary, it is often found that epidemics are most severe in their action among the well-to-do and refined classes of society. The Jews of the Ghetto, and the denizens of St. Giles, were not those who suffered most severely during the periodical epidemics of cholera within the past eighty years. Observing this, it is impossible to escape the conclusion that the rude force of constitution which enabled those people to resist the influence of disease arose in their comparative purity of blood. Hard fare and hard work are the natural conditions under which sound health is secured, and the physiologic conclusion is that the germ basis of disease is comparatively harmless in its action upon those whose physical functions and bodily system are sound and healthy. This acknowledged, we are compelled to the conclusion that the first and most important factor in any system of resistance to disease resides in securing purity of blood. That attained, all the organs of the body become healthy, and diseases which strike down the weak and feeble are powerless to harm those who have restored to themselves the conditions of a natural existence.

How to accomplish this end is, then, an all-important question. But it is readily answered. Science, while alert to trace the origin of disease, is no less ceaseless in her efforts to discover preventives and curatives. And

just as the skilful farmer, by the application of those phosphates which have been exhausted, restores to land weakened by incessant croppings, the elements which have been withdrawn from it, so the chemist supplies those restorative agents which give back to the human system the strength and force which have been wasted. This fact is beautifully illustrated in Warner's safe cure. In Europe and America there are many thousands now alive who owe this agreeable circumstance to the use of this specific, when attacked with Typhoid and analogous diseases. The direct influence of this renowned medicine is upon the blood, which is restored to its original purity, and purged from all poisonous and debilitating matter. Thus, in all conditions of malaria, typhoid, scarlet fever, as well as when the system is weakened by Bright's disease, ordinary kidney or urinary affections, disorders of the liver and so forth, a resort to Warner's safe cure is always attended with good results. This is because the blood is purified and fortified by the assimilation of such restorative agents as nature has beneficially provided. In view of the prevalence of Typhoid in these colonies at the present time, it is necessary to impress upon the public intelligence the brief facts we have referred to. To be armed against the germs of disease it is necessary to purify the blood; to do this it is only needful to do that which we have indicated, and attend to those ordinary hygienic and sanitary rules which suggest themselves to every thoughtful person.

A “MADMAN'S” LEGACY.

“Sire!” exclaimed a mechanic to Richelieu, Prime Minister of France, as he was entering his palace; “Sire, I have made a discovery which shall make rich and great the nation which shall develop it. Will you give me an audience?”

Richelieu finally ordered the “madman” imprisoned. Even in jail he did not desist from declaring his “delusion,” which attracted the attention of a British nobleman, who heard his story, and developed his discovery of steam power!

All great discoveries are at first derided.

Seven years ago a man, enriched by a business which covered the Continent, was suddenly stricken down. When his physicians said recovery was impossible, he used a new discovery, which had been opposed bitterly by the scientists. Nevertheless it cured him, and out of gratitude he consecrated part of his wealth to the spreading of its merits before the world. Such in brief is the history of Warner's safe cure, which has won the most deserved reputation ever accorded to any known compound, and which is, on its merits alone, winning the approval of the most conservative practitioners.

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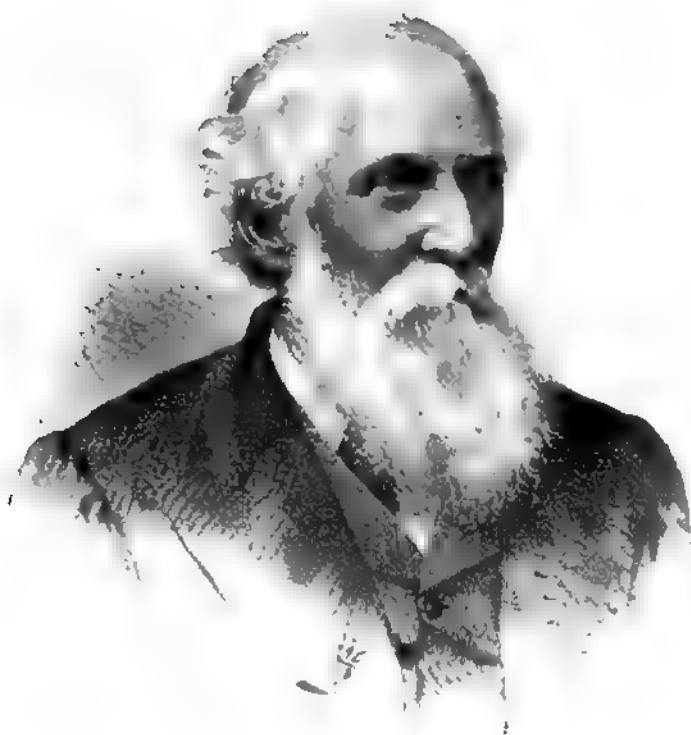
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SIR JOHN ROBERTSON KCM.G. M.L.C.
New South Wales.

ONCE A MONTH.

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No. XVI.

SIR JOHN ROBERTSON, K.C.M.G.

By T. B. C.

“A potent voice of Parliament.”
IN MEMORIAM.

With the victory at Waterloo, England closed a period of twenty years' war. The sudden return to peace, with the disbandment of naval and military forces, threw upon the rural districts and manufacturing centres an increased population they were ill able to bear. Distress increased on every side. The introduction of foreign corn was prohibited, and the price of wheat rose to famine rates. It is to the politician one of the most interesting periods in our century's history. The time called into activity a new class of agitators, who, demanding radical reform, became henceforth known as “Radicals.”

In the year 1816, when distress was approaching a climax in the rural districts and bread had become a luxury of life rather than a mere necessary, there resided in the little village of Bow, Essex, a man, his wife, and five young children bearing the name of Robertson. The struggle to live was keen, and there were quite as many mouths as the husband could well fill, though he was a hard-working, thrifty Scotchman, and his wife an Englishwoman, who made a worthy help-meet. Doubtless when a sixth child—a boy—

was added to their family, on the fifteenth day of October in the year mentioned, they did not regard him quite in the light of a God-sent gift, but rather as one more mouth to fill. However, he had “to be done by,” and so he received his share of what was going, and rapidly developed into a tough, sturdy youngster who, thoroughly understanding the difference between *meum et tuum*, generally contrived, after the manner of small boys, to translate it to the decided advantage of *meum*. Concerning the village of Bow, where the eyes of the infant Johnnie Robertson first saw the light, history is silent, but we may fairly infer that it was not altogether a terrestrial paradise from the fact that Robertson *père* determined, as the Americans say, “to quit,” and emigrate to Australia, which in those days was popularly supposed to be the uttermost part of the earth, situated in the neighbourhood of the South Pole.

The subject of our sketch was about four years of age when he landed in Australia, a healthy, ruddy-cheeked youngster, with any quantity of spirit and pluck. His father found, as Will Casselton puts it—

“It aint the funniest thing a man can do,
Existing in a country when it's new.”

The struggle for a time was keen, but eventually his Scotch perseverance and economy, allied to the determination and loving helpfulness of his English wife, made slaves of circumstance and conquered nature. They settled down on the Hunter River, and built for themselves a prosperous home. We have all heard of Scotchmen's respect for learning, and the deprivation and misery they will undergo to attain it. It was with this spirit young Robertson's father determined that his son should have the best education the land could afford. He gave him the school instruction of the day, based on the much-revered Rugby and Eton lines, so that when the lad left school he had a little Latin, less Greek, and a smattering of general literature. But he learned there what after all was of more importance than the declension of *mensa* or the conjugation of *sum*. He learnt the lesson of manliness and that old-fashioned principle of honour which makes a man stand by his friend. How could he, indeed, have failed to learn it under the rule of that big-hearted, earnest, if sometime blundering champion of all which he deemed to be good and true—Dr. Lang, at once priest, politician, and philanthropist. Say what men may, and now in his decline of energy and power men do not hesitate to launch their shafts at him, Sir John Robertson's life has always had within it a broad generous strain; he has been a true if sometimes a rough friend, he has never descended to the pettiness of the politics of a religious or commercial section, nor shamed his manhood by degrading his position to the acquirement of personal advantage. Many years after those school-days the "master" passed into the outer darkness, and at his grave stood, in the fulness of his honours, the man whose early life had been guided by that kindly hand now cold in death. To Sir John Robertson's honour be it said, he always speaks with pride of the old school, and reverences the memory of the domine who ruled its little world.

The early days of colonial life were filled with the spirit of adventure. It was the disease of the dawning life of colonisation, as in extending the area of population it afterward proved its

antidote, and young Robertson did not escape the contagion. However, not content with adventure in the land of his adoption, he at the age of sixteen went to sea—that is, became a sailor before the mast, a calling for which he had partly fitted himself by frequent boating and sailing exercises in Sydney harbour. What more natural than that an energetic, high-spirited lad should look over Sydney Heads and dream of the lands that lay beyond the sea girding his own little home? He shipped on board the "Sovereign," bound for Great Britain, then distant by the old sailing route a journey occupying many months of time, and duly arrived in England.

In connection with this trip to the home country we have an interesting story, not without a touch of pathos, and probably not without some influence on the life of—shall we call him so—"our hero." Among the "assigned" servants on the Robertsons' farm at the Hunter River was a gentlemanly young fellow who, making himself very useful, gained the goodwill and respect of his masters. When the sailor was about to depart on his voyage, the convict placed in his hands a letter, which, together with some packages, he asked him to deliver to his mother. This lady proved to be in a high social position, and was an intimate friend of Lord Palmerston, who, much to the sailor lad's astonishment, bade him call upon him, invited him to his country-seat, and grew so intimate that he, *mirabile dictu*, asked young Jack Robertson's opinion of the then Governor of New South Wales, which no doubt the Australian gave with customary frankness and no unnecessary mincing of words. He also met the unhappy mother of the convict servant, and told her all of the man's history he knew. It but required the return of the convict to his mother's arms and the marriage of young Jack to the daughter of a peer to have completed in thorough novelist's style this interesting and romantic little episode. However, we cannot dispose of human lives as the novelist arranges his puppets, and neither the convict returned nor the sailor wedded the maiden of high degree. Lord Palmerston offered

to assist his young friend, and, in fact, gave him a letter to the Governor of the colony, but Robertson sturdily refused to be patronised, and went back to his beloved mistress, the sea. He roamed about for a couple of years or so, visiting Brazil and other portions of South America, but eventually returned to New South Wales.

Having seen the world and to some extent satiated his desire for roaming, he determined to settle down and carve out his fortune in the new world. He was now twenty-one years of age, and as early marriages were in those days the rule, he took to himself a wife, joined his father and brothers in their station management, and once and for all resigned the sea for the forest. For years we lose sight almost entirely of him—years spent in the vigorous manly labour of the early settler, a quiet worker, building up the foundation of the colony with which his name was afterwards to become so closely associated. But the strong individuality of the man was sooner or later bound to make itself felt in the community, and from time to time we find his name cropping up in connection with local wants and reforms. The community grew apace, the free element increased numerically, and consequently in power. After a long, vigorous, and determined effort upon the part of the colonists, the country had ceased to be a convict *dépôt*. Sydney grew from a straggling seaport into a populous mercantile and shipping centre, and the time grew ripe for the assertion of political independence. The whole spirit of the community, its freedom of thought and liberty of action, fostered by the bracing, invigorating life of the settler and maker of new cities, rebelled against the semi-military despotism which in those days filled the place of government. The colonists demanded a Parliament, to which they should elect men of their own choice. Associated with the struggle for constitutional and representative government in the colony are the names of many of those who in the annals of the colony bear the title of great, but chief among the number is that of William Charles Wentworth, who for years fought in the battle of political freedom with a

brilliance of talent and earnestness of purpose which have won for him the reverence and the gratitude of New South Wales. The time had now come when John Robertson was to be lifted out of the domain of local affairs to the higher platform of Parliamentary representation. In 1856 Wentworth's maturing efforts were crowned with success, the colony was granted representative government, and in June of that year the first representative Legislative Assembly was called together. Mr. Robertson was then forty years of age, in the full vigour of manhood, and with a thorough experience of the agrarian wants of the colony. As might be expected, the general tenor of his life and training led him to regard as primary among all considerations the problem of successful settlement upon the lands. As to social and other legislation affecting the commercial and domestic life of the colony, Sir John Robertson has never, generally speaking, taken a distinguished or even prominent place. His creed from first to last has been that the success of a colony depends on placing the people upon its pastoral and agricultural lands. In 1856 this was indeed the question of questions, but to-day so diverse and complex has our life grown, so wonderfully have the limits of population widened out and the importance of the city and the town developed, that it is but one question among many. This fact Sir John Robertson has not wholly succeeded in grasping.

Mr. Robertson was among, if indeed not the very first to receive a requisition to represent a constituency in the first constitutional Parliament of New South Wales. He accepted the invitation, and pledged himself to manhood suffrage, vote by ballot, the division of electoral districts on a population basis, the abolition of state aid to religion, national education, and last, but far from being least, free selection over the public lands of the colony. He was elected, and he has seen in the thirty years of his political life each of these objects less or more absolutely attained.

Among the men who met in the Chamber on that first day of constitutional government were some whose

names have since, equally with that of Sir John Robertson, become familiar in our mouths as household words. These were Mr. W. B. Dalley, to-day the most polished orator in our midst; Mr. W. Macleay, in whom love of nature and her works has long since usurped the place of politics; Mr. (now Sir James) Martin, our gifted Chief Justice, who Mr. Froude thinks might well adorn the ranks of the English Bench; and that ill-fated genius, Daniel Henry Deniehy. What a knot of all that was best and brightest in the land! And to-day—ah, to-day!

Can those who have seen Sir John night after night, as, passing his fingers with a characteristic gesture through his long white locks, or pulling his grey beard, he has stood up and faced the House, imagine that scene of thirty years ago? The brusque, outspoken old man of to-day, with a quaint touch of that other "Jack" whom Shakspeare painted, is too familiar to their eyes to imagine him as he must have been in those past years. But even then no "scented popinjay" he, no babbler of "rose-water imbecilities," but a rough, sturdy settler, whose words, be they right or wrong, were weighty, virile, strong.

It was shortly after the assembling of the House that Mr. Robertson made his first speech. The debate had been a stormy one, and party feeling had been fully roused when he rose in his place to speak. Before he had been on his feet many minutes he committed some breach of Parliamentary etiquette, but though called to order he was not deterred. The conclusion of his speech was characteristic of the man, and so we quote it:—"If," said he, "in the course of my observations I have travelled out of the way of strict argument, and have infringed the rules of the House, I hope the House will excuse me; but when I saw hon. members on the other side get up and talk for two hours together and say nothing—gentlemen, too, accustomed to public speaking—and found that they were never interrupted, I do not think I had fair play. The old members were allowed to speak as long as they liked, but if a new member gets up he is met by some quirk or quibble

to put him down. However, I was determined not to leave the discussion entirely in their hands; and, although I do not intend to trouble the House often, I certainly shall assert my right to speak whatever I please."

Sir John has fully maintained that right, and certainly has never scrupled to speak "whatever" he pleased, and, not unfrequently, scarcely in the polished language of a Chesterfield.

In the brief limits of an article such as this, it would be impossible to give anything like a detailed record of the political career of this typical Australian statesman. A bare outline of his work, and some fair, impartial idea of the spirit of the man, is all we may dare hope to convey. To write his history in full would in some degree be to write the history of constitutional government in New South Wales. His history is as closely woven into the political life of his time as a strand into the woof of a fabric. Mr. Robertson's talents did not long remain unrecognised among his fellow-politicians. He became the acknowledged leader of the Land Laws Reform party, and in 1858 took office in Mr. (afterward Sir Charles) Cowper's second Ministry as administrator of the Lands and Works Departments, and remained so till 30th September in the following year. The great principle contended for by Mr. Robertson was "free selection before survey," and to the attainment of the recognition of that principle in the Statute-book of the colony he bent himself heart and soul.

Efforts at land legislation had been made both previous to and during his inclusion in the Cowper Ministry, but it was not until Mr. Cowper had retired from Parliament, and Mr. Robertson, being left at the head of his party in the Assembly, was called upon to form an Administration, that the time became ripe for the reform which has been associated with his name. He took office as Premier on 9th March, 1860, and his first business was the introduction of a Land Bill. The "Crown Lands Alienation Bill" was rejected, on a motion by Mr. Hay (now Sir John), by a small majority. Mr. Robertson, confident of the result, appealed to the people, and secured a

triumph that placed the sympathy of the colonists with the measure beyond all doubt. He and his Cabinet returned to office, reintroduced their bill, and passed it through the Assembly. But if Scylla had been escaped, the dangers of Charybdis yet remained. The Upper Chamber of that day represented the old autocratic party, in whose hands had for many years rested the fortune of the colony. They opposed the new and Radical measure tooth and nail. The author of the bill determined to, in person, guide the craft which was to bear new prosperity to his country. He resigned his seat in the Lower Chamber, was nominated to a seat in the autocratic Council, and, like some new Ulysses, faced the dangers which his reform-craft had to go through. To follow up the simile one would be pleased to think that after safely passing these dangerous rocks and whirlpools, the pleasant land where the "oxen of the sun," surpassing all in size and beauty, grazed in the midst of abundant pasturage, was reached. But truth will not permit this pleasing fancy. Looking back as we now do, we are forced to the conclusion that the result hoped for from this Act of Legislature has not been attained. The object of its author was to settle a yeomanry upon the land, to encourage and raise up a healthful, prosperous agricultural and grazing population; to prevent monopoly and encourage genuine enterprise. Even the most prejudiced upholders of Mr. Robertson's "Land Bill" of 1861 cannot admit that it has attained these results. But be that as it may, no man will gainsay the intention of its author. He may have failed in the means he took—though Sir John Robertson will not for a moment admit such a failure—but that his intention was that of one who sought only the good of his country no man can doubt. As Dick Deadeye says in "Pinafore," "he means well, but he don't know." Mr. Robertson meant well by his Act of 1861, but unfortunately he did not know that it would become a means of offence in the hands of the monopolist rather than of defence in those of the genuine settler and selector.

Sir John Robertson has been at the head of no less than five Cabinets

(1860, 1870, 1875, 1877, and 1886), and has also held office in various other Ministries. We have already referred to his inclusion in Mr. Cowper's Ministry of 1858; he was also associated with that gentleman's fourth and fifth Ministries on his recall to administration in 1865 and 1870. He also represented the Parkes Ministry in the Upper Chamber in 1878, and afterwards took office as Minister of Public Instruction in the same Ministry in the Lower Chamber. His association with his compeer in Parliamentary experience, and perhaps his superior in subtleness and diplomatic ability, Sir Henry Parkes, is noteworthy for the second great act in his career as a public man—the passing of the "Education Act"—the only really noteworthy piece of social legislation with which the name of Sir John Robertson is coupled, and that only when viewed in a reflected light.

A general retrospect of his political life manifests throughout a singular consistency and perseverance of purpose. The broad lines of his manifesto upon his entrance into Parliamentary representation have been almost rigorously followed. It may appear paradoxical to say so, but this very consistency has to a great extent marred the usefulness of Sir John's public career. Whoever first stated that "consistency consists in inconsistency" uttered in epigrammatic form a truth the full significance of which is clearly made manifest in the political life of a young colony whose circumstances and environment change with each decade of its growth. The increase and extension of population, the frequent establishment of new institutions, the gradual division of the community into less or more clearly marked classes—all such circumstances tend to so completely change the factors in legislative calculation that laws which in early colonial life were applicable beneficially, would, if now applied, be fraught with iniquitous results. Unfortunately, the legislative policy of our colony, in the past few years at all events, has been little more than local, as applied to time and circumstance. To Sir John Robertson the sophism, that what was once true must needs always be true, takes the

form of some inspired dictum beyond all question, and with what many good honest folk admire as consistency of purpose he attempts to apply to-day the rule which governed yesterday, calmly ignoring the fact that since this yesterday the whole constitution, tenor, and surrounding of our life have undergone a change. Such changes, radically complete as they often are, have no place in older settled communities, but are peculiar to the foundation and early stages of a colony; hence its lines of legislation should necessarily be based on broader and more general principles than would be the case with the fixed and determined circumstances of the communities of the Old World. But this fact is not thoroughly grasped by our legislative leaders, and among the "parcel blind," linked hand to hand with many a halting follower, is the Knight of Clovelly.

It was Mr. Lowell, the brilliant and satirical American writer, who said that "John Bull had suffered the idea of the unseen to be fattened out of him." The analogy may not be perfect, but still we may with some share of felicity adapt it to our own circumstances, and ask if it is the prosperity and riches of our land that have fattened out of us the idea of an unseen future. The legislative tendency in New South Wales is undoubtedly conservative, and, as one cannot fail to see in its mercantile and social life, the Legislature is the reflex of popular opinion. To those familiar with the colony it is no cause for surprise that in New South Wales the question of Colonial Federation should be received with disfavour. It is a dip into the "unseen," and any such impious experiment flutters the heart of jog-trot dulness with a spasm of vitality which is at once pronounced to be the premonitory symptom of a deep-seated and fatal disease.

Sir John Robertson affords an interesting example of this growth. He still lives in the early days of constitutional government. To him the position of the colony is as it was twenty odd years ago—not a long time in itself, but long in the life of our colony. "Not but what, if the world had been left as God made it, I could ha' seen my way and held my own wi'

the best of 'em," said Mr. Tulliver, but unhappily the world would not stand still for this good gentleman—neither will time halt at the command of Sir John Robertson.

The part he has taken in recent political affairs must be fresh in the minds of readers. For a few weeks he has had the doubtful honour of leading the weakest Government the colony has ever seen. Defeated on his fiscal policy, he asked for, but failed to obtain, a dissolution. Sir Patrick Jennings being then sent for, endeavoured to form a coalition Ministry, but oil and water would not blend, and the attempt—literally at the twelfth hour, and on the eve of the swearing in—failed. Even in this latest episode of Sir John Robertson's history, the characteristic independence and loyalty of his nature are shown. On the night when the position was disclosed to the House he said, "I have done my duty with the hon. gentlemen who have helped me; I have stood by them like a soldier, and have fallen with them. I have done my duty by my party, and have refused to coalesce without the consent of every one of them."

The Legislative Assembly without the familiar figure of this valiant old politician would be like the play of "Hamlet" with the part of the Prince of Denmark left out. The roll of men who have been identified with the building up of our constitutional government is yearly growing smaller. It is a curious little coincidence that in 1856—just twenty years ago—the most frequent cause of interruption to the first speech Mr. Robertson made in Parliament were the remarks of one Mr. Parkes, a then promising legislator; in the year 1886, when both these gentlemen bear before their names the prefix of "Sir," they meet again, after twenty years mingled political enmity and friendship, and again the thorn in the flesh of Sir John is "a gentleman by the name of Parkes." Through all these years they have been central figures in the arena of politics. Through the "infinite din of vociferous platitude" have been heard the high pitched aspirate-lacking words of Sir Henry and the vehement speech of Sir John—the one man bearing craft

and subtlety, but also power and ability in every line of his rugged, strongly-marked features; the other showing obstinate well-meaning, brusque independence and loyalty to party in his face, his action, and his words. Of him it may be said, as the Yankee backwoodsman said of his mate, "He mebbe a darned obstinate dodger, but he's grit." Sir John Robertson, whatever else he may be, is at least "grit." He gives the lie to Mrs. Poyser when she says "that it's wi' the old folks as it is wi' the babbies—they're satisfied wi' looking on, no matter what they're looking at." Sir John is still one of the most active of politicians, and his opponents find him a formidable enemy. He, like the bear in La Fontaine's fable, is a "*très mauvais complimenteur*." Indeed, the primitive "simplicity" of his language is characteristic of the man. In this respect he recalls the description given of the good Sir Alured Denne:—

"And if anything vexed him, or matters went wrong,
Was given to what low folks call 'coming it strong,'
Good, bad, or indifferent then, young or old,
He'd consign them, when once in a humour to scold,
To a place where they certainly would not take cold."

It is the penalty of living that when we have fallen behind in the race, weighted either by years or laden with the cumbrous impediment of the past, with its prejudices and confirmed habits of thought, that our younger and lither competitors should take the lead. The

secret of many a success has been the knowing when to cry, "Hold! enough." The colony has now reached an epoch unlike any which have preceded it; she to-day faces issues which are complex and momentous beyond those of any precedent period. Vigour of mind and body, comprehensiveness of grasp, and above all a keen perception that we live in days which call for prompt action and rapid advance, are necessary to the men who would guide safely and successfully the Argosy of our future, freighted with the welfare of a colony expanding to a nation.

"Broad ideas are," says Victor Hugo, "hated by partial ideas; this is in effect the struggle of progress." Sir John Robertson deserves well at the hands of colonists, but he must accept the inevitable—he is of the past—let him make room for younger, more vigorous men, men of the broad mind and the excelsior cry of "Progress!" The time has come for the farewell speech. The curtain is ready to be dropped upon the part he has played on the stage political. See how the "House" rises as the bent figure and white hair of the old statesman are seen! Thus let us leave him amid the applause and gratitude of the people among whom he has played so honourable a part. Genial companion, kindly-hearted faithful friend, champion of liberty, in these and many more parts has he proved himself; and, beyond the affection and regard of a troop of friends, won to himself that still higher reward—the respect of his enemies.

TRUE WIT.

True wit is like the brilliant stone
Dug from the Indian mine;
Which boasts two different powers in one,
To cut as well as shine.
Genius like that, if polished right,
With the same gifts abounds;
Appears at once both keen and bright,
And sparkles while it wounds.

—Lyttelton.

THE HON. CHARLES MEREDITH.

By L. A. M.

(Continued).

With the one exception of a contest in 1851 for Oatlands (upon which he entered for the purpose of demonstrating that Glamorgan, an important portion of the district, was practically disfranchised,^{*} being overwhelmed by the voting power of Oatlands proper), previously to the year 1855 Mr. Meredith took no active part in politics, though it had been hinted to him that a seat in the old Legislative Council was at his disposal should he feel inclined to accept one. He had no intention, however, of entering Parliament as a nominee member.

In the year 1853, after a long and determined struggle between the Colonists and the Imperial Government, the transportation of the criminals of Great Britain to the island ceased, and a general joyous holiday was held in celebration of the welcome decree. Every town and village was *en fête*, with processions, flags, feasts, and merry-makings in all shapes. Medals commemorative of the jubilee were struck and generally distributed, and the name "Van Diemen's Land," associated with so much horror in the past, was thenceforth superseded by that of TASMANIA.

Much, however, remained to be done. The colonists had long groaned under the treatment received at the hands of the oligarchy hitherto dominant as rulers of the colony. It was felt that the time had arrived for free representative institutions, when the tyranny of the despotic rulers should cease to be possible, and when the control of the prisoners serving their sentences in the country should be vested in the people in the midst of whom they were settled. In

these questions Mr. Meredith took a lively interest, and held strong opinions in perfect accord with the people. His manly, outspoken, fearless character was thoroughly known, and at the invitation of the electors of the district of Glamorgan (which had now become separated from Oatlands, mainly through Mr. Meredith's action in 1851) he was returned a member of the then nominee-elective Council, and took his seat on the 17th July, 1855. This was a year memorable in the history of the island as being the last of its existence as a Crown colony.*

It was in this year, moreover, that the conflict took place between the Governor and the Legislative Council over the constitutional right of that body to compel the attendance before them of Imperial officers as witnesses. Distinct charges had been formulated against Dr. Hampton, the Comptroller-General of the Convicts' Department, and other high military and civil authorities. The accusations were of a character so serious that it was not to be supposed that innocent men would permit them to remain for one instant without indignant denial. Day after day, and week after week these accusations were repeated in the public prints with increased circumstantiality, and the time passed without notice being taken. It is true that ultimately the Governor, yielding to popular clamour, instituted a sort of inquiry; but this was held in strict secrecy, and the result, so far as was made known, did not satisfy the public mind, and the Governor's action was loudly

* The new Constitution, granting responsible government, came into force in 1856.

condemned. When the Council determined upon a thorough public investigation, it was disclosed that even on the case made out by Dr. Hampton and his officials, and *without examining any witnesses against them*, the Governor had felt it his duty to administer a reprimand.* The Council appointed a select committee, of which Mr. Meredith was a member, to inquire into the Convict Department generally, and the charges against Dr. Hampton and others particularly.

The first act of this committee was to summon Dr. Hampton and other officials of the department to appear before them to give evidence. They all refused to attend. The Governor backed them up in their refusal, and denied the right of the Legislative Council to compel their attendance. The committee proceeded with the inquiry, and the charges made at the outset sank into insignificance alongside the accusations and revelations of inhumanity, brutal neglect, and gross ill-treatment which the convicts (including women and children) suffered. The whole colony was ablaze with indignation. Mobs of women and children gathered round the residence of the Comptroller-General, and gave vent to their wrath in loud execrations.

Dr. Hampton persisting in his refusal to attend, the Speaker issued his warrant to compel him. For a long time this was resisted, and the Council were unable to enforce the warrant; for it will be remembered that the Comptroller-General had all the police and military under his orders. Ultimately (probably with a knowledge of the Governor's intention, and that he would soon be free) he surrendered to the authority of the Speaker's warrant. Before his evidence could be taken, even had he been willing to give it, the Governor came down to the Council, with guards doubled and a company of the 99th under arms, and prorogued the Council on the instant. The Speaker's authority being thus terminated, Dr. Hampton was immediately released. He made good use of his freedom, and did not stay in the colony to meet the charges against

him, or wait the decision of the Supreme Court, to which he had appealed on the question of the validity of his arrest. To quote from the Melbourne *Argus*: "The papers are filled with details indicating the ignominious character of his (Dr. Hampton's) flight; how he engaged places by coach and steamboat in other names than his own"—after secretly selling off his house, furniture, and other property; and the same paper goes on to suggest, as a reason for the flight, that perhaps "Dr. Hampton was aware of yet more criminal acts than any that have been imputed to him, and with the morbid suspicion of a bad conscience fancied that the detectives had got wind of his concealed offences."†

The colonists felt they could no longer endure the Imperial system, which had so long been abused by selfish, reckless subordinates, and that this system struck at the very root of the moral improvement of the convicts, in which every colonist had a warm interest; it being the destiny of most of them to be absorbed into the ranks of the citizens, with equal political rights and privileges. It was hopeless to expect any improvement whilst the power and control remained in the hands of the deputies of the Imperial Government. The firmness of the people and their representatives resulted ere long in the convicts being handed over to the colonial authorities, uncontrolled by Imperial interference, to the manifest benefit of the colony and the prisoners, and in the constitutional claims of the Parliament of Tasmania, so fraught with interest to every colony, being once for all settled in favour of the Parliament and people.

It will be readily understood how Mr. Meredith, with his warm impulsive temperament, and his hatred of oppression and dishonesty, threw himself with all his heart into the conflict, and fought hard and well for the privileges of Parliament and people against the despotism of the Governor and his nominees. Those who traced his subsequent political career could see how the natural bent of his character, his

* Hobart Town *Courier*, 21st November, 1855.

† It is interesting to note that Dr. Hampton shortly afterwards received the Governorship of another Crown colony, Western Australia.

determination to punish wrong, to expose corruption, to uphold the right, and to stand by the people, gained in strength in consequence of the events of the first year of his political life, added to his previous years of experience as a colonist, of what the early settlers suffered at the hands of the irresponsible officers of an Imperial Crown colony.*

From this time forth Mr. Meredith, feeling that institutions such as those under the Convict Department, whether under Imperial or colonial control, should not be situate in remote places, far away from the centres of population and from the healthy influence of public gaze and comment, and that isolation led to, encouraged, and protected abuses and corruption, did all in his power to effect the removal of the convicts from Port Arthur, and this was accomplished by the Reibey Ministry (1856-7), of which he was a member.

On the 2nd December, 1856, Mr. Meredith took his seat as the first member for Glamorgan, in the first representative Parliament of Tasmania. Very shortly he was called upon to accept office as Colonial Treasurer in the Cabinet formed by Mr. Gregson. In 1857 he took an active part in passing the "Master and Servants' Bill," a much-needed measure, which had occupied for three years the attention of select committees of which he was a member. The law in force up to that time was an old, obsolete one, and the most extraordinary powers given to masters were terribly abused. Their abolition was a material step towards freedom and liberty in the colony.†

During the session of 1860, Mr. Meredith introduced and carried the first of many similar Acts of Tasmania—that for the protection of the "black swan." These were being rapidly exterminated by wanton destruction of both birds and eggs. The first effort

made to protect them was received in a manner calculated to daunt one less determined; but, undeterred by scoff and jeer, Mr. Meredith persevered session after session until he carried his point. In the same year he took action for the protection of the mussels from wholesale destruction, and the same session also saw measures pass into law for the protection of native and imported game, and the Act introduced by Mr. Gellibrand for the protection of animals generally. The last-mentioned Act was amended at the instance of Mr. Meredith in the following year, by an Act legalising and giving power to the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, of which Miss Gellibrand and Mrs. Meredith founded the Tasmanian branches in 1878.

In 1858, Mr. Meredith removed to his own estates at Prossor's Plains, some eighty miles nearer to Hobart and his Parliamentary duties. But in September, 1860, he was compelled to obtain leave of absence for the rest of the session, through severe illness; and was, in the early part of 1861, obliged to decline the wishes of his Glamorgan constituents to again enter the new Parliament as their representative.

Mr. Meredith's absence from Parliament was felt to be a public loss, and the opportunity of a vacancy occurring for the city of Hobart was taken to bring pressure upon him to place his services again at the disposal of the country. "His large mind, his sterling worth, his power of debate, and his fearless independence, singled him out as the candidate above all others to whom the interests of the colony could be most safely confided."‡ He reluctantly yielded to the persuasions of his friends, both political and private, and, without personal effort or cost, was returned by an overwhelming majority. Mr. Meredith was staunch and earnest in his advocacy of free trade, and was

seek to deprive Her Majesty of her truest dignity—the freedom of her people. . . . The Council has taken a stand worthy of the best days of the British Parliament."

† The old law, among other things, 'gave masters power to imprison a servant without warrant or any charge previously made.'—Hobart Town *Daily Courier*, 17th October, 1855.

‡ Hobart Town *Advertiser*, 23rd October, 1861.

* The Council had in this historical struggle the warm sympathy and support, not only of the people and press of Tasmania, but of those of all the colonies, to whom it was manifest that each colony, in the dawn of its freedom, might have the same battle to fight. To quote again from the *Argus*, "We have shown that the position assumed by the Legislative Council was thoroughly legal. . . . Our loyalty to Great Britain should teach us how to put down revolutionary governors who

among the first, if not the very first, to move for its adoption in the colonies. He firmly believed that abolition of customs duties, and the substitution of trade licenses and an income or property tax, would be found to be the truest wisdom, and would result in the greatest prosperity. In 1862 he moved that so much of the Tariff Bill as related to "*ad valorem*" duties be repealed, and his motion was carried by twenty-four to four. He then, though in Opposition, brought in a Bill giving effect to the resolution, but, before it went to a second reading, the Premier obtained a dissolution. Coming back in a minority, the Ministry resigned, and Mr. Meredith again took office as Colonial Treasurer, with Mr. Whyte, Mr. Byron Milne, and Mr. J. M. Wilton as his colleagues. The Ministry retained office until November, 1866, the longest tenure of any Tasmanian Cabinet. In 1863, Mr. Meredith visited Melbourne as one of three Tasmanian delegates to the first Inter-colonial Conference, and attended two other conferences there in 1864. Among the questions which engaged the attention of the first conference* were many which will now be properly deliberated in the Federal Council of Australasia, of which these conferences were but the forerunners.

At the first conference Mr. Meredith brought forward the question of cable communication across Bass's Straits; but the Victorians were so disgusted with a previous failure in 1859-60, resulting in disastrous loss, caused by interference with the contractors, that the delegates of that colony decidedly opposed another attempt. During the session of 1865, however, "Mr. Mere-

dith, convinced of the practicability of the undertaking, again mooted it in Parliament, and propounded the plan whereby the arrangements were made which have resulted so satisfactorily. The undertaking was essentially a Tasmanian one, and is mainly due to the perseverance, energy, and patriotism of the Hon. Charles Meredith."†

In 1864 he brought forward his "Reproductive Works" scheme. This was adopted, and the name of its author is indelibly associated with the important works, in the shape of roads and bridges, constructed in consequence of it. These have materially added to the prosperity of many outlying districts, and rendered available for settlement large and valuable tracts of Crown lands theretofore practically inaccessible.

In his subsequent tenures of office, and his Parliamentary career generally, he was a frequent and earnest advocate for further opening up the country by other reproductive works; and many proposed by him, not sanctioned in his lifetime, have since been adopted. He made a rule of personally inspecting, whenever practicable, all sites of proposed works, or routes of roads, and visiting them when in course of construction. He was practical in all things, and would not allow his opinions to be made subservient to those of others, unless thoroughly convinced.‡

In 1866 the Ministry went out of office on an appeal to the country as to their proposed "Income and property tax to supersede customs." In 1886 a request was made to Mr. Meredith to go to England as Emigration Agent, it being justly believed that his

* A uniform tariff and a general system of weights and measures; a better and more efficient system of immigration; improved and more frequent and speedy postal communication with England; the navigation of the rivers of the Australian Continent; the maintenance of lighthouses; the efficiency of the masters and officers of coasting vessels; the establishment of a general Court of Appeal for the whole of the colonies; the admission, without further proof than registration, of probates and letters of administration of the estates of deceased persons issued in one colony in all the others; the assimilation of the bankruptcy laws; the arrest of absconding debtors; and direct telegraphic communication with England.

† Sydney *Empire*, 16th April, 1869.

‡ An anecdote illustrative of this is told in connection with the construction of a bridge across the River Forth. In consequence of the large quantity of timber brought down in time of flood, Mr. Meredith decided that the bridge, which was to be built of wood, should consist of only one arch. The Director of Public Works insisting that the span was too great for a wooden bridge, and they would require to send to Melbourne for an iron one, Mr. Meredith replied, "If I send to Melbourne it will be for an engineer to build me the bridge I require." Needless to say, the bridge was built according to directions, and has answered perfectly.

long experience and clear judgment would essentially serve the colony; but the terms proposed consisted in part of a capitation fee, which he rejected *in toto*, and the idea was relinquished, although Sir Thomas Gore Browne, who during his governorship had held Mr. Meredith in warm esteem, and was himself then going home, had hoped and advocated his acceptance.

In the new Parliament Mr. Meredith represented Kingborough until 1871, in which year he was returned for West Devon. For this constituency he sat until his final retirement from Parliament in 1879.* In 1872-3 he held office as Minister of Lands and Works, and in the Reibey Ministry of 1876-7 again occupied his former position as Colonial Treasurer. A painful form of heart-disease had for some time rendered the excitement and exertion of debate perilous to his life, and his compelled resignation was a source of general and sincere regret.

He was immediately afterwards appointed police magistrate of Launceston, whither in June, 1879, he removed from his picturesque cottage-home at Malunnah, Orford, where he had resided for eleven years. At the same time he resigned his offices as councillor and warden of the Spring Bay municipality. His health rapidly improved, and "the discharge of his duties as police magistrate gave unprecedented satisfaction."† In the end of January, 1880, he was attacked by sudden and severe illness, which on 2nd March ended fatally from failure of the action of the heart.

Mr. Giblin, then Premier (now Acting Chief Justice), and an old political opponent, did himself as much honour as his graceful act offered to the dead, by paying the last, most fitting, and to one no longer a member, unprecedented tribute of respect to his memory by adjourning the House immediately on the sad news being communicated.

* With the exception of a short time after one election, when, by the blunder of an inexperienced returning officer, the majority of the votes given for Mr. Meredith was invalid, and the member for Norfolk Plains vacated that seat in his favour.

† Hobart Mercury.

We cannot more appropriately close this sketch of Mr. Meredith's life than by the insertion of the following paragraphs, which appeared, after his death, in the undermentioned papers:—

"He was an able debater, had a keen perception of the ludicrous, and his ability in giving utterance to dry, caustic remarks, often of a severely sarcastic character, but generally tinged with humour that carried the House laughingly with him, rendered him a dangerous opponent in debate."—*Sydney Morning Herald*, 4th March, 1880.

"Though in the course of his political career we more often found ourselves at variance with Mr. Meredith's opinions than concurring in them, no one could fail to respect his straightforward honesty of purpose, and his zeal, though we might think it mistaken, in whatever course he undertook. The grave buries all differences, and we join without reserve in the expressions of regretful appreciation with which the references to his death were received in the House of which he was so long a member—the only tribute one can now pay in respect to the many sterling attributes and high moral character of the deceased."—*Hobart Mercury*.

"Though we have frequently been opposed to Mr. Meredith's political views, we can, nevertheless, bear testimony to his consistency, honesty of purpose, and unflinching support of his party through good and evil fortune. He was no political trimmer, and though an ardent politician and outspoken opponent in public life, Mr. Meredith never carried his political feelings into private life, and therefore retained the warm personal friendship of men who were his steadfast opponents in politics. In private life he was a genial, warm-hearted, and courteous gentleman."—*Tasmanian Examiner*, 4th March, 1880.

"Mr. Meredith was, in every sense of the word, an able public man, and he differed from most of his order in Tasmania in being a consistent one. The principles he professed he asserted honestly, and he honestly stuck to them. He was a man of strong feeling in public affairs, but withal a manly, genial, frank, and open-hearted gentleman."—*Cornwall Chronicle*, 4th March, 1880.

LIFE'S TANGLED WEB.

BY ALICE GOSSIP.

Author of "A CHRISTMAS JOURNEY," Etc

"The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together."

—Shakspeare.

"O what a tangled web we weave,
When first we purpose to deceive!"

—Scott

CHAPTER XII.

THE CONCERT.

The long-anticipated day for the concert at length arrived, and at the Misses Crammingtons' mansion everyone was on the tiptoe of expectation. The ladies themselves were delighted, for the *élite* of society was to be there, and after an affair of such magnitude there generally was an increase of pupils. As there were after this term many vacancies to be filled up, they wished that everything should go off with the greatest *éclat*. The girls themselves were, of course, excited. Every novelty to a schoolgirl is an enjoyment, and this event was grand beyond anything. All available brothers and cousins of the girls were to be there, the Misses Crammington leaving it to the various mammas and guardians to invite their friends to come in their party.

The young ladies had all new dresses for the occasion, and very charming they looked. All possessed that one great attraction, youth; it was their spring-time, and that once passed, be our lot what it may—wealth, position, beauty, happiness or fame—there is not one of us who does not look back to it with regret, and would not part with much to recall it again.

Ethel Moorhurst altered her mind and resolved to outshine all others. The old professor was in ecsta-

sies. He was so very proud of her grand, glorious voice; and he was constantly bemoaning her high position, declaring that the world had never heard yet such a *prima donna* as she would make if he could only carry her away to his sunny land of song for further training. The guests were assembled in the drawing-room, while the girls mustered in the class-rooms. The Misses Crammington were at their best, receiving with great *empresment* their distinguished and fashionable guests. There was a goodly gathering of gentlemen. Little Captain Sander-son was there in full force, and the only regret amongst the girls was that Ella's cousin, Aubrey Elliott, could not come with her father, as it had been hoped. Sir Anthony Elliott was also present, a very handsome, distinguished-looking man, and Ella, who had seen him only for a moment, and had learned her cousin's inability to be there, was in wild spirits, arranging for each of her favourite friends to be introduced to him at the appointed hour. All were in their places, and the concert began. The Misses Crammington had reason to be proud of the successes of their pupils, for each and all distinguished themselves in what they performed, while Ethel Moorhurst's singing evoked a perfect storm

of applause. Her duet was encored, and the muffled clapping of white gloves was energetic and prolonged when she came forward alone to sing. The applause had flushed the young girl's cheek, and lent additional lustre to her eye, and when the fresh, glorious voice rang forth again, there was deep silence. Ladies left off fluttering their fans, while the gentlemen stood spell-bound, as upward rose the thrilling strain, and warblings in bird-like tones came from the young singer. The professor was beside himself, and the visitors also were enchanted. The young lady in no wise regretted taking Ella's good advice, and, indeed, her head bid fair to be turned with all the praise and adulation she received. Ella's turn came next. It was a pity Aubrey Elliott could not have been there; it might have somewhat reconciled him to his future to see the fair maiden whom fate and his uncle had reserved for him, and low murmurs of admiration were heard on all sides at her appearance. Old memories crept back to Sir Anthony, and he thought of the fair young wife he had long ago laid to rest; for in her child she lived again, and seemed to be there before him.

The concert was concluded, and then all restraint was removed, and each girl sought those who were dearest to her; while all the rooms were thrown open, and refreshments were served. Ella found her father, and, linking her arm in his, carried him off in search of her special friends, and Sir Anthony kindly gave them all a pressing invitation to come and see his little girl in her home at Alborough Hall. The guests shortly after began to disperse themselves, and the girls were allowed to accompany their friends for the remainder of the afternoon. Sir Anthony engaged a carriage to take his daughter for a drive. He had not seen her for a year, and was anxious to have her to himself for a long conversation.

"What a magnificent voice your young friend has! She must be sure to visit us. I shall enjoy so much hearing her again."

"Yes, Papa; is it not an exquisite voice? and Ethel outsang herself, I think—I suppose by way of making up for her wicked intention;" and Ella

laughingly told her father about Miss Moorhurst's rage at first, and her resolution to spoil the concert.

"A somewhat self-willed young lady, then, I suppose. I hope my little Ella doesn't intend to take a leaf from her book. I think not, however. My darling is scarcely of the type of Miss Ethel. Would you like to join me in London when you leave, and see some of the gaieties? Lady Talbot has kindly promised to take charge of you, and to see to all your requirements."

"Thank you, dear Papa. I should above all things like to go to town; and Lady Talbot is the nicest of all our friends."

"Aubrey will be there, too, Ella. I was a little vexed he could not come down to-day, but I suppose school concerts are not much to his taste, and he knows how soon he will meet you. I wish you were older, Ella; you are barely seventeen, and more than two years must elapse before you are married. Do you like best to come home, or would you prefer to stay on at school?"

"Oh, to come home, Papa! I hope you do not want me to remain."

"No, my dear. Only I fear without your young companions you will be very lonely. We must, however, consult Lady Talbot. She will advise us for the best."

They passed on to other topics till it was time to return. Sir Anthony was leaving early for town, so he had little more than time to make his *adieux* to the Misses Crammington, thank them for their care of Ella, and express his entire satisfaction with his daughter's proficiency in the different studies, as well as with the day's proceedings. The ladies made profound acknowledgments, saying what a charming pupil Ella had always been, and how they regretted parting with her; and also how honoured they felt by the presence of Sir Anthony. But as this compliment was paid to each individual parent or guardian of the various pupils, its sincerity was somewhat dubious; however, it passed current, and served its purpose. Ella bade her father a smiling good-bye, knowing how soon she would see him again. One by one the other guests

departed, having passed, as they graciously said, a most charming day. The girls were at last left to themselves, while the Misses Crammington retired into an inner sanctum for rest and a good supper, which their approving consciences told them they well deserved.

A very babel of tongues ensued ; till Lucy Sage declared she could stand it no longer, and led the way to the little room that belonged to the privileged few. Ethel was fairly worn out with adulation and excitement, and, contrary to her usual way, was silent. She had taken a sip from that most intoxicating of all draughts—public applause ; and though it was only in a small way, it made the young girl feel the dormant power within her, and long for other opportunities of displaying it. That night she dreamed she held thousands enthralled, while princes and nobles showered gifts and flowers upon her. Perhaps the old professor was right. She might be a queen of song *en pupil-lage*.

The other girls were chatting of everything, and Judith Hilliard, otherwise Judy, the madcap of the school, was full of a desperate flirtation she had unexpectedly come upon between Miss Jane and the drawing master. "I thank my stars it's my last term, for dire would be the punishments heaped on my devoted head. Oh, if you had only seen her ; he had his hand on his heart, and Miss Jane was nearly in tears. I know they heard my burst of laughter, which I could not contain. To my thinking it was the best performance of the whole day. What is the matter with you, Ethel ? Did not Captain Sanderson's whiskers curl quite sufficiently, that you seem steeped in such sorrow and silence ? though, indeed, I thought his hair was going to stand on end when you began your solo. He was perfectly petrified with astonishment, and—little absurd atom that he is—it showed he has something good in him, for your singing was wonderful, and the envy the meanest amongst us might feel at your success must be entirely lost in admiration ;" and the kind girl crossed the room and affectionately kissed Ethel. "Indeed," she added, "if Crammington don't give

you a beautiful prize, it's a burning shame, for she will get at least three new pupils. I heard Lady Morgan saying her daughter and niece should certainly come next term. But I'll warrant she won't, as Christmas is prize term. Though, if she doesn't, she is,"—and Judy paused to find an epithet sufficiently expressive. "Well, she is as bad as I always said she was. I have called her everything under the sun that my fertile imagination could suggest, and that's strong enough, you will admit."

"Papa was so delighted with your singing, dear Ethel," said Ella, "he wants you to sing to him when you come to us at Alborough. I believe poor mamma sang beautifully, and it perhaps reminded him of her, though he never speaks of her. Judy is right ; no one acquitted herself anything like the way you did, and I know Miss Crammington was very pleased, for though she looks so stern generally, her face softened, and she looked quite kind."

"Quite kind, indeed ! You are a goose, Ella. She hasn't a particle of kindness in her composition. She was thinking of the guineas that would be pouring in next term to be hoarded in her strong box against the rainy days. I am sure, for my part, I hope and pray she may end her days in the workhouse. By the way, Ella, I humbly beg your pardon for naming your papa and Jane on the same day. I thought he was, perhaps, some cross old fogey, like most people's papas. Why, he was the handsomest man in the room in spite of his fifty summers. But come, girls, there's Mademoiselle giving tongue most furiously. Let's go and get supper, for I for one am desperately hungry."

CHAPTER XIII.

ARTHUR'S RESOLVES.

We must now return to Arthur Ellmore, whom we have lost sight of since the day of his disappointment. He had felt perfectly stunned at the discovery of Mildred's indifference for

him, and almost cursed himself for his mistaken folly, so bitter was his disappointment. He had known and loved her from childhood; he would have sought her hand long ago, if this horrible idea of first obtaining wealth had not lured him to the ruin of his hopes. He could not help thinking still that if he had not waited for it, Mildred would have been his. He felt sure that any new attraction which had influenced her must be of recent date, and could not conceive what it could possibly be. There had been no strangers lately in Chorley, and she had not left home. Besides, there could be no mistaking Mrs. Wilmer's significant glance, and therefore she, like himself, must have been utterly unaware of any change in her daughter. After his first burst of irrepressible grief, Arthur thought of all these things, and the more he reflected, the more he wondered. He had not felt equal to meeting Mrs. Wilmer again, so he hurried home and shut himself up in his study. He looked round the room mournfully. "My books will have to be my companions now," he thought, sadly. "My bright dream of love is over, and the future holds no hope for me. Yet, should my darling in days to come be in any sorrow or distress, if I can aid her I shall not have lived in vain."

It was some little while before he could at all rouse himself, for the blow seemed to have paralysed all his energies. The demands of his profession, however, soon forced him to throw off his lethargy, and fortunately he was about this time engaged in a case which obliged him to go to London. There he chanced to meet and to be introduced to Sir Anthony Elliott—little dreaming that the person in whom, next to his daughter, Sir Anthony took the greatest interest, was the man who had stolen the heart of his Mildred Wilmer.

Sir Anthony was kind and affable to all, but he particularly liked rising stars, among whom he classed the talented young barrister. He had, moreover, heard also of the successful termination of Arthur's law-suit, and of the indomitable energy displayed in connection with it, for which he had gained a reputation. Sir Anthony in-

vited Mr. Ellmore to Alborough Hall, and received a somewhat vague promise in return. Arthur had no particular affection for the society of the great at any time, and now felt still less inclined for anything of the sort. A man of a different stamp would have acted differently, and perhaps in so doing might have found consolation for the disappointment of his hopes.

He had not forgotten Mrs. Wilmer's troubles. He had already inquired into the matter of the claim against her, and even before his law-suit was terminated, had resolved, if successful, to pay it off and to relieve Mrs. Wilmer of her anxieties. Apart from his affection for her daughter, he loved her like a mother. He had lost his own mother some years before, and living with his father at Chorley a lonely life, he had been accustomed to spend much of his time in her society. Now he hardly knew how he should carry out his intention. He feared if he made the offer now, she would not be so disposed to accept it; but he resolved that Mildred and her mother should never know what while he possessed wealth, and that, directly or indirectly, he would assist them. He had ascertained that a little time would be given to enable them to meet the demand on them, and so he decided that for the present nothing more should be said by him. He therefore merely sent Mrs. Wilmer a short letter, stating that he had been summoned by a client to London, where he would be for some time. Meanwhile she must not distress herself about her affairs. He did not mention Mildred at all. He thought some day, when the intensity of his grief and disappointment were lessened, he would write to her and tell her how he had loved her, and would ever continue to do so; that he would pray for her happiness; but that, if dark days should come, she must not forget the promise she had given him. He intended, as soon as he had done this, to bid adieu to Chorley. He had no ties there now; his father had been dead for two years. Perhaps he would travel; perhaps he would settle down to his profession, and strive to win fame and rank; but henceforth he would take events as they came—he

had had enough of trying to guide them. He would really now have preferred to be a poor man, and he hated the wealth which he had before sought so madly. Fortune, that capricious goddess, had given with the one hand and taken away with the other in such a fashion, that he vowed he would now abandon the pursuit of her, and acknowledge himself beaten in the attempt to bend her to his will.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE PARTING.

One afternoon, a few days after his revelation to Tom Cullingham, Captain Elliott was making his way to the river-side, where the boat which he had engaged for his sole use was kept tied to a post in the bank. Jumping in and untying the boat, he pushed out far into the stream and pulled away lustily, notwithstanding the heat and his usual habit of eschewing all exertion whatever. Nothing else but the gratification of his present wishes would have induced him to undergo such labour, and he would have been astonished beyond measure had anyone asked or even suggested it. Indeed, his intense love was very much intense selfishness. Though for the time he cared for Mildred more than he had ever cared for anybody or anything in his life, his was not a love that would make any very great sacrifice for the object of his affection. Already he had begun to question whether Tom Cullingham might not be the wiser, and though at the thought of seeing her and being in her presence he felt, as he had said, his brain on fire, it was doubtful whether he was prepared to give up so much for her sake. Had he been altogether a free man, more independent as to fortune, he would have at once asked her to marry him, and would have left the happiness of both to the chances of the future. But as things were, deeply involved in "debts of honour," and almost entirely dependent on his uncle, since his friend had put the case so plainly before him he had begun to waver, and in the meantime resolved to bind Mildred to still

further secrecy. He even congratulated himself on his reticence, partly habitual, partly intentional, as he remembered how little of his life and his surroundings he had revealed to her. She was even ignorant of the Christian name by which his familiars were accustomed to address him. He had given her his second name, Ernest, instead of the first, and though he had often intended to right her as to this, he now resolved for the present to make no further revelation. Still, as he assured his friend, he had no thought of doing her wrong; her beauty, her childlike innocence, and her frank confidence had brought his better angel for once into the ascendant.

Springing lightly to land, he secured his boat, and looked around for Mildred's tiny craft. It was not to be seen. He hurried to the well-known spot in the wood. Mildred was not there. He looked in every direction; he pulled out his watch to see if his ardour had not out-stripped time. But no; it was nearly half-past three o'clock, and the appointed hour was three. Surely she could not have gone home, vexed at his trifling unpunctuality? He dismissed the idea. Mildred's love was not so light as that came to—some mischance must have detained her. He flung himself down on the grass, as poor Arthur had done on an occasion we have seen; but Aubrey's distress was only a mixture of anger and disappointment. He had lain but a few minutes when he felt a light touch on his hair, and jumping up startled he was greeted with a silvery peal of laughter.

"Come," said Mildred, "I have had my revenge for the way in which you startled me at the first. I thought you slept, you recreant knight, and heard not my footsteps on the grassy sward. Even now you have no word of welcome."

"My darling!" was all that came from Aubrey's lips, as he held out his arms towards her. She made one step forward with a glad exclamation. The next moment he threw them around her, and showered kisses on her beautiful face.

"I thought, dearest," at length he said, "something had prevented your

coming, and I endured tortures inconceivable. If this is how it is now, how will it be when we are parted?"

She slightly shuddered and closed her eyes, while a deep shadow passed over her face. Her emotion went like a stab to Aubrey's heart.

"My love," he exclaimed, "do not look like that! I cannot bear that any words of mine should pain you."

She moved from him silently, and sat down, while he flung himself at her feet.

"Oh, Ernest, how I have been living in a dream, thinking this must last for ever; till you spoke the word 'parted' I never realised that a change must come."

"We will not speak of it yet, dear one. Let us enjoy the present and discuss possibilities afterwards."

The joyous flush returned to her cheeks, for she was as willing as himself to put all apprehension and grief away.

"I will tell you how it is I was so late. Mamma was going to spend the evening with an old friend, and, as she never goes out alone, I waited to walk there with her. I have promised to call for her later, so we can have a long afternoon together."

"Oh, so that is the reason why you appear in this gala-dress—for your evening festivities there. I looked up as you touched me, and thought you was some spirit appearing before me. I did not think you could be more beautiful than you always are, but to-day I see it is possible." And he raised himself up on his elbow to gaze at her.

"I am glad you think I look nice," said Mildred, blushing with pleasure, "and I made this dress myself. You know," she added, "we are poor, Mamma and I, and there are so many things I have to do. When are you coming to see Mamma? In the midst of all my new happiness there is always the great sorrow of deceiving her. I know you would like her; she is so sweet, so gentle. May I tell her to-night of our meetings? I do not seem as if I could keep it much longer from her."

"Can you trust me if I ask you for my sake to do a hard thing—indeed, what seems a wrong one? I have told you but little about myself. Your trusting love accepted mine without a

doubt or a question. Can you keep silent a little longer? I hope to meet your mother soon. I have heard of her; but my position just now is hardly in my own hands, and as I seek to clear away all impediments to our union—to our never parting—a little precaution must be used that I would not otherwise or for any other reason impose on you."

He awaited her answer with anxiety. After a moment's pause it came.

"Ernest," she said, in her sweet tones, "it is a hard thing, indeed, that you ask of me, but I cannot refuse it. I know no law in this but your wish; and though it is the dearest desire of my heart to have our love sanctioned and blessed by her, I am content to do your bidding. God forgive me if I sin in this, but I feel myself bound by my love. Can I say more?"

"You cannot! and I am a monster to ask it. I should not have done it, were it not for inexorable circumstances with which I will not trouble you." He rose up as he spoke and came beside her. "You will ever believe I loved you, will you not, Mildred? Nothing will ever make you doubt it; and if, though heaven forbid it, this should be our last meeting, you will believe that were I dying yours would be the name that I should last breathe; that neither time nor place shall alter me; that, come what may, my love for you—the purest, holiest emotion I have felt since my childhood—shall never know change? Saying this, will you trust me through dark or evil days?"

She rose also, all aglow with her ardent love, and, stretching out her hands to him, said in reply, "I am yours, Ernest, in weal or woe; my heart shall ever yield you unquestioning allegiance." And as lips met lips, for the brief moment heaven seemed realised—at least, such a heaven as can be experienced by mortals, the meeting of spirit with kindred spirit ere the serpent intrudes into their earthly paradise. They took no count of the hours; for them

"Love took up the glass of time
And turned it in his glowing hands;
All the moments, lightly shaken,
Ran themselves to golden sands."

The shadows of the trees lengthened as the sun, which at noon had poured down an almost tropical heat, sank slowly behind the light fleecy clouds that all the day he had chased before him. Over the tree-tops were seen the aerial colours of his departing splendour, softly changing from gold and crimson to rosy pink and grey; till at last, a star appearing, Mildred pointed to it, turned towards the river, and said she must be gone.

They walked quickly towards the bank. Mildred's heart was too full to say more; and Aubrey, torn by conflicting emotions, also took refuge in silence.

He helped her into the boat; one loving kiss was their farewell. Very quickly she was out in the middle of the river, while Aubrey stood with folded arms and hungry eyes, gazing till the little speck passed out of his sight. Had he lied to her? Did even his selfish heart recoil at the part he was playing? He knew not; he could not then have said what he would do, had his life paid the forfeit of his indecision. He longed to end the terrible struggle again raging within him—the combat between love and interest. Alas for poor Mildred! It would have been better for her if the combat had been decided; even though selfishness and love of ease had prevailed, and made the meeting a finality.

As he was getting into his boat, a sound behind him made him turn. To his surprise, there stood the man whom he had seen on a former occasion after parting with Mildred, and to whom he had carelessly flung five shillings, with a few warning words.

"Hollo, fellow, do you watch me?" and he stepped back again and faced the man.

Bill Larkins, for it was he, touched his cap respectfully, then took it off his head and stood with it in his hand, twisting it round and round.

"What brings you here?" demanded Aubrey. "I know you again, and I am certain you know me."

"Please, sir," said Bill, "I come down here as I was going to Ursford, and the barges will take one up for a pint, and it saves miles round. I weren't a-watching you at all, sir."

"Very well, if that's all, get into the boat and I will pull you up there, as I am going in that direction myself."

"Thank you, sir," and Bill got in almost in trepidation. Aubrey followed, and Larkins undoing the fastening, a few vigorous strokes took them across.

"Lor', sir, you can pull; I never seed a gentleman go like that afore."

"Oh, you think it's only you great heavy-looking fellows that can do anything in the way of exertion. I would match myself against any half-dozen of you." Larkins could see under the almost effeminate exterior the supple power which the oarsman displayed, and he respected him accordingly. Aubrey gave a searching look at his *vis-à-vis*, and thought he would learn how much he had seen and knew.

"Do you live near here, my man, as I have seen you about before?"

"Yes, sir, down at Chorley. I've been there nearly all my life. I know everybody and everybody knows me." Master Larkins, in his turn, took a good look at his boatman; but he was sadly mistaken if he thought to disconcert Aubrey.

"Then you knew the lady I was with?"

"Yes, sir, Miss Mildred. I knowed her since she was a little 'un. Everybody knows and loves her hereabouts. There aint a man or boy in the place but what would fight his best for her. 'Taint many amongst us as she hasn't come to see in sickness or trouble. I gardens up at Mrs. Wilmer's, and when I broke my arm they sent Polly down every day with something for me. There aint two like them round here for many a mile, Missus and the young lady."

"Oh," said Aubrey, "and I suppose Polly's visits were as acceptable as the good things she brought." Then, observing the expression of Bill's face, he added, "I suppose you have no secrets from Polly."

Poor Bill turned white, and his manner betrayed that the shaft had struck home. Aubrey guessed that Polly knew as much as Bill himself of his meeting with Mildred. He knew quite well, too, what the man was driving at when he spoke of the love of the people for Mildred, and felt

very disposed to give him a ducking. He was a first-rate swimmer, and knew he could save the man, and the temptation was almost irresistible, for Aubrey was in a savage mood; but he wanted to learn something more from him, so his curiosity exceeding his displeasure, Bill escaped the danger.

"Well, sir, I told her; leastways I bought her a little something out of the money you give me. Polly and I've been courting this six months; but I never opened my mouth to another living soul, and I caught it well from Polly for knowing as much as I did. She worships the ground Miss Mildred walks on."

It flashed through Aubrey's mind that this man would be of use to him. He had not told Mildred of the likelihood of his going to London, and had made no arrangements with her about writing.

"Can I trust you, my good fellow—not for my sake, but for the young lady's, whom you say you would like to serve? I will make an exception in regard to Polly, but you must be silent elsewhere."

"I'll warrant I don't tell Polly nothink again, sir, and you may trust me for others if it's for Miss Mildred's good;" and Bill leant forward and looked straight into Aubrey's face. It was an effort to bear the honest scrutiny, but he stood it, and Bill felt somewhat reassured.

"I believe you are a good fellow. If you do my bidding secretly and well, you shall not be a loser by it. Now listen to me. To-day is Thursday. Every Saturday for three weeks, call at Ursford Post Office for a letter addressed to yourself, and open it and take what you find inside to Miss Wilmer. I will arrange it with her, and after the first time she will understand. She will give you any further directions. Can you do this?"

Bill answered in the affirmative, and soon afterwards they arrived at Ursford. Aubrey gave him a sovereign, and with this they parted.

CHAPTER XV.

THE CLOSING NET.

"I fear I have delayed dinner very much," said Captain Elliott to his man,

Sanders, when he was dressing hurriedly after his return.

"No, sir; it's not very much past nine. I asked cook to put it back a half-hour or so, and when I found it so late I said they had better serve it. But the servants say Mr. Cullingham has been asleep nearly all the time you have been away, and when told how late it was, he said, 'Let it be supper instead; I shall wait for Captain Elliott.' He has gone to his room only a quarter of an hour ago. Can I get you anything else, sir?"

"No; you did wisely, as usual, Sanders. I am now ready." And the servant, who was well used to his master's ways, and guessed pretty correctly that there was some little intrigue going forward, respectfully held open the door, and Aubrey passed down. Making his excuses to Tom when they met, the latter assured him there was no occasion for them. "I have been asleep nearly all the time; but come, you must be hungry after this long fast;" and he led the way to the dining-room in which we first found them seated.

The meal passed as usual. Aubrey exerted himself to amuse his host, and succeeded well. Just before parting for the night he said, "I think I must leave you to-morrow; there are a few matters that require looking into in town, and I want to hear of the regimental arrangements. I don't care much about going to Malta. I would have preferred the first place selected—the Curragh."

"I think it all the better," said Tom. "Go to Timbuctoo, only get out of Ursford. But be sure I am obliged to you for this visit, only I trust no mischief will arise from it. We shall see each other in town in a fortnight, and I will keep myself in readiness for this visit to Alborough. So, good night; give any directions you may require for to-morrow."

Aubrey decided to take an early train. He was nearly as anxious to get out of the place as he was before resolved to stay in it. So, after kindly adieux from Tom Cullingham, next morning saw him off, and he was soon whirled by the express to London. Driving at once to his chambers in

German Street, he sat down and penned a few hasty lines to Mildred; after which he decided that his wisest course would be to call at once on his uncle, and then endeavour to settle on something definitely.

Sir Anthony Elliott was at home, and very pleased to see him. He told Aubrey he had run down to Brighton to see Ella, and he very shortly expected her up. Aubrey made all suitable inquiries respecting her, and then, thinking it would be well to look to his own interests at once, adroitly brought round the conversation to money matters. Sir Anthony, who was gratified by his attention in at once calling, and the interest he evinced about Ella, was very liberally disposed. Aubrey ventured to hint that he had been unfortunate in a little speculation which had promised well; and Sir Anthony took his statement literally, never suspecting that his liabilities were such as those he had really incurred.

"My dear boy," he said, "how could you think of engaging in any speculative concern? If it was in the hope of getting a little money, and thereby adding to your income from your captaincy, it was, of course, very laudable; but why—it was not at all necessary. I do not desire to encourage extravagance; but, you know, a little cheque or two I never object to your calling on me for. I am very sorry, indeed, Ella is not a couple of years older; if she were, and matters were settled, you would have all the unpleasantness of asking spared you. But we cannot alter things, and so must needs put up with them as they are." Going to his desk he sat down and wrote at once an order for five hundred pounds. "I hope this will do for you at present; I will be able to be more liberal next time we meet."

Aubrey was of course profuse in his thanks, though he certainly did not feel very comfortable, for hitherto he had not wandered very far from the path of "honour." So he winced a little at the duplicity he felt obliged to practise on his generous uncle.

"I was sorry you did not accompany me to Brighton," said Sir Anthony;

"but I suppose a school concert was hardly attractive enough."

"Well, I do not know about that," said Aubrey. "The pleasure of meeting my cousin would have been sufficient inducement; but I fancied the occasion rather too public for our first interview, after so long an interval, and under our peculiar circumstances. Ella's engagement is doubtless known to her companions, and school-girls are not always the most reticent in their comments on things of that nature."

"You are quite right, Aubrey; that never struck me. Indeed, I think Ella felt with you; for she seemed relieved when I told her you were unable to join me. But she will be in town in a few days. Lady Talbot has kindly promised to take charge of her, and you will be able, of course, to accompany us to the Hall, when I trust the intimacy and affection recommenced may know no interruption. My little Ella is very dear to me, Aubrey. You, my dear boy, I have always thought of as a son. Through her is the nearest way to my heart, and I hope that love and devotion will not be wanting on your part. This marriage has been the dream of my life. As Heaven denied me a son of my own, my dead brother's takes the vacant place in my affections. I have never heard even a whisper of your shewing preference for anyone, and this I take as very honourable of you. I can only hope that when you meet Ella again, you will be well rewarded, for my dear child is a choice gift, I can assure you."

Aubrey nearly groaned aloud. He would have given worlds to have possessed the courage—all brave soldier as he was—to tell his uncle he would resign Ella and all the wealth he had destined for him; that the heart Sir Anthony was securing for his daughter was, as far as concerned her, but a dead thing; that, knowing for the first time in his life what love really meant, he was not base enough to take the young creature merely for the riches she brought, and so to doom her to a life of sorrow. But he lacked the moral courage to say this, and though Mildred's face rose before him over and over again, fresh and sweet as he had seen it not many hours ago, he felt,

with that accursed money in his pocket, as if he had sold his birthright, and with it every honourable thought and manly feeling of independence. In justice to him, it must be said that when he called on his uncle to solicit assistance about those horrible debts, he never supposed for a moment that his engagement with his cousin would be, as it were, established and ratified on their first meeting. If he had, he would have left things to fate for a few days, and cherished his dream of emancipation and future happiness for a little longer. But circumstances were against him, and so imperceptibly died out the better thoughts and aspirations which had so lately come to him. He was not the first, nor yet the last, wrecked through devotion to the idol gold.

Making no reply, therefore, for the simple reason that he could not, Aubrey was obliged to listen in silence to Sir Anthony's talk about settlements, and outlying estates that were in due time to be Ella's portion. So much had his uncle to say about these things that he did not in the least observe Aubrey's pre-occupation; and, passing from one subject to another, he began to talk of persons he had recently seen.

"Oh, by the way, I have lately met a man whom I should much like you to know. He has within the last few weeks come into an immense fortune, and is a most gentlemanly, agreeable fellow. I fancy he will make his mark in the world before long, as I hear on all sides he is a most able man in his profession, that of a barrister. He will I hope, join us at the Hall."

"His name?" asked Aubrey, listlessly.

"Arthur Ellmore," returned his uncle. "But what is the matter, my dear boy? You seem quite ill. Can I order you anything?" and Sir Anthony rose to ring the bell.

"No, no," replied his nephew, recovering himself with an effort. "It is only a slight dizziness that I have felt several times lately — a mere nothing, so don't alarm yourself. I will be with you at any time you desire. I place myself at your disposal and Ella's; but I think I will say good-bye for the present. I have had a seven

miles' drive, and perhaps with the journey this morning I am a little tired."

"Pray be careful! I do not like this sudden paleness. It's like your father." But Aubrey, with a smile, cut short his uncle's remarks by taking his leave at once.

He felt stunned. After going through all this business about Ella, and the previous anxiety about the money, it was too much to be threatened with the prospect of meeting Arthur Ellmore, who was certainly the last person whom he ever thought his uncle would know. It made him feel nervous and irritable. Could it be the interposition of fate? Was a shadow rising over his path, Nemesis-like? If so, retribution was very swift. The man who, he heard and knew, would be the foremost to resent or punish any wrong to Mildred, to meet him at the very threshold of this wrong-doing! When he sought his uncle it was solely with the view of getting the means to meet his debts; that done, he had not at all decided what would be his future course. Yet now he had already let himself be, as it were, secured and bound, and had ratified his engagement to Ella, while he knew well how treacherous this action was to Mildred; and on the instant came up the name of this man, this Ellmore.

"Nay, nay," said Captain Elliott to himself, "this sort of thing won't do. I am becoming a very coward; I must do something." He hailed a passing hansom, and, directing the driver to his chambers, was quickly at home. "I am not fit company for anyone to-night," he soliloquised, "so I will perforce spend a quiet evening," and ordering Sanders to see to his dinner, and telling him he was not at home to anyone, he sat down resolutely to consider his position.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE FIRST LETTER.

Bill Larkins was faithfully true to his promise. Though he had seen Polly once or twice since, he had not let fall even a hint of his commission. And

when the day for receiving the first letter arrived, he attired himself in his Sunday clothes, and set out to do the bidding of the donor of the sovereign.

Aubrey had not gone far wrong in trusting this simple countryman. Bill had a very fair share of good common-sense, and it was fortunate for Mildred that the young fellow was so worthy as he was. He had in his own mind some misgivings about this same grand gentleman. He did not understand much about the loves and doings generally of his superiors, but he fancied all was not quite square, as he said to himself. "When I made up my mind to go courting Polly, after we met a time or two and talked it over, I went down to my gal's mother, and spoke out fair and straight-like. I never wanted no silence and letters fetched by another man. He can't, this here swell, fear the missus; for she would do anything in the world for to please Miss Mildred. I wonder what it is now. I'll ask a bit about him when I go over to help Morris, the keeper, again." Thus soliloquised Bill as he went on his journey. He arrived at the post-office in due time, and somewhat timidly inquired if there was a letter for him.

"If you will tell me your name, my good man, I will see," replied the post-mistress. This was somewhat of a staggerer, but Bill ventured, "Mr. William Larkins, Ursford Post-office."

"Quite right," said the woman, handing him the letter, and abruptly shutting down her window, leaving Bill standing with the letter in his hands, and turning it round and round in a very undecided frame of mind. Feeling, however, in a few moments, that it was after all a very simple business, he considered that as the walk had been a long and dusty one, and the pay had been so good, he was fully entitled to a "pint" at the "White Horse," close by. Accordingly he went in, and sat down and called for it.

The landlady—a comely stout woman—served him, and seeing he was a well-dressed respectable-looking young man, asked him in to sit in her bar parlour, which, as she said, was cooler than the tap-room. Bill felt quite honoured, and accepted the invitation. They began a chat, the weather and the hay-

making, and the prospects of the harvest, being the topics discussed.

As Bill sat drinking his beer, feeling almost like a gentleman at being treated with such courtesy, the noise of wheels sounded on the road, and the landlady, looking out of her open window, remarked, "I thought it must be Mr. Cullingham. No one else would drive at such a rate on such a tremendous hot day. I'm sure I would never trust myself behind that tearing brute of a horse. She's a beauty to look at, maybe, but she ain't no beauty in her ways, to my thinking. You're a stranger, perhaps, young man, and don't know Mr. Cullingham, our young squire."

"Oh, I have heard of him often," said Bill, with reserve. "I been in Ursford before now. He's wonderful fond of horses and sport, and a good gentleman too, I been told."

"Yes, a real pleasant-spoken gentleman, I can tell you," and she smiled complacently, for Tom had come in once or twice to have a glass and a chat with the buxom mistress, who was nothing averse to the somewhat free-and-easy compliments of the young squire. "The servants from the Grange come in often too. We are all very glad hereabouts if the young master be really going to settle down and have friends to see him. It's good for trade, which has been wonderful bad lately, for the servants come, and it brings folks in of an evening to meet them, and have a talk. We've had Mr. Sanders in often. He was servant to the gentleman friend who left a few days ago. Deary me; but he was a real gentleman! the handsomest one I ever set eyes on, and such grand ways! I should fancy he'd break many a lady's heart."

Bill listened gravely without a word, not wishing to betray the slightest interest, and yet desirous of learning all he could.

The landlady continued:—"His man says he is agoing to marry a most lovely young lady not left school yet, but with such a fortune. She is an heiress; they have been engaged to be married for years. But there, I oughtn't to be a-speaking of the affairs of our gentleman to a stranger; but, as it don't concern you, it won't much

matter, and I daresay you won't repeat it."

"I won't repeat it," said Bill, rising and feeling sick at heart, and as if he would have liked, had he only dared, to tear the letter lying so quietly in his pocket into a thousand pieces. "I thank you, ma'am, very much, and wish you good morning."

"Good morning, young man," said the mistress of the White Hart, who, all unconscious of the importance of the communication she had made, turned to serve some other customers who had just entered. Bill strode out in the glaring heat, cold enough himself. The man felt confounded at the news just told him. "I thought he was a rascal," he said to himself. "I ain't often far out a-judging of people, and to think he has paid me to fetch his letters to deceive our young lady. What shall I do? I won't give her the letter; no one knows anything about it. But there again, I may be found out; for he will like enough come down again. He ain't such a fool as to leave such a lovely young lady, when he knows how she likes him. I wish I could tell somebody—Mr. Arthur; but there, as Polly says, Miss Mildred give him up, and for what? This here London swell! So it's no use to think of that; besides he ain't at home. Well, I must wait, and I'll watch." And poor Bill plodded homeward with very different steps to those he had set out with. Taking the letter out of his pocket, he looked at it again; and, recollecting he had been told to open it, he did so; but that was of little use. It was merely directed "Miss Wilmer." "Well," he pondered, "I suppose I must give it to her on the quiet. I might do more harm than good by keeping it back. They might say I stole it, and put me in prison for it, and then Polly would break her heart." This last possibility had great weight in influencing Bill's decision.

At last Chorley was reached. Bill went home, changed his things, and, putting on his working-coat, went up to Mrs. Wilmer's with the letter in his pocket. He proceeded at once to the kitchen-garden, bidding Polly ask her young lady to step out to speak with him about some melons he was rearing

in a frame. In a few minutes Mildred appeared, and Bill respectfully touched his cap as she came up to him.

"Oh, you want to see me about the melons, Larkins," she said. "I thought, when I looked into the frame, that they were not coming on so nicely as they were a few days ago."

"It's only the heat, Miss. The watering don't do 'em much good. A nice shower would set them all right enough. I wanted to know, now they are growing, how would you like them trained?" and Bill led the way to the frame as the most retired spot he could select. When they reached it, he turned round and faced her, pulling out the letter at the same time.

"I was to give you this, Miss."

Mildred held out her hand with some surprise. "What can it be, Larkins? Who gave it to you?"

Bill was so anxious to tell her—to let her know that he would be ready to do anything for her—that he forgot his discretion, and replied, "It's from the gentleman, Miss Mildred—the gentleman at Ursford that you have met. Pray, pray, Miss, don't be upset!" for poor Mildred first crimsoned to the very tips even of her little pink shell ears, and then with a gasp turned as pale as death. "The letter will tell you how I have come to have anything to do with it. The gentleman asked me himself; and indeed, Miss, you may trust me, and anything I can do for you, you may ask me." And Bill—who, had he possessed the same advantages, would have made a far better and more honourable gentleman than the exquisite Captain Aubrey, endeavouring to put her at her ease and excuse himself for his offer, continued: "I shall never forget your kindness, Miss, when I broke my arm, and any little help I may be to you, I am sure I shall be only too glad to let you see I am grateful."

"Thank you, Larkins," said Mildred, recovering herself quickly. "I know you are grateful, and when I have read my letter and know its contents, you may feel sure I will place the utmost trust in you, and will accept the help that you mean to proffer so kindly;" and she turned and left him with a kind smile.

"God bless her!" said Bill. "It's no wonder anyone should love her. As Polly says, how could any gentleman see her without! The wonder to me is that anyone could like to put a shadow on her pretty face and deceive her. I'll watch a bit, and see if she looks happy, and I'll go over and learn some more at Ursford;" and Bill wound up with something very like an oath—"if I find there's any black work going on, I will tell her myself whatever is said."

Meanwhile Mildred, quite oblivious of melons or their mode of training, flew to her room, and, shutting and bolting the door, sat down to peruse her first love-letter.

"My darling," it began, and she fancied she could hear the words softly uttered as she had so often heard them, "You must not feel hurt or distressed at receiving this and learning from it that we are separated for a short while. I was most unexpectedly summoned to London the morning after seeing you." He then went on to explain how Bill came to be the bearer of his message, and that he felt sure they might trust him to forward and receive their letters. He begged her not to grieve too much at his absence, and assured her that the separation was equally painful to him. He reiterated all his expressions of devotion, and repeated how willing he was to sacrifice everything for her sake; but that there were certain difficulties in his way that had to be overcome, and therefore he must ask her still to conceal the truth from her mother for a while. In a very few weeks he hoped to be with her again, and to be able to claim her

for his own before all the world. "Till then," he concluded, "love and trust me as before."

It was a strange letter, and, delighted with it as Mildred was (who is not with the first love-letter, whether it be a very ardent one or not?) there was a something wanting—something she could not define. As she sat with it on her lap, she fancied it was not the sort of letter that Arthur Ellmore would have written; yet she read it again and again, and kissed it, and laid her sweet face against it.

He had given her an address to write to—a number in Piccadilly—and Mildred felt as if she must begin the reply at once, and pour out all her loving soul to him; for she was sure he wanted to hear from her as often as she would now from him. She was quite satisfied that Bill should be their messenger, for she knew him to be a good, honest fellow.

"I will wait for you for ever," she wrote in reply. "No love shall ever come between us so long as I possess yours. I am content—but if ever you change to me I shall die." She would try to be patient during his absence, but she entreated him to write to her very often.

Poor Mildred! She poured out her heart's offerings before him. But alas for the idol for whom the sacrifices were so willingly made! In concluding her letter she expressed her regret that anyone was aware of their love for each other, but added that it would be doubtless wisest to let the man continue to fetch the letters from Ursford, now that he knew so much.

MISFORTUNE.

If misfortune comes, she brings along
The bravest virtues. And so many great
Illustrious spirits have conversed with woe,
Have in her school been taught, as are enough
To consecrate distress, and make ambition
Even wish the frown beyond the smile of fortune.

—*Thomson.*

UP IN THE REDLANDS.

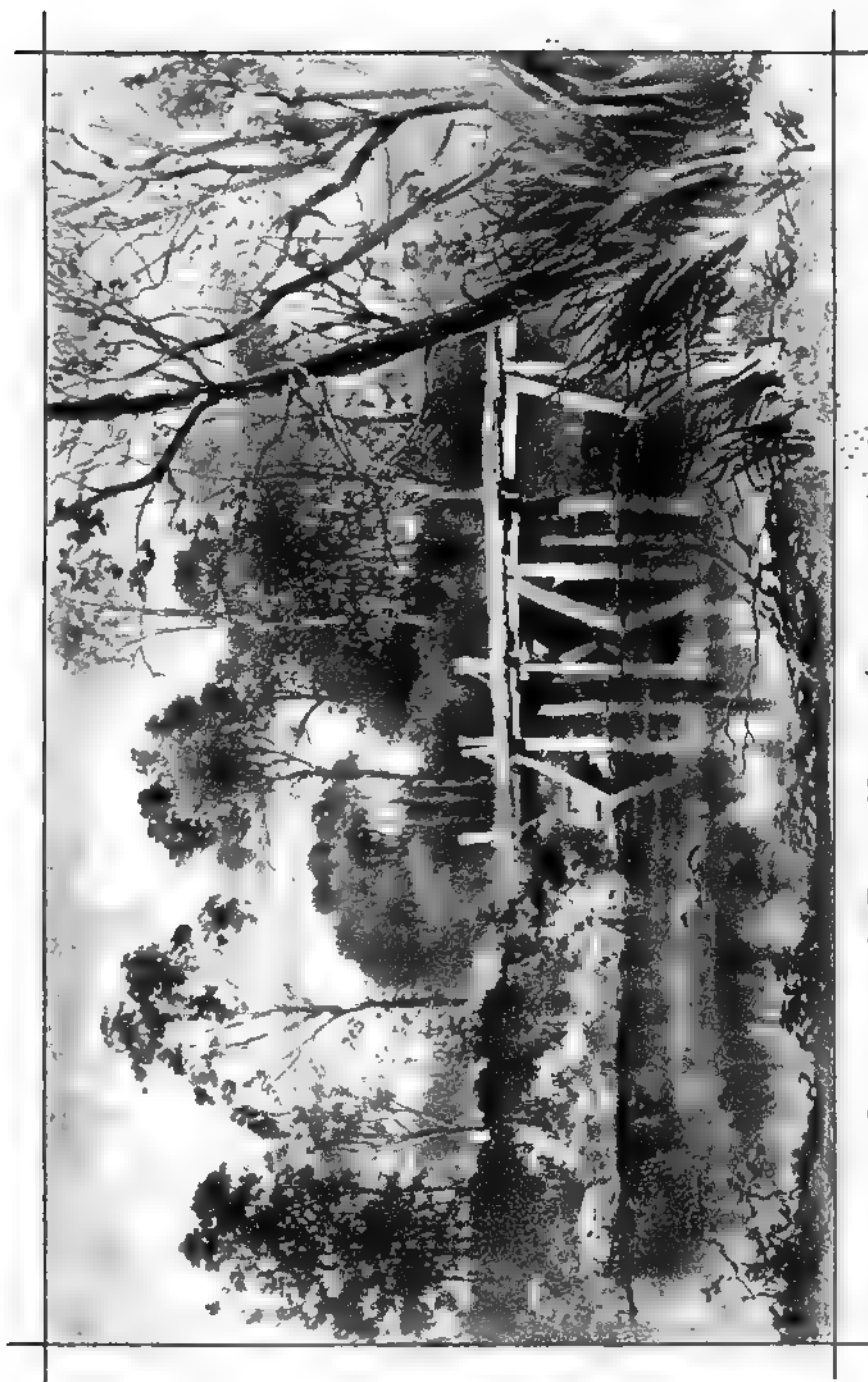
By JAMES SMITH.

Much as a Parisian believes that the city he inhabits is France, and that there is little outside the line of forts which encircle it worthy of his serious attention, so also we, residents in Melbourne, are very apt to overlook the fact that the capital is not the whole colony, and that, in sequestered country districts, hundreds and thousands of resolute and strenuous men are engaged in a brave warfare with the wilderness, are creating little oases of fertility and civilisation in the midst of "the forest primeval," are forming homes and founding families, are establishing well-ordered and prosperous communities in what were previously pathless solitudes, and, by dint of untiring industry and unwearying application, are transforming the face of the country and causing it "to blossom like the rose." Among the numerous maps in Bailliere's County Atlas there is one of a more remarkable character than all the rest. It represents "Part of the County of Evelyn," and portrays a labyrinth of mountains, a magnificent confusion of lofty, nameless, and far-stretching ranges, with sinuous valleys in between, each valley having its own creek, and all these creeks flowing into the Yarra, which takes its rise a little to the north-east of Mount Lexy, and flows westward "with many a winding bout" until it effects a junction with the Watts, near Rourke's Bridge. It is quite a region for romance, and you might imagine all sorts of people as living in absolute seclusion from the world in the profound recesses of these sylvan sanctuaries. Indeed, one writer, with whom I am slightly acquainted, professed to have discovered "a strange community" there, and many people, he tells me, wrote to him for specific directions how to reach the spot; and the same unscrupulous person planted a township among the mountains to the

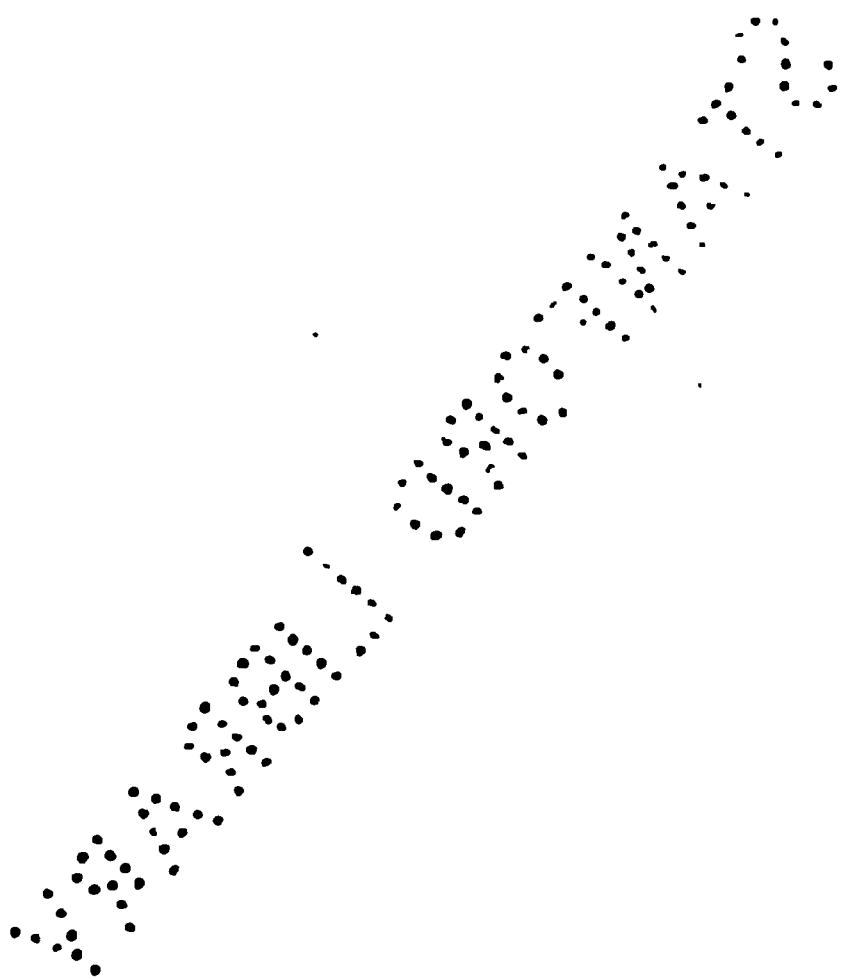
northward of this district; although, as I am assured, no shire council has up to the present time succeeded in discovering its whereabouts.

I propose, however, to speak of actual localities, and to describe a district in which are grown the hundreds of tons of raspberries annually brought into Melbourne by the Lilydale railway. About two miles beyond that rising township a road branches off to the right, which the half-effaced inscription on a finger-post denotes to be the way to Wandering. My guide and companion is the hospitable *châtelain* of St. Hubert's, and as the pair of horses which he drives speed briskly along the dusty highway he beguiles the time with reminiscences of the events he witnessed in Paris during the memorable month of February, 1848, when the Orleans Dynasty fell to pieces like a house of cards, and he saw Louis Philippe stealthily emerge from a little gate in the gardens of the Tuilleries, enter a blue *fiacre*, and make his escape to Neuilly, escorted by a regiment of cuirassiers.

Unlike most roads in Victoria, which are unpicturesquely direct and straightforward in purpose and construction, that which conducts us to Wandering is delightfully sinuous, besides being of an undulating character, now dipping down to where a lazy creek spreads itself over a spongy flat and denotes its presence by the fresh colour and the rank growth of the herbage, and anon it climbs a gentle elevation, on the summit of which, a free selector has perched his cottage and has cleared the land surrounding his homestead of every stick of timber, replacing it with crops that testify the richness of the soil from which they spring. A chubby little girl, with large brown eyes, which she shades from the sun with her fat and dimpled hands, comes out to look at us, and a rough dog lifts



Junction of the Rivers Yarra and Watts near Healesville



up his voice in angry protestation against our invasion of a district which he seems to regard as placed under his especial guardianship; but the clamour of his vociferous bark soon dies away in the distance as we leave him and his brown-eyed companion far behind us. In the midst of the generally sombre foliage of the bush on either side of the road, there are some charming bits of wood colour. The leaves of the young saplings, when lit up by the sunshine, are of the lightest and brightest green imaginable, and appear to be as transparent as glass. There are others which have been withered by a bush fire, and these are apparelled in cerise, crimson, and mauve, so that the tints they present resemble those of the American maple "when autumn lays a fiery finger on their leaves." Sometimes we pass a roadside smithy, where the sturdy figure of the blacksmith—who is also a carpenter, wheelwright, painter, paperhanger, house decorator, and undertaker all rolled into one—glows with the ruddy reflection of his forge.

"Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell
When the evening sun is low."

Outside there is a sort of hospital to which fractured ploughs and broken drays and dislocated wheelbarrows and ruptured waggons are brought for surgical treatment, and in front of the cottage there is a trim garden, with an arch of greenery spanning the central walk, and a general air of brightness and pleasantness about the place. All this has to be taken in at a glance, so that detailed description is out of the question; but the place leaves a cheerful impression on the mind, which accompanies you until fresh objects attract and occupy your attention. The road begins and continues to rise, and presently you enter a tract of country where the rich red soil obtrudes itself upon your notice in every direction. To this, most assuredly, would the words of Douglas Jerrold apply:—"If you tickle it with a hoe it will laugh with a harvest." It is a bank of fertility in which Nature

has been making deposits for the benefit of its fortunate owners, during countless centuries past; and what tons upon tons of wheat, what pipes upon pipes of admirable wine, what countless bushels of luscious fruit, and what rivers of milk and honey lie undeveloped in these magnificent Red Lands!

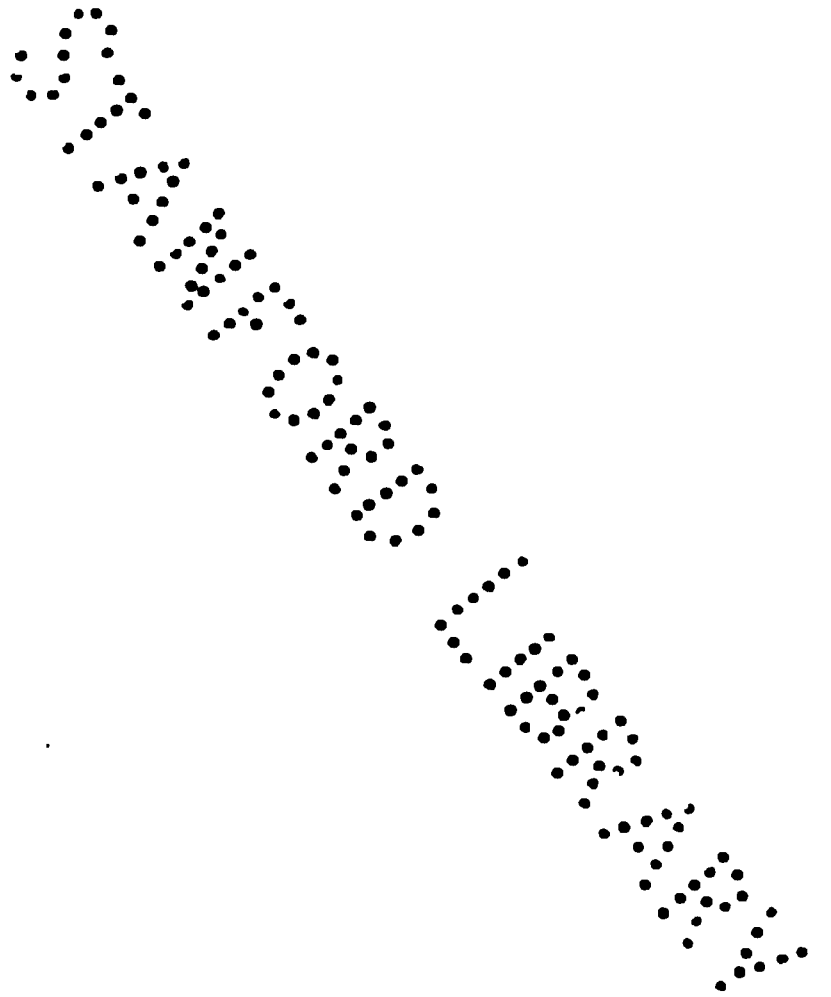
Presently we reach the summit of a hill, where four roads meet, and where, upon an open space which will one day form the central square or market-place of a populous town, we find a church, a substantial schoolhouse, and a general store. There we pause for a while, to give the horses breathing time. How fresh and pure the air is! Far and near there is nothing to be seen but a succession of miniature mountains, wooded to the very top, with here and there the white home of a settler gleaming out from its dark environment of trees, or set in the midst of an emerald patch of cultivation—for there is not an acre of land in the district that has not been taken up—and the little community is as prosperous in the present, as it is justly hopeful of the future. One thing is very noticeable about it, and that is that it is no less enamoured of sobriety than of industry. There is not a public-house in the parish of Wanding, nor will its inhabitants tolerate the introduction of anything of the sort. They are sturdy, strenuous folk, who do not shrink from the severest of toil, but are animated by a sincere aversion to the insidious influences of fermented liquors. So, when they send their produce down to Lilydale, none of the proceeds of their labour finds its way into the till of the publican, nor are the strong arms of those who are engaged in felling the giants of the forest unnerved by dissipation. For my own part, I enjoy a glass of wine, but at the same time I respect the conscientious determination of these self-denying people to exclude the publican from their sylvan Arcadia, and I can well believe the assurances which some of them gave me that the moral tone of the district is unexceptionable, and that there is little or no occasion for the services of a policeman. The young people, I learn, marry early and have large families—

households of eight and ten appear to be the rule, and smaller ones the exception. Generously nourished and habitually breathing the pure mountain air, the children grow up full of health and vigour, and become in a few years breadwinners or household helps themselves. Then, again, they are miles away from any doctor or from any chemist's shop, and is it to be wondered at that they are free from ailments of any kind? They reminded me of old John, a hardy Scot, and well known in the last century as the author of "Every Man his own Gardener," who lived to be eighty, and might have reached a hundred had he not accidentally fallen downstairs in the dark. When asked why he was so robust and vigorous at fourscore that he could outwalk many younger men, he gave, as one of the reasons, that he "had never taken any doctors' stuff." It was a disrespectful way of speaking of "the mixture to be taken as before," but I have no doubt he was quite right.

From the halting-place I have imperfectly described, we proceed to ascend by a devious road, where the soil is a deep terra-cotta red, to a still loftier eminence, two or three miles distant, and we draw rein at last at a substantial farmhouse, erected on a plateau overlooking a beautiful landscape, full of grand undulating lines, with rich purple distances, and a foreground suggestive of peace and plenty. Close by the gate is the largest mass of blackberry-bramble I have seen in Victoria, with the fruit almost as abundant as the leaves. Inside the spacious barn I hear the thud of the horses' feet upon the floor and the continuous hum of the threshing-machine. A tall and stalwart Northumbrian, but little bowed with the weight of seventy years, offers us a frank and homely welcome, and does the honours of his house and its surroundings with an unaffected cordiality. His habitation, like that of Ariosto at Ferrara, is *parva sed apta*. It was once full of children, but they have flown from the parent nest, and have founded homes of their own, mostly in the immediate neighbourhood, where children are growing up at their knees, and the lessons of industry,

sobriety, and thrift, which they themselves learned in the old home as boys and girls, are transmitted to their offspring. Mr. Hunter, who is our host, is the owner of 400 acres of such fertile soil that if you were to plant a tenpenny nail over-night, you would almost expect to see it grow up into a steam-engine next morning. In front of the house is a grove of oranges and lemons, with here and there a vine trailing its clusters on the ground. On a southerly slope lies the orchard, where the apple, pear, and plum trees are so heavily laden with fruit that some of the branches have to be propped up to prevent them from breaking beneath their burden. A hawthorn-hedge, from ten to twelve feet in height, separates the orchard from the raspberry-plantation. This is what we have come to see. Many of the canes are six and even eight feet high, and they bear profusely. There are ten acres under cultivation for this fruit, and the yield during the present season was twenty-five tons, besides about five tons which had perished for want of sufficient hands to pick them. The gross return was £415, or rather more than £40 per acre. But the outlay must be considerable, for the soil has to be kept as clear and free from weeds as a vineyard. Numbers of hands have to be engaged for the picking. The fruit must be packed and sent off at an early hour in the morning to catch the first train from Lilydale to Melbourne, and all that is paid for them at the former place is twopence per pound. It is the intermediate people who reap the lion's share of the profit. The producer is everywhere at a disadvantage. The toil, the risk, and the uncertainty is his. He is at the mercy of the seasons, and where his crop is a perishable one he must sell immediately or not at all. Before it reaches the consumer it is doubled, and even trebled, in price.

Among the ranges in the extensive parish of Wandering there are raspberry-plantations in all directions, and the estimated total yield of the last crop was not less than 1500 tons, of the value, in round numbers, of £25,000. But this is only one source of income to the landowners of the district, most





Scene on the Yarra showing Kourke's Bridge.

of whom have risen from the ranks of labour, and have achieved a competence by honourable industry, by patient application, by a valorous and successful conflict with difficulties, and by the exercise of not a little self-denial. They are men and women of whom a new country may be justly proud. They are never heard of outside the district which is undergoing a daily transformation at their hands. They are engaged, year in and year out, in the noble employment of subduing the earth, and in rendering it fruitful. Living in daily intercourse with Nature, the benignant mother of us all, the visible image of Creative Wisdom, Omnipotent Power, and never-ceasing Love, it is impossible but that they should be touched by something of her kindly, generous spirit, while constant familiarity with her processes and phenomena give them that sort of practical wisdom and that intuition of her mysteries which we, who are book-learned only, fail to grasp. To them the duties of a country life are also its pleasures, and their occupations and enjoyments recall

those described by old Conrade Heresback, in his "Whole Art of Husbandry," which was Englished by Barnaby Googe, a Lincolnshire farmer and poet who was contemporary with Shakspeare. What a pleasant picture does the august councillor of the Duke of Cleves give us of his rural life, and what a fine spirit of natural devotion breathes through a passage like the following :— "In the meanwhile I behold the wonderfull wisdome of Nature and the incomprehensible working of the most Mighty God in his creatures. Here waigh I with myselfe the benefits and wonderfull works of He who bringeth forth grasse for the cattel and green hearbe for the use of man. With these sights do I recreate my minde and give thanks unto God the creator and conserver of all things, singing the song, 'Praise thou the Lord, oh my soule.'" One must go into the more sequestered country districts in order to feel the truth of Varro's declaration, "*Quod Divina natura dedit agros, ars humana ædificavit urbes.*"

CONSTANCY.

Out upon it, I have loved
Three whole days together ;
And am like to love three more,
If it prove fair weather :

'Till he shall moult away his wings
Ere he shall discover,
In the whole wide world again,
Such a constant lover.

But the spite on't is, no praise
Is due at all to me :
Love with me had made no staies,
Had it any been but she.

Had it any been but she,
And that very face,
There had been at least ere this,
A dozen in her place.

—Suckling

A STRANGE STORY OF A WOMAN'S LIFE.

By MRS. HARRIS.

CHAPTER I.

WHAT WAS SHE?

It is not many years ago since there lived in the little township of Onehunga a widow, whom we will call Mrs. Strange. She was a stranger, indeed; yet in her narrow circle of acquaintances she was highly esteemed, and had gained the reputation of being a "born lady" from the top of her well-shaped head to the tip of her bewitchingly pretty foot. Yes, most undeniably, Mrs. Strange was a lady. Whatever her circumstances might be, or her surroundings, at the time of our story, it was quite evident to all who comprised the little world in which she moved that Mrs. Strange was a person who had "seen better times," and had received the higher culture of mind and the refining influences of education that would have fitted her to grace the most select circle in which a true lady might move. Yet, by some strange freak of fortune, Mrs. Strange was placed in a much humbler position than her capabilities accorded with, and in her case most decidedly society had lost a star.

It was often remarked by those who knew her best that there were times of mental abstraction in her busy, yet quiet life—times when she seemed to retire within the sanctum of a frigid reserve, and live only in the memory of the past, which was veiled from all would-be intruders by a gentle though dignified manner, that formed a barrier over which none might presume to pass. At such times she would seem almost to shun all companionship, and wrap herself in a vesture of self-consciousness and retrospection. Her friends often said, "She had a story written in her face"—a silent record of

a life that must have been both eventful and adventurous. It was indeed a face at which you could not look without being impressed by its deep expression of hidden feeling, of power to endure, of wealth of love, of pride and self-control, of innate beauty of character, and grand unselfishness of purpose. These traits, and many more, were written on her face, which could scarce be called beautiful, yet at which one could not gaze unmoved. Little children smiled up into the depth of those dark eyes; weary women found strength and comfort in their soft light; and those who were not worthy could not meet their full, clear, searching gaze, that seemed at once to discover evil and yet to encourage renewed effort for attaining good, without feeling abashed, convicted, yet strangely drawn nearer to something purer—some higher conception of what life is, why we live, and what we live for. It was a face to be remembered—a face to be respected, loved, and almost revered, in its pure womanliness. It bore the stamp of an innate purity and strength, that marked its every outline with a beauty not of the world, worldly, but as though the soul that gleamed there had arrived at the very centre of its being, realised its divine origin, and entered into the experience of a higher life. There was something, too, in the walk, in the general bearing, in the conversation, whatever the subject, that attracted one towards the widow Strange, and held one, as it were, fascinated by the consciousness of superior worth, nobler attainment, more sublime self-sacrifice than one

ordinarily meets with in the narrow limits of work-a-day life. She was everyone's friend in need; though she seldom sought anyone's friendship, she was everyone's willing counsellor, consolers, or confidante; but she never asked for others' sympathy, never spoke of her own sorrows, or in any way confided the secrets of her past history even to her most intimate friend. All that was known of her was that she was the widow of a naval officer who had fallen in the service of his country; that she had retired from society for the purpose of benefiting her young niece, whom she had come to New Zealand to adopt and educate; that she had a small private income, which she further augmented by receiving music pupils; and that she was a person of high intellectual abilities, and firm Christian virtue.

This was quite sufficient, however, to ensure Mrs. Strange the ready sympathy and patronage of the ladies of the pleasant township whose natural beauties had won the choice of her quiet presence.

Here, in a pretty little cottage near the waterside, lived the widow and her niece, of whom we shall often have cause to speak in this brief record of a woman's life. Here, in quiet seclusion and useful labour, she strove to educate the gentle soul whose love was the one bright spot in her present existence, whose welfare was the one fond hope of her future years. Eunice Strange had been left alone in the world, orphaned at a blow, bereft of all parental love or care by the cruel hand of carnage that had ravaged many happy homesteads during the native war. In the pretty village of R—— there had been industry, prosperity, and happiness, till the outbreak of that deadly passion, revenge, had incited the native chiefs to retaliate some European aggressions upon the innocent settlers of this quiet spot; and among the victims had been the parents of little Eunice, whose life had been saved by a young soldier, who had gallantly braved the shower of bullets from friend and foe to rescue the little helpless child from the burning homestead. Owen Cardiff had been generously rewarded for his bravery in the acknow-

ledgment he received from his colonel, who wrote to the nearest relatives of the family, and related the direful tragedy that had rendered Eunice friendless, save for the sheltering care of Owen's aged mother. Then it was that Mrs. Strange had come from her far-away home in Sicily to give the little orphan a warm reception in her loving heart, and handsomely reward those who had rescued her from her parents' untimely fate.

To Mrs. Strange the child speedily became deeply attached, and at the time of our story Eunice Strange had become the reflection, so to speak, of the beautiful spirit which breathed in and throughout her beloved foster-mother's daily life.

She had now attained the age of seventeen; and as in each succeeding year Owen Cardiff had paid a passing visit to Lentil Wold, as Mrs. Strange's house was called, he found the child whose life he had saved developing into sweet girlhood and gentle maidenhood. Now, as she stood with "reluctant feet, where womanhood and girlhood meet," his heart grew warm with a deeper feeling than that of mere friendly interest; he realised that in Eunice he had found his soul's ideal, the co-partner of his spirit's life, and awoke from his listless dream of mere friendship to a sense of the sublime beauty of love in its purest, highest, noblest incarnation, a pure-minded, sweet-souled, tenderly sensitive woman.

CHAPTER II.

EUNICE.

"Down by the deep, sad sea," sang a sweet young voice, that seemed to thrill through the silent soul of the listener, with its deep, tender pathos—the soft, low refrain dying away like the distant murmur of the retreating tide, as the evening shadows gathered, and Eunice rose from her piano to seat herself in her favourite position, at the feet of her beloved relative.

"Eunice," said Mrs. Strange, as the young girl laid her head upon her lap,

and softly clasped one slender hand in hers, "Do you know that song has stirred some very tender memories in my soul? What made you sing it, child? and to-night of all other times, when every word seems fraught with hidden meaning to *me*—his birth night," she continued, dreamily. "Oh, Ronald! how many lives have been wrecked upon the ocean of woman's love! how many shattered hopes are buried in its depths!"

"Did I grieve you, Auntie?" cried Eunice, caressing the trembling hand she still held; "I did not know that song was associated in your mind with any sorrowful recollections, or I would not have sung it. I only love it for its sweet plaintiveness. Do not grieve, dear; remember what you have often told me, 'Our Father's hand holds the helm of life's vessel, and no ship is launched upon the ocean of Eternity without His loving guidance; no spirit floats aimlessly, helplessly over the bar of Time, but is held, restrained by a higher power which none can resist; and all shall enter the haven where they would be when the Heavenly Pilot steers.' Auntie," she added presently, "this is the hour of quiet confidence. Can you tell me the story of your love, that you promised I should hear some day?"

Silently the widow smoothed the fair head resting on her knee. For some moments neither spoke, and the soft twilight thickened into gloom ere Mrs. Strange said softly, "My child, when Owen comes to ask the question that I have seen trembling on his lips, can you tell me what your answer will be?"

Like softest rippling music came her words, as, hiding her blushing face in her aunt's dress, she replied, "I shall only tell him that I love him, have always loved him, and shall never cease to love him."

"Then, Eunice," replied Mrs. Strange, "as you have a woman's heart, and can act, think, and feel as a true woman should, you are able to hear the story of a woman's love and enter into the sanctity of a woman's sorrow."

"Shall I fetch the lamp, Auntie?" asked Eunice, quietly, as Mrs. Strange

sat, silent and thoughtful, looking back into the shadowy past, whose pages had lain hidden so long from every mortal eye.

"No, my child," she replied, "the story I have to tell is one of deep shadow, and the time befits it."

"Eunice," she continued, after a pause, "do you remember your mother?"

"Only as one does a beautiful dream, Auntie," replied the young girl. "I remember she was tall, dark, and handsome, and one thing is impressed very strongly on my memory—her magnificent black hair. She used to let it fall down over her beautiful shoulders, and, taking me upon her knee, she would wrap me in its shiny coils. I have never seen anyone else with such long, beautiful hair."

"Yes," resumed Mrs. Strange, "my sister Leah had lovely hair; you are like her, child, but you have your father's hair and eyes. Well, when we were both young Leah was much admired; she was so beautiful, so gifted, and so engaging in her manner, that everyone loved her, and our mother became quite anxious over her, lest she should be loved only for her beauty or her fortune, and miss the greatest prize a woman's life can win—the love of a good and high-souled man."

"There was one who loved Leah as only a true man can love, one who would have given his life to shield her from harm; but he was poor, and poverty in Leah's eyes, at that time, was almost a crime. Ewald Grainger loved Leah, and—oh, Eunice, that you may be shielded from such sorrow!—I loved Ewald Grainger. We had grown up together, he and I, almost as brother and sister, while Leah, who had been brought up by her grandmother, whose large fortune she inherited, had only come to our mother's home when just blooming into beautiful womanhood. Our mother loved her, but she perfectly idolised me, and had so entirely set her heart upon a union between Ewald, her sister's son, and myself, that she could not bear the shock when she discovered the state of his affections—indeed, she never seemed happy again."

"It came about in this wise. Our father had decided to give a grand dinner and ball in honour of the coming of age of our eldest brother Leonard, and many guests were invited from far and near to celebrate the event. Among them was Ronald Charlton, a noble young fellow who had been a college companion of our brother's, and who had often accompanied him during vacation. Ronald was the only son of Colonel Charlton, of Charlton Towers, a fine estate in a neighbouring county, and already had the young man drawn his sword in the defence of his country, having served as a cadet in the Crimean campaign, and won his epaulets upon the heights of Balaclava.

"There was not a nobler young suitor in all England, and he was at my feet. Yet I loved him not, and I wished, ah! even prayed, that he would not love me, knowing well, with that quick intuition that is part of a woman's nature, that Leah, my beautiful gifted sister, loved him with all the strength and fervour of her romantic soul. Still, he did not seem to understand; and on that evening, never to be forgotten, he claimed me as his partner in many a merry dance; he whispered renewed protestations of love in my ear, and tried to win my aching heart, all unconscious of its bitter pain. I knew I was the envied of many a lovely girl that night, for Ronald, the handsome young officer, was accounted the match of the season. Ewald, too, was there, vainly striving to win a smile from his idol; but by a strange crossness of fate Leah had no thought of any but Ronald, and I cared not a whit for anyone's praise or blame save those of Ewald, my hero.

"The night was cold and clear, the silver moonbeams lay on hill and dale, bathing the landscape in soft, mellow light, as Ronald and I slowly paced the balcony into which he had led me for a moment's rest. The gay strains of music were wafted out from the drawing-room beneath, yet above their loudest sound I could hear the beating of my own heart, as Ronald held my hand in his, and pleaded so nobly for the hope that would be life to him,

and I could not answer him a word. Just then a faint rustle among the foliage of the conservatory announced the presence of others than ourselves, and I thought I heard a sweet, clear voice respond to a firm, manly tone, as if in half scornful denial.

"'Hush!' said Ronald, 'it is Leah, your sister, and Ewald Grainger.'

"We dared not move, lest we should betray our presence, yet to remain was agony, as I heard Leah say, 'How dare you ask me? Go to Netta, she will give you the love you crave; but I will never marry till I find my soul's ideal, a king among men; he shall be my choice, a prince among his fellows, like Saul among his brethren.'

"'You are cruel,' I heard him reply. 'You whip me like a cur with your bitter words, while I love you so madly that I cannot tear myself away from your presence without one little word of hope. Oh, Leah, will you not allow one ray of light to cheer this heart of mine, that is breaking for love of you?'

"'Ewald,' she replied, 'do not be a child. I tell you plainly I have no love to give you. I will never marry a poor man. I will never marry anyone who is below the standard I have set up in my inmost heart: and if you *will* make me defiant, I know but one man in all the world who approaches that standard, and him only will I ever wed!'

"I could hear the rustle of her silken robes as she paced the room, and then I heard him say, in deep, measured tones, full of concentrated pain, 'Leah, I know to whom you allude—it is to the decorated puppy who follows your sister's shadow. If that is your ideal of noble manhood, winning questionable honour by the destruction of love, life, and liberty, spreading the fatal fruits of discord over this world of beauty, that might be made so fair, oh, my beautiful queen, I am more sorry for you than for myself this night! I leave you to find out for yourself the hollowness of such empty honour as that mistakenly bestowed upon the paid and liveried peace-breakers of humanity. Poor, misguided girl! has love no charm for you? Can only wealth, fame, and honour satisfy a soul not yet wakened

by the one touch of nature that makes all the world akin? Be it so; yet if I should be spared to win the fame you covet, not on the field of carnage, but in the arcana of beauty, and if you should have realised by that time the sublime truth, that the wealth of the gods is love, peace, and purity, will you allow me once more to ask the boon of your affection and sympathy?"

"A moment's silence; then I heard Leah's voice, in accents of chilling scorn, reply, 'Sir, if you have quite finished your homily on the depravity of my taste, I will answer you in one short sentence—when I need your love I will send for you—till then, good-bye!'"

"I heard her silken train sweep through the open doorway into the brilliant ball-room, of which she was the acknowledged belle; then a low earnest voice spoke as though in self-communion, though perhaps he realised in that bitter moment of pain a higher presence than that of earthly friend, 'Henceforth I am wedded to my art. I will yet win its guerdon, and give to the world a recompense!'"

"Oh, Leah! my poor sister! in what bitter anguish did you afterwards recall the rash words uttered that evening, when you trampled so cruelly upon the noblest heart that ever throbbed with love for a scornful, beautiful woman!"

Mrs. Strange paused. Eunice felt her hand tremble with suppressed emotion at the recollection of her hero's sorrow; and there, in the soft light of the summer moon, she learned the first lesson—caught the first glimpse of that higher love that emanates from, and flows out into, the soul of beauty, peace, and purity.

"Auntie! you are tired now," said the young girl presently, as Mrs. Strange spoke no word, but seemed buried in some deep reverie of the past.

In a moment she answered quite calmly again, "We will not sit any longer like this, dear child; I will finish my story when the lamp is lit. If Owen comes in, he will wonder why we are in the dark, though the moon-light seems to etherialise everything so beautifully, and calm the troubled spirit, like the softest whisper of angels.

Let us go now, Eunice, and I will take up the broken thread by-and-by."

But the story was not resumed that evening, for as Eunice rose to light the lamp a manly footstep sounded on the shelly garden-path, and the dainty hand trembled as it adjusted the lamp, "just to suit Auntie's eyes," and in another moment was caught in Owen's warm clasp.

CHAPTER III.

THE END.

It was several evenings before Mrs. Strange took up the broken thread, and continued her story.

"I told you how Leah answered Ewald's earnest appeal, but I cannot describe my own feelings as I listened to the painful repulse endured by that noble heart. When I regained sufficient composure to think of anything but *his* suffering, I turned towards the spot where Ronald had lately stood, but he was gone. A white rose lay upon the seat beside me, and I knew it was the one he had worn that evening. Mechanically I raised it, and held it toyfully, plucking it dreamily to pieces, till every delicate petal was severed, and naught remained but the naked stem. Then bethinking me of the lateness of the hour, I hurriedly returned to the ball-room, which I soon after left under the excuse of severe headache, which was indeed true.

"As Mother held my fevered hands and kissed my burning brow, she looked with anxious solicitude into my eyes, and whispered softly, 'Did Ewald speak to-night, my darling? I noticed that you were away a long time.'

"'Yes, Mother,' I replied, 'but not to me; he loves Leah, and oh, how will he bear it—she despises him! She loves Ronald, and to-night Ronald asked me to be his wife.'

"Poor Mother! it was too sudden for her; she only clasped me tightly for a moment, then sank in a swoon at my side. We were in my own little room, so I gently administered such restoratives as I had at hand, not wishing to attract the attention of my father or

our guests, and presently she recovered and burst into a flood of tears, which, like the rain of the storm-cloud, cooled and refreshed her tortured heart. Soon she left me, and I retired—not to sleep, that were indeed vain—but to think of Ewald and his hapless love, and try to plan some method of restoring happiness to our troubled family circle.

“Before I left my room next morning I received a note from Ronald, begging the favour of an interview in the conservatory, where he would wait my coming. With tremulous fingers I adjusted my toilette, not even asking the assistance of my maid to dress my hair, lest she should observe my emotion; and having partaken of a slight breakfast, I repaired to our meeting-place. There stood Ronald, with marks of strong emotion visible on his fine countenance. He gathered up the scattered fragments of the rose I had destroyed the previous evening.

“‘Is it thus you treat my heart’s deep love?’ he asked, in a low, deep tone of pain, as I entered slowly, with trembling footsteps, knowing well that another trial awaited me.

“‘Ronald,’ I replied, ‘you heard all last night. I have no love to give; but for the asking you can have the heart and life of one far more worthy of you than I. Do not torture me with useless words, my heart is breaking!’ and unable to sustain more, I burst into an agony of tears.

“‘So you love Ewald!’ he said slowly; ‘but Netta, can you not give me hope? When this bitter pain is worn off a little, the sincere love and sympathy of a heart that will *never turn to another* may be some sort of comfort to you. I am willing to wait. I will not say anything rash, Netta, poor stricken heart—but oh, my darling, I love you, and I cannot let you go!’

“As he spoke he clasped me in his strong arms, and held me close to his beating heart, while hot burning tears fell upon my pallid face, like scorching drops wrung from his tortured soul.

“‘Let me ask you a year hence, Netta, when I return, and then, if matters have not arranged themselves during my absence, give me the privilege of soothing the pain, and striving

to win the love of a heart I prize too well to rudely torture.’

“Another moment and he was gone, and I knew I should see him no more till the time he mentioned. To my surprise I heard soon after that he had exchanged into the other branch of the service, and was now on board one of Her Majesty’s cruisers, much to his father’s annoyance and the disapprobation of his friends.

“I did not see Ewald again for some years. He left England very shortly after his mother’s death, which occurred the following spring; but rumours of his rising fame as an artist reached his native land, and it was said that he intended trying to ‘hang’ a picture at the forthcoming exhibition.

“Leah became much changed, indeed we feared her health was failing, but she seemed to grow more beautiful than ever under the influence of sorrow.

“Well, the weary months rolled past, and completed another year. My mother, who had become quite an invalid, knew of Ronald’s intended coming, and was anxious indeed, knowing well how angry Father would be if I again refused such a splendid offer. Heavy losses had perhaps made him more ambitious for a wealthy marriage for me. Leah was already well provided for, but for me there was no grandmother’s legacy; my only hope of affluence was in a wealthy alliance. But oh, Eunice! how much rather would I have gone out into the world to earn my own livelihood than have given my hand to one whom I honoured too well to wish to trammel him with my loveless life! He came, and—I was weak—I promised to be his bride. Within a month we were married. Such a wedding! The wintry snow was not colder than my aching heart. The robes I wore seemed to me to betoken the drapery of death.

“We went to Malta. Leah remained to care for poor Mother, who slowly sank, till one day I was summoned hastily to her death-bed to receive her last blessing. Then Ewald came home to the funeral, but I did not see him. I knew that he again sought Leah, but received the same answer as before.

“Shortly afterwards the whole London world was raving over a

beautiful picture by a new English artist. One day Ronald took me to the Academy, and I saw Ewald's beautiful work, 'A Woman's Face!' He called it 'Eunice,' and people wondered what that beautiful face represented.

"A year later Leah married our cousin Stanhope, and came out to New Zealand. It was all so sudden, it almost seemed to take one's breath away. But he was rich, and she was despairing. 'Anywhere, anywhere, out of the world!' was the cry of her stricken soul. She would not see me; we never met after my marriage. She seemed to hate me for marrying the man she loved, but who could never have been hers.

"Years passed; news reached me in my quiet Sicilian home of Leah's unhappiness with Stanhope Strange. Then I heard that she had written to Ewald in the despair of neglect and penury, too proud to ask of me the means I quickly remitted to relieve her distress. Ewald sailed for New Zealand, and, as the vessel was detained by foul weather, I saw him for one brief hour before he passed completely out of my life. He had won the fame he coveted; his pictures realised handsome sums, and his name was on every lip.

"But while he went the tragedy occurred that left you orphaned. When Ewald landed it was only to gaze upon the ruined homestead and the unmarked grave of Leah, who had perished by the hand of cruel warfare. He would not, or could not, look upon her child, but returned to Sicily to acquaint me with your existence. Owing to some delay, however, his vessel arrived several days after I had left, having received the tidings already from another source, and having been certified that you were in good hands. Just a month before I left Sicily I buried my only darling, my little Ewald, who had cheered my lonely heart for three blessed, happy years. Then, like a thunderclap, came the news of the engagement in which my husband fell, an honoured hero; and I was again left alone.

"Sad indeed was the parting from the scene of my wedded life. Ronald had been so truly devoted, so nobly unself-

ish, so proud of his little son whom he had himself called Ewald, so tender and kind. And now I was a widow.

"I came to New Zealand just fifteen years ago, and here I have lived with you ever since. You have been my only treasure, my only love; for I never heard of Ewald again. I do not think he is dead, something tells me he still lives, but he has never written and I have never heard his name mentioned. I suppose he is in England. There, Eunice, that is the story of a life. Now, let me alone for awhile, child, I would commune with my own heart and be still."

* * * *

The shadows fell, the little stars peeped out from their azure depths, yet Mrs. Strange did not move. At last Eunice softly touched her hand, and shivered as she felt how cold it was.

"Auntie!" she cried, but there was no response. Hurriedly she lit the lamp beside her, and called their only domestic. But never more would those eyes need the light of earth's lamps, or gaze upon scenes of earth's shadows; for there, like a beautiful statue, sat the lifeless form of her who had gone to meet her loved ones in that beautiful home where they need no more the light of the sun. They said it was heart disease, and so it was.

* * * *

By-and-by there came a letter from England, heavily edged with black, and then they knew that in the self-same hour the tried spirits of Ewald Grainger and Netta Charlton had passed over the narrow border-line that men call death.

All his wealth was bequeathed to "Eunice Strange, the daughter of Leah, his lost love." After a suitable time of sincere mourning for her who had been more than a mother to the orphaned girl, Eunice and Owen Cardiff were quietly married, feeling sure that the blessings of loving, though invisible friends, would crown their simple bridal feast; and when, in another year, a little babe was ushered into their happy home they looked heavenward in silent communion and thankful love, and called him Ewald.

THE RECENT SURVEY OF PALESTINE.

By ROBERT STEEL, D.D.

FOURTH PAPER.—THE RESULTS.

The large map of Western Palestine, prepared by the Royal Engineers for the Exploration Fund Committee, and published for public benefit, has been generally acknowledged "to be the greatest contribution to the study of the Bible since its translation into English." Foreign as well as British and American scholars have appreciated its worth, and "one of the most venerable of English theologians thanked God that he had lived to see it completed." The three large quarto volumes containing "The Memoirs of the Survey" give increased interest and value to the map. They were specially prepared to illustrate each of the twenty-six sheets in order, and by the use of large and small letters on the top and side of every sheet the work of reference is made comparatively easy. These "Memoirs" touch every place with light from antiquity and topography and other points of information, carefully collected by the surveying party. An equally large quarto of nearly 10,000 names on the map, and translated from Arabic into English by the late Professor E. H. Palmer, is of great service to all who study the map to discover localities. Four reduced maps have also been issued—one with the modern names literally packed into its accurate lines; a second with the water-basins laid in by Mr. Trelawney Saunders, who has published an introduction to the survey; a third with Old Testament names; and a fourth with New Testament names. These are all valuable, especially the last two, but the very small print of the reduced modern map makes it less valuable than it might have been had it been less crowded. By means of careful examination and a little water-colour,

students of the large map can make it of singular use in identifying sites mentioned in the Holy Scriptures. There are in the Old and New Testaments 620 sites mentioned in connection with Western Palestine. Of these 430 are now identified, and of the latter 132, or about a third, are due to the recent survey. Including the Apocrypha, the number of sites mentioned is 840, and 500 of them have been identified, of which 140 had not been shown on previous maps. Of Eastern Palestine, 200 sites are mentioned in the sacred books, and only seventy have yet been identified by explorers. Some of the identifications made on the western side of the Jordan possess singular interest, and do much to elucidate vexed questions of the boundaries of the tribes mentioned in the Book of Joshua, and of the sites of cities, towns, and other places noticed in that book and in the Book of Judges. The localities connected with the episode of Samson, the defeat of Sisera, the exploits of Gideon, the chequered career of Saul, and especially the romantic adventures of David, have been in most cases accurately identified. Palestine being a very small country, all the Biblical sites, as we are told in one of the publications of the society, "are, on an average, to be sought within an area of ten square miles a piece. When David fled farthest from Saul he was yet not more than forty miles from Bethlehem, nor more than fifty from Gibeah, where Saul abode. Most of the famous deeds of Samson took place in a district containing an area of less than forty square miles. Jerusalem itself covered, at the height of its prosperity, not more than 330 acres, including thirty acres of the

Temple enclosure. The closeness of the topography, while on the one hand rendering its recovery more difficult, lends on the other a wonderful vividness and reality to the ancient episodes of Hebrew history. At Hebron we may almost trace each step of Abner's way from the well of Sirah to his doom at the city gate. By Michmash we may gaze on the very rock up which Jonathan climbed. At Shechem we may stand on the brink of Jacob's well, in the very footprints of Christ. We are not content to know that Capernaum was north of Tiberias, and insist on fixing the exact spot now disputed by sites only about two and a half miles distant the one from the other." The surveyors, aided by M. Clermont Ganneau, an accomplished Frenchman, have made some remarkable identifications. The last-mentioned gentleman discovered the ruins of Gezer. Captain Conder found Ai in a modern name, with every topographical advantage to illustrate the record of its position. He also found Michmash in an undoubted modern name. The cave of Adullam has now been almost to a certainty identified, though there had been a considerable amount of speculation on possible sites. M. Clermont Ganneau was the first to recover the name, and Corporal Brophy picked it up from half-a-dozen people without knowing that any importance attached to it. Captain Conder then proceeded to examine the cave. Josephus says that there was a city called Adullam, one of a group of fifteen in the Shephelah. Captain Conder found the ruins of a fortress, and near it rows of caves, all inhabited by shepherds and their flocks. There was one apart from the rest, also occupied by a family, which had ample room to have accommodated David's four hundred men! This cave is only eight miles from the scene of David's victory over Goliath. The correct site of Kirjath-Jearim, where the Ark of God rested, was also identified, not at Sobah, where so many travellers have supposed that they looked upon it as they went from Jaffa to Jerusalem, but about three miles distant, in a spot where the name still survives, and where there is to this day a little

thicket of bushes. Many others might be mentioned did space permit. We pass on to notice the recovery of Modin, where the brilliant episode of the Maccabees originated, and where Mattathias and his patriotic sons were buried. The common tradition had placed this site near the village of Latrun, reached after crossing the valley of Ajalon, on the way to Jerusalem; but the surveyors identified it with El Medyeh, seven miles east from Lydda, in a spot which coincides with all the historic references. There also are to be found rock-cut tombs, where the Maccabean heroes may have been buried.

One of the most remarkable of recent discoveries near Jerusalem is "the place of stoning" as the Jews call it, on the north side of the city, near the Grotto of Jeremiah, beyond the Damascus gate. Dr. Chaplin, long a resident physician in Jerusalem, first found this, and he was led to consider it the place of public execution, where St. Stephen was stoned, and where Christ was crucified. Indeed the rock is shaped like a skull, and may probably have been Golgotha by name, or Calvary, as St. Luke called the spot in Latin phrase. About 200 yards from this, and nigh to the city, some Jewish tombs have recently been discovered as old as the age of Herod. These had been built over by the Women's Towers in the third wall erected by Herod Agrippa, ten years after the death of Christ. It will be strange if the long contested sites of Calvary and the Holy Sepulchre should be found without the walls, and in a spot where no pilgrims had paid their vows, where no Greek fire had ever blazed, and where no Christians had scandalised their faith by their strifes.

The late General Gordon was fully convinced of this identification, and got a model made of the skull-shaped rock. Sir J. W. Dawson, LL.D., F.R.S., of Montreal, favours the same view. It is, however, still a matter of controversy, as there are undoubted Jewish tombs in the immediate neighbourhood of the so-called Holy Sepulchre. Captain Conder thinks that these were the loculi where the nine kings were laid, as they were the only ones, except the

prophetess Huldah, interred within the city walls. He says there is room for nine bodies.

Other identifications of sites have also been made in unexpected ways. For instance, on the walls of the great temple of Karnak, in Egypt, there are hieroglyphics of an expedition made by Thothmes III. into Palestine, before the age of Joshua. As many as 119 names of places are engraven on the necks of captives cut in the stone. Of these forty-two were identified with towns in Palestine by the late Egyptian Director of Explorations, Mariette Bey, and Captain Conder has added twenty-nine more, making a total of seventy-one identifications. This is remarkable considering the difference of languages, by which nomenclature is often concealed. Another very interesting discovery has been made of a record, not written in stone as that of Karnak, but on the fragile papyrus. It consists of twenty-eight pages of fine hieratic writing, and gives an account of the travels of an Egyptian officer, called a Mohar, who journeyed in a chariot, drawn by horses. He started from Aleppo, and entered Palestine from the north, passing through Galilee, and the plain of Esdraelon, to the Philistine plain and on to Egypt. He mentions thirty-eight towns in Palestine, the half of which are named in the Book of Joshua. Captain Conder has identified many, following M. Chabas, who translated the manuscript into French. It has also been rendered into English. The traveller passed through Palestine about the period when Jabin, King of Canaan, oppressed Israel, and also like the Egyptian used chariots of iron.

Another result of the recent survey has been the splendid quarto volume on the Flora and Fauna of Palestine, by the Rev. Canon Tristram, LL.D., F.R.S. Canon Tristram has frequently travelled over the Holy Land, and has written largely on it. He was therefore eminently qualified for gathering up the results of discovery in the natural history. The peculiar position of Palestine in physical geography, with extraordinary range of levels and variety of climates, makes this volume of unusual interest. "I have camped," says Canon Tristram, in a lecture at

Manchester, "under Scotch firs on the top of Mount Gilead, and then descending past Ramoth-Gilead I came to the Turkey oaks and then down to the evergreen oaks, the prickly ilex; then the forests of wild olive, the sycamore, fig, and the splendid Syrian arbutus; then we came to the false balm of Gilead; and finally, I camped at night under the date palms and the shittim in a temperature of 88 degs. in the Plains of Jordan. That is one day's ride. In that day I passed through four different zones, from Scotch fir down to date palm in its native soil. I do not think you could do that in any other country in the world in so short a ride." The summit of Hermon is nearly in the line of perpetual snow, and 200 miles south is the Dead Sea basin, at least 10,500 feet lower, and 1300 feet below the level of the sea, shut in by heights about 4000 feet on both sides, with a tropical climate. Such a land must therefore afford a great variety both of Fauna and Flora. Canon Tristram met with English winter birds on Hermon, and also the chough of the Alps, and the finch of the Himalayas. Around the Jordan valley he discovered "fifteen new species of birds and seven or eight that are not found nearer than Southern India, and as many more that are only found in the hotter parts of Abyssinia and the Zambesi." The crocodile still sports in the marshy Kishon. In the Sea of Galilee a fish has been caught exactly like what Dr. Livingstone describes as inhabiting Lake Tanganyika, whose ova after being spawned are "taken by the male fish into his mouth and hatched there, his jaws swelling to tremendous size as the young grow, ere they at last swim off from their strange nest—such of them as their nursing father has not swallowed while feeding!"

Thus the features of many lands, far apart from each other, have been the pleasant surprises of scientific travellers and explorers in Palestine, and the Book designed for being circulated among all nations, as it is now, gets a cosmopolitan attraction from the surface of the Holy Land. There are, it may be remarked, some 500 British flowers and 172 British birds to be found in Palestine, while lands to the east and south

have their fauna and flora represented there. The natural history of the Bible illustrated by Canon Tristram's book has a sympathetic interest for all mankind.

The volumes connected with the survey are six large quartos, with the large map, and drawings for the Jerusalem volume, and can only be had at a cost

of twenty guineas. The free library in Sydney has got a copy, placed originally at my disposal, and there anyone may consult all.

The final paper will refer to the east of the Jordan, and the work now in hand for the full survey and exploration of Palestine.

THE ISLAND OF ATLANTIS.

Oh thou Atlantic, dark and deep,
 Thou wilderness of waves,
 Where all the tribes of earth might sleep
 In their uncrowded graves !
 The sunbeams on thy bosom wake,
 Yet never light thy gloom ;
 The tempests burst, yet never shake
 Thy depths, thou mighty tomb !
 Thou thing of mystery, stern and drear,
 Thy secrets who hath told ?—
 The warrior and his sword are there,
 The merchant and his gold.
 There lie their myriads in thy pall
 Secure from steel and storm ;
 And he, the feaster on them all,
 The cankerworm.
 Yet on this wave the mountain's brow
 Once glowed in morning beam ;
 And, like an arrow from the bow,
 Out sprang the stream.
 And on its bank the olive grove,
 And the peach's luxury,
 And the damask rose—the nightbird's love—
 Perfumed the sky.
 Where art thou, proud Atlantis, now ?
 Where are thy bright and brave ?
 Priest, people, warriors' living flow ?
 Look on that wave !
 Crime deepened on the recreant land,
 Long guilty, long forgiven ;
 There power upreared the bloody hand,
 There scoff'd at Heaven.
 The word went forth—the word of woe—
 The judgment-thunders pealed ;
 The fiery earthquake blazed below ;
 Its doom was sealed.
 Now on its halls of ivory
 Lie giant weed and ocean slime,
 Burying from man's and angel's eye
 The land of crime.

—*Croly.*

M Y Q U E E N .

AN AUSTRALIAN STORY.

By T. L. GRACE DUMAS.

CHAPTER III.

Philip Trevanion, gifted with talents of no mean order, and glorying in his clear intellect and unblemished lineage, would scarcely have believed that he could be aided in the difficulties which beset him by an uncultured daughter of the people. Yet unconsciously to himself he gained an insight into some of his mistakes, through Marjory Deane's conduct towards the sick girl whom she sheltered and tended during the long and dangerous illness which followed her return. In Millie Radford's spring-time of health and happiness Marjory had despised her for the vanity and frivolity which were her prevailing characteristics ; but in her loneliness and sorrow she cared for her with the affection of a sister. She comforted the crushed spirit, strengthened the light shallow nature to pass through its ordeal of humiliation, and developed the before dormant qualities of unselfish loyalty and steadfastness. As Philip pondered deeply on the hitherto unrealised truth that human nature is more easily guided from evil to good by the clasp of tender hands which hold the sinners in loving fellowship, he felt like one who sees a glimmer of light shining in on the darkness which surrounds him.

One evening, as he strolled slowly through the bush, his mind reverted again and again to a pathetic little scene which he had that morning witnessed. It had been enacted in one of the poorest habitations on the diggings—a little home, where, for many long months, a lonely, blind, old man had watched and waited vainly for a light footstep that never came, and had sickened with the “heart

hunger” of the feeble and aged for the bright young presence that had gladdened his life. The sightless eyes had been raised that morning in mute thanksgiving to the Father in whom the brave old heart had ever trusted. The trembling hands had been laid with tenderest love on a bowed, shame-stricken head, hidden on his breast. The quivering lips had silenced the penitent murmurs of the “little lass,” still a child to him.

“You have come back, my dearie,” was his tremulous response, “that is all I care for. Heaven be praised for the one ‘who was dead, and is alive again—was lost, and is found.’”

Absorbed in reflections which were blended with an ever-growing admiration of Marjory Deane's noble, unselfish nature, Philip prolonged his walk much further than he had intended. It was late in the evening before he reached the township on his return. As he entered it, the grog-stores and gambling saloons, where so large a portion of the miners' time and money was spent, were ablaze with light and echoing with noisy revelry. At another time Philip would have passed hastily by with a shudder of aversion and disgust. To-night, however, thoughts and emotions were stirring within him which caused him to linger, half in doubt, half in reluctance. After some hesitation, newer impulses gained the victory, and he entered a large tent, from whose entrance streamed a flood of garish light and a current of heated air.

Without, the scene was as fair and tranquil as heart could desire. The pure beams of the summer moon, at its

full in the cloudless sky, shone down in undimmed splendour on the Australian landscape. The silver radiance fell on the chain of distant, rugged hills, lifting their dark tops in calm majesty, like immovable guardians of the little township they overlooked. It shed the tenderest beauty over vast lonely forests of thickly clustering gum-trees, on which seemed brooding the perfect calm of a great and marvellous peace. Within was the glare of artificial light, the strife of tongues, and the sound of reckless mirth, the fierce unholy excitement of vice and gain. Crowds of stalwart diggers thronged the tent, some of whom were eagerly stamping their applause of a comic song just ended, others drinking at a small bar in one corner, while the rest divided their attentions between the rival claims of cards and dice. Unnoticed by the occupants of the tent, Philip lingered near the door, until he changed his position to gain a clear view of two men seated at a small table playing cards.

They were too absorbed in their game to heed his approach, and he made his way across the crowded tent, until, still unobserved, he stood only a short distance from the players. "Yankee Bill" was a short, thick-set man, with a dark repulsive countenance. His companion was a mere boy, with a weak sensitive mouth and fair boyish face. Philip stood silently watching for some moments the two so utterly different in every characteristic. Growing heart-sick at last, as he had some weeks before when he met the lad staggering under the influence of strong drink, while he now noted the feverish craving of the gambler sharpening the boyish features, and bringing great drops of perspiration out on the smooth brow, he could remain no longer an unmoved spectator. Stepping forward, he laid his hand gently on Dick Templeton's shoulder, as he whispered earnestly, "You have had enough of cards for one night, my lad. Come across the river with me. I have much to say to you."

Astonished beyond measure at this totally unexpected address from one who, since his last broken promise, had treated him with the coldest dis-

pleasure, the hot blood crimsoned in a moment the boy's sensitive face. Of a very different nature were the feelings aroused in Yankee Bill by this interruption to his amusement. All the worst passions of his nature rose to the surface, and, dashing his cards on the table, he exclaimed in mocking, sneering tones, "Oh yes, go with the parson, Dick; he'll teach you to rant like himself. You'll soon be so precious goody, your best friends won't know you."

Stung to the quick by the taunt, the young fellow would hesitatingly, yet with a certain determination, have shaken Philip's light touch off his arm, and returned to his game; but there was something in the kindly look of the grave dark eyes, bent so earnestly upon him, that touched his better and stronger feelings. With a very evident effort, he rose from his seat, disregarding the scowls of his tempter, who muttered curses, "not loud, but deep," on the man who had dared to step between him and the soul he was lurking along the downward path.

If Dick Templeton imagined that the "young parson" had drawn him from the gaming-table to lecture him or to preach to him, he soon found his mistake. Philip alluded in no way whatever to the scene they had just left, but talked easily and pleasantly about many things, striving to elicit interested answers from his silent and sullen listener. Finally, he frustrated the young man's intention of leaving him at the gate by drawing him gently but firmly into his cottage.

The struggle between the better instincts of the facile nature and its baser impulses was a brief though severe one. When Philip re-entered the room into which he had led his unwilling companion, after looking for a book he intended to lend him, there was a certain tremulous wistfulness underlying the defiant indifference of the sullen tones in which Dick muttered—"You're rare and kind, Mr. Trevanion, but you'd give me up fast enough if you knew I'd been in gaol in the old country, and gone nigh to breaking the heart of the best mother that ever lived."

Philip felt that a present victory was gained, and, crossing to the lad's side,

he took both his hands in his, saying cheerfully, "The past is past, my boy. No one in this new land will ever remind you of its failures and mistakes. The future opens before you, in which you may amply atone for all."

At the kindly words and touch the hard recklessness of the boy's face melted as if by magic, and tears fell thick and fast from the blue eyes, as he murmured, "I *will* strive heart and soul to lead a better life and redeem the past, if you will help me, sir, and not shrink from me when I fail."

A week or two later, as the shadows of evening were falling lingeringly around, Marjory Deane was passing along the narrow uneven track that led through the bush to the township. She was loitering on her way, for she paused often amidst the solitudes she loved to watch the stars gradually silvering the blue vault above the leafy tree-tops, and to listen to the musical murmur of the river dropping lazily over its rough brown boulders, and to the low harmonies which the summer breeze evoked as it wandered amongst the rustling branches.

Accustomed from her childhood to the solitude and freedom of a bush life, there was nothing to alarm Marjory in the loneliness of her surroundings. The companionship of those of her own age and rank she had never cared for, and now, wrapt in dreams and memories, which were as absorbing as they were unsubstantial, she shrank from it more than ever. It was not without a severe mental struggle that the girl's self-controlled nature had yielded itself to an influence which had been unconsciously exerted over her life. The solitariness and isolation of her existence, however, was against her, and in spite of her efforts and resolves, her keen self-contempt and her struggles, she would torture herself by mentally contrasting her own deficiencies with the imagined dainty grace and refined delicacy of the feminine portion of Philip's world—a world of which she obtained tantalising glimpses from the pages of the books and magazines with which Philip, having discovered her taste for reading, kept her supplied.

The tones of a low *trainant* voice were echoing in Marjory's ears as she pursued her route, and before her eyes was the vision which haunted her against her will—the vision of a tall, erect figure and a dark, handsome face, of deep grey eyes which could flash with haughty disdain or soften into almost womanly tenderness. As she reached the commencement of the unsightly heaps of stones and earth which characterised "Brown's Diggings," it was no pleasant interruption to her thoughts to see Yankee Bill standing beside one of the gaping chasms, evidently waiting her approach.

If even in the dim, uncertain light, and unheightened by any meretricious aids, Marjory's beauty was unmistakably apparent, never had the detested admirer who had persecuted her for so long with his hated attentions appeared so utterly repulsive in the girl's sight. His dark scowling face and rough clumsy figure presented a startling contrast to the intellectual patrician lineaments and proud refined bearing of him who had been occupying her thoughts. Hurrying on, she would have passed him with a brief greeting, if placing himself in her way he had not determinedly barred her onward progress.

Bill was deeply mortified at the loss of his influence over the lad on whose weak nature his sinister promptings acted so fatally. Since the night on which Dick had left his old companion in the gambling-saloon, he had steadily avoided him, and had clung to Philip with the deepest trust and affection. Bitterly did the ruffian, defrauded of his victim, hate his antagonist, his wrath being deepened by the belief that to his influence, too, was owing Marjory's scarcely concealed scorn and aversion, which certainly of late had become more apparent. His sulky greeting to Marjory was therefore now accompanied with a malediction on "her friend, the parson."

Incensed beyond measure at hearing Philip's name linked with her own by the lips of the man from whom she had always instinctively shrunk, an angry blush crimsoned Marjory's face and neck, and drawing herself up to her full height, without a word, she again

essayed to pass onwards. Her purpose was arrested by a strong grasp upon her arm, which, in spite of her struggles, held her to the spot.

Resolute and undaunted as Marjory was by nature, as well as by the self-reliant habits of her lonely life, she was helpless in the grasp of a desperado like Yankee Bill, who had been drinking deeply during the evening. It was in vain that she looked for help round the silent bush and deserted claims. The lips whose touch she felt would be a pollution were close to hers, when a strong arm seized the miner, and before he realised what had occurred he was stretched helplessly upon the dusty ground.

The action was the work of a moment, and in the next Philip Trevanion keenly regretted the fiery instinct which had rendered him forgetful, even for an instant, of the dignity and obligations of the cloth he wore, and the gentleness and forbearance of the cause he represented. Scarcely daring to question with himself whether a more personal sentiment, which made every fibre of his frame tingle with passionate resentment against Yankee Bill, did not underlie his just indignation, the young clergyman bent over the fallen man, and would have assisted him to rise. His aid was rudely repulsed; but having measured his opponent's well-knit athletic figure too well to indulge the hope of a successful reprisal, Bill slunk away through the shadowy bush. Although his look of baffled hate and rage was unseen in the darkness, his muttered curses were heard in the still air, and thrilled and alarmed the usually fearless Marjory with a sense of coming evil.

It was in perfect silence that Marjory and her companion wended their way towards the lights of the township, gleaming redly in the distance. The girl was too much humiliated and lowered in her own eyes to recover easily her composure; while her companion was striving earnestly and determinedly to conquer the passionate, bewildering tumult of new emotions struggling for mastery within his breast.

With some difficulty he had disciplined himself into a calmer frame of

mind, when an incident, trivial enough in itself, overthrew in a moment his carefully-erected barriers of resolve and pride.

Marjory's agitation and the blinding tears filling her eyes rendered her less sure-footed than was her wont. She tripped over an unnoticed piece of rock, and would have fallen to the ground if her companion had not caught her in his arms.

In the wild passionate joy that thrilled Philip's heart, with an emotion never experienced before, all wisdom and prudence were suddenly forgotten. For one brief moment his lips touched Marjory's; in the next she had broken from him, and was speeding swiftly alone towards the township, which they had already nearly reached.

CHAPTER IV.

It was not surprising that to Philip Trevanion, resolute, high-principled, and honourable, the weakness of a moment should appear in the light of a breach of faith and rectitude. In his own eyes he was lowered to the level of the man he despised and condemned, and for many days he suffered intensely, as a strong nature which has fallen from its high standard of excellence must ever do.

Although naturally in time the humbling consciousness of weakness, when he most trusted in his strength, grew less keenly painful to Philip's proud spirit, the reflections which it induced made him form good resolutions for the future. His feeling for Marjory, he told himself, was but a passing fancy, aroused by her unusual beauty. As he pictured again and again the ideal woman of his dreams, and imagined his high-bred fastidious mother's horror at Marjory's position and surroundings, he decided that right and reason alike demanded that he should put her at once, and forever, out of his life and thoughts.

To avoid anyone in a small community like Brown's Diggings would have been no easy matter, if Marjory had not been as anxious to prevent a meeting as Philip could possibly be.

While with a feverish unrest, which she strove in vain to quell, the girl longed intensely for the freedom of the forests, with the pride of a resolute, self-contained nature, she deprived herself of her bush rambles, lest she should seem to seek the society of the man she loved.

Pent within the walls of her wretched home, Marjory drooped and faded, like some wild forest songster prisoned in an iron cage. A passionate aspiring soul was awakened within her, which taught her the power of what she had hitherto scorned and defied. A dominion was established over her life, which, in spite of herself, made it a feverish strain after something that was sorrow rather than joy, and rendered the dauntless girl powerless to guide her destiny either for good or ill.

Perhaps the best antidote Philip could possibly have had, to the disquieting unrest against which he struggled valiantly, was the dependence of weaker natures on his strength and steadfastness. In his warm, deep friendship with Arthur Sinclair, he was the master-spirit to whom the lonely exile looked up with a reverence as unfeigned as it was touching. To Philip, and Philip only, did the patient worker unburden his aching heart, unconscious that tenderly as the young clergyman sympathised with his struggles and disappointments, on his own interests and feelings his lips remained resolutely sealed. To the lad Philip had rescued and befriended he was something different from the rest of mankind. His slightest word was law, and he was inexpressibly touched when sometimes he met the wistful blue eyes fixed on his, with the steadfast affection of a faithful dog.

For many months Brown's Diggings had been quiet in the extreme. After the first wonderful "yield," which had made the fortune of the man whose name the locality bore, there seemed no more marvellous golden favours to reward the eager hands which searched so diligently in the bosom of the earth. The claims were yielding only enough to keep hope alive in the gold-seekers' breasts, when suddenly Dick Templeton, the youngest of the miners in the

community, came upon a rich and promising reef. Hope burned brightly once more in the breasts of the most desponding when this "lucky find" became known, while a flutter of eager expectation stirred the more restless spirits in the camp.

The burning rays of the noontide sun were blazing down pitilessly on the busy camp one morning towards the close of the unusually prolonged and trying summer. The scorching beams pierced through the thick leafy branches of the surrounding gum-trees, falling hotly on the wearied diggers, who paused now and then in their labours to wipe the heavy drops from their sunburnt brows, or lave their heated faces with "billyfuls" of water, brought from the shallow river close at hand. Many a rough, grimy hand was extended in friendly greeting to Philip, as with some difficulty he picked his way among yawning holes and heaps of yellow sand. He lingered to exchange greetings with stalwart bearded miners, many of whom looked with evident respect and admiration after the tall erect figure of "th' parson" as it passed along. After several delays the young man reached Arthur Sinclair's claim, situated some little distance from the others, nearest to that of the "lucky digger," who at present was the hero of the camp.

The young digger had already sunk some distance below the surface, and, intent upon his labour, was unconscious for a few moments of the close proximity of the friend he loved. Many a foreboding had troubled Philip's mind ere this, but never had his heart so sickened with apprehension for the one so dear to him as during the brief space he lingered unobserved beside the mine, from which he turned with a shudder, as from an open grave. It was strange, he mused with ever-growing fears, that he had never noticed so clearly before how feeble and trembling were the hands grasping the pick, how worn and wasted the contour of the delicate face and slender figure. Anxious thoughts crowded fast on the watcher's mind, until, becoming conscious of his close scrutiny, the fair head was raised, and the blue eyes met his own. The

harassed, anxious look on the delicately-featured face gave way, as if by magic, to a brighter, happier expression as the young man scrambled up, saying cheerfully, "Well, Phil, old fellow, come to see 'how goes the enemy?'"

The cheery greeting failed, however, to lessen the heavy weight on Philip's heart. It was with a deep sigh that he stifled the longing to breathe a silent, fervent prayer that the hope of a life might be fulfilled ere it was too late. But his trust in an All-wise Father, who holds the imperfect balances of earth aright, and for some good reasons withholds or bestows those blessings 'which for our unworthiness we dare not, and for our blindness we cannot ask,' was too deep and sincere to permit the longing to gain the mastery. Striving to subdue the trembling of his voice, he said earnestly, "Arthur, old man, give up this life, for which you are so unfitted. Go back to the old country. My mother shall use her influence to obtain a lucrative appointment for you in London."

The hot blood crimsoned the worn white face, and the haggard craving look, which it made Philip's heart ache to see, softened into tenderness, as he turned a loving, grateful glance on Philip. His tone, though sad, however, was resolute and undaunted as he answered, "I will struggle on a little longer, Phil, before I go back empty-handed to my darling. Besides, I feel as though there were a strange subtle influence chaining me to this spot. I believe I have caught the 'gold fever.' Perhaps my luck is going to turn at last, after it has been as 'powerful mean' as Bret Harte's 'Old Dow's' we were reading about last night."

Without waiting for further remonstrance, the young man turned back to his labour, and after a sorrowful glance at the fair flushed face whose wasted lineaments still wore

"The lingering light of their boyhood's grace,"

Philip turned sadly away.

He had not proceeded very far, however, when a cry, terrible in its intensity of emotion—whether of realised hope, or bitterest anguish, he could not

tell—smote upon his ear. It came from the spot he had just quitted, and, turning, he hurriedly retraced his footsteps. In another instant he was by Arthur's side, and lifting the prostrate form, which had fallen without life or motion at the sudden realisation of a golden dream—the sight of the fortune which, after months of useless labour, a careless touch of the pick had opened at his feet—he laid it tenderly upon the grass.

It was very easy for Philip to comprehend how great the shock of such a sudden realisation of wildest hopes must be to the over-wrought brain and nerves, weakened by long months of wearing anxiety and suspense. With a mute gesture he silenced the eager clamour arising around them, and laying the unconscious head upon his knee, while he bathed the pallid brow, waited patiently for animation to return.

It was very lingeringly that the spark of life revived in the young man's worn frame. When at last the dim eyes unclosed and looked into the anxious face bending over them, Philip felt as though a knife had entered his heart. Claspings his hands over his eyes, he strove, with heart-rending dread and horror, to shut out that tender, soulless gaze. He could not, however, shut from his senses the sound of the low meaningless babble, which flowed on like the murmur of a rippling stream.

"The fields are bright with golden buttercups, Nell; see how the sun shines on their yellow faces. The ball of cowslips, mother—you promised long ago—I am so weary, mother! let me say 'Our Father' by your knee, before the sun goes down." . . . Thus the weak voice prattled on, of early memories of home and childhood, till tears fell pitifully from eyes that had forgotten how to weep, and lips stained with profanity and falsehood quivered with emotion, and strove with shame-faced trembling to mutter an unaccustomed prayer.

It soon became apparent to the most casual observer that Arthur Sinclair's life was ebbing too swiftly from him to render it of the smallest use to send for the young wife he loved so well. Through all his madness he was gentle and manageable as a child, and for the

time being Philip's only anxiety was to provide him with a quiet refuge, where he might end his sad, shadowed life in peace. Willingly would the young clergyman have yielded up his own scanty accommodation, but realising the difficulty of conveying the exhausted sufferer up the steep and rugged hillside, he strove to secure some retreat in the village itself. Totally oblivious in this emergency of every feeling but the tenderest pity for the sufferings of the friend he loved, Marjory Deane appeared to him in the light of a rescuing angel, when, with much hesitating timidity, she proffered the shelter of the quiet little cabin she and her father occupied.

Little did Philip guess of the long struggle with Stephen Deane which had preceded Marjory's offer, or comprehend the self-denial and sacrifices which enabled the girl to tempt her father's cupidity sufficiently to render him agreeable to the presence of their visitor. For the time he was indifferent to aught save the fact that Arthur was safe and cared for, under the tender guardianship of one of whose warm loving nature every fibre thrilled with deepest pity for the sufferer.

For many long weeks Arthur lingered in the "valley of the shadow"—weeks during which Philip and Marjory spent most of their time by his side; while, although he would cling to the strong arm of his friend with childlike affection, he never recognised for a moment the faces bending over his couch.

Years of acquaintanceship, under different circumstances, could never have brought the reserved young clergyman and the uneducated daughter of the miner so close to one another, as

did those weeks in the quiet room. Beside the frail form, unconscious of the fierce struggle for gain without, as it drifted slowly where "beyond those voices there is peace," the two watchers sounded depths undreamt of before in each other's natures.

To Marjory, Philip had long been the ideal of all that was noblest in manhood, although her proud heart would not confess, even to herself, how absorbing was her devotion. Now for the first time, however, Philip realised the depth of his feeling for the girl, whose natural nobility of character dwarfed into absolute insignificance the simple goodness of his boyhood's ideal. He forgot to comment unfavourably upon Marjory's surroundings, which, if they forced themselves upon his notice at all, seemed only to set out in bolder relief her steadfast loyalty and high-souled purity, as the sombre setting of some rare picture heightens its delicate colouring and finer touches.

The long glowing summer days were slowly beginning to fade into the dull grey of autumn, when the light of reason came back for a brief space to Arthur Sinclair's sunken eyes.

The sun was sinking slowly behind the western hills, and the lengthening shadows were gathering round the silent forests of the land of his exile, as he lay with his tired head pillowed restfully on Philip's breast. Very tremulously did the young clergyman whisper the solemn prayer for the peaceful parting of the passing soul, and ere it was ended, with his young wife's name lingering on his lips, Arthur had gone home.

(To be continued.)

BEAUTY.

Beauty alone is but of little worth ;
But when the soul and body of a piece
Both shine alike, then they obtain a price,
And are a fit reward for gallant actions.

—Young.

WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT.

By F. T.

One is almost tempted to approve of a saying sometimes heard, "that the good things of this world are unequally divided," when we endeavour to realise the enormous amount of wealth that the subject of our sketch, William H. Vanderbilt, possessed at the time of his death.

Two hundred and twenty-five millions of dollars, or in English money, at five dollars to the pound, forty-five million pounds sterling, was the enormous amount of money that this remarkable man had accumulated during the comparatively short space of nine years. It must, however, be borne in mind he inherited about one hundred millions from his father, the celebrated "Commodore." The astonishing fact is still patent that in nine years he had considerably more than doubled that amount.

The amount of space at our disposal will not allow us to glance more than briefly at the early history of the Vanderbilts. It will suffice to say that, as the name would imply, they came of an old Dutch stock, and for generations before the Revolution had laboriously earned their living as tillers of the soil on what is known as Long Island.

Immediately after the Revolution a branch of the family removed to Staten Island, and it was there that Cornelius Vanderbilt (afterwards the celebrated "Commodore") was born, from whom sprang the subject of our article.

The indomitable courage, energy, and perseverance that formed such remarkable traits in William's character were unquestionably inherited from his father Cornelius. As a boy the latter showed he possessed an amount of independence and decision that no doubt formed the basis of that greatness and pre-eminence in the mercantile world which in after years was achieved by himself and his son.

An instance of his disposition is afforded by the following:—Cornelius was quite averse to the vocation of his father, viz., that of a farmer, and strongly wished to go to sea. His mother succeeded in persuading him to forego this idea, but as a recompense promised that if he would plough, harrow, and plant eight acres of hard stony land in seventeen days she would give him a hundred dollars. Cornelius set to work, and succeeded in accomplishing the task. With the hundred dollars he had justly earned he bought a sail-boat, and in one week had taken up the regular position of a boatman plying for hire between Staten Island and New York.

In the line he had chosen for a means of livelihood he soon made a name for himself. He was always prompt, obliging, and civil, and on every occasion sacrificed himself for the sake of his business. The result was, at the age of nineteen, an income of a thousand dollars a year, which formed the nucleus of that gigantic fortune left mostly to his son William in 1877.

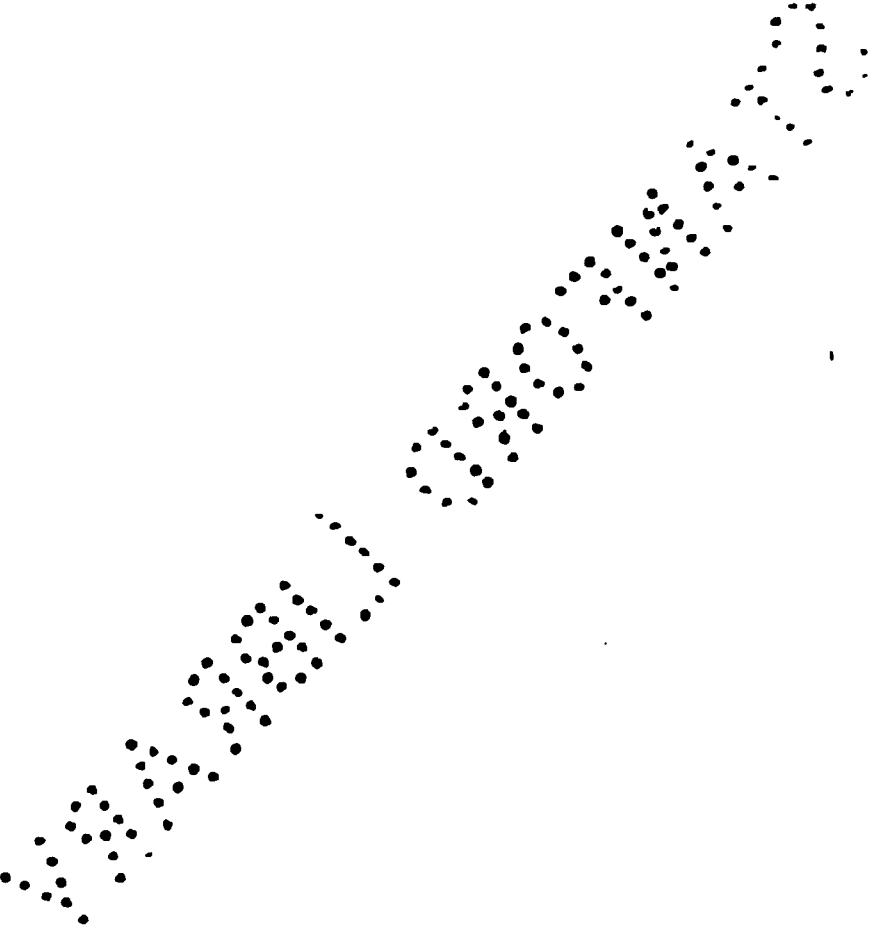
William Vanderbilt was the fifth of thirteen children, and during his childhood was the favourite of his father. He was, however, considered a remarkably dull boy, and the favouritism was soon transferred to his brother George, a smart, active, intelligent boy, who was being educated at West Point for the army. George went into the service of the Union Army at a very early age, and, to the unspeakable regret and sorrow of his father, was killed before the walls of Corinth.

During his school career William did not display any of those remarkable qualities that afterwards made his name so famous. He was, in the strictest sense of the term, an extremely dull boy, and had a great aversion to anything like study. At the age of



WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT.

WILLIAM INGLIS & CO. LITH



eighteen he was placed as a junior clerk in the banking-house of Drew, Robinson and Company, but his career as bank clerk was anything but brilliant—in fact, the reports of his son, sent to the Commodore from time to time, induced that gentleman to call him a “confounded blockhead” the first time they met.

Shortly after this, and while still at the bank, William married Miss Kissam, of Albany, New York. His father, already a millionaire, was intensely angry at this alliance, and sneeringly asked his son what they were going to live on. “Sixteen dollars a week,” stoutly replied his son. That amount was what he was receiving as salary.

For two years the young couple lived on that sum of money, never receiving a cent from the Commodore. At the end of that time William’s health gave way, owing to confinement at the desk, and he resigned his position at the bank.

Before we proceed with the subsequent history of William, we must draw attention to the Commodore’s theory as affecting the sons of rich men, which was that every man is self-made or not made at all. In pursuance of this he at first refused to help William, but after consideration purchased seventy-five acres of rough, stony, unimproved land, quite barren and repellant of aspect. He then said to his son, “You have failed at the bank, and I do not know what you are fit for; but I will give you another trial—take this piece of land, and see what you can do in the way of raising vegetables.” As before stated, William hated farming, but he took the land, and started as suggested by his father, who did not fail to watch his son and his doings with a keen eye.

William’s business abilities and his shrewd common-sense, which up to then had apparently lain dormant, now stood him in good stead. He cultivated and improved his land, used fertilisers liberally, carted his produce to market himself, and generally did well; but above all, he learned self-reliance and the value of money. He stayed on the farm twenty-three years, and during that time his father never helped him with one cent.

Many things, however, had happened in the interval to draw the Commodore’s attention closer to his son William. The Commodore was getting up in years; two of his sons had died, and he had quarrelled with the younger one, Cornelius. Thus William and his doings were brought more prominently before him than they otherwise would have been. In one thing he had greatly pleased his father, and that was by conforming to his taste for good horseflesh. Anent this an amusing story is told. William had a pair of horses that he thought could not be beaten on the road. He was out driving them one day, in company with a friend, and heard the sound of wheels coming up behind him. Without looking back, he urged his team a little, and they went along at a great pace. It was no good; the sound of the overtaking wheels came nearer and nearer. He then just touched his team with the whip, and they literally flew, but it was all in vain. The overtaking team at length lapped him, and then he discovered that it was his father’s team, driven by himself. “Ah, William,” said the Commodore, “that is a good team of yours, but they must have a few more oats before they can touch these.” The old gentleman was driving “Mountain Boy” and “Mountain Girl.”

It was just at this time that the Staten Islanders wanted a railroad. With the aid of his uncle, William was mainly instrumental in starting it. In ’56 the road was built, skirting the eastern shore, from Vanderbilt’s landing. This was of great importance and public convenience, but owing to bad management it became overburdened with debts, and ultimately bankrupt. In the interests of all concerned it was placed in the hands of a receiver; and although William had had no actual experience of railroad management, still he had shown himself to be a man of first-rate business ability and energy, and he was selected to fill the office.

At this stage the Commodore is credited with having said, “Ah! they have put him in there thinking I will back him up, but I won’t;” and he didn’t.

This was the turning-point in William’s career; it was the chance he had

been waiting for, and he eagerly seized it. He took right hold of this little broken-down railroad—without money, without credit, without materials or organisation—and made it the school from which graduated the greatest of the American railroad kings. In two years he had paid off its debts, re-equipped it, connected it with New York by a new ferry, and, in short, placed it on the way to permanent success. His father, who had watched him and his doings with a keen and critical eye, was simply thunderstruck. "Is this the fool of the family? and have I made a mistake?" he asked himself.

As a reward for the ability and shrewdness he had displayed in setting the Staten Island railroad on its feet, William was made president of the company, and managed its affairs till at his father's request he visited Europe on his behalf. When he returned, after an absence of about two years, his father made him vice-president of the Harlem railroad, and, after a short financial campaign with Henry Keep, took the control of the Central out of the latter's hands. The Commodore now doubled the stock, consolidated the two roads, made William vice-president of the new company, and, from the advance in the value of the stock, in one day pocketed the enormous amount of twenty-five million dollars.

In those financial battles, which the father and son frequently undertook, consolidation and stock-watering formed the basis of their plans. They first aimed to make the roads pay dividends; they then spent millions in annihilating competition. All leakages were stopped, strict economy was enforced, idlers were discharged, new depôts were built, fresh connections formed, and business was developed in every way. From 1877—the year in which the Commodore died—till 1881 William was wholly in charge of the great railroads his father had bequeathed to him. His golden rule was to take as few risks as possible, and to protect and maintain, in their gigantic integrity, the vast interests that he had succeeded to.

It was just at this time that all his energy and business foresight were

called into requisition. The wave of commercial activity was flowing upward, and vast amounts of money were seeking investment. The wonderful and astonishing success that had fallen to the share of William Vanderbilt tempted other millionaires to engage in railway enterprise. These men, for the purpose of attacking his railroad system, formed wealthy and powerful syndicates. To protect himself against the attacks of these combinations all his capabilities and resources were brought into requisition. In order to protect Lake Shore railroad he had to acquire the Canada Southern and Michigan Central roads; then the threatened strike of 12,000 men on one of his lines engaged his attention. The ability with which he managed this gigantic strike, and brought it to a satisfactory termination, is already a matter of history.

Then the Central road was threatened with serious and well-organised opposition. Feeling that the interests involved were of too great a magnitude to risk on the result of a financial struggle which, however it might turn out, would cost millions of dollars, Mr. Vanderbilt carefully and prudently unloaded a large portion of the Central stock held by him, thus shrewdly making it to the interest of the public to thwart competition on the part of any proposed rival road. During the course of this unloading he made the largest one sale of railroad stock ever known in the United States, viz., 250,000 shares of Central at \$120. The proceeds of this sale he put into Government bonds, and it was reported from Washington that, including other purchases made at various times, he was receiving interest on \$53,000,000 of Government bonds—more than the entire fortune of the Duke of Westminster or any of the Rothschilds. In three years he had doubled the colossal fortune left him by his father, and had become beyond any comparison the richest man in the world. The year 1880, which will long be remembered in the American financial world as a year of phenomenal crops, high prices, and wild speculation, gave rise to a terrible war of rates among the rival railroad companies.

During the progress of this war, Mr. Vanderbilt's reputation as a shrewd railroad manager suffered somewhat. He led in this financial strife ; and, merely for the sake of punishing certain roads, obstinately held out against settlement long after the arrangement of their differences by rival railroad presidents. He was finally beaten by the establishment of differential rates and the completion of the Nickel Plate road, which for the sake of self-protection he was compelled to buy.

In 1883 Mr. Vanderbilt found his health considerably injured by the vast amount of mental work and anxiety this last financial battle had caused him, and during May he resigned the presidencies of all the roads with which he had become identified. His long projected European trip was now undertaken, and leaving Mr. Rutter, the former vice-president of the Central, as president of that road, he immediately set sail for Europe.

(To be continued).

MUSCLE, MIND, AND RIGHTEOUSNESS

BY S. CLARKE JOHNSON.

Give us men whose hearts are warm and true,
Though their hands be hard as horn ;
And whose souls are pure as the Heaven's blue,
Though their only coats be worn.

Give us men of dignity and fame,
With minds both broad and deep ;
Yet men with high and noble aim,
And a stainless name to keep.

Give us men who will brave the cannon's roar,
On the field of strife and blood ;
Or will plough their way from shore to shore,
On the deep unresting flood.

Give us men of strength to do and dare,
Be their prowess of limb or brain ;
There is work for all—there's a load to bear
Up the hill, or along the plain.

Give us men with muscle, sinew, bone,
Who can swing the heavy sledge ;
And men whose chisels are on the hone,
And are whet to their keenest edge.

Give us men profound, prolific, sage,
To adorn our destiny,
Who will carve their names upon the page
Of a glorious history.

Yes ! the world needs men of pith and might,
Be their stature great or small !
But the man who will fight for God and Right,
Is the grandest man of all !

AMONGST PIGEON PLUCKERS.

By WILL J. SNOWDEN.

I had been in Melbourne for some time, and by noon one day I had just seen my belongings stowed away in the saloon of the tough little steamer Franklyn, to Adelaide bound. I had asked the steward the number of my berth, and he had referred me to the Adelaide Steamship Company's office, whither I was proceeding when I felt a tap upon my shoulder.

At my side stood a man whom I had noticed loitering round the ship for some time—a man of medium height, plentifully bewhiskered; a man crank-necked and bent-shouldered, as though through over-deference he had acquired a perpetual bow. He was well dressed: a diamond ring sparkled on his finger, and in his general get-up he resembled one of those fearfully and marvellously constructed shopwalkers who, at a wage of forty shillings a week, are arrayed so that Solomon in all his glory would before them have faded into insignificance. For the rest, this fellow had a soft, a velvety, a catlike tread. He deposited his feet as gingerly upon the ground as though each step were an abject apology to the soil for the unfortunate necessity of disturbing it. He wore a smile. He wore it constantly. He couldn't help wearing it; it was carved into his face. Nothing more, nothing less was it than a mechanical twitching of the face muscles; and do what you would, insult him or praise him, he *could not* look you straight in the eyes. He was a man whose measure even a superficial observer could take without much difficulty. I ran it off while looking at him, and previous rough-and-ready experience at once assured me that I was to be pigeon, and he poulterer—if *I would only let him be!*

Nature has blessed me with an innocent-looking face—true index to an innocent character, of course!—and no end of peculiarly verdant greenness. I

am proud of both. I have found them effective weapons; and on this occasion I at once buckled them on, brought my other forces into the field in full panoply, and so stood confronting my hopeful Plucker, who remarked, allowing a smile to crease his face into a labyrinth of little gutters—

"I—I beg your pardon, sir, but I overheard you tell the steward you were going to the steamship office. I am a stranger in Melbourne, and I don't know where the office is, though I want to go there and get a ticket, as I'm going to Adelaide by the Franklyn. May I walk with you, sir?" And the cunning little chap laved his hands with invisible soap—the only saponaceous preparation they had known for some time.

"Oh, by all means," I replied, graciously. We walked.

"What might your profession be, if I might make so bold, sir?" was his next requisition. "A retired gentleman, or a banker?—am I right?"

"Oh," I assured him with a smile of unparalleled verdancy, "I'm a dress-ma-a-ker's book-kee-e-per in Adelaide."

His face brightened. He felt sure of at least the Pigeon's wing-feathers. My features became vacant as a plebeian wax doll's, whilst a charmingly innocent smile bisected them with a chasm. And *his* countenance fairly glowed; the twitching became convulsive; the eyes almost confident. He could see the bird—plucked, skewered, stuffed, roasted—before him.

"I'm a South Australian, too," he said; "it's a delightful colony, is yours, and I'm very partial to South Australians. I liked *you* amazingly from the first—you seem so jolly and so gentlemanly!" Ah, me! "I'm glad I'm going back with you. Your dress-maker's establishment shall certainly have my wife's custom."

"I'm *very* much obli-i-ged, I'm sure," I drawled.

"Come and let's pledge our friendship properly," he went on, effusively. "Nothing like the good old way of drinking healths, after all. I've to buy a few little things at the end of the street, and if you will be good enough to go only the smallest bit out of the way we can walk afterwards together to the steamship office, eh? There's plenty of time, you know!"

This was the first active tug which the Plucker had made at the Pigeon. I had been expecting it, and I yielded at once.

"Ye-e-s, I don't mind; certainly," I said. And he chuckled, and I—I gaped!

We went along for some time in the direction opposite to the office, my pilot, when we got fairly into the stream of street traffic, becoming preternaturally active, and looking eagerly about, as if in search of some snug haven. Presently he anchored at the door of a decent-looking hotel, drew me to the entrance of a private parlour, and said, cheerily, "*Now*, we'll have a liquor. What's yours?"

I confessed to a special weakness for lemonade; and, shouting out his order to the damsel in attendance, he drew me with him across the threshold of the parlour. We found it already occupied; and as soon as the Plucker made the discovery he pulled me back hastily and beckoned me outside. I followed him, lambl-like—not the less so because I had recognised, and he no doubt had seen, a familiar detective face amongst the trio who sat in the parlour. The familiar face, fortunately, had not been raised to his. A mutual recognition, I have no sort of doubt, would have been disastrous to my Plucker. But as he hurried me past the hotel without waiting to countermand his order he whispered in my ear, "Three *awful* swindlers, those in that room. Knew 'em in another colony. Afraid to trust myself with them—chisel you before you know it."

And what *I* said was—"Ind-e-e-d! How *very* wicked."

He turned the yellows of his eyes skyward, dropped his hands depre-

catingly, and said, at length, "Ah, well, never mind; we'll find another hotel; and I can buy my few little things afterwards."

He led me along that street, up another, down a third, half-way through a fourth. We passed several hotels, and I ventured to ask him why some of them would not do. He always had the same reply—that, oh! they were not respectable, he was sure, and that, besides, he must go right up here to get his few little things, anyhow!

At last he took me again to a hotel, and after he had looked into one room in a passage, he came back more confidently than ever, and led me into a private parlour adjoining that room.

"So," I meditated, "he's warned his accomplice that the pigeon is ready for the plucking, eh?" It was not the first time I had been the subject of gambling tricks!

He called for drinks for both of us. Again I elected lemonade. He counselled spirits, and looked annoyed when I refused. Then he drew up a chair for me at the end of the table, placing his own between me and the door. The waitress was putting the tray near our elbows, when I heard a movement in the next apartment, followed by a shuffling of feet in the passage. In a minute the door of our room was thrown open, and there entered a portly man, with very keen, green-grey eyes, so small, so restless, so close together. He, I guessed, was the accomplice. He was so strongly, so unapproachably stranger-like towards the Plucker. He seated himself opposite to me, and independently called for his own drink. He seemed a diffident man—it was his strong point, I found ere long. He apologised for intruding; he "hoped no offence for not drinking with us," but "such was his rule." He was sorry for this, he regretted that, he deplored the other.

"Ah," he presently sighed, "I've had my troubles, *I* have; lost friends, money, home, position. But I've been very fortunate in business lately, and I've come to Melbourne to regain health and see what life is really like."

"Well," said my sympathetic Plucker, "it cheers my heart to hear of such good luck following the bad. After

all, life is like a rasher of bacon, you know—streaks of fat and layers of lean." And a tear stood in the sentimental Plucker's eye.

I simply sighed and said, "Where did you meet with such good fortune in business? Any chance for dress-making?"

"My friend is a dressmaker's book-keeper," said the Plucker, parenthetically, as, taking advantage of my glass being uptilted at the moment, he winked significantly at the erst-troubled one. And I sighed softly.

"No," observed that worthy, "not much chance for dressmakers yet, I'm afraid. Fact is I've made my money on the Society Islands—trading with the niggers. They don't go in much for full dress except black skin tights."

"Dear me," said the Plucker, "did you ever have any trouble with the blacks?"

"Oh, not much," said the other, "I'm a peaceful man, / am; but I've seen scores of our poor dusky brethren killed by bad white men."

"How very shocking," I observed.

"Ay, truly," he went on, "and—by the way, *will* you have another drink? No!—and speaking of killing black men, they have a curious custom of perpetuating the memory of their dear, dead friends. There are rude artists in the tribes, you must understand, and when a friend of any note dies one of these fellows draws a rough sketch of him—draws it on a little piece of wood. They then stick it in a curious arrangement of sliding bits of timber, and when this is shut up no one can open it unless he has been shown how to do it. These things are very much prized by those who keep them, and I had a fearful job to get hold of one of them. I had to bribe a native heavily."

"And *you* did get one, then?" queried the Plucker, with a strong show of interest which did him infinite credit.

"Oh, yes; I got one, and I had a photo. of a dear young lady friend of mine put into it. I've got it in my pocket. The niggers call 'em sarcophaguses. Here's mine."

He took from his pocket a dirty, heart-shaped piece of deal wood, about

two inches long and one-fourth of that in thickness. It looked somewhat like a sheaf-box, and its bulk was composed of several layers of thin wood (arranged in a complicated fashion and sliding in different directions), being pinned together by a little bolt.

"I got this," he said, when we had looked at the "sarcophagus," which was closed, "I got this on a sacred pledge that I would never show anyone how to open it. So you'll excuse my putting it under the table and opening it quietly to let you see the lady's likeness."

He put it and kept it under the table for a moment, and then showed it to us again, opened, and disclosing a female's face—a frowsy, low-browed, bold-eyed, frizzle-haired girl.

"Try to close it," said he; and I did close it without any difficulty.

"Now," he added, "try to open it." And I did try, but I failed. It was worse than a Chinese puzzle.

"I never met the man that could open that sarcophagus," he remarked. "The thing looked so simple that men have bet me £50 that they could do it, and I've always won, though I never wanted to bet, you know. But I must step into the next room for a minute or two to answer a letter. You can amuse yourselves with the sarcophagus, if you like; and if I'm not back when you want to go, leave it on the table." He went away; and now I was puzzled a little to know just how the "plucking" was to be attempted.

"This is a rum go," said my fast vulgarising Plucker; "a rum go, ain't it? Let's see whether I can open the expletive thing." He tugged at it awhile, and then threw it upon the table. "Try again yourself," he said, "you don't look like a fellow who is easily beat." And while he modified with a rough-blade pocket-knife the asperities of finger-nail which his tuggings at the sarcophagus had induced, I tried again. He watched me for a time, and leaning over my chair at length, he took hold of the vexing little miniature, and said, pointing to a little depression in one of the wooden slabs—"Wonder whether this'll open it? He pressed it with his thumb-nail and the casket flew open. "Well, that

is a go!" he remarked with well-feigned astonishment, as he asked me to try. I succeeded. "Now, try again—four or five times," he advised. And still I was successful.

"Well I *am* blest," he said next; "old Solemn Chops was sure no one but himself could open it. Didn't he say he'd made heaps of money by it? . . . Now, how does this strike you? . . . But see whether you can open it again. . . . (And I saw, and I could.) . . . Suppose we wait till old Melancholy Chops comes in, and bet him twenty notes you can open the thing"—the adjective thing, he said, I fear.

Ah! so the Plucker had his hand fairly on the feathers now, had he? The Pigeon must beware!

"I never bet," I answered; "it's wicked, and Mrs. Brown—that's the dressmak-e-r—says—"

"Yes, never mind," exclaimed the Plucker; "but you'll make money by this. And here's Solemn Chops coming back. Close the likeness—quick! We'll knock some money out of him."

The accomplice hereupon sidled into the room with a dreamy look upon his dejected face. He resumed his seat, and without a word to us took up the morning's *Argus* and seemed for a minute or two engrossed in the study of its leading article. The Plucker took the opportunity to pound my toes under the table, and to whisper:—"Have you closed the sarcophagus? . . . We'll skin old Grief Face—just!" And then, winking and turning to this Knight of the Rueful Countenance, he said—"Excuse me, Sir, but we've been talking of this sarcophagus of yours."

"Sarco—— I beg pardon," replied the other, absently; "oh! I—I had forgotten about it."

"You said, you know, that nobody could open it unless shown how. Now I believe my friend here can do it."

"My dear Sir," said the other, angrily, "you are trifling with my feelings. You had better understand at once that there is a sacred secret connected with that same sarcophagus. If you tell me again that your friend can open it I shall take the remark as an insult."

And his eyes gleamed and his moustache bristled.

"Wouldn't insult you for the world," said the Plucker, "but it's possible, you know, that my friend may be peculiarly gifted in these matters. Indeed he has told me that he is. Now, as he's a jolly good fellow, and as I believe in him, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll bet you £20 that he *can* open it . . . and I'll go you halves," he whispered to me.

"I assume that your friend can't open it," said the accomplice, "and it hurts me to think that you should doubt my word. But, though I don't want to bet, I *will* take your £20 just to teach you a lesson."

Said the Plucker—"Excuse us one moment; I wish to speak with my friend privately," and he asked me to step outside. He took the sarcophagus along, and said to me—"Now we've got him. You saw his money? We'll make £10 each by the bet, eh?" I protested that I wouldn't bet, but he only said "Tut, tut, you won't throw away such a chance, I know." And after getting me to open the miniature again and again—to strengthen my faith, of course—he led me back into the room.

"We'll risk our £20," said the Plucker.

"I'm sorry to take your money," said the other, "but give me the sarcophagus. I must, of course, *close it myself*, to make sure that it *is* closed."

"Here's my £10," said the Plucker, unfolding some notes; my friend's going the other £10."

This, of course, I absolutely refused to do, and though the Plucker persistently pleaded with me, assuring me *sotto voce* that we could "skin the beggar of his £20 in five minutes," I remained firm. I *would not* stake the £10. If I was blind to the danger before, that "I must close the sarcophagus myself" was sufficient to open my eyes and close my purse.

Both of the accomplices seemed somewhat nonplussed and greatly annoyed at my peremptory refusal to join the Plucker in the bet. At last the latter said to me, "I believe you can open the box, and if you'll honestly try your best I'll bet myself. Then I

can have all the £20 you know, but I'd rather you'd share it."

I was for a moment rather staggered at this. The "match-box" trick which had been tried on me I had seen done before, and so it was merely folly of them seeking to ensnare me with it. I knew of course that though when the "sarcophagus" (it was on almost precisely the same principle as the match-box) was closed in *one* way I could open it when the accomplice of its ingenuous owner showed me the how, it could be closed in another way so that a different method of opening must be adopted. I, accepting the bet, and not now being shown the key to the secret, would have broken my finger nails in useless trying, and would have left the hotel £10 the poorer. I could understand this, but I could *not* see exactly how they could gain anything by the Plucker betting against his own accomplice in this fashion. I had not been as yet educated up to the modification of the "confidence trick," which was now to be played. So I began to half believe that I had misjudged the Plucker's motives. I hoped that his face-muscle twisting might be real honest smiling after all. But still I was distrustful. The man's eyes were close together; he had a "hatchet" face, and his manner when he did not forget himself and lapse into the normal and the vernacular was too mechanical and too smooth for any ordinary sinful mortal.

"Will you open it if I bet?" he asked.

And I said, "As you're bent upon betting I'll try to open it for you, though I had much rather not."

The accomplice only remarked, "I'm sure *I* don't want to bet," as he unrolled a big bundle of papers and threw a twenty-pound note on the table. The note at least *looked* good enough. The Plucker pulled out of his pocket an attenuated purse and spread a couple of notes and two or three sovereigns upon the table. He then unfolded a cheque and was smoothing that carefully over the notes when the owner of the sarcophagus said, "I'd better tell you at once that I can't take cheques. Of course I don't doubt your honour, or that the cheques are all right, but

I'm not in any business connection in Melbourne and naturally I don't like to be bothered with crossed cheques."

"Oh, the cheque is good enough," said the Plucker, "and it is not crossed, so that you'll not have any trouble with it. You may as well take it."

But the other persisted in his refusal, and the Plucker then turned to me and said, "Oh well, we can easily manage that. We're going to Adelaide together, you know. This cheque is for £10. You give me ten sovereigns for it and I'll pay you back on board if I lose. You can hold the cheque between then and now, d'ye see?"

Yes, I saw. This was the second swindle. I would advance £10 and have in token of the advance a worthless cheque. The signature, as I looked at it, was not interpretable. The Plucker would of course lose, and never go on board the steamer to pay back the money, and I would be fleeced as so many, more shrewd than I, are fleeced every day in Melbourne.

"I haven't got any money here," I said, "at least not nearly enough. It's all on board—safe!"

"You must have money," said the Plucker, "how are you going to pay for your ticket at the steamship office?"

"Oh, I have a return ticket."

Both urged and urged me to lend the coveted sovereigns, but I was unyielding. Then the Plucker began to abuse me and to charge me with cowardice till I said, "If you're so anxious to bet why don't you stake the £10 you *have* got?"

The sad-visaged replied that no gentleman (the "gentleman" in capital letters with a gasping emphasis) ever bet less than £20, and he threw the precious sarcophagus upon the table in savageness, while the Plucker scowled. I picked up the mysterious casket. I tried to open it in the same way as I had tried before, and in other ways, but I could not manage to do it. "Old Solemn Chops," as I have said, had been fingering it. Then I rose, picked up my stick, and advanced towards the door.

"I am sorry we should have had a misunderstanding," I said, "but I must go off now to catch the steamer. You're going too, I suppose?" I asked

the Plucker. He nodded, but pressed me—and the other joined him—to have a parting drink.

I bethought me, however, that there might be other swindles than the match-box game and the confidence trick, and so I said as I got into the passage—"No-o, thank you; there's not much time to catch the steamer, and if I lose it whatever will the dressma-a-ker's business do without me so long?"

Both scowled at me; but the Plucker said, "Oh, I suppose I had better go too." And he walked out of the hotel with me. When we had gone a few yards in the direction of the steamship office, he said, "What a flat you were not to bet. You might easily have got £10 out of that fool."

"But I didn't have the money."

"Well, it isn't too late now," he replied, quickly; "there's an hour yet before the steamer will start. You can go on board and get the money, and we'll come back and bet him £20 each, eh?"

This was a game leading of a forlorn hope, but the Plucker looked bilious and disheartened as I said, "It's in the captain's charge on the distinct understanding that I can't have any till the steamer gets into Port Adelaide. Some of it's the dressma-a-ker's money, d'ye see!"

He suddenly said, "Dressmaker be ——" well; something or other!

He walked on with me a few yards more, and then he said, "Oh, by-the-bye, I must go back to the hotel. I've forgotten my few little things. You go on towards the office and I'll overtake you there." As he dropped behind I took out my card and presenting it to him, asked him for *his* name.

"I am a newspaper man," I said, "at your service, and that of your friend yonder. If you *should* happen to be so long getting those few little things that you miss the steamer, pray be sure to call upon me when you get to Adelaide, and bring old Solemn Chops along too, eh?"

He went off suddenly, and did not overtake me at the office, and neither he nor his few little things helped to load up the genial captain's good steamer. What is worse, he *hasn't* called upon me, and old Solemn Chops is missing too. "If this should meet their eyes," I'd like to see them to chat over matters; but, anyhow, I have introduced them to a very large acquaintanceship, and you may probably meet the Plucker and his friend of the rueful visage within a radius of two-thirds of a mile from that point on the Queen's Wharf whence the Adelaide Steamship Company's vessels start for South Australia.

FLOWERS WITHOUT FRUIT.

Prune thou thy words; the thoughts control
That o'er thee swell and throng :—
They will condense within thy soul,
And change to purpose strong.

But he who lets his feelings run
In soft luxurious flow,
Shrinks when hard service must be done,
And faints at every woe.

Faith's meanest deed more favour bears,
Where hearts and wills are weighed,
Than brightest transports, choicest prayers,
Which bloom their hour, and fade.

—J. H. Newman.

P R O V I D E N C E .

By R. R. HAVERFIELD.

"Fear not, but trust in Providence
Wherever you may be."

—*Old Song.*

I cannot believe that any man who has been used to the solitude of the wild bush can be an atheist, or that he can entertain a doubt of the omnipresence of an all-wise and almighty ruler. Time spent in the primeval wilderness cannot be counted as lost by a thinking man. It is, on the contrary, to him a privilege of an inestimable kind to be brought into communion with nature in her primitive condition, and to be led to reflect on the wonderful care bestowed on every object of His creation by the great Architect of the universe. It becomes manifest to him that there is a Providence everywhere, and that as in the populous city, so in the uninhabited desert, everything is under the paternal direction of Him who marks the sparrow's fall. There is at times, without question, an abuse of the term providence as applied to the Supreme Being. I was forcibly reminded of this on one occasion on which it will be seen that I had no right to expect an especial vigilance in my behalf, as I had it in my own hands to ensure my safety. It was, I think, in 1849, that I was riding one day from the station of the Messrs. Ham, at Lake Lalbert, to Lake Tyrill. Having made a late start, night came on before I could get clear of the Mallee Scrub and on to the Tyrill Plains. As the sun went down, the sky became darkly overcast, and a cold drizzly rain began to fall, which continued during the greater part of the night. Without any guide either in the heavens or on the earth, when darkness set in, I saw that it would be useless to attempt to proceed, as I could not possibly pursue a straight course. It was probable that my horse, with his superior instinct, would carry

me to our destination, but I did not feel inclined to trust to such a chance, as it was just as likely he would go to the feeding-ground of his companions as to our camp, in which case I should be very little better off than by remaining where I was. But I was suffering the torture of acute toothache, which rendered travelling and the exposure to the wet and cold intolerable. I therefore determined on camping in the scrub for the night, and having alighted and "close-hobbled" my horse, as it is called, with a stirrup-leather, I groped about in search of material for a fire. It was perfectly dark, and I had to feel for everything on the ground—not very pleasant occupation in the circumstances, for every now and then my fingers touched a piece of stick from which they immediately shrank involuntarily, for the smooth fallen branches of the mallee, wet as they were, resembled to the touch the clammy skin of the snake. At length I stumbled over what appeared to me to be a log of some size, and with much difficulty, for in those days we did not carry matches in the bush, relying entirely on the tinder box, I succeeded in kindling a fire, and having made a breakwind and a bed of boughs and leaves, I lay down before it. When it was well alight, I saw that my log consisted of the root end of a box-tree of some size which was hollow for several feet up the butt. Very soon the flames licked furiously round the dry and very inflammable rotten wood of the hollow, sending forth such an intense heat that it was impossible to remain in the position in front of it, in which I was lying. To move to any distance or to the one side or the other, was, I found by repeated experiments, to lose the benefit of the fire, and very reluctantly, as those who have had any experience of the agony of that "hell of a' diseases,"

the toothache, will readily understand, I was compelled to seek some solid wood against which to make another fire. Having succeeded in my search I had comparatively very little trouble in raising a good comfortable blaze, by bringing burning sticks and boughs from the scorching oven. All this time a cold rain was descending pitilessly, though not heavily, and being only lightly clad, I was quite wet through. The tooth was raging, and sleep was impossible. But by-and-by the violent throbbing of the nerve subsided, and the pleasant drowsiness, consequent on the cessation of excessive pain, began to steal over me. I was nearly asleep when a bright glare, caused by the flames catching hold of some withered leaves, made me open my eyes and take a survey of the situation. To say that I did not like it is but inadequately to express my feelings. It was one of positive alarm, for which there was sufficient reason, as the reader will admit if I make the state of affairs sufficiently apparent. I had lighted a fire in the first place at the root of a tree. I now saw that the tree in its fall had not lain flat on the ground, but in consequence of a long natural curve in its stem, had formed an arch, the one end of which was at the root, which was burning away at a tremendous rate, and the other resting on the earth at the point at which I had unwittingly lighted my second fire. This arch, composed of a trunk from eighteen inches to two feet in diameter, had a lean towards me. It was evident that when its two ends were burned away, it must come over, and it required no other measurement than that of the eye to see that it must descend on the spot on which I was lying. I tried to calculate how long it would take the fire to sufficiently consume it to cause the inevitable fall. The danger seemed so imminent that I felt strongly inclined again to shift my quarters. But I was very tired, and a dread of a return of that terrible toothache made me irresolute. I therefore asked myself, "Shall I risk a renewal of that insufferable pain, or shall I trust to Providence?" And with but little hesitation, I replied, "I will trust to Providence." When I think of it

to-day I confess that I was guilty of a great imprudence. Why should I have expected Divine protection, when I could protect myself? I have but the one excuse—the horror of the toothache. Trusting in Providence, for I really did implicitly, I fell asleep.

Every bushman, camping out alone, is sure to awaken early, and about the first peep of day I awoke and sprung to my feet, my first thought being to look after my horse. Snatching up my saddle and bridle I started off on his tracks, and I had not got many yards away from the tree when I was startled by a heavy crash and a bright shower of sparks, which had been thrown some distance into the air from the two fires. Retracing my steps I found that the anticipated fall had occurred, and that the tree had come down right on to the bed which I had left only a minute or two before. How could I help attributing my wonderful escape to the merciful kindness of that Providence in whom I had placed my trust? I know that I did not deserve it. I know that, as the result of my neglect to move myself out of danger, I might at the moment I was standing safely gazing on that prostrate arch, have been lying dead, or pinned to the earth so fearfully mangled that I must have suffered inexpressible torture more or less prolonged. I know that being off the cart track between Lalbert and Tyrill, it is very improbable that my remains would ever have been found, for in all likelihood they would have been consumed by the fire, or if any part of them remained uncremated that they would have been devoured by the wild dogs and the birds of prey. Rightly or wrongly my heart was full of gratitude to Heaven for my preservation from so terrible a fate, and it still is so, not when I think of that night only, but of many other instances in which, like others who have done the work of bush pioneers, I have, miraculously as it appears to me, escaped sudden and painful death. For saying this I was sharply rebuked by an acquaintance, who desired me to say what right I had to consider myself worthy of the special vigilance of Providence. I had no answer to make except that my faith in God inspired me with the

belief that my escape was due to the trust I had placed in Him.

"Now," said my friend, "you know the case of poor young Barbauld, and you are aware that it was about the time of your deliverance that he was killed. Can you tell me why he should not have been saved as well as you?"

I admitted that I could not; nor, I argued, was it in human power to render any such explanation. One ship sails safely round the world, and another is lost within sight of port. The survivor of a hundred battles has seen thousands shot down at his side. Who can tell why wreck and death should occur in some instances and not in others?

The fate of young Barbauld was a particularly sad one. He was a lieutenant in the army, whose regiment was serving in India, and he had visited Victoria on furlough. He was a friend of Mr. Robert Cay, of the firm of Cay and Kaye, who had a station on the Avoca, which was managed by Mr. W. E. Stanbridge, now one of the representatives of the North Central province in the Legislative Council. Mr. Barbauld was staying at the station, and was highly esteemed in the neighbourhood, being a young man evidently of excellent qualities. In those days post-offices in the country were few and far between, and people had to send considerable distances for their letters and papers. One day Mr. Barbauld started for a distant station to get the mails. As he did not return at the time expected, considerable uneasiness was felt on his account, and the next morning, on a search being instituted, his horse was found saddled and bridled grazing near the station. People were set to run his back tracks, and they led to a spot where, to the horror of the trackers, his dead body lay stretched on the ground. On examination it was found that his thigh had been broken in two places. It is supposed that his horse must have shied violently and that he must have been thrown against a tree. Incredible as it may appear, there are living witnesses who can vouch for the truth of the fact that the poor sufferer had dragged himself along the ground for nearly three-quarters of a mile, with the aid of two pieces of stick about six inches in

length, which the marks on his trail plainly showed he had dug, as he proceeded into the ground, in order to enable him to make his terribly agonising progress. Possibly his life might have been saved but for this fearful amount of exertion. But what a night of torture he must have endured had he remained where he was thrown! He knew he was close to the station, and his great courage and power of endurance prompted him without doubt to reach it. This unfortunate and much lamented officer was a son of Mrs. Barbauld, the celebrated authoress.

In the same locality, and much about the same time, another very melancholy death occurred in the bush, caused, it was assumed, by the want of water. A one-armed man, whose name I have forgotten, was employed by Mr. Fulton, the well-known gunsmith of Melbourne, to procure birds for the purpose of stuffing them. Desirous of obtaining a specimen of the lowan, or Mallee hen, he entered the scrub near Buckrabanyule in search of one. He never returned. Search parties found his tracks, but were baffled in their endeavours to run them out. Some months afterwards his body was discovered by Mr. Le Souef, the director of the Zoological and Acclimatisation Gardens, who was then managing the Avoca station for Messrs. Curlewis and Campbell. The remains were much burned, and were only identified by the crook attached to the arm, and a contrivance on the stock of his gun by which he had been enabled to use it. He had picked a quantity of quandongs, with which his hat was found half full, apparently to appease his thirst, and sad to relate he had succumbed within a couple of hundred yards of a supply of water which he clearly had not the strength to reach.

Why either this man or Lieutenant Barbauld should have perished at that time, whilst I was saved, and live so many years afterwards to tell the tale, is a question too deep for my philosophy. Neither can I tell why I should have outlived many younger, and no doubt better, men of my acquaintance. I only know that the older I grow, the more thankful I feel, and the more implicitly do I believe in Providence.

ADVENTURES OF A PIONEER.

By W. LOCKHART MORTON.

No. XVI.

When I left Sutton Grange I resided for a short time in or near Melbourne. I began to perceive that my original resolution to acquire some money and then return to the old country to follow out my wish—to study civil engineering—had been simply a day-dream. Australia, at that period especially, was regarded as a better field for money-making than any other place in the world. Unless a person has money to begin with, however, there is no chance of acquiring wealth suddenly anywhere, except by taking some mean advantage of other individuals, or by some fortuitous circumstances, such as are seldom met with. Any man in Australia now, as in former times, can acquire money by industry and by practising saving habits, but time is required for the operation, and the latter mode would be useless in my case in enabling me to gain the object for which I came to the southern hemisphere. Then again, in all cases, there are many difficulties to be overcome in acquiring money or property, because all are engaged in the same pursuit, and the sharper and the rogue find it more congenial if not more profitable to make money at the expense of their fellow-men than by legitimate and honest business. Money-making is a slow process generally, and, as we see in the case of some of our most successful colonists, it is a life-long process—never relinquished till the last enemy overtakes them.

It used to be a common bush saying in the early days of Victoria that in this life “men are not saved by faith, but by the want of it.” It is probable that all men, insensibly according to their mental or moral nature, are guided in dealing with their fellows by one or other of the following theories: To

regard every man as a rogue till he has been proved honest, or to regard every man as honest till he has been proved a rogue. The first I have always regarded as a very terrible theory, and I would rather be robbed and swindled a thousand times than act upon it. It might be appropriate in Pandemonium.

About the beginning of 1848 my colonial experience had so disgusted me that I resolved to return home, and took my passage accordingly. Yet I went not and lost my passage money beyond recovery. I had become engaged in a great adventure requiring my presence in Australia, and I remained here to have it carried out in a proper manner, under my personal superintendence. As a preliminary, however, I resolved to look out for pastoral country beyond the River Murray, and accordingly I started in May or June of that year. The particulars of that journey, with its unsatisfactory results, were fully given in the first number of *Once a Month*. On my way back to Melbourne from that hunt after pastoral country, I left the Sydney Road about Benalla, and crossed the Goulburn at Noorilum. On that occasion I did not follow up the river to the Major's line, but, going out to Waranga Park, so named by the late Mr. Holker, who was the first to settle in that region, I thence went direct through the bush to Mount M'Ivor. I found here again a wide tract of country, with reefs of quartz, and all openly covered with forest trees and much prickly acacia (*acacia armata*) as an undergrowth. Mount M'Ivor was changed, I think, by the late Mr. Hoddle, the Surveyor-General, into Mount Ida—another classical name; but, as in Mr. Latrobe's attempt to give Swan Hill the name of

Castle Donnington, and the new township of Bendigo that of Castleton, the new name was not adopted by the public. From Mount M'Ivor a very remarkable range trends northerly and terminates about ten miles from Echuca. The rock, although of igneous origin, is wholly different from the basalt or bluestone so abundant in all the southern parts of Victoria. It is a range of greenstone. The rock is very hard and tough, and will doubtless, some day, be appreciated for paving or metalling roads, as it would be far more durable than bluestone. In referring to greenstone rock, I may here point out that the elvan dykes, so numerous in connection with the rich quartz reefs about Walhalla, in Gippsland, are not of decomposed diorite, as has been recently stated by a correspondent of the *Argus*, but all consist of decomposed greenstone.

From M'Ivor I kept on through the bush, and came upon a track near Dunsford's station, near where Lancefield is now. The weather was very cold and wet, and under such circumstances the only way to keep one's feet warm is to ride with them out of the stirrup-irons. On reaching Melbourne I was seriously ill. The exposure I had undergone brought on a mild attack of congestion of the liver. Under the skilful treatment of the late Dr. Howitt I soon got better.

I think it was about the time referred to, about the middle of 1848, that great dissatisfaction began to be expressed respecting the treatment Port Phillip was subjected to by the Government in Sydney. The district had for some years been permitted to elect five members to represent it in the Sydney Assembly. Of the five first elected—namely, Mr. C. Hotson Ebdon, Dr. (afterwards Sir Charles) Nicholson, Thomas Walker, Dr. Lang, and Dr. Thomson, of Geelong, only the first and the last named were local men. Melbourne was subsequently permitted to elect a member, and I think Mr. Lachlan Mackinnon was for a time its representative; and, if I remember rightly, it was he who resigned in disgust because the Port Phillip members were always outvoted. In due time a writ was issued for the election of some

one in his stead. The Mayor of Melbourne was returning officer. A rough kind of stage or platform was erected in front of the Court House, in Latrobe Street. When the day of nomination arrived, the late Mr. Sumner and I walked up to the court-house. We were early there. The returning officer had not arrived, and only a few people were about. But soon a crowd in procession was observed coming up Russell Street, headed by a band of music; and leading it, like a commanding officer, was the late Mr. John Pascoe Fawcner. On arriving at the court-house, the big drum was deposited under the verandah. Without any formality, and doubtless with the view of improving the occasion by conciliating the crowd and to secure a patient hearing for himself, Mr. Fawcner began a speech. The first sentences were, "I am a working man; I identify myself with the working men. I was sixteen years at the pit-saw." Some wag called out, "Top-sawyer!" He then made some allusion to the proprietor of the *Herald*, to whom had been given the nickname of "The Big Drum." The real drum was now struck and the crowd laughed. This speech of Mr. Fawcner's was only like a preliminary canter. When the returning officer arrived Mr. Sumner and I got upon the platform, sitting on the front plank, with our feet hanging down. The position was not unsafe, for had we been pushed off our feet would have touched the ground about the time we lost our seats.

I think it was Mr. Fawcner who came forward and nominated the Right Honourable Henry Grey—Earl Grey in the peerage of Great Britain. I was under the impression, relying on memory alone, that there was no opposition, but on referring to the "History of Australia," by Mr. Rusden, it appears that Mr. John Fitzgerald Leslie Foster was also nominated; for Mr. Rusden states that, on a poll being taken, 295 voted for Earl Grey and 102 for Foster. The Government in Sydney failed to perceive the meaning of this proceeding on the part of the people of Melbourne; and when a general election subsequently was held, Geelong was made the place of

nomination. Even Mr. Rusden has failed to see the meaning of the election of Earl Grey, and condemns it as absurd. The incident was intended to show to the English Government that such a state of feeling prevailed in Melbourne that the people were ready to do an absurd action rather than wait longer for separation. The Attorney-General in Sydney sought to upset the election of Earl Grey, but he found out that he could not. The conduct of the Melbourne electors, however absurd it might appear to those who could not comprehend it, was fully justified by the result, for it probably did more to hasten separation than all other efforts to obtain it.

It is a curious characteristic of perverse human nature, that when any political action is crowned with success—like an important discovery in science or useful mechanical invention—a number of individuals have no difficulty in believing that the idea originated with themselves. The real originator of Earl Grey's election was the late Mr. Sumner (of Messrs. Grice, Sumner, and Co.), although it has never been ascribed to him.

In 1848 I again returned to bush life. Meeting with the late Mr. Alexander Mollison one day in Collins Street, he greeted me with the remark that I was the very gentleman he was looking for; and, crossing to the Melbourne Club, where the Bank of Victoria stands now, he explained that, as attorney for Judge Donnithorne, formerly of India, he wanted me to take the management of his St. Agnes station. St. Agnes station—often called St. Ann's; but why, I could never understand—was the area lying between the Campaspe and Coliban rivers, and extending from Carlsruhe to the Green Hill. The homestead was opposite to where Kyneton stands now. Mr. Mollison knew me when at Sutton Grange, almost a neighbouring station to his own. I accepted the appointment, and soon afterwards took charge of St. Agnes. I lived there for about a year, and I can testify that the neighbourhood of Kyneton possesses one of the most lovely and healthful summer climates that I have met with in Australia. The elevation of the site

above the level of the sea renders it cool even in hot weather. The landscape is beautiful, and the soil rich, formed from decomposed basaltic rock, and the vegetation, therefore, is abundant. In winter, however, the climate is cold and wet, with intense frosts occasionally. I cannot help thinking that if our popular and respected Governor had chosen a summer residence somewhere near Kyneton, instead of one on the exposed south-west slope of Mount Macedon, he would have with his family enjoyed a far more equable climate and more pleasant surroundings. The geological history of the valley of the Campaspe,* when it becomes better known, will be highly interesting. It seems there was in ancient times a wide deep valley, extending from the low granite hills on the east of Kyneton to the Coliban, and covered with trees and scrub; but a great overflow of lava, from volcanic hills along the Dividing Range or from the sources of the Coliban, overwhelmed the forest and filled up the valley; and beds of charcoal, below the basalt, remain now as witnesses to prove the fact.

St. Agnes, though a small station, could carry a large number of sheep, but they were subject to foot-rot, as often is the case in other parts of Australia where the soil is wet and adhesive, remaining continually between the claws and excluding the healthful action of the atmosphere. Writers of books on sheep will tell us that sheep should be kept on stony hills, and their hoofs would be then worn down; that men keep sheep where they were not designed to be, and their hoofs become too long, and foot-rot is the result. This is one of those plausible theories which will not bear investigation. Sheep, we may conclude, were designed to be kept where they thrive best—on open, level, or undulating plains and downs; and long hoofs do not cause, but are the effect of, the disease, which begins in the tender delicate part between the claws, where there is no hoof at all. Wild sheep and lost sheep climb to the hill-tops as to places of safety from their enemies, not because

* This river was so named by Major Mitchell—not by Mr. Ebdon.

they prefer the pasture, or for the sake of keeping their claws pared down by stones.

If sheep can have sand-hills to camp on by night, and thus get adhesive soil removed from between their claws, that those delicate parts may be exposed to the air and become warm and dry, the disease will not give much trouble.

I found that on such a station as St. Agnes, where there was no good camping-ground, the most successful plan was to enjoin in each shepherd's agreement that he should carry a crook and a small bag with pounded bluestone, and that during the hot part of the day, when the sheep were in camp, any sheep showing the first symptom of lameness should be caught, and the bluestone rubbed between the claws. Prizes were offered to the most successful men. As a first prize I bought a silver watch, worth £4. The man who gained it thought to improve it; he therefore took it to pieces and greased it with mutton fat, and then discovered he could not put it together again. Such was the solitary and monotonous life of shepherds that in five or six years they became more or less cranky. In the days when shepherding was universal, an employer who regarded his own peace—even if he had no kind, humane feelings—would try to prevent men becoming cranky by putting them for a season to some active employment.

When Major Mitchell, on his way returning from Portland Bay, passed up Forest Creek and through Expedition Pass, at the head of it some of his drays broke down, and, leaving the staff of mechanics which he always had with him in exploring to repair the drays, he started with a select party to ascend Mount Macedon. He saw from its summit the waters of Port Phillip, and the tents of Batman and other pioneer settlers who had then but recently arrived from Tasmania. The richly-grassed country, extending from where Taradale is now to the base of Mount Macedon, so impressed Major Mitchell with its excellence for pastoral purposes—and he had seen so much country of the same description all through the Western District—that he gave to the new

region he had discovered the name of "Australia Felix."

To the west of the Coliban, opposite to Kyneton, there is a limited area interesting to geologists. It is a small patch of the coal formation, and on the south side of the Dividing Range, near Bacchus Marsh, there is another small area of the same formation. In the area at Kyneton there is a beautiful white sandstone rock—the best for building purposes I have seen in Victoria. Specimens of this fine building-stone may be seen in the buildings at Kyneton. It was used at an early date in some of the first substantial buildings erected there.

On the St. Agnes run, and on the east bank of the Coliban, there is a long narrow strip belonging to the silurian formation, with quartz reefs appearing on the surface. These reefs, I believe, were worked after the gold discoveries, but with what result I am not aware.

Early in 1849 I had a common, but a very great and important adventure, such as many a man and many a woman have had cause for rejoicing over, and others for repentance. I am not amongst the latter. I may here state that, notwithstanding the hostility of many now to such adventures as matrimonial unions, in bush life especially, they are a source of great comfort and enjoyment; and I am prepared to go further and say, after a pretty long Australian experience, that in kindness of heart, purity of speech and thought, and in high moral and religious principles, the female sex is in all respects superior to the male. If I were to express my opinion in reference to giving the female sex the same voting power in politics as males, it would be in their favour. We may be quite sure that if females had votes there would be fewer objectionable characters sent into the legislatures of the colonies.

About the middle of 1849, Judge Donnithorne resolved to sell the St. Agnes station, and it was sold to Messrs. Booth and Argyle, and I merely remained there till after shearing. In the month of November of that year a fearful storm, accompanied with high winds and incessant cold

rains from the south-west, prevailed for four days over nearly the whole Port Phillip district, causing great mortality amongst newly-shorn sheep. Sheep were then all kept by night in yards made of hurdles. The yards were blown down, and sheep belonging to different owners became mixed, and went before the wind for miles, seeking for shelter. Nearly all the flocks on the plains between Geelong and Melbourne were found crowding together in the valley of Jackson's Creek and the Saltwater River—thousands of them had perished. Fortunately, only about 300 of the St. Agnes sheep had been shorn, and about seventy of them perished. During the previous winter there had been a fall of snow at St. Agnes, and when it melted in a day or two there was a great flood in the Campaspe. As there was no bridge, and the station the only shelter near, our cottage was for days crowded with strangers—including Mr. W. F. Splatt, of Reedy Lake station.

At the beginning of 1850 I started to look for a small station for myself. I had, after waiting about eighteen months, got no notice about the blocks I had applied for on the Murrumbidgee Plains, as mentioned in the first number of *Once a Month*, and I resolved to look for an established station nearer. I adopted an unusual course. Without applying to a station agent I mounted my horse and rode off in a north-westerly direction, to look for such a station as I should approve of. I went to the Avoca, and thence east to the Loddon.

On reaching Salisbury Plains, I thought it exactly the station I should like to own. Returning to St. Agnes, where I had left my wife and baby, I went to Melbourne, and bought the station from the late Mr. Abel Thorpe on very easy terms.

There were many difficulties to be overcome, but by the shrewd tact of the late Mr. John Mackenzie they were all surmounted. Messrs. Jackson, Rae, and Co., became my agents, and acted as such till Mr. Jackson, to my regret, left for home. Mr. James Jackson, like the late Mr. Richard Grice and William Westgarth, now of Lon-

don, was in those days such as any community should be proud of. In those days there were some fine young fellows in Jackson, Rae, and Co.'s office, including Mr. William Sloan and the late Hugh M. C. Gemmell, whom I never lost sight of afterwards; but the latter was taken away in the midst of his days, and, as we are apt to think, untimely.

A short time after taking possession of Salisbury Plains, nearly all the horses on the place were stolen by Gardner, the bushranger, and two others, and I had to leave my family in pursuit of them, as given in detail in one of the numbers of this publication.

The year 1850 was a dry year. There was no flood in winter in the Loddon, and in the summer, miles of the channel were quite waterless—a fact worthy of consideration by some of the existing water trusts. Water on the Mount Hope run, then owned by Mr. William Campbell, now of London, failed, and I was much pleased to be able to furnish grass and water for about 20,000 of Mr. Campbell's sheep for three months. I had ten miles frontage to both banks of the river, and having, like the patriarch Job, only 7000 sheep of my own, I was able to oblige Mr. Campbell without the slightest inconvenience or loss to myself. If men generally would act upon this principle towards each other, the world would be a more happy one. It is, strictly speaking, acting on the golden rule, which a speaker before the Melbourne Presbytery last month quoted as from Shakspeare, whilst it should have been ascribed to Him who spoke as never man did. I had become acquainted with Mr. Campbell whilst at St. Agnes, for he was one of those who came to inspect that station; and a friendship was then established, lasting to the present hour. Mr. Campbell is one of the most worthy men the colony has possessed. He never, like some other colonists, found it necessary to promote his fortune by a loud profession, and he would have scorned to do it had he been less fortunate; yet he was, whilst resident in Australia, a more honest man and a better Christian than any hypocritical professor.

Happening to be in Melbourne in the spring of 1850, I was present at the opening of Prince's Bridge. There was, of course, a procession and much burning of gunpowder. A number of us bush-people on horseback took our stand on the then vacant ground now occupied by the Prince's Bridge railway station and railway sheds. We were amused at the sorry figure which Mr. Latrobe presented in the procession. He was on a low-set, hollow-backed white horse, and, although he was above the middle height of male humanity, his body was unusually short, if his limbs were long. He had always a very bad seat on horseback, and on that occasion he might have been taken for a lay-figure such as street boys carry about on the 5th of November. His appearance was much concealed by the better looking and better mounted attendants around him, not with the view of protecting his person, but probably to show to the general public how near they were to their central luminary. The planets Venus and Mercury get more light and heat from the sun than Saturn and Jupiter, unless the accepted theories of science are wholly wrong; and they all get light and heat in proportion to their density, as was sometimes known to be the case metaphorically in official circles in Mr. Latrobe's day. The procession came down William Street, and thence along Collins Street to Swanston Street. The ever-acute and active Mr. Pascoe Fawkner was in the procession, with a printing press on a waggon; and during the progress slips were being printed and distributed amongst the crowd. I rode up to the waggon and got a copy. I was surprised at some of the statements the slips contained, claiming that Mr. Fawkner was the founder of Melbourne; whereas Mr. Batman and his party, including the Wedges and others, had been settled at Batman's Hill four months before the arrival of Mr. Fawkner. Batman came in June, 1835, and Fawkner in October following.

When the procession reached the centre of the bridge, there was some speechmaking and some cheering; but as Mr. Latrobe was not greeted with cheers during the procession, those given over the keystone of the bridge

were probably meant for the occasion only. Mr. Latrobe, privately and personally, was a very worthy man, but he was never popular. He was not made to be a governor, and it was always understood that he had gained the favour of the English Government about the period when Queen Caroline was so harshly and unjustly treated by George the Fourth.

On the 6th of February, 1851, ever since generally named Black Thursday, a great calamity befel the settlement. High winds from the north began early in the morning, and continued throughout the day, with an increasing temperature. Bush fires broke out everywhere, and there was such a dense haze in the atmosphere that the sun became obscured, or looked like a globe of blood at noonday. The hearts of some people failed them, and they thought that the end of the world was at hand.

I was at Salisbury Plains, on the Loddon, on that fearful day, and although we had not there the terrible bush fires which prevailed in the forests and on the south of the Dividing Range, the intense heat and the extreme dryness of the hot atmosphere produced effects on the system never to be forgotten. In our dwelling the thermometer did not rise above 111 degrees. On the Murray it was 120 in the shade, but it was apparently the extreme dryness of the atmosphere rather than the high temperature which affected man and beast, and which proved fatal to thousands of birds of all kinds. About Melbourne and in the Western District, the wind was said to come from the north. Whether that was strictly so or not I cannot say; I know that on the Northern Plains it came during the whole day from the north-west with great velocity, and with a steady, almost unvarying current.

Seeing a dense smoke rising towards the north, I rode five miles east through a patch of forest to see if the fire was likely to cross the run; I then saw that it was passing by to the north-east. I found that the two shepherds at one of the huts had taken their flocks to the river. On looking into the hut, I found it crowded with birds—chiefly

insect-eaters. They were evidently much distressed, and I filled a dish with water, and set it on the floor of the hut at my feet. The poor birds flew to it at once, taking no notice of my presence. Birds great and small, which had not reached the river before the hot blast came, were seen dropping dead from the trees. I went to another hut to see if the shepherds there had taken their flocks to the river, and then I started to ride against the wind to the homestead. This I soon found was impossible on the open plain, for I felt as if I was being suffocated. I had to turn and make direct for the river, and follow it down in the shelter of the timber. Some days afterwards, when out on the plains, I saw where the fire had been. It had burned a narrow strip, as straight as a line of railway, for some miles. The wind had been too high to permit the fire to spread to the right or left.

In the more richly-grassed districts the bush fires caused great loss of cattle, sheep, and horses, and on the Plenty River and the Barrabool Hills men and women perished in the fires. I recollect reading in the newspapers of one or two men on the Plenty who saved their lives by lying down in shallow water in that river, and had to keep turning over in the water to prevent being burned. Besides the loss of human life, especially on the Plenty and Barrabool Hills, the loss of property, in cattle, stacks of hay and grain, houses and farm buildings, was very great. Ships passing off the south coast many miles out at sea had their decks covered with ashes, whilst the sun was obscured by ashes and smoke. Residents in the forest country described the scene, in fighting for their lives and to save their property, as sufficient to awe the stoutest heart. The flames ran up the stringy-bark trees to their tops, and the fierce wind, detaching burning pieces of bark, carried them to the ground or to other distant trees, and thus a wide area of the forest was in flames at the same moment. When long dry grass is burning, the flames are often several yards wide as they advance in a line, because the flame runs along the tops of the grass and thence descends

slower to the roots; meanwhile the dense volumes of smoke and gas are ignited into sheets of flame; but the scene in forests is even more awful, for instead of there being a mere line of fire, through which you may escape, the conflagration comes with the speed of a railway train, and you are in a moment surrounded with fire. The only chance which settlers in forest country have to save their lives and dwellings in such a conflagration is by the liberal use of water, if it is at hand. Mr. Henry Dendy and his family, at Christmas Hills station, up the Yarra, saved their house in this way. A strong spring flowed past the door, and tree-ferns and other vegetation gave them some shelter from the showers of burning bark. They thus were able to saturate the roof with water. It was often on fire, but after a long fight it was saved.

The 6th of February, 1851, was well named Black Thursday, and all who were then in the colony sincerely hoped that they might never see such a day again. The recent fires in the Heytesbury Forest appear to have resembled, on a limited scale, those on Black Thursday. Settlers in forests ought to protect their homesteads by clearing away all trees and scrub near.

Some fires on Black Thursday were probably purposely started, in accordance with the well-known device of shepherds to save themselves and their flocks when they see a bush fire coming—that is, to go to the leeward of the flock, and, setting fire to the grass, beat it out on the side next the sheep, but let it go before the wind, and when a clear area is burned drive the flock upon it.

I am not aware whether or not there has been any scientific explanation of the occurrence of such a furious hot wind coming steadily from one direction. I am inclined to think it was a current deflected by some cause from within the tropics. The atmosphere there moves from west to east with the earth at about the rate of a thousand miles an hour, whilst between the tropics and the poles it is reduced from that rate to nothing. Now should anything occur to deflect towards the poles the atmosphere moving with the

earth at this high rate, the current would necessarily be from the north-west in the southern hemisphere and from the south-west in the northern. The current would be constant, like a stream of water, and it would become intensely dry and heated to a high temperature by passing over the heated surface of the central interior. If it were the result of a great cyclone coming up from the westward with a

depressed centre, or a centre with a low pressure of the atmosphere, the revolution of the atmosphere would be in direction like a right-handed screw or the hands of a clock. Such a cyclone, therefore, would account for the wind of Black Thursday coming from the north and north-west; but if it was a cyclone it must have been a great one, and moving slowly eastwards.

A FANCY.

Up in the heavens,
 Shining afar,
 (Oft you may see it)
 Dwells one little Star.
 Constant and steady,
 Lustrous and bright,
 First of the courtiers
 Who welcome King Night!
 It never pays homage,
 Save to its King;
 It pales not—it cares not
 For one other thing.
 The Moon, as she rideth
 Alone in her car,
 Looks haughtily, coldly
 On this little Star.
 She knows that her Sovereign
 Is gloomy and dark,
 Till the Moon—that bright Lady—
 Comes forth from her ark.
 When he seeth her beauty
 And readeth her grace,
 A brightness from Heaven
 Illumines his face!
 Yet the Star watches o'er him,
 And blesseth him still,
 And lingers to shield him
 From sorrow and ill.
 She fades when HE fadeth,
 And dies when HE dies;
 Then glides into shadow
 Up in the skies!
 And this is like Woman—
 The faithful, the pure—
 Who buildeth an altar
 And thinks it secure—
 Who trusts to one feeling,
 And weeps for one love,
 Deserted on earth, but
 Rejoicing above!

A. E. S.

JACOBI'S WIFE.

BY ADELINE SERGEANT.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

JACOBI'S POSITION.

"What do I care after all, whether she is found or not?" said Constantine Jacobi to himself, savagely biting at the end of his cigar and then throwing it far away over the parapet of the Thames Embankment, as a sort of relief to his feelings.

The scowl that he wore upon his handsome face was anything but pleasant. The cold east wind had given him a shrivelled, pinched appearance, in spite of the richly furred, warmly lined overcoat which he affected in winter, or during the chilly breezes of early spring. He was suffering, too, from bodily fatigue; for he had been busy upon errands for Sir Wilfred and one or two on his own account all the previous day and for part of the present one; and he did not relish fatigue or exertion of any kind unless it was undergone for the furtherance of his own purposes. On this occasion he had chiefly been doing Sir Wilfred's work; and his nerves were exasperated at the lessening of his nightly dose of opium, for he had been staying for a couple of days in Gilbert's house, where he did not think it advisable to procure for himself too deep a sleep by artificial means. His night's rest had therefore been much broken, and his eyes had the jaded look of one who needs a refreshing slumber.

But it was not want of sleep entirely that gave him so worn an appearance, nor even the chilliness produced by a strong east wind. He was absorbed in the consideration of facts which gave him real cause for anxiety.

He had just seen Messrs. Pengelly and Morris, Sir Wilfred's solicitors, on the subject of Clarice's disappearance

with Mrs. Danvers. They had not received Mr. Jacobi very warmly. Old Mr. Pengelly, the head of the firm, had strongly urged upon Sir Wilfred the propriety of waiting until Clarice was of age before pressing her marriage, and, after the interrupted wedding, had been foremost in expressing his opinion that Jacobi ought to be turned out of the house at once. He, at least, believed all the charges that were brought against Jacobi, and offended Sir Wilfred very deeply by saying so; but Mr. Pengelly had acted so long for the Vanborough family, and knew so many of their secrets, that the impending quarrel was by some timely means averted, and the old lawyer devoted himself to the search for the missing girl as if she had been his own child.

"How is Captain Vanborough?" he had asked of Jacobi, rather abruptly, at the close of the interview.

"No better."

"Ah. Not spoken yet?"

"No."

"Lucky for you, that accident, was it not, Mr. Jacobi?"

"I do not understand you," said Jacobi, with lowering brows and a snarl like that of a dog preparing to bite.

"Don't you?" Mr. Pengelly was always very curt with Sir Wilfred's secretary. "Well, I suppose he would have had you prosecuted, wouldn't he? Mr. Tremaine's story is that Geoffrey could give evidence against you, although his own would have no legal value."

"Geoffrey Vanborough could not prove anything against me with respect to the marriage," said Jacobi, sullenly.

"There is nothing to prove. Of course, he could swear away my character if he chose."

"Little enough to swear away," said the lawyer to himself, as he watched the change of hate, and fear, and rage flit like lurid shadows over the Spaniard's swarthy face and fathomless dark eyes; "but more than you can afford to lose, no doubt."

Then aloud—

"I suppose that when he recovers he will bring forward his evidence?"

"I don't know."

"There is no other evidence against you?"

"There is none anywhere."

"Oh. But I am informed that Mr. Tremaine is only waiting for the arrival of a friend from America who is in possession of certain awkward facts—"

The lawyer stopped. Jacobi had uttered a terrible oath, the like of which had seldom been heard in the respectable offices of Messrs. Pengelly and Morris.

"My dear sir," said Mr. Pengelly, putting up his hand reprovably, "you must not—you must not. If any of my clerks were to hear!—I assure you, I should feel that my own character was at stake."

For answer Jacobi looked him in the face and swore again, though not so loudly as before.

"What the devil do I care for your clerks or your character?" he said.

Mr. Pengelly touched a bell at his right hand.

"Good morning, Mr. Jacobi," he said, coolly. "I will ask Sir Wilfred to send me another messenger next time."

"Show this gentleman out," he added, to the clerk who appeared.

"One minute," said Jacobi, recovering himself, "I spoke hastily. I apologise. You should make some allowance for a man in my painful position, Mr. Pengelly."

The clerk withdrew, in obedience to a sign from his master, and Mr. Pengelly acknowledged the apology with a stiff bend of the head.

"I am willing to hear anything of importance that you may have to tell me, Mr. Jacobi," he said drily; "but I am not willing to be sworn at in my own office."

"I lost my temper," said Jacobi, in a conciliatory tone. "I forgot——"

"That you were not in South America," said the lawyer, finishing the sentence so sharply that Jacobi felt compelled to abandon his own conclusion and to force a smile. "What else have you to say, Mr. Jacobi?"

"I want to know whether, in the event of Miss Vanborough's return, there would be any legal obstacle to my marriage with her, supposing, of course, that nobody openly disputes it?"

"Supposing nobody disputes it? But somebody has disputed it! Sir Wilfred can never allow the marriage to proceed without sifting the evidence of your first wife's existence which Captain Vanborough, or Mr. Tremaine, or Mr. Tremaine's friend from South America may be able to bring forward."

"There is no evidence for them to bring."

"So much the better for you," said Mr. Pengelly, standing up as a sign that the interview was at an end. "In that case, Mr. Jacobi, when it is shown that there is no such evidence, you will be at liberty to marry Miss Vanborough (if she is found) whenever she consents to let you. You know what English law is on the subject of bigamy, I suppose?"

"There seems no chance of proving the thing one way or the other," said Jacobi, ignoring the question, and taking up his hat with a worn and weary expression, which did not escape the shrewd old lawyer's notice. "Even when she is found, am I to be kept waiting until these men have concocted their story and found some woman willing to swear that she is my wife?—although I saw my wife drowned before my very eyes. It is not fair to me."

"You ought to know Geoffrey Vanborough and Nigel Tremaine better than to speak of their concocting a story against you," said Mr. Pengelly, gravely. "On the production of the evidence—whatever it may be—Sir Wilfred must decide whether the matter should be suffered to drop, whether it should go into court, or whether you

should be allowed to marry his daughter. His present conduct shows great trust in you, and I think—I really do think—that under the circumstances you might well be satisfied.”

“I *must* be satisfied, I suppose,” Jacobi muttered bitterly, as he took his leave.

The old lawyer stood musing in front of the fire with his hands behind him for some minutes after Jacobi's departure. “How much truth is there in his story, I wonder!” he said to himself. “What is one to believe? I wish Sir Wilfred were a little less of a fool. As for Gilbert, I think this man Jacobi must have got hold of some handle against him, for the poor lad turns as white as a ghost if one but mentions Jacobi's name. A weak set, those Vanboroughs; poor Geoffrey as weak as any of them, but a finer fellow than Gilbert by far, for all that. As for Clarice, I expect we shall see no more of her until she has come of age; though, if we do,” he went on, while the half smile that had irradiated his wrinkled countenance like a gleam of sunshine gave place to a wintry gloom of melancholy foreboding; “if we do, it will be either in a madhouse or a grave. Poor child! poor child!”

He finished by a sigh and a shake of the head as he returned to his desk. There was a mystery surrounding the fate of Clarice Vanborough, and Mr. Pengelly did not like mysteries.

This conversation sent Jacobi away in an extremely dissatisfied state of mind. He was bound for Charnwood later in the day; but he had an hour to spare, and employed it in a walk upon the Embankment. The day was fine, though cold; the trees were bursting into leaf, the river glittered, the stone steps and balustrades gleamed almost white in the brilliant spring sunshine. Jacobi plunged his hands into his pockets, and bent his head low to escape the cutting wind as he paced along the riverside, absorbed in following out a train of thought that had lately given him some trouble.

For a year and a half he had had a comfortable home. He had saved money out of the liberal salary that Sir Wilfred had given him and the sums that he had at various times ex-

torted from Gilbert. He had hoped to constitute himself Sir Wilfred's son-in-law before Geoffrey or Nigel could hear of the projected marriage. He had meant to depart, immediately after the wedding, to some safe corner of the world, out of the reach of two men whom he had injured; there to spend the fortune that would accrue to him through Clarice, and to revel in every kind of pleasure suggested by the claims of a thoroughly sensuous and sensual nature. Life in a hot climate, with complete indolence, and luxury in every shape and form—these were the conditions that he had always vainly coveted—the gifts that fortune had hitherto persistently denied. They had seemed to be just within his reach. Were they now to vanish from his grasp like the food and drink that ever eluded the tortured lips of a fabled demi-god? Hot anger and bitter mortification raged within him at the thought.

He reviewed his position. He firmly believed that his wife was dead. He did not think that with their utmost efforts Geoffrey and Nigel could prove that Maddalena had not been drowned seven years ago. He fancied that they had been deluded by some South American Pepita or Juana, who had thought to gain something by palming herself off upon them as Jacobi's wedded wife, and in his sleeve he laughed at them for their credulity; but he did believe that when Geoffrey regained his senses he might prove against him the attempt to rob and murder Nigel Tremaine that had caused his expulsion from the camp upon the Pampas. The witness from South America might be Luke Darenth, Carson, or Hiram Gregg. Even the fact—the small fact, as it seemed to him—that he had stolen, would destroy his credit once and for all with Sir Wilfred Vanborough.

Geoffrey's accident was indeed a fortunate circumstance for Jacobi. It gave him a long space of time in which to mature his plans. Nigel Tremaine could evidently prove nothing against him without the help of other witnesses; it was Geoffrey who might at once have identified him as the man who had been “stalked

out" for the paltry theft of Nigel's pocket-book and watch. As long as Geoffrey lay insensible, as long as Geoffrey was well out of the way, so long might Constantine Jacobi enjoy comparative security. If he could but have married Clarice, and left the country before the bursting of the storm!

Should he throw up the game and go back to South America with his savings? He had enough to live upon; he might extort more from Gilbert; should he content himself with this, and leave the Vanboroughs and the Tremaines to settle their affairs amongst themselves?

No, not yet. The passion of revenge was strong in him. He had a grudge against Geoffrey. Was there no way in which to make him suffer yet?

If Geoffrey were out of the way, Jacobi himself would be safe. The thought recurred to him again and again with frightful persistence. He put it away from him for the present. It needed lengthy and serious consideration.

He had a grudge against Nigel, too. Well, if Jacobi married Clarice his debt of malice to Nigel Tremaine would be well paid. He knew nothing that would be likely to wound Nigel more.

But Clarice was gone, and he was convinced that Tremaine was acquainted with her place of concealment.

There rose up once more the haunting image that had disturbed him through all the opium-begotten, half-delirious dreams and visions of the past few nights—the lovely yet mournful face of Clarice Vanborough, white as snow, with the purple shadow of pain and weariness upon her half-closed eyelids, and her dark hair lying like a shadow above her blue-veined forehead—more like the face of a dead than a living woman as it had looked of late.

At first he had mocked at the girl for her fear of him; he had delighted in seeing her tremble in his presence, and had not scrupled at using any means in his power for terrifying or exasperating her. He had grown to take a savage pleasure in the bursts of

passion into which she was sometimes goaded when repelling his advances; if he had admired her statuesque beauty in her colder moods, he found that the colour and fire given to her face and eyes by her short-lived fits of anger rendered them far more fascinating. When her tempests of indignant fury had died away, it was his delight to see her humiliated and tongue-tied in her father's presence and his own.

After a time her unconquerable aversion to him began to cause him some vexation. He had expected, with his characteristic misunderstanding of a woman's nature, that when he had induced Sir Wilfred to give her dresses, shawls, jewels sufficient of every kind, she would end by showing some feminine interest in her new ornaments, even, perhaps, by evincing some gratitude to him. This hope was finally destroyed when Clarice threw her emeralds in his face.

Then he went through another phase of feeling. He hated the girl—he was resolved to make her suffer. He would punish her for her scorn and contumacy; she should rue the day when she had insulted him, and thrown back the gifts he had brought her with contempt. He did not know how much of this feeling he discovered to her when he spoke under the influence of opium; but for the time it was almost maddening in its intensity, and made the enforced delay of the period when he had promised himself to punish her a time of great irritation and disappointment to him, succeeded only towards its close by a sullen resolution to make her his own in spite of every obstacle.

Upon the wedding day he was thinking more of Clarice herself than of the wealth which had once constituted to him her chief attraction.

Then the blow that was even greater than that given by the interruption of the wedding fell upon him in all its force. She disappeared suddenly and swiftly from his ken, and left no trace behind.

Those who knew the man best had thought that he was too degraded, too base in character and motive, to give a thought to any quality in Clarice Vanborough but her beauty, to any of her possessions but her wealth. They were

mistaken. The girl's culture and refinement, her faithfulness to the man she loved, her uprightness, her purity, all had had an effect upon his mind. He might glory in putting his jewel to vile uses, but he knew the value of the jewel for all that. It was only Madame Vallor who, with her keen insight into his mind, began to divine what was passing there. A look or word from him had shown her the danger. Steadily, unflinchingly she had set herself to combat it in her own way. She separated them completely.

The constant use of opium was acting strangely upon his nerves and spirits, in conjunction with the strain of anxiety respecting his future prospects. His dreams were successions of frightful nightmares, during which he was constantly pursued by the face of Clarice Vanborough; and, of late, by two other faces, which, as far as he knew, were reposing under the billows of the stormy Atlantic—the faces of his wife and child. He had scarcely thought of his wife for years. He would have said a few months before that he could not recall a feature of the dark-eyed baby whom he had refused to save; yet now, during the silent watches of the night, it floated up before him through the mist of by-gone years—a sweet, pathetic little face, with the hue of death upon its childish features. Then Maddalena's dark eyes would look at him reproachfully; then followed the vision of Clarice's vacant and wandering gaze, of Clarice's stricken lips and listless form. When he lay down to sleep, he fell into the habit of wondering which of the three was going to haunt him through his dreams that night.

He could not understand his own state of mind. He could not understand why Clarice's face should be as present to him as it was. He was sure that he hated her with all the force of which he was capable, and yet he was consumed by the one overmastering, passionate desire to see those sorrowful eyes of hers once more, to hold that slender hand in his, to call that white, fragile, delicate creature, at whose weakness he had jeered, over whose pride he had sought in vain to triumph,

his own in face of all the world, and though all the world forbade.

He was not used to the analysis of feeling. He had not given a name to the subtle attraction which Clarice exercised over him. If he called it anything he called it hate; but it was perilously like something that was not hate at all, but love.

It was the persistency of his dreams that had caused him almost to discontinue the use of opium for a time. But the physical suffering that this abstinence entailed was growing to be more than he could bear. He knew that on the coming night he would sooner incur the chance of frightful visions than hours of sleepless, nervous pain. He had seen a physician on the previous day, and the physician had prescribed for him, but told him that a gradual cessation of his practice of taking opium was the only thing that could really quiet his overstrung nerves and excited brain. Jacobi had promised to follow the doctor's advice, but knew, as he walked upon the Embankment in the teeth of a cutting wind, that he should break his promise on the first opportunity.

He roused himself at last from his meditations with a new light in his eyes. A fresh idea had struck him. As he hailed a hansom and drove to the railway station, as he seated himself in a corner of the railway carriage and looked absently at the passing rows of chimneys, of winding streets, of country fields and lanes through which the train was speeding on its way northward, Jacobi was pondering whether his new idea could or could not be turned to good account as a means of compelling Nigel Tremaine and the Vanboroughs to reveal the hiding-place of Clarice. Nigel could do so if he would—of that he was sure—and he believed that Gilbert and Sir Wilfred were not so ignorant as they professed to be.

On his arrival at Charnwood Manor he made certain arrangements for the further consideration of his idea. He talked of business matters until Sir Wilfred grew weary and retired to his own room. Then Jacobi sought out a bunch of keys which had already done

good service, and locked himself into Sir Wilfred's study.

He opened the desk where the baronet's most private papers were always kept. The opportunity was a good one for running his eye over various documents, the contents of which Sir Wilfred was a little chary of revealing. Jacobi glanced with a smile at a "Last Will and Testament," in which he had an interest, and at various papers relating to settlements, leases, and charters. Then he touched the spring of a secret drawer, which he had not opened for several weeks, and took out a large blue envelope.

With another elongation of his lips—half smile, half sneer—he read the inscription upon the envelope. "Papers relative to the cause of Geoffrey Vanborough's departure from England in the year 1877."

Should he publish these papers to the world or not? He might threaten to do so, at any rate. And yet it would be dangerous to abstract them from Sir Wilfred's desk without his permission; but Jacobi thought that he could gain that permission. At present he would but look and see whether, in the papers kept in that secret drawer (the letter from the secretary of the hospital, a copy of Sir Wilfred's reply, a memorandum of some of the facts of the case, and the forged receipt for fifty pounds that had never been received by the persons to whom it was sent) there was evidence enough to convict either Geoffrey or Gilbert Vanborough.

He opened the envelope and drew out a folded paper. Had there been only one when last he looked inside that drawer? Hastily he unfolded the solitary sheet. An exclamation escaped his lips; an expression of utter dismay and perplexity crossed his face as the paper dropped from his fingers and fluttered to the floor. For all that the blue envelope now contained was a sheet of blank paper.

CHAPTER XXXV.

MERLE'S NEW FRIEND.

Merle's fingers were wandering idly over the keys of her piano one after-

noon in March, when a visitor was announced—a visitor who followed so closely on the heels of the servant who had ushered him upstairs that he caught a momentary glimpse of the fair, sweet face, a little bent, the lithe form, clad in the peculiar shade of blue that Gilbert loved, leaning slightly towards the music-book, before she rose from her seat and came towards him.

She heard his name, but it was one that was totally unknown to her—"Doctor Burnett Lynn." A faint expression of surprise was visible upon her face as she found herself confronted by a dark, lean, saturnine-looking man, with piercing eyes which gave her a very scrutinising glance as she slightly returned his profound bow.

"May I hope that I do not come as an entire stranger?" he said, with the ease of a man who finds himself welcome everywhere, and can make himself at home under the most untoward circumstances. "I had the pleasure of knowing Mr. Vanborough when he was abroad, and I believe that he expects me."

"I am sorry, then, that he happens to be out at present," said Merle, running over in her mind the list of Gilbert's acquaintances, and finding none whose description tallied exactly with that of the man before her. She remembered, however, that Gilbert had met a Mr. Lynn in Florence some years before her marriage, and decided that this Mr. Lynn was her visitor. "I think I have heard of you from my husband," she went on, with the frank and pleasant manner which had already rendered her a favourite among Gilbert's friends, and which won her an unwonted tribute of admiring approval from Burnett Lynn's critical eyes. "You were very kind to him I know. He will be in before long."

She rang for tea, and, before he knew well what he was doing, Burnett Lynn found himself installed in one of the luxurious chairs which were among, to many people, the special charms of Merle Vanborough's pretty drawing-room; and she was sitting opposite to him, talking with more readiness and self-possession than he for the

moment felt himself to have at command.

Was this charming woman Geoffrey's wife? Had he found time, then, to get married in the few weeks that he had been at home? Burnett Lynn was perplexed, confounded, by this sudden turn of events; and it did not yet occur to him that he had strayed by mistake into the house of Sir Wilfred Vanborough's younger son, of whom he had very vaguely heard.

For a few minutes the two talked on different subjects; then tea was brought in, and while he was drinking the cup that Merle poured out for him, he made the discovery of her real relationship to Geoffrey Vanborough.

"You met my husband in Florence, did you not?" said Merle, as he took the cup from her hands.

"I had not that pleasure. I met Mr. Vanborough in South America."

"Oh!" Merle flushed a little, the awkwardness of the situation rushing upon her all at once; then she smiled very slightly. "I think it must be my husband's brother whom you know," she said. "Geoffrey Vanborough, not Gilbert."

"Certainly, Geoffrey Vanborough." Burnett Lynn looked at her in some perplexity. "I beg your pardon; have I not the honour of speaking to Mrs Geoffrey Vanborough?"

"Oh, no," said his hostess hastily, while the flush deepened upon her fair cheek. "Geoffrey is my husband's brother. It is he who went to South America—not Gilbert."

"Ah," said Burnett Lynn to himself, after a covert glance of scrutiny, "she is fond of her husband. Happy man! And he is not Geoffrey. Then I am here under false pretences," he said aloud, as he rose with a smile. "I fear I have no claim on your hospitality, Mrs. Vanborough. Perhaps, however, you would kindly inform me what has become of my friend Geoffrey?"

"You do not know!" said Merle, softly, yet with a little wonder in her tone. "Ah, you left South America before you could get news of him, no doubt. I am so sorry. Please sit down and I will tell you about poor Geoffrey?"

"Is he dead?" Burnett Lynn questioned himself, with a startled recognition of the fact that her candid eyes had grown soft and shadowy as if from recent grief. "But, no, he cannot be, or she would wear mourning for him. I have heard nothing," he said, seriously, as he complied with her request.

"He had just arrived at Charnwood Station," Merle explained to him, with the same grave intentness of look, "when an accident happened to him. He was struck down upon the railway line and almost killed. He has lain insensible ever since."

"Ever since? But how long has that been?" said the doctor, hastily.

"Nearly four weeks," she answered. "Nobody seems to know what is the matter with him. He has not spoken one word to any of his friends since he came home; and we fear he never will. Is it not very sad?"

"Sad, indeed," said Burnett Lynn, with a glance full of heartfelt concern. He rose and stood looking down into the fire for a moment or two. "I am very sorry to hear it," he said at last. "And his friend and mine—Mr. Tremaine—did he arrive safely?"

"Oh, yes," said Merle, and then she stopped a little abruptly. She did not know on what footing Geoffrey and Nigel had been with this keen-faced man, who looked so grieved when he heard of Geoffrey's accident; and she was half afraid of incurring Gilbert's wrath by saying more than she ought to say to an entire stranger. She thought that he looked at her curiously; perhaps, however, this was only a fancy of hers, for his voice took a very ordinary tone as he said presently—

"I should be pleased to see Mr. Gilbert Vanborough upon the business which brought me here in search of his brother, if you will kindly tell me when I shall find him at home."

He made a movement as if to go, but Merle's instinct of hospitality caused her to reply with some haste—

"He will be in soon; will you not wait until he comes? He would be sorry to miss you."

Burnett Lynn hesitated, remembering that a word had dropped from Nigel Tremaine's lips which had led

him to conjecture that the brothers, Geoffrey and Gilbert, were not upon good terms with each other, and that Gilbert had consented to the proposed marriage of Jacobi with Clarice; but he imagined, on second thoughts, that the quarrel, if there was one, would probably be suspended during Geoffrey's illness, and that Gilbert would, of course, be glad to learn further particulars concerning Jacobi's character. Unless, indeed, the marriage had already taken place. If it had already been consummated before Geoffrey's return, or if Geoffrey's accident had prevented his interfering, matters would be serious indeed. For Burnett Lynn had that very Christmas, soon after his friend's departure, received the lines assuring him that Maddalena Vallor was still alive and well.

He sat down, reflecting that Mrs. Gilbert Vanborough was not the proper person to question on these matters, and he talked very pleasantly to Merle for the next quarter of an hour. At the end of that time a footstep was heard upon the stairs, and a hand laid upon the handle of the door.

"My husband has come in," said Merle, softly.

The doctor noted, almost against his will, the wistful tenderness that crept into her face, the faint anxiety that deepened the colour of her eyes as she turned them towards the door.

"Fond of him?—yes," he said to himself again, "but not altogether a happy woman for all that. I wonder what is amiss."

And then the door opened and Gilbert Vanborough came in.

Merle performed the little ceremony of introduction with her accustomed grace, and did not appear to notice the black shadow that darkened Gilbert's face as she uttered the stranger's name. It was a name that he had heard already, and he at once became bitterly angry with his wife for admitting to the house a man whom he had learnt to regard as his own and Jacobi's bitterest enemy. Merle gave him some tea, spoke a few indifferent words, then quietly left the two together. She had learnt by this time that Gilbert had secrets to which he gave her no admittance.

Oliver Burnett Lynn was meanwhile drawing his own conclusions.

"A weak face," he thought, as he looked at Gilbert. "Weak and unhappy too. What is the skeleton, I wonder? Unhealthy, into the bargain. *She* is strong enough, mentally and physically, to be worth a better husband, I should imagine."

And then he addressed himself to the task before him.

"I came here by mistake, Mr. Vanborough, fancying from information I had received that this was the house in which your brother Geoffrey resided, as Mrs. Vanborough kindly explained. You will excuse my remaining, after I discovered my mistake, on the ground of the business which brought me to England, which concerns your family very nearly."

"Perhaps I had better give you the address of my father's solicitor," said Gilbert, coldly. "Business communications are generally addressed to him."

The doctor looked at him observantly.

"You will answer one question at any rate, I hope. Is your sister married to a man who calls himself Constantine Jacobi?"

"She is not. Allow me," said Gilbert, with marked emphasis, "again to refer you to Mr. Pengelly, my solicitor."

Burnett Lynn suddenly dropped the smooth and courteous manner which he had hitherto maintained, and spoke with startling abruptness.

"I shall do nothing of the kind, Mr. Vanborough. I address myself to Miss Vanborough's brother, to her father, if I can see him, as her proper protector. Surely it is of some interest to you to learn that Constantine Jacobi is a married man."

Gilbert recoiled a little as if struck by the force of his words, but answered after only a moment's pause—

"I have heard that accusation against Mr. Jacobi before. I have—I have—every confidence in Mr. Jacobi——"

"Every confidence in Mr. Jacobi? Heaven help you then!" said Burnett Lynn, with the brusque, caustic humour which was so natural to him, and which he had hitherto kept in check.

"I had better see Mr. Pengelly indeed."

He picked up his hat, and began to take his way to the door. But the sound of a gasp, a sigh, arrested him. He looked round. Gilbert had sunk back upon the sofa, with his head upon the cushions. He was in a dead faint. Doctor Burnett Lynn was at his side in a moment. Then he rang the bell sharply, placed the insensible man in a better posture, and dashed a tumbler of cold water over his face.

Merle and Nixon were on the spot almost immediately, but the swoon was a long one, and it was possible that but for the doctor's presence and timely aid Gilbert might never have recovered consciousness at all. These sudden fainting fits were happily rare with him; but they were more dangerous than almost any other phase of his disease, which indeed had seemed lately to make little progress.

"He is subject to these attacks, is he not?" said Burnett Lynn to Merle, very quietly.

"Yes," she answered, simply.

He looked into her face and saw again the expression of unutterable care and anxiety which he had noted once before. And then he dropped his eyes. That glance had told him everything he wanted to know. There was nothing new for him to say to her.

By slow degrees Gilbert Vanborough came to himself, and was soon sufficiently recovered to be helped by Nixon into his own room, which was on the same floor. Burnett Lynn had withdrawn a little into the background as soon as Gilbert recovered consciousness; but he did not like to leave the house until after the arrival of the medical man who attended the family, and for whom he had advised Merle to send at once.

He was struck by the calm way in which Merle behaved while attending to her husband. She looked pale and anxious indeed, but she displayed no trace of agitation such as unfitted her for her work. Her eyes were not dimmed with tears; her hand did not shake. Something of this was due to the fact that she was accustomed to his attacks of illness; something also, Burnett Lynn considered, to the rare

qualities of perfect self-command and entire presence of mind — qualities which particularly commended themselves to his approval.

The doctor, who entered while he was still pondering over the matter, proved, to their mutual surprise, to be an old acquaintance of Burnett Lynn's whom he had not seen for seven years or more. The two exchanged a few hasty words before Mr. Leigh was summoned to Mr. Vanborough's bedroom, and then Burnett Lynn was once more left alone.

Less from curiosity than from an impatient need of employment, he made the circuit of the room, looking with some interest at the collection of beautiful things which Merle and Gilbert had amassed. He had not half exhausted the list of treasures, when the light sweep of a dress upon the floor made him aware that Mrs. Gilbert Vanborough had returned.

"I hope Mr. Vanborough is better," he said, quickly.

"Yes, thank you. Mr. Leigh has gone, and he seems inclined to sleep. Mr. Leigh tells me he knows you," Merle said, for the first time in his presence allowing herself to give way to a look of almost prostrate fatigue and sadness, that gave a very pathetic expression to her fair and youthful beauty. "He asked me to tell you that a message came for him to go elsewhere immediately, and that he hoped you would call at his house as soon as possible. I wanted to ask you myself privately whether my husband had been agitated, or vexed in any way, during his conversation with you, or whether the attack came on suddenly, without any apparent cause. That was why I did not try to detain Mr. Leigh at present."

She had seated herself as she spoke; her hands were crossed upon her lap; her shoulders bent a little forward, as if she bore a heavy weight upon them. The shadow upon her face was a very deep one now. Was her husband's illness, Burnett Lynn asked himself, its only cause?

He reflected for an instant before he answered her.

"I fear that what I said did agitate him to some extent, Mrs. Vanborough;

but not, I should think, to so great an extent as to bring on this attack. I cannot tell, of course—but——”

“Ah,” said Merle, with a sudden flash of intuition, “it was something about Clarice?”

“Indirectly it was.”

“Have you any news of her? Oh, nothing bad has happened, has it?” Merle rose up hastily with clasped hands and quickly flushing face. “Do you know where she is?”

“Where she is?” Doctor Burnett Lynn could not help repeating her words with some bewilderment of tone. It was evident that he did not understand.

“Do you not know?” she said, almost impatiently. “Oh, I thought that by this time everybody had heard. We have lost her—lost Geoffrey’s sister. She has disappeared, and no one knows where she has gone. If you know anything of her, you will tell me, will you not?”

“Certainly I would if I could,” he answered. “But I am sorry to say that I know nothing about Miss Vanborough. I was not aware until this moment of—her—her disappearance.”

Merle turned away with an irrepressible little sob.

“Poor Clarice!” she said, almost below her breath. “I hoped—I hoped that you had brought us news of her.”

She went to the mantelpiece, leaned her elbow upon it, and put her hand for a moment to her eyes. Burnett Lynn watched her with mute concern and pity. But he did not like to break the silence until she turned round again and spoke with her usual sweet and gracious calm.

“I beg your pardon for my hastiness,” she said, “you do not know, perhaps, what it is to live in this atmosphere of constant anxiety and deferred hope. We all suffer from it—my husband especially.”

“It is bad for him,” he said, in a low tone.

“Yes,” she sighed, paused a little, and then proceeded more rapidly. “Your news did not relate to her, then?”

“To Constantine Jacobi only. Not that his name is Jacobi, any more than mine is,” said Burnett Lynn, bluntly.

“Ah,” she said, “you do not like Mr. Jacobi. Nor do I.”

In the maze of doubt and perplexity which Burnett Lynn was about to thread during the next few weeks he often recurred to the memory of those few simple, outspoken words, as if it were the clue that would ultimately lead him back to common, every-day life—a charm against the perils to which he saw that deceit and dissimulation were exposing him. He felt instinctively that Merle Vanborough would speak the truth in all circumstances, and at any cost.

“I certainly do not like him,” he said. “But all that I wanted to tell Mr. Vanborough amounts to this—that I have good reasons for believing that he has a wife still living, and that therefore his proposals for marrying Miss Vanborough would be entirely out of the question.”

“We shall all be very thankful if that is proved,” said Merle, gravely. “Perhaps then Clarice will come back. I was always afraid——” She stopped for a moment, and then said, “I do not think she cared for Mr. Jacobi.”

Burnett Lynn was almost amused by this very quiet rendering of the facts.

“So I inferred,” he said, “from my friends, Geoffrey and Nigel Tremaine.”

“Have you seen Nigel Tremaine lately?” said Merle, with a quick turn of her head.

“Not since I landed.”

Merle stood irresolute. Her clear eyes examined Doctor Burnett Lynn with a sudden look of doubt and inquiry.

“Do you want him for anything? Can I do anything for you?” he said, drawing a step nearer to her, with the sense of comradeship which her frank trust in him had already inspired.

“I have not seen Mr. Tremaine much,” she said, rather hesitatingly. “I know very little of him. But I always thought him upright, and honourable, and good.”

“So he is, Mrs. Vanborough.”

“But Gilbert thinks,” Merle continued, dropping her eyes, and playing nervously with one of the trinkets upon her watch-chain, “that Mr. Tremaine knows—knows where Clarice is.”

"I should not think that likely," said Burnett Lynn, after a pause. But Merle noticed that he did not say he thought it impossible.

"It would be too cruel," she said, shortly. "He would never, never take her away and let none of us know." Then she looked him in the face, and clasped her hands. "You would not think it right, would you? And, if you are his friend, you will ask him, and tell him how anxious we are about her? Tell him that we will keep her away from Mr. Jacobi, and take care of her till she is well again, and can marry Nigel! Tell him how unhappy her father is, and how we all suffer on her account! Don't help *him*; help us!"

Burnett Lynn moved back as though to be out of the range of the fire of eloquent pleading in her deep blue eyes. Not but that it moved him strangely; but he was loth to bind himself to any side, good or bad, until he knew more of the whole story.

He answered therefore loudly and gravely, but with some evasiveness—"You may be assured that if I give Nigel Tremaine any advice it will be to act openly and frankly, Mrs. Vanborough. But I do not expect to find

that he knows more about Miss Vanborough than we do ourselves."

Merle's hands fell to her sides; she uttered a long sigh.

"You are right, I dare say," she said, mournfully. "But I would give anything to bring her back." Then, in a much lower tone—"This all makes Gilbert so miserable!"

There was a short silence, Burnett Lynn was preparing to take his leave when she looked up and said, rather wistfully—

"You must forgive me if I have spoken foolishly—hastily. Forget what I have said if you like. But there is one thing more. You never saw my sister, did you? Let me show you her portrait—it is in my husband's studio."

Burnett Lynn assented with a grave inclination of the head. Merle led the way. She opened a door, pushed aside a curtain that hung over it upon the other side, and beckoned him to follow her. The light of day was fast fading; but from the objects around him—the portfolios, the lay-figure, the unframed canvasses, the half-finished picture upon the easel, Burnett Lynn saw at once that he was standing in Gilbert Vanborough's studio.

(To be continued.)

A F L O A T.

In the steamer, oh, my darling!
When the foghorns scream and blow,
And the footsteps of the steward
Softly come and softly go;
When the passengers are groaning
With a deep and sincere woe,
Will you think of me and love me
As you did not long ago?

In the cabin, oh, my darling!
Think not bitterly of me,
Though I rushed away and left you
In the middle of our tea,
I was seized with sudden longing
To gaze on the deep blue sea;
It was best to leave you then, dear!
Best for you and best for me.

—American.

"OUR DOCTOR."

By "IATROS."

FEEDING AND FASTING (CONTINUED.)

In our last paper we attempted to show how Nature insists upon the necessity of our receiving a certain amount of solid food, and not merely this, but upon our receiving day by day that due and natural admixture of food principles which physiology has long taught to be the most rational, and experience teaches to be the most economical. "Dr." Tanner's experiments to prove the possibility of sustaining life, during a long fast, upon air and water only, may have gained for him some notoriety (and not a few dollars), but cannot invalidate the fundamental rules of physiology respecting the necessity for food. The folly of attempting to sustain life without having recourse to those substances which can give heat and restore warmth is plainly apparent. Water and air alone cannot support life. The water will, of course, enter into combination with the tissues, and will, in that sense, prove itself a necessary condition for normal and healthy existence. The oxygen of the air entering the blood in the lungs, into which it has been breathed, will give heat, but only through entering into chemical union with the carbon found in the body, and most notably in the fats. Hence mere atmospheric air itself is relatively useless unless we can supply it with substances with which it can combine; and these substances it need hardly be said are daily renewed from the solid foods we eat. When the human body suffers from a lack of food it practically feeds upon itself and absorbs its own substance as food. Everyone knows that certain animals normally exhibit this process of feeding upon themselves under certain conditions. The humps of the camel and those of Indian

cattle visibly decrease, and may disappear altogether if the animals are starved. And again, bears and other hibernating animals are kept alive through the winter by the gradual using up of the superfluity of fat which they accumulate during the summer. A superfluous store of fat, in other words, is made use of under the exigencies of hunger. With man the phenomena of starving are essentially similar. The effects of total deprivation of food have been made the subject of experiments on the lower animals, and have been only too often illustrated in man. The most notable effect of starvation, of course, is loss of weight, the loss being greatest at first as a rule, but afterwards not varying much day by day till death ensues. The ultimate proportional loss in different animals experimented on is almost always about the same—death occurring when the body has lost forty per cent. of its original weight.

Different parts and different tissues of the body lose weight in very different proportions as the result of starvation. Thus the fats are the first to begin to disappear, and suffer loss to the greatest extent, ninety-three per cent. of the total amount being lost before death occurs. The blood suffers next in order—seventy-five per cent. Then the internal organs, liver, spleen, pancreas, and intestines suffer to a somewhat less extent. The muscles, bones, skin, and nervous system are the last to lose weight, and suffer the least loss.

In a short time, also, the heat of the body decreases to such an extent that ultimately death in a case of starvation is in reality due to loss of heat; for not only has it been found that difference of time with regard to the period of the

fatal result are attended by the same ultimate loss of heat, but the effect of the application of external warmth to animals cold and dying from starvation is more effectual in reviving them than the administration of food. In other words, an animal exhausted by deprivation of nourishment is unable so to digest food as to use it as fuel, and, therefore, is dependent for heat on its supply from without. Death ensues when the loss of heat amounts to about thirty degrees Fahrenheit.

The symptoms produced by starvation in the human subject are hunger, accompanied or replaced by pain referred to the region of the stomach, insatiable thirst, sleeplessness, general weakness, and emaciation. The exhalations from both the skin and lungs are foetid, indicating the tendency to decomposition which belongs to badly-nourished tissues; and death occurs, sometimes after the additional exhaustion caused by diarrhoea, often with symptoms of nervous disorder, delirium, or convulsions. In the human subject death commonly occurs in from six to

ten days after total deprivation of food, but this period may be considerably prolonged by taking a very small quantity of food or even water; only much, however, depends upon the state of health, condition, and weight of body—the stout will last longer than the lean, the healthy and strong will possess plain advantage in starvation over the diseased and weak. The cases so frequently related of survival after many days or even weeks of abstinence have been due to the afore-mentioned circumstances; or to others less effectual, which prevented the loss of heat and moisture.

To sum up: we have learned, firstly, that the requirements of nature demand daily a due supply of food—liquid and solid—equal in amount to the loss sustained by the wear and tear of the various tissues of the body. About eight pounds of matter are daily given off and daily received by the healthy adult. Secondly, we have learned that the food must contain the principles of which the body is made up.

"OUR GARDENER."

By DAVID A. CRICHTON.

In every department there is much that ought to be done this month, but more especially in the flower-garden and shrubbery. There are various routine operations that must be performed, and new work, such as the laying out of gardens or making alterations and preparations for planting, will have to be pushed on as rapidly as possible. Beds and borders will generally be improved at this time of the year by a thorough trimming up, removing such plants as are of no further use, cutting back those that are making straggling growth, and giving any necessary pruning to shrubs and other plants. When the borders are trimmed up, all

vacancies should be filled with suitable plants, taking care to provide for a good supply of winter and spring flowers. Small Alpine plants such as Primroses, Polyanthuses, Daisies, Violets, etc., are general favourites and should find places in every garden, as they are very useful and attractive during the late winter and spring months. Many amateurs are disheartened in growing these plants because they suffer so severely from the sun and drought during the summer when growing in exposed borders, but this difficulty can always be got over by taking the plants up as soon as they have done flowering, and replanting them where they can be

protected from the weather. This is a very good time for getting in these plants, and if an increase of stock is required, they should be divided. Hyacinths, Tulips, Crocuses, Anemones, Ranunculi, and other spring flowering bulbs should be planted out before the end of the month. Cape bulbs, such as the Amaryllis family, Hippeastrums, Ixias, Sparaxis, Scillas, Babianas, Gladioli, etc., should also be planted out. Cultivators must bear in mind that all bulbous plants require generous treatment, and unless the soil is very rich, well-decayed manure must be used freely. Cape bulbs, as a rule, require a more sandy soil than the other kinds. This is a very good time for sowing that class of flowers described in seedsmen's catalogues as hardy annuals. They embrace a very large number of attractive species which may be utilised with good effect in flower-gardens. If sown now, most of these plants will yield flowers in profusion in the late winter and spring months, and add greatly to the attractiveness of a flower-garden. There are an immense number of desirable kinds, but the following list will afford a good selection for all practical purposes: Browallia, Bartonia, Centaurea, Calliopsis, Clarkia, Clintonia, Collinsia, Erysimum, Eschscholtzia, Anagallis, Godetia, Eutoca, Jacobea, Iberis (Candytuft), Kaulfussia, Larkspur, Linaria, Leptosiphon, Malope, Oenothera, Obeliscaria, Salpiglossis, Lupinus, Schizanthus, Silene, Viscaria, Whitlavia, Ten Week Stocks, Virginian Stocks, Mignonnette, and Phlox Drummondii.

Sowings of Antirrhinums, Wallflowers, Campanulas, Lobelias, Ipomopsis, Sweet Williams, and other species of the Dianthus family should be made this month, as also of all other biennial or perennial plants that are raised from seed. This is a very good month for transplanting Roses, which, if shifted now, have a chance of getting well established before winter sets in. In making a selection of Roses, cultivators, whether on a large or small scale, should always include in their collections such well-known and sterling kinds as Souvenir de la Malmaison, Maréchal Niel, Gloire de Dijon, Safranot, Salpaterre, and

General Jacqueminot, all of which, by judicious management, may be made to yield flowers more or less through the greater portion of the year. This is a very good time for giving a light pruning to the China, Bourbon, Noisette, and Tea sections, as also to the more free blooming varieties of the Hybrid Perpetual class. By adopting this plan the plants are stimulated to yield a better succession of flowers than they would do under other conditions. Cuttings of Roses of all kinds may be put in this month if young plants are required. Camellias often set more flower-buds than they can bring to perfection, and it will be advisable when this is the case to thin them out while small. Phloxes, Campanulas, Pentstemons, and other herbaceous plants may be re-planted and divided when necessary. Box and other live edgings should be planted this month, to enable the plants to get fairly established before the winter sets in. Cuttings of Box will strike readily at this time of the year, and the clippings may be utilised if required, instead of being thrown away, as they usually are. Evergreen trees and shrubs should be transplanted as soon as the ground is ready for them, but care must be taken not to expose their roots to a dry atmosphere. The laying down of new lawns, and the renovation of old ones by top-dressing, should be proceeded with as fast as circumstances will permit. As a general rule all pot-grown plants that have completed their main growth should be watered more sparingly than hitherto, as when the roots are not in full activity they absorb less moisture. Air must be supplied freely to cool plant-houses and frames whenever the weather is favourable, in order to ensure healthy growth. Mildew is apt to make its appearance in damp weather upon plants, and as soon as it is detected it will be advisable to use sulphur freely. This will generally prove a quick and an effective remedy. Winter-blooming stove and greenhouse plants, such as Aphelandrias, Eranthemums, Euphorbias, Begonias, Gesneras, Justicias, and others, which will shortly be attractive objects in collections, should have their growth stimulated by the use of liquid manure

about twice a week, as the greater their vigour the more satisfaction will they give to the cultivator, as a rule. Azaleas and Camellias in pots will now derive a considerable amount of benefit from the use of liquid manure once or twice a week. Ornamental foliage plants, when not making vigorous growth, will require less water than earlier in the season. Caladiums, as soon as they begin to lose their beauty, must be allowed to go to rest gradually, and when the leaves have withered up, the plants should be stored away in the pots they have been growing in. Care must be taken, however, not to let the soil get thoroughly dust dry, as when such is the case the roots are apt to suffer from dry-rot. Allamandas, Clerodendrons, and other strong-growing summer-flowering plants, as they go out of bloom, should be kept rather dry, in order to give them a partial rest before they are started into active growth again. Cacti of all kinds should now be placed under cover, to protect them from heavy rains to which we are liable at this time of the year, as when their roots are soddened they often suffer severely. Care must also be taken not to give the plants more water than they require. No section of this large, curious, and interesting family is more popular than the Epiphyllums, and they are deservedly so. These handsome plants produce their brilliant flowers in profusion, retain their beauty much longer than any other species of Cactus, and bloom during the winter and early spring months, when they are especially valuable. Epiphyllums at this time of the year should have a strong, free light, and if under glass ought to be placed in the warmest part of the house.

Cyclamens are very attractive winter and spring flowering plants, and they should be generally cultivated for conservatory, room, and window decoration. There are now many fine strains in cultivation, and intending growers need experience no trouble in obtaining a good selection to begin with. Though plants may be readily obtained from seed, yet the readiest way to procure large plants is to obtain good-sized tubers to start with. They may be planted in several batches

at intervals of three weeks or a month. The plants will thrive best in a compost formed of equal proportions of good loam and well-rotted manure, with a large admixture of sand. When active growth has commenced, liquid manure should be supplied once or twice a week to promote the vigour of the plants. Cyclamens must be repotted from time to time as their pots fill with roots, but not otherwise, as like most other plants they attain the highest degree of perfection by a succession of gradual shifts. If young plants of Fuchsias are required, no time should be lost in striking them from cuttings, so that they will have the chance of becoming strong plants before the cold weather sets in. Those who intend to grow Hyacinths in glasses may now make a commencement, selecting the finest bulbs for the purpose. The bulbs should be placed in the glasses with their bottoms just touching the water, and then put in a dark cellar or cupboard for a few days till growth has fairly started. As soon as the shoots are about an inch long the plants should be exposed to a full light, and must have plenty of air, or otherwise their growth will be drawn and weakly. Hyacinths, Tulips, and other spring-flowering bulbs may also be started in pots for conservatory or room decoration. Decaying flowers and leaves should be removed from plants growing under glass or in bush houses, as they not only have an unsightly appearance, but afford harbour for insects and other pests. Every effort must be made to keep under insects and fungoid pests by constant attention. The plants and also the pots should be kept as free from dirt as possible, as cleanliness is essential to healthy growth.

Cultivators who are about to plant fruit trees during the coming season should take advantage of such favourable opportunities for getting the ground prepared as may occur, so that the work will be completed in good time. Let the ground be thoroughly well prepared, or otherwise the trees will not have a fair chance to do well. In making a selection of sorts growers should be very careful, as much depends upon the kinds that

are planted. Every cultivator should select only those kinds that are excellent in quality, and at the same time are suitable to the soil, climate, and other local conditions. It is easy enough for anyone to take note of first-class kinds, which are always to be found at the various agricultural shows, and more especially apples and pears. Care should also be taken, in the case of apples, to get trees that have been worked on blight-proof stocks, which are the only ones that ought to be used in this part of the world. Another consideration with growers, and not the least important one, in making a selection, is whether the fruit is required for private use or for market purposes. If grown for market a few varieties of each kind of fruit is all that are necessary for practical purposes, and these need not necessarily be of the highest quality. Prolific kinds that have a good appearance, and which bear carriage well, are those best adapted for market purposes. On the other hand, the private grower may wish to raise a great variety of select kinds that produce choice, high-flavoured fruits, but at the same time may be shy and uncertain bearers, and comparatively useless for market purposes. Strawberries should be planted as soon as possible, so that the plants will have time to make a strong growth before the winter sets in. The most convenient way of growing Strawberries is to plant them in beds of three rows, a foot apart, leaving paths between the beds to afford easy access for weeding, mulching, and gathering the fruit. Gooseberries, Currants, and Raspberries should be planted out as soon as the ground is ready for them. Cuttings of Currants and Gooseberries should also be put in, if young plants are required.

There will be no lack of work in the vegetable garden this month in keeping growing crops clean and preparing for others. In this part of the world, as a rule, the most successful cultivators are those who are always getting in some kind of crop to replace one that has served its purpose. Most

kinds of vegetables in general use may be got in now, excepting those that are of a very tender nature and easily injured by early frosts. In preparing the ground for Carrots, Parsnips, Red Beet, Salsafy, Scorzonera, and other tap-rooted crops, it will be advisable to work it deeply, so that the plants will be able to develop their growth freely. It is an excellent plan, in working a vegetable-garden, to divide the area into several compartments, one or more of which should be well trenched every year. By the adoption of this plan the whole of the ground will be deeply stirred every three or four years. This is a very good time for sowing Carrots, Parsnips, Red Beet, Salsafy, Scorzonera, Skirret, and Rampion. A crop of Turnips should also be sown, either of the ordinary or garden Swede varieties. Onions for a main crop should be got in without further delay, if not already sown. Sowings of Lettuce, Endive, and other small salad crops should be made. This is a very good time to sow Parsley, and also Curled Chervil, which is a very useful plant for garnishing. Cabbages, Savoys, Brussels Sprouts, Cauliflowers, Brocoli, and other species of the Brassica family, should be planted out extensively, and seed sown to provide for future requirements. Crops of Peas and Broad Beans should be got in during the month. Asparagus beds towards the end of the month will, in many localities, be ready for their annual dressing of manure, but the stalks should not be cut away unless they are perfectly ripe. Seed of Asparagus may be sown now, putting it an inch deep, in drills a foot apart. Plantations of Globe Artichokes may now be made, and as they are strong-growing plants manure should be used freely. This is also a very good time for planting Horse-radish, taking care to work the land deeply. Culinary herbs such as Sage, Thyme, Marjoram, Savory, and Mint may now be taken up, divided, and replanted, if necessary.

'OUR COSTUMIER.'

By "LUCIA."

The choice of winter garments is the business of the hour, and though it may prove a delightful occupation to the *grandes dames* whose chief aim in life is to appear well dressed, it means no small amount of labour and anxiety to the mothers of young families. The commencement of every season naturally entails the preparation of new clothing, but the approach of winter in particular demands, for the preservation of health, that warm garments should be forthcoming. In past years it was the usual thing to invest in heavy dress materials, the thickness of the gown being regulated according to the season. *Nous avons changé tout cela.* Nowadays we make very little difference in the weight of our winter and summer gowns, ensuring the necessary additional warmth by increasing the number and thickness of our inner garments, and donning heavy out-door wraps. Last year and the winter before, the dress fabrics were, as a rule, of about the same texture as a good substantial cashmere; this season, however, they show a tendency to be slightly heavier in make. Rough, hairy cloths of every colour are certainly the newest things, and they promise to take well, as they have a warm, snug appearance, which is a *desideratum* for winter wear. These are known as *bouclés* or *frisés* cloths, one variety being named the Kyrle cloth, and their characteristics are softness, lightness, and an appearance of warmth.

Plush is, as I have said on a previous occasion, *the material par excellence* this season, not only for gowns, but also for mantles and *chapeaux*. Next in order, I think, may be ranked Astrakhan cloth, which appears in every colour. The variety so extensively employed for millinery purposes is manufactured of silk, and has a delightfully soft appearance, which proves becoming to most faces.

Coarse serges are worn in dark shades, and to go with them are prepared varieties of the same material adorned with narrow plush stripes of the richest colours harmoniously blended. Some of the new bunting cloths are very similar to the close canvas worn in the summer, only that they are thicker and have no interstices. To give a fair description of this season's materials, I may say that they run in the two extremes. They are either highly finished or else very coarse. In fact, the latter adjective does not adequately describe some of the more exaggerated Cheviots and other fancy cloths, which bear a stronger resemblance to sacking than to anything else I can at present call to mind. Astrakhan is employed to form collar and cuffs on many of these coarse costumes, and the fashion of wearing fur round the neck and sleeves is still in vogue. So becoming is fur found to be in proximity to the face that it is predicted that fur boas will supersede capes, though I am assured by several of the leading houses that fur capes are in as much request as ever.

A fashion of the season is to have the hat and collarette to match. For instance, plush hats are often accompanied by dainty bands of plush edged with fur, and fastening in front with a bow. These form a tasteful adjunct to a stylish costume. Then again hats, and in some cases bonnets, have muffs *en suite*, while some sets combine the three articles — *chapeaux*, collarette, and muff. Muffs of Astrakhan cloth are very popular. They are generally made in the bag shape, gathered up at the top, with a bow of ribbon velvet placed at one side. Plush muffs are also to be worn, some of them being adorned with ribbon-ends or fur-tails, which hang down almost to the knees of the wearer. The little toques of

Astrakhan cloth which are sold, with collarettes to match, are very *chic*.

The pork-pie hat—a relic of bygone days—has been revived this season. It appears covered in stockinette, the brim covered with fluted or plain velvet, and a wing or aigrette in front. With this exception, I think all the hats are high—even the toques have lost their flat appearance. Otter and beaver are much worn on hats, some of which have a band of fur round the crown, instead of velvet or plush. Jet plays a prominent part in the millinery of this season, especially in combination with cardinal and *coquelicot* velvet. Jet wings are much used, and, combined with bows of velvet, form a handsome trimming. Many of the bonnets are simply *poufs* of plush or velvet, with upright bows and wings placed in front. One that I saw lately was of cardinal plush, with an open-work border of jet beads mounted on wire, and handsome jet wings in front. Some very beautiful stuffs appear this season as crowns for bonnets. Rich velvets embroidered with silk threads in quaint designs, and thick cloth worked in tinsel, are among the most popular. A handsome imported bonnet shown to me a few days ago had a *pouf* crown of cream velvet richly embroidered in gold and silver tinsel, and pale green and terra-cotta silks. The trimming in front was composed of cream tips, cream velvet, and iridescent wings. The name given to this stylish bonnet was the “Mikado,” doubtless from its colouring, which was decidedly Oriental. A new make of plush extensively used in the formation of bonnets and *capotes* has a long, loose pile, shot with two colours. For instance, a half-mourning bonnet was of this material, the colours being black and grey, and the ornaments jet wings.

Astrakhan and woollen scarves have superseded the canvas ones for trimming hats, and look particularly well on those shapes that are covered with stockinette. All sorts of new ribbons have been produced, and are largely worn. Wool and plush ribbons, plain, and plaid, fringed and scalloped, spotted and striped, are all represented, and all find their patrons, or rather I suppose I should say patronesses.

Many of the mantelettes are quite short, reaching only to the waist at the back, and nearly all savouring of the visite shape so long in vogue. Sling sleeves are almost universal in this description of mantle, as also in many of the ulsters, though the stylish tight-fitting shape is patronised as largely as ever. The smart little jackets are decidedly the most suitable for young ladies, and their name is legion, for they appear in cloths, plain and fancy, tweeds, Astrakhan, stockinette, plush, velvet, and silk. Astrakhan borderings figure largely on these jackets, as well as on the various mantles.

The accessories of a fashionable toilette run into money nowadays. There are so many dainty trifles in the shops that it requires no ordinary amount of self-denial to withstand their attractions. There are all sorts of pretty collarettes this winter, not to speak of ruffings, handkerchiefs, etc. Shoes are so beautified this season that they are veritable “things of beauty,” some of the newest being adorned with a butterfly worked on the toe in gold, silver, bronze, iridescent, or garnet beads. The evening satin shoes are embroidered in white pearls, crystal beads, and in some cases pink or pale-blue beads to match the gown.

Some new collars and cuffs are of linen, with loops at the edge, through which a velvet can be run with pretty effect. There are also novelties to be recorded in the way of jewellery. The newest things in bangles are diamond stars mounted on hoops of fine wire, which is almost invisible on the arm when viewed from some distance. The effect is that of buttons or solitaires resting on the arm. The same thing is carried out in cut silver. This idea of mounting devices on plain wire foundations appears popular this season. Initial letters formed of pearls are mounted in this manner on what appear to be golden safety-pins. These are employed to fasten bonnet-strings. All sorts of fancy-headed hairpins are worn, and various kinds may be seen in the hair at once, just as fancy dictates. Tortoiseshell pins are inlaid with silver, while some have crescents, horseshoes, stars, etc., mounted on them.

There are fashions even in such prosaic and trifling articles as umbrella handles. We are told on reliable authority that the most fashionable styles will be the following:—The African cat's eye mounted in silver; the "crocodile ball" mounted in ash, malachite, or other substances; and the Vienna leather, which resembles old discoloured ivory, and appears in antique designs. Handsome stoppers

of old scent-bottles which have been broken are often mounted in London on umbrella handles for the *élégantes* who patronise originality in their fashions. The correct modes in perfumes seem to occupy considerable attention in London and Paris; but, happily, Fashion does not exercise her all-powerful sway over such trivial matters in Australia—as yet.

MONTHLY NOTES.

ART.

MELBOURNE.

By E. A. C.

One of the principal events of the month in our artistic world has been the exhibition of works by the art students under Mr. Folingsby's charge. There is a noticeable improvement throughout the whole display, and the result of the teaching of 1885 does the director of the classes much credit.

Amongst the oil-paintings Mr. John Longstaff certainly carries off the palm with his meritorious work, "Motherless;" the abandonment of grief shown by two of the girls is in touching contrast with the effort made by the remaining mourner to stay her own grief, that she may perhaps be enabled to assuage in part the sorrow of the dear ones still left her in this world. The artist has shown himself possessed of a deeply sympathetic nature, as well as of great artistic powers. We are glad to learn that his work has already met with so much appreciation, Sir George Verdon having bought it, with the kind condition that he will give up his claim to it should a higher price be offered in the old country, to which it is about to be forwarded. The Chairman of the Gallery Committee has also generously purchased three more of the exhibits—"Old Dog Tray" and "Darebin Creek," by Mr. M'Cubbin (formerly a student, but now an instructor in the gallery), both possessing clever execution, having been chosen by him; as well as Mr. J. Julian Gibbs' excessively good "Brighton Beach." Few of the students show a greater advance than the last-named one; his previous exhibits (shown at the Victorian Academy of Arts) had frequently much of promise in them, but not sufficiently so to

induce the observer to expect such good work as is to be noticed in several of his paintings now on view. Mr. A. Colquhoun bids fair to do well as an animal painter; "Friends" is a very pleasing composition, though a few defects are observable; his principal work is a graphic sketch of a horse sale in Bourke Street; we believe the artist intends executing a large picture from it, which will doubtless be very effective, judging from the skill evinced in the sketch. Mr. A. Colquhoun deserves a high place in the ranks of our most promising young artists. Mr. E. P. Fox and Mr. Llewelyn Jones are both evidently earnest lovers of nature, and hence arises a deep feeling of pleasure in those who examine their paintings; "Morning" and "Autumn" are both good examples of the latter's style of treatment; and "On the Hillside" would do no discredit to an artist who had longer followed the same pursuit. "A Scene Near Frankston," by Mr. Fox, is exceedingly pleasing, as are also some of his clever and well-executed bits from Gippsland. The Misses Walker, Edeson, and Collis all send in works of varying excellence, the two former taking second and third prizes, Mr. Longstaff being awarded, as he fully deserves, the first one. Honourable mention was also fairly given for various exhibits by the Misses Muntz, J. L. Evans, and Collis, as well as to the Messrs. A. Alston and F. St. G. Tucker, the last-named gentleman being a prize-winner, with the Misses Rae and Baskerville and Messrs. L. Jones, E. P. Fox, and J. J. Gibbs (the two latter being equal in landscapes).

The exhibition of the Victorian Academy of Arts is to open on the 3rd of April, and we are very glad to be able to state that great hopes are now expressed of its being a most

successful one, as in spite of having forwarded paintings to the Indian and Colonial Exhibition, the principal Melbourne artists intend to show some works at it. The monthly meeting of the council was held on the 9th March.

Mrs. Robertson-Irvine has forwarded home, per Messrs. Rocke and Co., for exhibition in the Victorian Court, a very handsome screen which, with the frame, stands some six feet high. On one side of the panel is a view of an Australian fern-gully, with a stream in the foreground, and a Nankin stork standing on a stone in the centre of it. The fine plumage of the bird is well treated, as is the vast expanse of fern-fronds. Upon the reverse side

are landscapes embracing the Yarra and the Bay, and showing various specimens of Australian trees and flowers. Amongst the latter may be noticed the beautiful "desert-pea." Mrs. R. Irvine has been very happy in her atmospheric effects, and the whole work is characterised by the delicacy and refinement to be usually remarked in this artist's paintings. The frame is made of the Australian blackwood, and is of a rich, solid style, relieved with gilded mouldings. The grain of the wood is beautifully marked. The mounting has been executed by Messrs. Rocke and Co., and does credit to the well-known firm.

MUSIC.

By E. A. C.

A Conference upon the "Standard Musical Pitch" was to be held last November at Vienna, and the *Times* urged that Government should be asked to send a representative to it. The Director of the Royal College of Music, Sir George Grove, was mentioned by another journal as being well qualified to undertake the errand, more particularly as he had put forward no opinion on the important subject. The Commander-in-Chief has decidedly set his face against the movement in connection with military bands, the answer to the memorial presented to him praying that "the bands of the British army might have their instruments tuned to the proposed pitch," asserting "that, owing to financial and other difficulties too great to be overcome, His Royal Highness was unable to support the adoption of the proposed standard musical pitch."

Madame Hélène Hastreiter (an American lady) lately appeared at a concert in London, and was a good deal applauded for her admirable style and rich mezzo-soprano voice.

A Civil-list pension of £80 has been given to Madame A. Balfe, in remembrance of the musical talents of her late husband.

The portrait of Beethoven recently found at Freiberg, and now in the possession of Herr Victor Von Gleichenstein, has been photographed, and a copy forwarded to England. The likeness is said to be an admirable one, and is in complete preservation. It does not much resemble the generality of portraits seen of the great composer. The Dutch style of face is plainly to be noticed, and the dark eyes attract the instant attention of the gazer. The work was done in 1815 by G. Mähler, of Vienna.

The late head-mistress of the High School for Girls at Bath, Miss Susan Wood, has just issued a pamphlet, entitled, "A Plea for the Reform of Music-teaching." It is cleverly written, the authoress evidently being well up in her subject.

It is proposed that some of the scholarships belonging to the Royal College of Music

shall this spring be thrown open to orchestral wind instruments (wood and brass). The winners will obtain a free musical education for three years.

M. Bernhard Ulmann, the manager in 1855-6 of the American tours of the late well-known pianist, Thalberg, died recently at Passy. The deceased gentleman had several times acted as agent to leading artists visiting his country.

The works of Heinrich Schütz are about to be published in a "complete and critically revised" edition of ten volumes by the firm of Breitkoff and Hartel, of Leipzig, but they will not be wholly issued until 1890. The Belgian Government has entrusted to the same eminent firm the bringing-out of a standard edition of the works of famous composers of that country. The first volume has just appeared, Grétry's opera of "Richard Cœur de Lion," and is to be succeeded by his "Lucille." The chief editor connected with the undertaking is M. Gevaert, Director of the Conservatoire at Brussels.

The Crown Prince of Germany has lately discovered an overture composed by Frederick the Great, which is to be published with amplified instrumentation at Berlin. It has already been performed by the band of the Grenadier Regiment, of which his I. H. is the commanding officer.

A series of seven historical pianoforte recitals was given last October at Berlin by Anton Rubenstein, and is likely to be repeated at Vienna, Paris, and London.

The experts who have tested the tone and quality of the violins made from the American spruce (*abies balsamea*) have all agreed in pronouncing favourably upon them. One of the three instruments was made by Herr Patzelt, of Dresden, the remaining two in America. The former was considered the most successful from the ease with which it responded to the bow, the fulness and power of its tone, and its capacity for expressing every shade of sentiment, but all three of the violins were declared far superior to even the best instruments of modern make, and quite

able to compare favourably with those of the old masters. Amongst the experts on the occasion were Professors Aulin and Ahna, and Herr Emile Sauret. The editor of the *Allgemeine Musikzeitung*, Herr Lessmann, took great interest in the discovery, and indeed was one of the first to propose investigating its worth. Mdle. Teresina Tua (already mentioned in these notes) performed lately at a concert at which she employed alternately her own Amati and one of the American spruce violins, and it is said that even *connoisseurs* could scarcely recognise the one instrument from the others.

An interesting anecdote of Madame Sainton-Dolby and Mendelssohn has lately been made public. On the first occasion that "Elijah" was performed in London, "O, rest in the Lord" was sung by the artiste with so much feeling and sympathy that the delighted composer turned to her at its conclusion and said, "Thank you from my heart, Miss Dolby," the tears of emotion filling his eyes as he uttered the words. The incident was always alluded to by the gifted singer as one of the "proudest moments" in her life.

It is said that the exquisite "Miserere" in "Il Trovatore" was inspired by the grief Verdi experienced when standing by the death-bed of a dearly-loved friend. Unable to give vent in tears to his bitter sorrow, he half-unconsciously sat down to a piano in a room adjoining that in which the sick man lay, and extemporised the lovely music. At its conclusion his grief was in some degree relieved by a violent burst of weeping.

The Ammoniophone has been recently advertised in a very novel form. "The Lost Voice," music by Alfred Allen, words by Percy G. Mocatta, takes for its theme the story of a lover whose loss of voice cost him also that of his affianced wife, and shows how both were regained after steady use of the wonderful instrument. Whilst on this subject, we may mention that a well-known medical man in our community has given his cordial assent to one of his patients trying it for relief of asthma and chronic bronchitis.

Amongst the latest uses to which paper has been put is that of a piano!

"As You Like It" has been arranged in complete opera form by a Viennese composer.

Alboni is said to have invariably arranged to be paid beforehand, and to carry the amount in the front of her bodice, saying she always sang better when she knew it was there!

M. Rémenyi has been exhibiting his musical powers in China, where he gave a series of concerts.

"Mozart on his death-bed, listening to the performance of his 'Requiem,'" is the subject of a nearly-finished painting by Munkacsy.

A member of the Mendelssohn family living in Berlin is said to have offered Madame Joseph Servais £2400 for the violoncello used by her late husband and his father, Franz. The instrument (a Stradivari) was given to the latter, when in St. Petersburg, by the Princess Yousouppoff, whose family had owned it for very many years. Madame Servais has as yet refused all offers for the violoncello, which is valued at 100,000 francs. The workmanship

and carving are said to be extremely fine, and the words "Antonius Stradivarius Cremonensis, 1701," are inscribed upon this musical treasure, which is eagerly longed for by several musicians in London, St. Petersburg, and Berlin, as well as by the Conservatoire at Paris.

The corporation at Weimar has issued a notice that pianos must be used only in rooms where the windows are closed.

The Musical Association of Victoria intend giving a concert during the month of April, for the purpose of assisting the Committee of the Fund for a Chair of Music to claim Mr. Francis Ormond's promised endowment of £20,000. It will doubtless be a great success, as the leading musical societies have agreed to come forward on the occasion.

Ernest Schilling, a pupil of the Paris Conservatoire, aged ten years, recently gave a concert at Frankfort, and played from memory several exceedingly difficult numbers by Listz and Chopin.

The original MS. score of "Don Giovanni" is now in the possession of Madame Viardot-Garcia, but she has very generously offered to sell it and give the sum so obtained to swell the fund that is being raised with the idea of erecting a statue of Mozart in Vienna.

An interesting collection of various relics and curiosities belonging to Grétry is likely to be formed at Liège, where he was born. The name of "Grétry Museum" will be given to it.

Only seventeen ladies and thirteen gentlemen were successful candidates last year for admission to the vocal section of the Paris Conservatoire. 238 applications were sent in.

A visit to Milan will be exceptionally interesting this year to all lovers of music, as a great congress of Italian musicians is to be held there. Already intimations from no less than 400 composers have been received, stating their desire to be present on the occasion.

A meeting, organised by Mr. George Peake, was held on the 6th February, at Gunsler's Café. It was very fairly attended, and much interest shown by those present re the subject of starting a musical club, to be open to both professionals and amateurs. The chair was taken by Herr Siede. Mr. Peake mentioned that he had made inquiries as to the probable expenses, and he thought that, if £400 per annum could be depended upon, proceedings might be at once commenced. A committee of the following gentlemen was formed to frame rules and learn where suitable premises could be obtained:—Messrs. G. Edeson, G. Peake, E. A. Zäger, G. Summers, G. Siede, G. Tate, T. H. Guenett, T. G. O'Connor, G. Kemp, W. F. Sincok, A. Zelman, G. Law, and G. S. Ridley. In speaking of the club, Herr Siede remarked that it would certainly promote friendly feelings between musicians and also offer a good opportunity of giving a cordial welcome to any distinguished artists who might visit the colony.

M. Gounod's sacred trilogy, "Mors et Vita," is winning golden opinions in London, M. Saint-Saëns, who heard it performed in the Royal Albert Hall, writing to *Le Ménestrel* in terms of the highest admiration, both of the

composition and the executants, saying it was "a magnificent work, a very great success," and complimenting Albani, Trebelli, Santley, and Lloyd as a perfect "constellation." The rendering of the Latin words in Italian, instead of English, is noticed by M. Saint-Saëns as a step in the right direction.

The prize offered by the promoters of the Brinsmead Symphony Concerts for a new pianoforte concerto has been gained by Mr. Oliver King. The composition, which was performed at the last concert of the series, was judged by Mr. Cusins.

Some very interesting performances lately took place in Berlin, given by about forty Russian vocalists of both sexes; the numbers were wholly national Slavonic songs, some of them belonging to the eleventh century. National costumes were worn, and the entertainments were described as "very fascinating."

Verdi recently attained his seventy-fourth birthday; many of his friends and admirers were present on the occasion of the rejoicings held at the *maestro's* villa, Busseto. The new work, "Iago," is, according to the composer's own words, very unlikely to be ever finished by him.

The latest novelty in the American musical world is the appearance of Nelly Cecily Brooke, a negress of South Carolina. The New York papers speak enthusiastically of her exquisite and flexible soprano voice, and she has received the name of the "Sable Patti." The girl has been for some years in service as a nursemaid in the family of a rich cotton-planter, and the latter, being fortunately kind-hearted and very fond of music, placed her under competent instruction which resulted most successfully. Her first engagement is for twelve months, to travel with a concert company, but her great musical gifts will probably soon cause her to obtain a far more lucrative one.

Mr. Summers, President of the Victorian Society of Artists, issued invitations to some thirty-five gentlemen on the 6th ultimo, in honour of the first anniversary of the society, and also of the expiration of his year of office. Several toasts were given, suitable to the occasion, the last one being, "To the memory of all good and true organists, especially to the great father of them, John Sebastian Bach." It was responded to with the customary silence usual when such a toast is proposed.

Some interesting facts as to the salaries of eminent vocalists have been lately published; in 1827, Rasta received for a three months' engagement during the London season, £2500, with an allowance of £1250, and a full benefit-night; Catalini is said to have cleared £16,000 at the end of an eleven months' agreement in 1806; and Farinelli, who died intestate, and was a foundling, left thirty-six millions of francs, which became the property of his birth-place, Naples; his plate and jewellery, valued some years previous to his death at £560,000, were, in nearly every case, gifts from admirers of his great vocal talents.

The death of Ludwig Nohl is announced as having occurred on the 18th December, at Heidelberg. One of his principal literary works was the "Life of Beethoven," and great attention was attracted to a somewhat recent paper upon that master's "Tenth Symphony."

Herr Gustav Gaul, the Viennese artist, has just finished an admirable likeness of Wagner, as he was in his prime. The painting will be exhibited first in the United States and afterwards in England.

The Baroness von Perfall has lately formed at Munich a society of ladies for the practice and private performance of high-class choral music.

A large fire took place recently at Moscow, by which the German Theatre was totally destroyed, but happily without loss of life.

A monument is to be erected at Pressburg, to the memory of Hummel, pianist and composer.

Dr. Carter Moffatt, of ammoniaphone fame, has been giving a series (five in number) of lecture-concerts in the Park Hall, Cardiff. Miss Mary Davies and other well-known vocalists appeared at them.

The 100th anniversary of the birth of Carl von Weber was celebrated by a musical festival last December, at Euten, the birth-place of the composer.

Madame Pauline Lucca, who went on a recent professional tour in Russia, was taken ill at Chartroff, where she had to remain three weeks before returning to Vienna, where she arrived in so precarious a condition that she had to be carried out of the train.

The Archbishop of Rheims has requested Gounod to compose a work for him; the title is to be "Joan of Arc."

LITERATURE.

By "Gleaner."

The first number of *The English Historical Review* has been favourably reviewed by the English and American literary journals. It is said that it gives promise of becoming one of the most important of English periodical publications.

Three new fortnightly reviews were started in France at the beginning of the year. They

are named the *Revue Illustrée*, edited by M. F. G. Dumas; the *Revue Mondaine*, edited by M. M. Guillemot; and the *Revue d'Art Dramatique*, edited by M. E. Stoullig.

Mrs. Garfield has recently denied the report circulated through the newspapers, that she was preparing a biography of her husband, the late President Garfield, but says that ever

since his death she has been collecting the material for such a work.

The *Literary World* of 5th February contains an admirable address on "Books and Reading," by Mr. James Russell Lowell. The address was recently delivered at the dedication of the Free Public Library Building, Chelsea, Mass.

A new monthly magazine of music and music literature has been commenced in London. The title is *Music Society*.

The Boston *Literary World* contains a very full and interesting notice of the publications in all the departments of literature in 1885, from which a few items may be selected. In the United States a large number of biographical and historical works were published. Of the former, the "Life of General Grant" is described as the foremost American book of the year; and among historical works, two are specially commended, namely, Mr. Higginson's "Larger History of the United States," and M. Nadaillac's "Prehistoric America." In religious and ecclesiastical history, Dr. Charles Baird's "History of the Huguenot Emigration to the United States" takes a dignified lead, closely followed by Briggs' "American Presbyterianism," an essay of singularly happy temper. Under the heading Science and Philosophy, a large number of books are named, but it is stated "that in the pure science of mind the year has brought no great work," and in natural science there has been nothing of note beyond Ball's "Story of the Heavens." The two most learned and creditable essays on Biblical topics have been Dr. Warren's very original "Paradise Found," and Dr. Trumbull's "Blood Covenant." The most important American exegetical work of the year is Dr. Bissell's "Pentateuch." In fiction a large number of new works were issued, the most successful being Mrs. Barr's "Jan Vedder's Wife;" Miss Jewett's "Marsh Island;" Mr. Wendell's "Duchess Emilia;" and Mr. Howe's "Mystery of the Locks." The list of works under the headings, Travels, Medicine, Law, and Miscellaneous, is very long, running over seven columns.

During this past year a large number of new and valuable works were published in Great Britain. The well-known English poets, Tennyson, Browning, Swinburne, Edwin Arnold, Austin Dobson, Alfred Austin, Jean Ingelow, and some others, have contributed to the enjoyment of the lovers of poetry. Under the heading Fiction there is a long list of volumes. The following sentence is worth quoting:—"The philosophical novel of the year, and a very able one, is Mr. Walter Pater's 'Marius, the Epicurean;' the character novel is Mr. Hall Caine's 'Shadow of a Crime;' the historical novel, Mr. Dixon's 'Her Majesty's Tower;' the sensational novel, Mr. Jenkin's 'A Week of Passion.' Mr. Stevenson's 'Dynamiter' ought, perhaps, to be classified with the latter." Many very valuable and instructive volumes are named under the heading Biography. The list is long, and includes "George Eliot's Life and Letters," "Sydney Smith," "Memorials of James Hogg," "Memoirs of Adam Black," "Sir Henry Taylor's Autobiography," "Mr.

Edmund Yates' Memoirs," and many other most interesting works. "In historical biography, of first importance has been a second portion of the famous 'Greville Memoirs,' a new story of the fascinating 'Life and Times of Richard III.," by Mr. Legge; two volumes of Mrs. Higgins' immense undertaking, 'The Women of Europe in the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries;' and a new 'Richelieu' by Mr. Masson." It is added, "It is not every year that gives us two such noble and inspiring pieces of religious biography as Brown's new 'Bunyan' and the 'Lives of Robert and Mary Moffatt'—companion works in largeness of dimensions, thoroughness of treatment, romantic interest of subject, and sweetness of spirit." Some valuable historical works were published during the year, and included Mr. Howlett's "Chronicles of the Reigns of Stephen, Henry II., and Richard I.;" Mr. Gairdner's eighth volume of "The Letters and Papers, Domestic and Foreign, of the Reign of Henry VIII.," and "Royalty Restored." In theology the chief works issued were the Warburton Lectures, by Dr. Edersheim, on "Prophecy and History in Relation to the Messiah;" Canon Freemantle's Bampton Lectures on "The World as the Subject of Redemption;" and Pfeiderer's Hibbert Lecture on "The Influence of Paul on the Development of Christianity." Among works of special interest and value may be named Dr. Plumptre's "Spirits in Prison," Dr. Martineau's "Types of Ethical Theory," and Principal Tulloch's "Movements of Religious Thought in Britain during the Nineteenth Century." The only works on Biblical criticism and exegetics of any great importance are Archdeacon Farrar's "Messages of the Books," Dr. Salmond's "Historical Introduction to the Books of the New Testament," Mr. Beet's "Commentary on Galatians," and Principal Edwards' "Commentary on the First Epistle to the Corinthians." A large number of books of travel, and on miscellaneous subjects, were published during the year, and among these the works on Madagascar, India, China, and New Guinea, published by the Religious Tract Society, deserve special notice and commendation.

On the Continent of Europe many important works were published during the past year. The notice of the works in various departments of literature published in France occupies seven columns. The list of historical and biographical works is long, and includes many volumes on notable eras in French history, and the lives of famous men and women of the past. Of German publications it is said: "The record for 1885 is good in biography, strong in history, respectable in literary criticism, scant in philosophy and science, and weak in fiction—these terms being relative of course, and to be stretched so as to admit of a considerable output under each." Italy contributed some excellent works to the literature of the year, especially in poetry and fiction. There is probably no other nation that can show so large a number of clever writers in proportion to the population as Denmark, and in that country many

first-class works in fiction, poetry, and miscellaneous subjects were published. The small country of Sweden has some able writers, and last year they contributed some good work to the literature of the world. Spain and other Continental countries all contributed their share of literary work, and in India, Japan, and Madagascar the printing press did much good work during the year. Nothing is noted in the Boston *Literary World* respecting Australian publications, but they are not altogether unworthy of notice.

Mr. Gardner, of Paisley, announces a volume of essays and sketches under the title of "Papers from Dovedale, by the Rector." The title will be familiar to many of our readers, as most if not all of the papers have already had a wide circulation in several of the English magazines. The author is Mr. Alexander Lamont, a young man of letters residing in Glasgow. The essays, which appeared in *Chambers' Journal* and the *Quiver*, we can testify are fine bits of reading—simple, clear, and beautiful in style and diction. The volume will be found worth reading.

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton have just published a most interesting and attractive volume, entitled, "The Throne of Eloquence." The author, the late Rev. E. Paxton Hood, in a series of chapters describes the great preachers of ancient and modern times, including St. Bernard, Chrysostom, Jeremy Taylor, and a host of other notable men. The first chapter, "The Pulpit the Throne of Eloquence," is full of vigour, and will prepare the reader for an eager perusal of all that follows. The book is crowded with anecdotes, quotations from great sermons, and sketches of great preachers. The descriptive parts of the book are specially good, and beautifully written. The volume is very handsomely got up, and there is not a dull page in it from the beginning to the end. We can give our most hearty commendation to this volume, which is on sale by Mr. A. J. Smith, Swanston Street.

Among new historical books recently issued may be named "A Short History of Napoleon the First." The writer is Mr. John Robert Seeley, the Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge, a gentleman who has become widely and favourably known as the author of several excellent works on various subjects. In this volume Professor Seeley gives a short but most instructive history of all the prominent events in the career of Napoleon, from his birth in 1769 to his death at St. Helena, 5th May, 1821. The most important part of the book is undoubtedly the concluding chapters, in which the author, in noticing Napoleon's place in history, considers how far Napoleon was favoured by circumstances, how far he was shaped by circumstances, and what he was in himself. The volume, it need hardly be said, is clearly and beautifully written, throughout it is interesting, and even those who are familiar with all the varied incidents in the wonderful career of the once famous Napoleon will find here much to rivet their attention. The frontispiece is a fine portrait of Napoleon, from an engraving published in 1802. The book is moderate in price, and is worthy of a

wide circulation. Copies are on sale by Mr. M. L. Hutchinson, Collins Street West.

The publication agency of John Hopkins University, United States, announces the reproduction in phototype of seventeen pages of a Syriac manuscript containing the epistles known as "Antilegomena," under the editorial supervision of Professor I. H. Hall.

The publishers of the series of volumes, entitled, "English Worthies," announce a number of volumes of great interest. Able and popular writers are at work, and the volume just issued on the life of the third "Earl Shaftesbury" is to be followed by volumes on "Raleigh," "Sir Thomas More," "Latimer," "Claverhouse," and other men of renown. Among the list of writers we find Mr. Edmund Gosse, Walter Besant, Professor Creighton, and Mr. Andrew Lang.

"The Discipline of the Christian Character" is the title of a volume recently published by Messrs. Macmillan and Co. The author, Dr. Church, Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral, is widely known as an able and scholarly clergyman. It has been said "there is no living English preacher whose discourses more fully satisfy the exacting requirements of an educated congregation, or whose words are more instinct with the deep things of God." This statement is fully warranted if the present volume contains the sort of sermons usually delivered by Dr. Church. The subjects here discussed are of great importance, and their treatment is most delightful and satisfactory.

In the Boston *Literary World* of 9th January there is a very interesting letter from the Leipzig correspondent, in which he gives a long account of the German book trade. Two or three items may interest our readers:—"In Leipzig there exists the largest music-publishing firm of the world, the most widely-read illustrated paper of the world, some of the greatest publishers of the world, some of the most important printing-presses of the world; while nearly 300 papers appear there, and many foreign ones are there printed. Further, at Leipzig appear the great encyclopædias of Meyer, Brockhaus, and Spamer, as well as Ersch and Gruber's gigantic *Encyclopædia*, and two of the greatest collections ever planned by publishers—the *Tauchnitz Editions* and Reclam's *Universal Bibliothek*."

In the *Publishers' Circular* of 31st December there is an analytical table of books published during the year 1885. The total is considerably less than that of 1884. The following items may interest some of our readers:—The number of new works in Theology, including sermons and works on Biblical subjects, was 636, new editions 211; Educational 533, new editions 119; Juvenile Works 671, new editions 142; Novels and other fiction 455, new editions 240; Law 72, new editions 57; Political and Social Economy, Trade and Commerce 210, new editions 43; Arts, Sciences, and Illustrated Works 264, new editions 109; Voyages, Travels, and Geographical Research 169, new editions 70; History and Biography 375, new editions 106; Poetry and the Drama 118, new editions 46; Year Books and Serials in volumes 337, new editions 10; Medicine and Surgery 116, new

editions 71; Belles-Lettres, etc., 146, new editions 74; miscellaneous 205, new editions 35. Total new books, 4307; new editions, 1333.

We have received the March numbers of several of the Australian religious magazines. Messrs. William Inglis and Co. seem resolved to make *The Presbyterian Monthly* every way worthy of the large and influential denomination it represents, and the old and experienced editor, the Rev. James Ballantyne, is sparing no effort to make the magazine a welcome visitor in many homes. The third number contains, in addition to denominational intelligence, a very large and varied store of interesting reading suited to many classes; as a frontispiece, we have a good portrait of the late Principal Tulloch, of St. Andrews University.

The *Victorian Independent*, the organ of the Congregational Churches, is a handsomely got up magazine, well and carefully edited; it contains many excellent papers, and a great variety of interesting and instructive bits of reading for young and old. The editor knows what he has to do, and does it. The result is a journal that is sure to be read.

The *Victorian Freeman*, the organ of the Baptist Association, is only half the price of the *Independent*. It usually contains much denominational intelligence, and has some good articles, but it is clear that the editor does not at all times receive that help from his brethren which he has a right to expect, and which they should esteem it not only a duty, but a privilege to render. Why should not at least half-a-dozen ministers contribute a column each monthly? We are not finding fault with the *Freeman*, but urging the performance of neglected duty. The *Australian Christian Standard* is supported by the denomination generally known as The Disciples of Christ. It is large, cheap, and good. The editors, for there are several, do their work well, and the *Standard*, for variety of reading matter, and neatness, and order of its arrangement is worthy of commendation. It is, we suppose, exactly suited to the denomination it represents, but is not likely to secure a wide circulation beyond.

In the February number of *Longman's Magazine*, three additional chapters are given of Mr. Besant's serial, "Children of Gideon," and this, with two short stories, will sufficiently gratify the lovers of fiction. The two articles on "The Care of Pictures and Prints" and "Map-flapping" contain much useful information. Mr. Andrew Lang's contribution, under the title, "At the Sign of the Ship," deals with several new books, including Lord Tennyson's "Tiresias." Mr. Lang gives some interesting particulars respecting the late French bibliophile Jacob (Paul Lacroix), and there are in his notes not a little that is curious and amusing.

The *Cornhill Magazine* for February is almost entirely devoted to fiction. Mrs. Oliphant's story, "Queen Eleanor and Fair Rosamund," is concluded. Of the serial, "Court Royal," four additional chapters are given, and there is a long and interesting story, entitled, "The Gold Wulfric." The articles

on "Whist" and "Soles and Turbot" may interest some readers.

The British Quarterly Review in the January number devotes a large space to ecclesiastical subjects. Among the most important and interesting articles may be named the following:—"The Reformation Settlement of the Church of England," "Ignatius and Polycarp," and "Mr. Arnold and His Discourses in America." The second article named is based on the valuable work by Dr. J. B. Lightfoot, Bishop of Durham, under the title of "The Apostolic Fathers." The article is very interesting and worthy of a careful perusal. Among other things specially worthy of notice is the remark of the writer, that while Polycarp is more chiefly valuable as a witness to the authenticity and genuineness of New Testament Scriptures, the more powerful mind or Ignatius attracts our attention to the contents of the Christianity which was known to him. Referring to the views of Ignatius, the writer further states that Ignatius ignores what is commonly called dogmatic theology. The article is crowded with valuable information. Large space is given to articles on the recently-published "Greville Memoirs" and "The Personal Memoirs of Ulysses S. Grant," and from these large and costly volumes very copious extracts are given. "The Progress of Disestablishment in Scotland" and "The Establishment and its Defenders" are the subjects of present-day importance discussed in two long and temperately-written articles. Some eighty pages are devoted to notices of new books.

There are four very interesting articles in the February number of the *English Illustrated Magazine*. The first is on "Lifeboats and Lifeboat Men;" the second is a finely-written descriptive sketch of "Ulm" and the neighbourhood; the third is entitled "A Month in Sicily;" and the fourth describes "The Cultivation of Tea, and Tea Customs." These articles are profusely illustrated, and will be found pleasant and instructive reading. The serial, "Aunt Rachel," is continued, and there is a good story, entitled "Harry's Inheritance," by Mr. Grant Allen.

The last issue of *The British and Foreign Evangelical Review* has a great variety of most ably written and instructive articles. The place of honour is given to an article on "The Local Church," by Dr. Witherow, which will well repay a careful study. Clergymen of all denominations will find much gratification and profit in the study of the two articles on "Episcopal Life in Ireland" and "Modern Homiletics." Bible students will read with pleasure Dr. Chambers' able review of the work of Professor Briggs, on "The Revised Version of the Old Testament," and to all who take an interest in the "Anglo-Israelite Theory," which has been so much discussed of late years, we may commend the long and instructive article on that topic. The name of the writer is not given, but he proves that he has given time and labour to his theme. "George Eliot's Surrender of the Faith" is the title of a very able article by Dr. W. G. Blaikie, of Edinburgh. Students and literary men will naturally turn to the

article on "Desirable Methods in English Literary Study," by Dr. T. W. Hunt. It is a thoughtful and suggestive paper, and the earnest student can hardly fail to gather much instruction from it. The last article is a forcible and argumentative paper on "The Christian Consciousness as a Dogmatic Source." The notices of new books in all departments of literature are numerous, and, though generally short, enable the reader to judge the value of the works. This review is worthy of a place on every preacher's study-table.

The February number of *The Andover Review*, among many valuable and instructive articles, has two of special interest. The first is written by the Rev. Reuben Saillens, and has for its subject, "The Religion of Victor Hugo." The writer gives a brief biographical sketch of the great French novelist and poet. He then passes on to show that amidst the many fluctuations of Victor Hugo's mind, a few principles stand above all these variations and were permanently held by him. These are named: 1. The Being of God; 2. The Immortality of the Soul; 3. The Authority and Sacredness of Conscience. Other things are noticed, but these are the chief. In the third part of the article the question, "What has been the influence of Victor Hugo on the religion of the French people?" is fully considered. The writer closes by remarking, that "Christians ought to be thankful that God gave such a man to France." The second article is on "Socialism," and is contributed by Professor Ely. It is a long, powerfully written, and instructive paper, and is well worthy of earnest study. We venture to say that the most striking and important part of the article is that in which the able writer refers to the mission of the Christian Church at the present time. In our brief notes quotation is impossible, or we should quote not a few of the weighty utterances on this point. The other articles, especially the editorial and the book reviews, are numerous and valuable. *The Andover Review* deserves to be widely known and read.

The articles in the February number of the *North American Review* are chiefly on subjects which will be of special interest to American readers. Among these it may suffice to name General G. T. Beauregard's long article on "The Campaign of Shiloh," and "Race and the Solid South," by Mr. C. M. Clay. The well-known novelist, "Ouida," contributes an article, which is worth reading, on "Some Fallacies of Science." The article is suggested by the address of Sir Lyon Playfair at the meeting of the British Association at Aberdeen last year. The great object of that address was to prove that science is the great benefactress of the world. The object of the writer in this article is to show that this has not been proved. The various statements brought forward by Sir Lyon Playfair are noticed and vigorously disputed. There are many sentences in this article we would gladly quote, but the following must suffice: "Repose, silence, leisure, peace, and sleep are all menaced and scattered by the inventions of the last and the present century; they are the greatest—though the simplest—blessings that

mankind has ever had. Their banishment may be welcomed by men greedy only of gold; but, meantime, the madhouses are crowded, spinal and cerebral diseases are in alarming increase, heart disease in divers shapes is the same, and all the various forms of bodily and mental paralysis multiply and crown the triumphs of the age." Mr. O. F. Adams contributes a thoughtful article on the "Aristocratic Tendencies of Protestantism," which should be carefully read by all who desire the prosperity of the Church of Christ. "England and Ireland" is the subject of an article by Mr. Henry George, in which he clearly and strongly enunciates his views on the land question.

Harper's Monthly Magazine for February opens with a long and beautifully-illustrated article on "The British Navy," by Sir Edward Reed. The paper is crowded with important and valuable information. "The Blue-Grass Regions of Kentucky" is the title of a fine article by Mr. J. L. Allen. The illustrations are numerous and good, especially the full-page engravings, and the letterpress is pleasant reading. Miss Olive Thorre Miller contributes a very interesting paper, entitled, "Living Balls," in which she gives a great amount of information respecting some comparatively unknown South American animals, such as the ball armadillo, or *Dasyurus apar* of the naturalist; the Manis, or scaly ant-eater; the Anthoglossus, or newly-discovered porcupine ant-eater, and other strange animals. The article is profusely illustrated. In addition to the serials, "East Angels" and "Indian Summer," there are several complete stories, and some fine poetical contributions. The two articles on "Manual Training," and "Education as a Factor in Prison Reform," contain much fitted to awaken attention on the part of all interested in the right and useful education of the young, or in the important subject of prison discipline as reformatory. The other departments of the magazine are, as usual, crowded with instructive reading on many subjects, and valuable notices of new books by Mr. W. D. Howells.

The *Century Magazine* for February is a most attractive number. The contents are varied, and suited to many classes of readers. The initial article describes at great length the principal works of the great French sculptor, Antoine Louis Barye; the illustrations are numerous, and generally good. Another very beautifully-illustrated article deals with "Recent Architecture in America;" it is the fifth of a series by Mrs. S. Rensselaer. A large portion of the number is, as usual, devoted to the series of articles on the late Civil War. In the present issue the late General Grant and other well-known leaders in the army are the contributors. In addition to several chapters of serial stories commenced in previous numbers, Mr. W. D. Howells contributes the first part of a new novel, entitled, "The Minister's Charge." In the department of the magazine devoted to "Topics of the Time," some subjects of considerable interest are discussed; and in "Open Letters" James Russell Lowell and forty-four others give their opinions on the important subject

of American copyright. The well-known and popular writer, George W. Coble, contributes a fine article, entitled, "The Dance in Place Congo," which is not only fully illustrated, but contains the music of some hymns or songs. In the department "Bric-à-Brac" there are some good things, especially "Uncle Esek's Wisdom." His sayings are worth remembering. Two specimens may fitly close this note:—"A man has a right to his opinions as long as he keeps them to himself;" "All snobs are toadies, and toady to some other snob."

Among many recently-published commentaries on different books of the Old and New Testaments, a prominent place must be given to Mr. Mossman's translation of Cornelius à Lapide's "Commentary on the Gospel and Epistles of St. John." This is pronounced by competent authorities to be the masterpiece of the learned and pious Jesuit. It is a storehouse of patristic and scholastic exegesis. On the Gospel and Epistles of the "Beloved

Disciple" many excellent volumes have been published within the past ten or twelve years, especially in Germany, among which probably the best known are the works of Godet, Luthardt, Meyer, and Hengstenberg, translated into English and published by Messrs. T. and T. Clark, of Edinburgh. In addition to these may be named Dr. Westcott's finely-written volume on the Epistles of John. Clergymen who possess the above-named works, and add to them the two large and valuable volumes by Cornelius à Lapide, will have all they need to aid in the exposition of John's Gospel and Epistles.

Mr. Walter Scott, of London, the publisher of the series of volumes, entitled, "The Canterbury Poets," announces a new series of prose works under the general title of the "Camelot Classics." Mr. Ernest Rhys is editor. The first volume is already issued. It is "The History of King Arthur and the Quest of the Holy Grail." The price of each volume will be one shilling.

CURRENT EVENTS.

By E. A. C.

An attempt is again being made to export frozen meat advantageously from Melbourne. The scheme is under the direction of Messrs. J. Hotson and Whitley, and it is proposed to adopt the same plan as that followed in New Zealand—simply freezing and preparing sheep. By this means owners will be enabled to ship their animals on their own account to the home markets, those who do so sharing in the necessary "freezing expenses." No fresh capital will be required, and those interested in the work regard the proposal as likely to prove a very successful one.

The Continental Concerts at the Zoological Gardens have proved so popular that the committee intend to continue them during the winter. The wisdom of such a plan remains to be seen.

The Convalescent Home for Women at Oakleigh is now ready to receive inmates, and the promoters of it are to be congratulated on the prompt benevolence they have shown, but the standing want of a large general one (to which we referred in our last "Current Events") still remains unnoticed, and, we fear, is likely to long continue so.

A copy of a letter has been received by the Minister of Agriculture from the Agent-General, containing an interesting proposal from Mr. P. K. M'Caughan, residing in Rome. This gentleman has for some time past made the study of olive-tree growth and its oil an important feature, and believing that the climate of Victoria is admirably suited for such a commerce, he is desirous of learning whether such an industry could not be established in the colony.

A generous offer has been made by Mr. J. W. Hunt, honorary treasurer of the Homœopathic Hospital, to the effect that he will give £100 towards the building fund, if £900 more be collected by the time of his return from Europe.

An extremely interesting exhibition of Victorian materials fit for the manufacture of all varieties of terra-cotta or earthenware porcelain is at present to be noticed in the new wing of the Public Library. The object of this fine collection is to show at the forthcoming Indian and Colonial Exhibition the great resources Victoria possesses for ceramic manufactures. Blocks of raw clay may be seen from most of the opened deposits, and the visitor can find amongst them the fine Kaolins from Bulla, Drysdale, Dunolly, Lal Lal, etc., as well as terra-cotta clays from Malvern, Beechworth, and other districts. Nearly all the exhibits are copied from originals to be found in the Museum. Mr. A. L. Mills, under the superintendence of Mr. J. Cosmo Newbery, has had the entire care of forming the collection, which will doubtless be a great centre of attraction to English visitors to the Victorian Court.

The annual meeting of the Royal Society was held in their Hall in Victoria Street, on the 11th March; about twenty members were present, Professor Kernot taking the chair. A paper by the Rev. — Macdonald, who had travelled for many years in the Pacific Islands, was read by Mr. A. Sutherland at the close of the business proceedings. A vote of thanks, moved by Dr. Neild, and seconded by Mr. Steel, was accorded that gentleman for his past services as honorary secretary, which position he had just resigned.

Mr. Garnet Walsh (the well-known writer) attended a meeting of the Eight Hours' Anniversary Committee, held on the 11th March, stating that he was about to write a book upon that movement, as well as trade unionism in Victoria. He therefore requested all possible assistance to enable him to make as comprehensive and accurate a work as could be obtained. The banners of the various societies are to be photographed for insertion in the volume.

At the usual monthly meeting of the Amateur Photographers' Association, held on the 9th March, Mr. Flegeltaub demonstrated some processes of direct printing by contact on gelatine-bromide and gelatino-chloride papers, as well as a method of enlargement on the former. The printing was performed by gas-light, and the enlargement by means of the lantern. Both were very successful, and Mr. Flegeltaub was warmly thanked by those present.

REVIEW.

VICTORIAN YEAR BOOK FOR 1884-5.

The "Victorian Year Book" for 1884-85, compiled by Mr. H. H. Hayter, the Government Statist of Victoria, is, like all the former issues, crowded with varied, useful, and important information. The volume opens with a reprint of an account of the discovery and early history of Victoria, which formed part of the "Year Book" for 1874. Mr. Hayter states that the historical sketch has been revised and corrected, and is republished because "it will no doubt be deemed expedient to send a considerable number of copies of the work to the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, to be held in London in 1886." The sketch, though brief, is clear and satisfactory, and is sure to be read with interest by hundreds. In closing this chapter Mr. Hayter gives the dates of many of the principal events connected with the discovery and history of Victoria, extending from 19th April, 1770, to 28th November, 1881. Following the historical sketch we have a number of chapters referring to the population, vital statistics, finance, production, crime, religious, moral, and intellectual progress, and other topics. We might fill many pages with extracts from these chapters which would greatly interest our readers, but as space forbids lengthened quotation, a few paragraphs must suffice. In the chapter on "Finance" a large amount of information is given. After giving the revenues of all the British dominions, the total being £198,348,201, Mr. Hayter adds:—"It will be noticed that, out of the £198,000,000 sterling which represent the aggregate annual revenue of the British dominions, 90 per cent. is raised in the United Kingdom, India, and Australasia, the proportion contributed by each respectively being 44 per cent., 35 per cent., and 11 per cent. Of the total amount, 44 per cent. is raised in Europe, 36 per cent. in Asia, 4 per cent. in Africa, 5 per cent. in America, and 11 per cent. in Australasia." The chapter on "Vital Statistics" contains much valuable information. Among other items we find the following:—"More marriages took place in 1884 than in any previous year. The number solemnised annually had been almost stationary during the seven years prior to 1880, but in that year an advance was made which has been more than

sustained since. In 1882, for the first time, the marriages exceeded 6000, and in 1884, for the first time, they exceeded 7000." The statistical tables on this subject extend over several pages. The information given respecting the birth and death rates in Australasia and many other places is of great interest. We quote one paragraph:—"In the nineteen years over which the observations extend the normal death-rate of 17 per 1000 persons living was reached in Queensland eleven times, in Victoria, New South Wales, and South Australia four times, in Tasmania three times, and in New Zealand not at all. In the last twelve of these years it was reached three times in Western Australia. Queensland is the only colony in which, over a series of years, the death-rate has exceeded 17 per 1000." The mass of statistical information on this subject is well worthy of attentive consideration, and the same remark is applicable to the tables in which the causes of death are set forth in classified arrangement. Very full information is given under the heading "Production" respecting agriculture and manufactures of all kinds in the colony. To many we believe the most important parts of the "Year Book" will be those in which Mr. Hayter treats of "Crime" and "Religious, Moral, and Intellectual Progress." In reference to the proportion of State school scholars to the population, Victoria heads the list. In 1884 the gross number of children on the rolls of Victorian State schools was 216,839. In 1884-85 the total expenditure was £626,093. The cost per head is lower in Victoria than in four of the other colonies, being £4 12s. 8d., while in New South Wales the cost is £8 2s. 8d. The appendices occupy about sixty pages, and embody a mass of information, and the value of the "Year Book" is enhanced by two large sheets containing a summary of the agricultural statistics of Victoria from 1836 to 1884-85, and of Australian statistics from 1873 to 1884. A small map of Victoria completes the volume. Mr. Hayter has done his work thoroughly and well, and he and his assistants deserve the thanks of the community for the production of a volume which must have cost long, patient, and arduous work.

MYSTERIOUS.

"I fear no evil that I can see!" exclaimed Napoleon, and his acts proved the truth of his philosophy. He could face danger in every form; but the sunken road of Waterloo was an *unseen* foe, greater than the armies around him. This same principle seems true with most people. We fear the unseen; we dread the unknown; we shrink from that which possesses the power to harm, that which is liable to break at any moment. A volcano is picturesque, but men do not build their homes upon its sides.

In the midst of so much mystery and so many unseen dangers, we naturally feel a sense of awe. We wonder if some terrible calamity may not be just beneath the surface of what is apparently bright and serene. We wonder if some small portion of the human machinery should get out of order what the result would be; and we fear disaster from powers we cannot comprehend. It is natural we should do so! It is reasonable we should wonder what would become of us if the delicate mechanism of the brain should get broken. It is natural we should ask what the result would be if the million tissues of the lungs, liver, or kidneys should become disordered. A slight excess, a careless attention to the details of health apparently does no harm, but it none the less undermines the life. It is a draft upon vitality which must be honoured in the future. The trite saying that such acts "drive nails in one's coffin" is as true as it is old.

But our own neglect is by no means all the unseen injuries that come to the human system. There are a thousand evil influences all around us at war with our lives. They are inhaled into the lungs and poison the blood; they are absorbed through the skin and foster disease; they are devoured with the food and corrode the most important organs of the body; they are transmitted by contact with vegetables and minerals as well as mankind. Good health is a thing to be acquired; it will not come of its own accord. The man or woman who possesses the power to counteract all these evil influences and tendencies has obtained a secret of untold value. The constant strain and exertions above referred to gradually weaken some of the most important organs of the body, and invite them to welcome the coming of broken health. The lungs, heart, liver, and kidneys can very easily become weakened; and how? By these very abuses and strains that are constantly brought to bear upon them. It is necessary to guard these organs, and preserve their proper tone at all times.

A prominent gentleman felt unusually tired one day, but supposing it to be caused by over-exertion he gave it little attention. The next day he was not so languid, but his head pained him. This he attributed to indigestion, and

took no further notice of it. Matters went along in this way for several weeks, the headaches and languor increasing, accompanied occasionally by certain dull pains in various parts of the body. He was not wholly insensible to these troubles, but being closely occupied he heedlessly overlooked them. There finally came an intense pain in the small of the back; his ankles became swollen to twice their natural size, most violent nausea took possession of him, and life seemed one intense pain. A physician was called, who pronounced it Bright's disease of the kidneys, which he was able to relieve but could not cure.

Now, had anyone warned this gentleman that the symptoms that had troubled him so long arose from the kidneys, he would have attended to them at once; but *he did not know it*; and many men and women to-day, in every part of Australia, are suffering, substantially, as did this gentleman, and from the same cause; and it is high time they should know what it means. It means present discomfort, future unhappiness, and premature death, unless attended to promptly and treated rightly. The only discovery which has ever been made in the scientific or medical worlds that is a certain remedy for all such troubles is Warner's Safe Cure. Made from a tropical leaf whose properties, like Peruvian bark, are known and invaluable, it acts at once and naturally upon the organs which produce these distressing troubles, carrying health to the entire system and banishing pain.

While the most serious evils which can afflict man or womankind are those which arise from disordered kidneys, they are diseases which can be controlled if taken in time. The trouble is that they are "unseen evils," and the primary danger arises from the fact that the symptoms they manifest are not recognised, but are attributable to some minor disorder, which, by being considered slight, is permitted to fasten itself upon the system. That one-half of physical disorders arise from imperfect kidneys is a new but settled truth: and that these disorders might be prevented by using Warner's Safe Cure is equally true. Thousands of people, including prominent physicians, scientists and divines, who have known of its wonderful powers, indorse and recommend it. It acts upon both liver and kidneys in a direct and certain manner, and invariably relieves and strengthens both. It puts them in a healthy condition, when, otherwise, they would become inflamed. It gives a pleasing tonic to the entire system, and harmonises all the parts. Chemists throughout the world sell it; and the opportunity for thus obtaining its benefits are brought near to every one. It will solve the mystery of good health, and keep back the day on which comes "the great mystery."

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THE HON DUNCAN GILLIES.

ONCE A MONTH.

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GALLERY OF EMINENT AUSTRALASIANS.

No. XVII.

THE HON. DUNCAN GILLIES

PREMIER OF VICTORIA.

By DAVID BLAIR.

It is a fashion—almost a passion—with the American people to trace every step of the career of their President for the time being, from his birth in some lowly habitation up till the proud moment when he enters the palace at Washington as the elected sovereign of the most powerful democracy this world has ever seen. “From Log-cabin to White House,” “From the Tanyard to the Capitol”—these and similar titles attract the eager attention and admiration of (one might say) millions of American boys and youths to the biographies of the Abraham Lincolns and Ulysses Grants whose names are indelibly inscribed on the roll of fame, and will be household words in the Great Western Republic for centuries to come. Nor is this overmastering curiosity to know all about the extraordinary man who, by his own unaided powers, has raised himself from the ranks to the chief command at all surprising, considering that the path to the Presidency lies open to every young American, no matter how humble his origin may be. It was the boast of the first Napoleon that every private soldier in his armies carried a marshal’s bâton in his knapsack. Similarly may it be affirmed of a free

democracy that every citizen of it holds in his keeping the patent of the Presidency. “The career is open to talent,” as the same Napoleon was wont to boast, what time he ruled France as its absolute master. A poor log-splitter, dwelling in a hut in a remote rural settlement, may raise himself to the exalted position of first citizen and Chief Magistrate of the republic; and a lad who is at this moment working on his father’s free selection on the Wimmera Plains, or at the bottom of a mine on Ballarat, may some day stand before the world as Prime Minister of the colony of Victoria.

That this latter averment is not in the least degree exaggerated, the public career of the subject of the present paper abundantly proves. Mr. Duncan Gillies, the Premier of Victoria, is essentially a self-made man—quite as much so as was Abraham Lincoln or Ulysses Grant, and equally with his colonial contemporaries, Sir John Alexander Macdonald and Sir Henry Parkes. Emerson somewhere remarks that all men, in judging of themselves, suffer from the “defect of nearness.” The same remark may be made of the estimates most men form of others

who are very familiarly known to them. They see their remarkable neighbour too nearly to observe that there is anything remarkable about him. His daily, hourly presence amongst them causes them to look upon him as just one of themselves. But besides this—let the averment be made *sotto voce*—the average colonial mind is wholly deficient in the sentiment of wonder. Nothing surprises it—not even the marvels in the way of self-advancement achieved by self-made men. The colonial youth, as a rule, sees nothing more than a reflection of himself in every man around him. He will freely acknowledge that some men are really “smarter,” or more “clever,” than he is himself; but he is inclined to ascribe all success in the pursuits of daily life to luck, rather than to native ability, unbending resolution, energy of purpose, and indomitable industry. Yet, without these qualities, it is certain that no man could ever succeed in attaining, simply by his own unaided exertions, the position now held by Mr. Gillies.

Of this particular living colonial statesman it may fairly be affirmed that he has no private biography that is of the smallest interest to anybody but himself. His historical record is of an exclusively public and political stamp. Thirty-two years ago Mr. Gillies was a working miner on Ballarat; to-day he is Premier of Victoria. He holds this high place by right of his past public services, and with the universal approval of his fellow-colonists. But between the dates that mark the beginning of his career and his actual position, there is literally not an incident of a remarkable or even of a noteworthy kind. In 1859 Mr. Gillies was taken from following his occupation as a “digger” by his fellow-miners, and sent to represent them in Parliament. With some slight variations of political fortune, incidental to all public men, he has continued ever since to be a popular representative, trusted by his constituents, esteemed by his brother members of Parliament, and personally liked by his fellow-colonists at large. The story of his life is merged in the political records of the colony. There is absolutely nothing of distinctively

personal character belonging to it, save only that Mr. Gillies has steadily pursued his onward and upward course as an avowed politician. The first step in his advancement was his appointment to the office of Commissioner of Lands in the Sladen Ministry in 1868, at the very crisis of the Darling deadlock. On presenting himself for reelection his constituents rejected him, for he had espoused the unpopular side in that memorable conflict of parties. But he regained his seat at the ensuing general election, and in 1872 he was appointed Commissioner of Railways and Roads in the Francis Ministry. Again in 1875 he was Commissioner for Crown Lands and Survey in the Kerferd Ministry; in 1883 he was Commissioner of Railways in the Service-Berry Coalition; and he was unanimously chosen chief of the new Coalition Ministry, when the previous one ceased to exist by reason of the retirement of its three leading members, Messrs. Service, Berry, and Kerferd. At the moment of writing these lines Mr. Gillies is, by universal acknowledgment, the most influential man, politically, in the colony. He is at the head of a strong Ministry, with a solid and numerous majority in the new Assembly (just elected) at its back, possessing the confidence of the country, and with a good prospect of an extended lease of power. What more could a successful politician ask for? Such has been the course of the subject of the present paper, in his progress from the Ballarat mine to the post of President of the Cabinet Council and Leader of the Legislative Assembly.

To the credit of Mr. Gillies it must be recorded, with emphasis, that no black blot stains his political record. No doubt he has had to pass through the usual ordeal of party strifes and struggles, and a bitterly factious local historian might find occasion to charge him with here a little bending to circumstances, and there a little yielding to seductive influences. But what good purpose would such a keenly critical analysis of a public career, fair and honourable on the whole, serve? It would serve no good purpose. Nothing is more detestable in taste—as nothing

is more wickedly unjust in principle—than the habit of viewing practical politics from a purely factious standpoint, as is the custom of some historians. A recent trial before the Supreme Court of the Empire showed the world that what is sometimes dignified with the name of a “History” may be nothing more than a series of malignant and premeditated personal libels. Mr. G. W. Rusden has given to the world a work which he strongly misnames a “History of Australia,” in addition to the other unhappy work on New Zealand, which has brought such dire disaster to the writer’s personal fortunes. In any history of Australia, professing to deal with political events in Victoria, the name of Mr. Gillies ought to stand recorded, but it is not to be found in Mr. Rusden’s elaborate burlesque of truth and fact. Nor need Mr. Gillies be in the least concerned at this omission of his name; it has probably served to shield him from the sting of a personal libel not one whit less malicious than that for which the Supreme Court of Great Britain mulcted the libeller in the sum of £5000. Happily, both partyism and faction are now extinct in this country; and he would indeed be a public enemy who should strive to revive these buried elements of mutual hate and discord, or to call up the memory of those periods in the local history when their evil spirit was rampant. Cheerful and hearty co-operation for the advancement of the public well-being, not bitter and selfish faction-fighting, is the principle which now rules and reigns in Victorian politics.

Mr. Gillies, as head of a powerful Coalition Ministry, stands above all maliciously factious criticism. The very worst that can be charged against him is that he is what is called a “professional” politician. But the phrase carries in it no sting for the Premier of Victoria. He frankly avows the impeachment, and is rather proud of it than otherwise. He has devoted his life to the service of his country, and he has fairly earned a right to all the rewards which such self-devotion ought to bring with it. He has made politics his profession and his study; he has given his days and nights to the pur-

suit; he has mastered all its principles and rules of action; and, after a course of two-and-thirty years of persistent labour, he has gained the highest step on the ladder of promotion. Who shall dare to stand forward as his personal accuser? Who shall take upon him to affirm that the position Mr. Gillies holds has been gained by unworthy acts and indirect methods? No man in Victoria. But if not, there is nothing in the past public career of the Premier either to extenuate or defend. That Mr. Gillies is a professional politician, and a successful professional politician, is allowed. He is none the less a most valuable public servant, an enlightened legislator, a patriotic statesman.

In age Mr. Gillies is about midway between fifty and sixty. His personal appearance is that of a stout, genial, well-to-do gentleman. He is a man of many friends, and no personal enemies. In private life he is a general favourite, as being a man inclined to good-fellowship, of cheerful countenance and easy nature, totally destitute of anything in the nature of self-assertion or arrogance.

As a politician, Mr. Gillies is a clear-headed and shrewd observer of passing events, always ready to render aid in council, always keenly percipient of the public needs at the moment, and always ready with some practical suggestion for meeting them. As an administrator, he is generally supposed to be of rather an indolent turn, leaving the burden of responsibility and of work to be borne by his subordinates. There may or may not be truth in this prevalent impression, but the proofs of it do not openly appear, and it hardly consists with that undoubting confidence both in his readiness and his diligence which induced his late colleagues to name Mr. Gillies unanimously as the head of the new Coalition Cabinet. Anyhow, it is admitted on all hands that, for so far, he has proved himself to be an unexceptionably competent First Minister. What still latent powers and capacities for the position he may possess time will no doubt reveal.

As a representative, Mr. Gillies is fitted by nature with a talent for public speaking. Fluent, practical, and

argumentative, he always catches the ear of the House whenever he stands up to address it. In addition to this rather rare faculty, Mr. Gillies possesses the still rarer gift of ready retort. He can reply to an opponent on the instant, and always effectively. In other words, he is a first-rate debater, and on that account indispensable to a strong Ministry. His mental range is not very extensive, nor does he affect to possess much book-learning. But his standard

of intelligence is high, and he can turn his knowledge, whether innate or acquired, to immediate practical account. In fine, Mr. Gillies possesses in a marked degree all the qualities essential to success in the career he marked out for himself when a very young man; and there is thus a distinct sequence of practical logic in the career of the youthful Ballarat miner who has risen to be Premier of the great and flourishing colony of Victoria.

WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT

By F. T.

(Continued).

William Vanderbilt had nine children, eight of whom are still living. Notwithstanding his enormous wealth, Mr. Vanderbilt was not in any way arrogant, and, as affecting the future welfare of his children, only wished them to marry honest men and women. And this they did. The daughters chose for husbands men who had won their social positions by close application to their business duties and the strict maintenance of that commercial integrity without which a man seldom succeeds to any very exalted position in the mercantile world.

Cornelius is the oldest and richest son; he is now thirty-seven. Ten years ago he married a Miss Gymmel, and they have a large family of children. When they all file into church together their blonde heads make a capital representation of a flight of stairs possessing a gentle incline. Mrs. Cornelius is an exceedingly pleasant and *petite* woman, and does not possess any ambition to be ranked among the leaders of society in New York.

The second son, William, is the social head of the family. His wife is a plump and attractive brunette of Southern family, and did not oc-

cupy her new position long before she discovered her power as a leader of society. She persuaded her husband to build one of the handsomest houses in New York. She then entertained on a scale of princely magnificence, giving her guests as favours fans costing \$100 each. She organised and presided over the great party given by her father-in-law four years ago, and which is said to have cost \$60,000.

The third son, Frederick, lost considerable caste in the family by marrying his cousin Torrance's divorced wife. He possesses great and marked ability, and well knows how to increase the ten millions that fell to his share.

The youngest son is George W. He is not at all strong, possesses a strong aversion to hearing money spoken of, is exceedingly studious and refined, and will possibly make his mark in the literary world.

The eldest daughter married Mr. Elliott F. Shepherd, a New York lawyer, who from the advantageous connection was able to build a superb safe deposit building, which he rather fantastically called the "Bank of Banks." The second daughter, Emily, married William Sloane, the leading

carpet-man in the city. He is a most enterprising and thrifty man, and holds a high position in the esteem of his fellow-merchants.

The third daughter married W. McTwombly, a paper manufacturer of Massachusetts. The youngest daughter married Dr. Seward Webb a most talented son of James Watson Webb, the veteran journalist. They lived with the bride's parents, and have continued to reside with Mrs. Vanderbilt since the death of her husband.

Few European princes possess palaces so magnificent and luxurious as the mansion of Mr. Vanderbilt on Fifth Avenue and Twenty-first Street. Hundreds of workmen were three years in building it, and it cost \$2,500,000. It is of brown stone, in the square, severe, box-like style of the Greek *renaissance*. It is four stories high, and measures 84 by 115 feet. It is ornamented within and without with a wealth of carving. The doors leading into the house are bronze copies of the Ghiberti gates at Florence, and cost \$20,000, while the bronze railings and other bronze doors about the house cost \$30,000 more. The palace is built around a court or hall extending to the full height of the building, and roofed in with stained glass. Eight porphyry columns with bronze capitals support galleries on each floor, leading to the living rooms. Opposite the entrance is a mantelpiece of red marble and bronze, which reaches to the first gallery, and is supported on either side by two figures in high relief. The drawing-room is on the east side. Its walls are of carved woodwork, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and the panels are hung with pale red velvet embroidered with foliage and flowers. Columns of Mexican onyx, with bronze capitals, stand beside each door, bearing handsome vases and clustered lights. Female figures, in solid silver, hold candelabra in other corners. The ceiling is most artistically frescoed.

Sliding doors, draped with rich "portières," open on the north to the library, and on the south to the Japanese parlour. The bookcases are of rosewood, inlaid with silver and mother-of-pearl. On the west is Mr. Vanderbilt's private parlour—the room

in which he died. To the west of the hall is the dining-room, 28 by 37. It is most superbly decorated; the gilded panels of the arched ceiling are filled with carvings of fruit and foliage, and in the spaces are paintings of hunting scenes by Laménais, the French artist. Sixty European painters and sculptors were engaged for two years on this house.

Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt's bedrooms adjoin each other. The walls of Mrs. Vanderbilt's room are of white marble, hung with silk, and on the ceiling is a painting by Lefebvre, "Awakening of Aurora." Mr. Vanderbilt's room is spacious and beautiful, finished with rosewood inlaid with satin-wood. The dressing-room is wainscotted, eight feet high, with opalescent glass of blue, gold, and silver, with abundant mirrors. The bath-rooms are of mahogany and silver, and are masked by sliding mirrors of plate-glass. The picture gallery is the largest room in the house, 32 by 48, with the ceiling 35 feet high, formed of opalescent glass in quaint designs.

In the west wall of the gallery is a monumental mantelpiece of African marble, with cone of mosaic glass. The woodwork is of black oak, and the caryatides and pilasters of Santo Domingo mahogany. The handsome floor is bordered with a mosaic of Sienna and black marble in Pompeian style.

Mr. Vanderbilt's gallery of paintings form the finest collection in the world of what we may term modern French art. These famous pictures are valued at \$1,500,000, and there is no single French artist of eminence that is not represented by one or more works.

Through cards, obtained by the proper means of introduction, this gallery was formerly thrown open to visitors, but the horrible acts of vandalism perpetrated by individuals from time to time had the natural result of the gallery being closed. These persons not only chipped bits off the statues, cut pieces off the curtains, and rifled the conservatory, but actually invaded the sanctity of the private apartments; thus Mr. Vanderbilt, to the regret of the well-behaved and art-loving portion of the visitors, was compelled to bring his hospitality to a close.

Mr. Vanderbilt was essentially a hard worker, and his sources of pleasure were consequently but few; he cared nothing for club life, did not own a yacht, and spent his summers quietly at Sharon Springs and Saratoga.

His greatest pleasure, and one that was undoubtedly inherited, was his great love for trotting horses. Eventually this became a passion with him, and he was at his best when sitting behind Maud S. or driving his team, Aldine and Early Rose, through a throng of horsemen at the rate of a mile in two minutes twenty seconds. At these times he was always cheerful, talkative, and good-humoured. His stables, built on Madison Avenue, cost \$60,000, without the land, and the stalls are all finished in polished cherry and black walnut. The present craze in the United States for fast teams undoubtedly owes its origin to Mr. Vanderbilt. He astonished the trotting world by driving Lady Mac and Small Hopes a mile in 2 minutes 23 $\frac{1}{4}$ seconds; he then eclipsed this wonderful performance by driving Maud S. and Aldine in a buggy the same distance in 2 minutes 15 $\frac{1}{2}$ seconds, and although Maud S. has since been driven the mile in 2 minutes 8 $\frac{1}{4}$ seconds, the time for the double team has never yet been equalled. Mr. Vanderbilt showed his real love for horses when he sold Maud S. to Robert Bonnor for \$40,000, when he was offered \$100,000 for her by a syndicate of sportsmen. His sole reason for this was, "Bonnor will be kind to her."

Mr. Vanderbilt was not a professional philanthropist, but he gave away large sums. The great obelisk of Thothmes, which is now erected in Central Park, and which was brought from Egypt at a cost of \$86,000, New York owes to Mr. Vanderbilt's generosity. He gave \$200,000 to the Vanderbilt University in Tennessee, \$10,000 to the Deems fund of North Carolina, and a similar sum to the University of Virginia. He gave \$50,000 to one New York church, and the same sum to another. He gave half a million to the College of Physicians and Surgeons, and \$150,000 to General Grant, accepting in return all the General's war trophies,

which he at once presented to the Government.

Mr. Vanderbilt's physicians ascribe the cause of his death to over-work. He was one of those individuals who consider that if a certain undertaking is worth taking in hand at all it is worth doing well, and his whole life is an exemplification of this maxim. He did practically all his own work, and seemed as if he did not know how to shift burdens on to other people's shoulders. When he first came up from his Staten Island farm he was hale and hearty, had a good appetite, slept well, and generally enjoyed vigorous health. Thus his life was apparently good for another quarter of a century; but the terrible amount of worry and anxiety that was caused by the business incidental to his vast possessions, and the labour consequent upon maintaining them in their vast integrity, had a depressing effect upon his health. He was prevented from taking the necessary amount of sleep, lost his appetite, broke down his constitution, and no doubt laid the foundation of physical changes in his organism that facilitated the rupture of the large vessel in his brain, which was the cause of his death.

Under the provisions of the will, Mrs. Vanderbilt becomes the tenant for life of her husband's splendid mansion, with an annual income of \$200,000. Forty million dollars are divided equally between the eight children, and forty millions more, in which they have an equal interest, are to be held in trust, and the interest paid to them. About \$2,500,000 is bequeathed to various charitable institutions, and a million or so is given away in the form of legacies. The residue of the property \$100,000,000 or more is left in equal shares to the eldest sons, Cornelius and William K. Vanderbilt.

Concluding, we may say that it is a mistake to think that any millionaire gets what we may term the full value of his money. It is one of the singular provisions of nature that no man can employ for his own comfort and benefit more than a very small sum of money, and that all he acquires above that must go to the comfort and benefit of others.

LIFE'S TANGLED WEB.

By ALICE GOSSIP.

Author of "A CHRISTMAS JOURNEY," Etc.

"The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together."

—*Shakspeare.*

"O what a tangled web we weave,
When first we purpose to deceive!"

—*Scott.*

CHAPTER XVII.

CAPTAIN ELLIOTT'S PERPLEXITIES.

Days passed, and Captain Elliott did not see very much clearer on the subject of his musings. He knew well enough, when he sat down face to face with facts, that the part he was playing was dishonourable in the extreme. He had lied to his uncle; for if he had not told him a falsehood, he had imposed upon him by one of those base half-truths which are worse even than a bold outspoken lie. But, he said to himself, he was in such desperate need, and knowing Sir Anthony's horror of anything connected with turf matters, he could not possibly have told him the truth. He had felt so sure of this last transaction; he had made such inquiries, had spared neither himself nor his purse in ascertaining that it was perfectly safe and above board; and he had hoped to pocket some thousands on the event. All along, whilst allowing himself to be drawn into seeking Mildred, declaring his love for her and winning hers, he had depended on this windfall, which would enable him to exercise untrammelled that right royal prerogative of man, to choose, and to ask, and to win, if he can, the woman that his heart tells him is its chosen one. He could not do so without this money; he was bound hand and foot; and even if he had the success he expected, he was sacrificing much for his love. All con-

nection with his uncle must cease—of that he was well aware; and Sir Anthony would doubtless in his anger leave him nothing, except the small estates which he could not take from him, since they went with the baronetcy. Yet, if that luckless first favourite, on whose fleetness he had pinned all his hopes of happiness, had only not been scratched, our task would have been ended; and unless we had chronicled the loves of Aubrey and Mildred, our pen must have been laid aside and our story finished.

But Alabaster did *not* win, or even run. There was some very dirty work done in connection with that gallant steed. Hands which had been clean, or reputed clean, were very black indeed after handling the noble quadruped. A few foxes were very much the richer, and very many geese were very much the poorer, and thoroughly plucked. Captain Aubrey Elliott figured among the latter; and although he would have very comfortably pocketed without the slightest compunction the thousands he thought he stood to win, had he had the good fortune to get them, he bewailed and regretted the few poor hundreds he lost, and did very mean work in consequence. Circumstances, too, had worked together against him. Not

only was the knot which tied him to his cousin drawn much firmer, but he was now poorer than ever, and required help from her father more than he had ever done before in his life.

He had thought, and even spoken, of giving up all, and retiring to love and a cottage—an idea which had met with strong opposition from his friend Tom, who knew him a great deal better than he knew himself. But, like many others who think or talk similarly, he had hardly in his mind's eye a *bona-fide* cottage, with all the meagre comforts a limited income and such accommodation afford. He thought, perhaps, of a cottage in a fashionable suburb, or an elegant, though small, villa in some garrison town where his regiment might happen to be quartered. But to be really poor; to do by Mildred as she would have done by him; to endure anything for the sake of her loving companionship—all this was impossible for Aubrey, though, as we have said, the love he felt for her had roused the thoughts of many good things. Visions of happiness apart from his love of self flitted before him; but that was all. When away from the fascination of her presence he found what an effort, what sacrifices, would be required of him, and his friend's advice began to tell on him more and more. How many there are, like him, who say they would have done so much, so differently, but for unfortunate circumstances! and hearts are broken, lives wrecked, and straight paths made crooked in consequence. Even as he thought and argued, and as the girl with her wondrous loveliness returned to his memory, he had not the courage to decide to cast off the fetters that bound him, and, hand-in-hand with that sweet companion, set forth on a new road in life. His love for her, after all, was infinitely weaker than his love for himself.

No, he could not, or perhaps he would not, give up his prospects for Mildred. He had abundance of specious arguments to justify his baseness; and, putting away the thought of Mildred's broken heart and dead future, he even began at last to pity his own unfortunate position, which would not allow him to gratify every desire with-

out sacrificing something. And it was for this man that Mildred gave up noble-minded Arthur Ellmore.

Poor child! She was so dazzled by the glitter and tinsel that she did not detect the poor semblance of honourable manhood underneath, upon which she had wasted her young affections. And while Captain Aubrey puffed his choice cigar, as the smoke circled and wreathed and passed away, so passed away with it the protestations and resolutions he had so lately made. Not that he could forget Mildred, or feel happy or satisfied. He had to write to her, moreover; and what to say in the circumstances puzzled him terribly. The result was the strange letter which Mildred received, in which, amongst other strange things, with some shadowy explanation which only love like hers would have accepted, he made her acquainted with his real name.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE COUSINS' MEETING.

Within a week after Aubrey's arrival in town Ella came from Brighton, and her father did not let a day pass without apprising him of it. She was to stay a short time with Sir Anthony, and then go to her friend Lady Talbot. The town residence had been shut up or let for some years, for since the death of Lady Elliott they had chiefly resided at Alborough, and while Ella was at school, Sir Anthony was very frequently abroad, or if in town stayed at a hotel. He decided now that the house should remain closed till Ella's marriage, when it should be refurnished to receive its new mistress. Apartments were therefore secured for Ella at her father's hotel, Mrs. White, the old housekeeper from Alborough, being installed protector and attendant *à la fois*.

Sir Anthony had asked Ella where she would like to meet her cousin. He wanted him to dine with them on the evening of her arrival, but she was not equal to that. She had a perfect dread of seeing him; she did not know

why, for her recollection of their former acquaintance was a pleasant one. She was then a little girl of eight or ten, and remembered nothing but kind, merry, cousinly courtesy from the handsome young fellow who used to tease her playfully, and call her his little wife; but now that the jesting words were about to become realities, it was a very different matter. She felt she would give half her possessions if Captain Aubrey were comfortably installed somewhere on the other side of the globe, and though she called herself wicked and foolish, she would have hailed with delight a declaration of war, which would oblige the gallant Captain and his regiment to be despatched on an active campaign.

"Oh, Papa dear, not to-night. I am so tired, and Mrs. White and I have so many little affairs to arrange. You said there was a flower show at the Botanical Gardens. Send Aubrey a ticket, and tell him to meet us there. It will not be so unpleasant or so formal as if he came here."

So a servant was sent off to Captain Elliott, who accepted the arrangement. In very truth he was as distressed as his cousin, and looked forward to their meeting with about the same amount of pleasure.

The intervening hours quickly passed, and Sir Anthony, with his fair young daughter, started for the gardens. They had to take their place in the long line of carriages that were setting down their occupants at the gates, and Sir Anthony, who had not given this a thought, began to worry and fuss at the delay. The slight annoyance of his irritability gave the finishing touch to gentle Ella's appearance, bringing a deeper tint into the blush-rose cheek—all that she ever needed. She was indeed charming in the soft freshness of her beauty.

At last they were set down and entered the beautiful gardens. There is certainly nothing to which fashion betakes herself so thoroughly delightful in its every phase as a flower show on a bright sunny summer day. Rank, wealth, and beauty assemble. Toilettes, that would be out of place elsewhere, are there *en règle*, displaying the highest achievements of art and

taste combined. Then there are the flowers with their wealth of colour, the soft green sward, and the thrilling strains of the music; the apparent liberty and freedom of the place, and above all, the pure air of heaven—not the stifling atmosphere of crowded ball-room, opera, or assembly. It decidedly bears off the palm among fashionable pleasures, and young Ella was charmed, in spite of the dreaded meeting.

They strolled through some of the flower tents. Ella lingered lovingly over the roses; and her father said that as she liked them so much, she must have a rosery made in the gardens at Alborough. "And Aubrey will help you with the plans; there is scarcely anything with which he is not perfectly *au fait*;" but at last we meet him," continued Sir Anthony. Ella, who seemed entranced over a bunch of *Gloires de Dijon*, quickly taking his arm, nestled close to her father. Aubrey advanced with a slightly quickened step; but he had assumed his old quiet indifferent manner, and, though feeling a little embarrassment, did not in the least betray it. After greeting his uncle, he turned with outstretched hand to Ella; "I am sure this must be my fair cousin, though all semblance of the merry little romp I remember is gone."

"I do not think I should have known you, Aubrey," replied Ella. "You are the same, and yet there is something about you that makes you seem quite another person. You ought not to have changed as I have, for you were grown up when I last saw you;" and she gave a quick searching glance at him, which, however, did not seem to give her much pleasure or reassurance. Her woman's instinct divined that there was something wrong about him; and, although far handsomer and more elegant than she ever supposed he could be, she preferred the young scapegrace cousin whom she recollected to the thoroughly self-possessed and somewhat supercilious man she now met.

"Oh," he laughed lightly, but withal he winced; "you say most truly, I am quite another person. You must remember, my fair cousin, while you have been simply growing up and approaching perfection, my movements have been retrograde. I have had

some of the world's buffetings to contend with, and am growing older; and life does not bear quite the same holiday aspect at twenty-seven as at eighteen. I have seen some service, and begin to look upon myself as quite a veteran. I must steal some freshness and goodness from you. Will you be disposed to share yours with me?"

"No," she said, quietly, and without changing countenance at the covert allusion. "No, we must each be as we are. I do not fancy I could alter you in the least. I shall need any goodness I possess for myself, and I shall require it to be strengthened, not diminished. Did life seem very joyous to you, cousin Aubrey, at eighteen? I am not that yet; but somehow I fancy it is not as gay and pleasant as the girls at Brighton seemed to think it was. I love flowers, and birds, and the country, or the sea-shore; but I don't think I like crowds and confusion, or that I shall care about going into society."

"Do not fear, my dear cousin; that is because all is so new, and many pleasures are as yet unknown to you. Taste and liking will come soon enough. Lady Talbot will initiate you into the mysteries of the *beau monde*, and you will tell a different tale this day next year. I foretell you will be one of its most ardent devotees. We must be good friends, my dear Ella, for your cousin Aubrey is as ready to devote himself to you as ever."

"Thank you," said Ella, and she turned away as if desirous of ending the conversation.

Aubrey felt a little at fault. He had thrown into his manner all the charming courtesy of which he was master. It was almost the first time in his life that he had exerted himself to please with such ill success; and poor Mildred's worship of his noble self returning in full force to his recollection, he felt nearly provoked that this school-girl, this child almost, should have the power to disconcert him.

He was too well versed in the human female heart not to perceive that her indifference to him was real, not feigned. It was not his fashion, however, to admit himself worsted; so, without appearing to notice her want of interest, he chatted gaily on. Sir

Anthony wanted his nephew to return with them; but Aubrey was too wise for that.

After assisting her into the carriage, he stood a moment to see them off, raising his hat with a smiling good-bye.

"Who was that, Elliott?" said one of a group of fashionable-looking men standing close by, who were commenting in no measured terms of praise on the beauty of the lady with whom their friend had just parted. "Was not that your uncle?" said another; "but who was the lady?"

"My uncle's daughter. She has appeared for the first time. You will all know her soon enough, as she will very shortly be staying with Lady Talbot, who will enact a worldly mother's part by introducing her to the pomps and vanities in due time."

"By Jove! you're the luckiest fellow alive. I heard my sisters talking of her—that she was coming to town. But, 'pon my word, Elliott, it's too bad upon all of us. She should have been left free for a season at least; or else she should have been shut up till she came upon us as Mrs. Aubrey, when we should all have been obliged to keep our admiration within its proper bounds."

"Wealth and beauty do not often go together to such an extent," said the first speaker, an aristocratic-looking man of about thirty; "but it seems only fair to me that Elliott should have his reward. He has been exemplary in his conduct, and, whilst we have all had our desperate love affairs, he has been constant to his hitherto mythical betrothed. A veritable Sir Galahad, he can say—

'I never felt the kiss of love,
Or maiden's hand in mine.'

But I suppose you knew what was in store for you, Aubrey, and so could resist all temptations."

"No," said Aubrey; "till to-day I was as ignorant of my cousin's good looks as yourselves. I had not seen her since she was a little girl of eight. But of course you are all aware, as everybody is, of my uncle's pet scheme, so I don't see how I could well have indulged to any great extent in the display of the tender passion. I should

have had fathers, brothers, and guardians down upon me in no time had any serious attentions on my part been detected. You need not envy me, any of you. Does not someone say, 'The heart knoweth its own bitterness?' and with a nod he left his friends to continue their remarks and criticism.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE BEGINNING OF SORROWS.

Things went on pretty much as usual at Chorley. Mrs. Wilmer had no decided intelligence from her lawyer; but though she felt safe for a few months to come, the knowledge that the trouble was only deferred, not removed, told on a constitution never very strong.

Mildred was much the same; perhaps her step was a trifle less buoyant, and her sweet voice not quite so frequently heard as formerly; but still her treasured secret remained, and though she began to weary a little at the delay in her lover's coming, hope and trust were still strong within her. Bill Larkins, notwithstanding his frequent journeys to Ursford Post Office, had not been able to elicit much from Mr. Cullingham's people; and Mildred herself, when speaking to him and giving him the letters, looked so happy that the faithful fellow's suspicions were lulled, and he began to think it likely that the landlady of the White Horse had talked too fast, and spoken of what she knew nothing about. Mrs. Wilmer had heard once or twice from Arthur Ellmore, who, although enquiring for Mildred and sending kind messages, had not yet returned to the village, and whispers were current that his house was going to be let to some London people, who were shortly coming down to reside there. Tom Cullingham was still at Ursford Grange, carrying out his plans with such energy that he had no time left for his proposed visit to London; and though he received a line now and again from his friend, Aubrey was so perfectly silent about his recent furious infatuation that Tom concluded he was beginning to get over it, and on

his return to old scenes and habits was wisely casting it from him. Yet, having driven over one Sunday to service at Chorley, entranced afresh by Mildred's loveliness, with the common inconsistency of human nature Tom had almost felt enraged with Aubrey for being able so soon to forget her.

So the summer passed away; but at length Mildred began to think that the weeks were terribly long, and a little impatience was creeping into her heart—that fond, loving, trusting heart, which had given all so bounteously and had received so little in return. She had not yet felt any doubt of Captain Elliott's truth; she would as soon have mistrusted herself; but she was very young—scarcely eighteen—and her happiness had been at first so full, so complete as regarded her lover, that an indefinable sense of loneliness came over her. She had no confidant to whom she might reveal her thoughts, and from whom she might look for sympathy. Young people delight in speaking of affairs of this kind, and in the pride and happiness they feel at having the tale to tell their joys are doubled. Every loving woman is proud of the love she has won, and rightly so, or it would be scarcely worth having. But poor Mildred, through her first fatal mistake, had to endure her sorrows, and cherish her joys alone. For a while the happiness of being loved was enough, even though separated. For a long time there were letters and promises; but by degrees the letters became shorter and the promises fewer, and excuses began to creep in for delays in answering, as if remorse for his neglect had come upon the writer. Then the next letter would be full of passionate ardour, blaming himself and cursing his lot; yet still she did not doubt. She said to herself that in busy London men had so much to occupy and harass them; but she wished he would tell her the real nature of his anxieties. She would, she knew, enter so fully into all his troubles and pleasures; would share the former, and, if it were possible, bear them, if he would but tell her what they were. But this was what he had never done; and she was too proud, too refined, to display curiosity or

to make enquiries as to that on which he seemed so reticent. If she had not been so bound by him—if she could only then have had her mother's counsel and sympathy, all might have gone well with her. There would have been a bitter wakening from her cherished dream, but loving, kindly hands would have raised her gently; and so the sorrow would in part have been softened, her young life would have re-asserted itself, and her happiness would not altogether have passed away.

Sometimes she thought she must ask Bill if he ever heard any news at Ursford—whether Mr. Cullingham expected guests. Her terrible isolation prompted the desire, but she could not bring herself to do it. It would have been degrading to show her anxiety to Larkins; and as he had seen Elliott with her, it would perhaps have aroused suspicion of him, or cast a slur on him, and she would have endured anything rather than do this.

Thus both mother and daughter were concealing their griefs from each other. This concealment was telling on both; yet each was so engrossed with her own special trouble, that Mrs. Wilmer did not remark the abstraction and failing spirits of her daughter, nor did Mildred observe the declining health of her mother. There was no friendly Arthur Ellmore to detect it, and to rally and rouse them both. Although unconscious of doing so, they missed him sadly. It was so much his habit to be with them, and they were so accustomed to have his advice and opinion on their affairs, that his absence, coupled with their own self-imposed silence, added to the gloom settling down on their hitherto happy little home.

One day in early August, as Mildred was leaving the church after practising the hymns for the next Sunday's service, she met her friend the rector. He insisted on her accompanying him home to afternoon tea, for with him, as with everyone, Mildred was a great favourite. As they sat talking together, she spoke of her mother's distress at the prospect of leaving the village, and said how grieved she was at being able to do nothing to prevent it.

"Ah," said the rector, "it is a pity you could not have settled amongst us for good, my dear." Mildred, knowing that he alluded to Arthur Ellmore, blushed painfully; and her old friend, regretting that he had adverted to the subject, began to talk of other matters.

"Mr. Cullingham is making great alterations and improvements at Ursford," he said; "it is certainly far pleasanter now he has come to live there. I hear, however, he is going away for a short time, next week."

Mildred felt her heart quicken its pulsation; for was not Ursford inseparably connected with Aubrey? She tried, however, to speak indifferently. "That does not look as if he were inclined to settle here; where is he going?"

"To the wedding, or some festivities preceding the approaching wedding, of a friend of his; some gentleman who was, I believe, lately staying with him. A singularly handsome man, I understand."

"His name?" she asked, with a sort of choking gasp.

"Oh, I really forget. He is, I believe, a baronet—some very wealthy man, I have heard—but an old man"—and the worthy rector helplessly mixed up all the stray bits of gossip that he had heard in connection with the matter.

"Oh," said the girl, as the blood rushed back to her heart—"oh, I thought"—and to the horror and surprise of the rector she fell fainting at his feet. He quickly summoned his old housekeeper, and with her assistance lifted Mildred to the sofa. "The dear lamb," she exclaimed, "whatever ails her? Shall I send for the doctor, Sir? They do say she is fretting for Mr. Ellmore. I shouldn't name it to you, Sir; but seeing her like this quite upset me. Hadn't the boy better run for Mr. Moffatt?"

"No, no, she will come round presently, and it might only distress her more to find there was a disturbance. Raise her head a little; there is a slight consciousness coming into her face—she will be all right directly."

Slowly the sweet eyes unclosed, and with a startled look she murmured—"Aubrey." Then recognising her old

friend, as consciousness fully returned, she smiled and asked what was the matter with her.

"Nothing much, my dear, I hope; you have only fainted. Drink a little of this," he said, holding some wine to her lips.

In a few moments Mildred sat up, and began to scold herself, and wonder how she had been so foolish.

"You must lie still a little longer, my dear," said the rector; for on attempting to stand, the poor girl stumbled and nearly fell again. "When you feel better I will have the pony-chaise brought round, and drive you home myself." So saying, he left her to rest. Mildred was only too thankful to be left awhile to herself, so as to regain her composure fully before meeting her mother; for the reaction on the terrible feeling of anguish that had mastered her left her trembling and wholly unnerved.

CHAPTER XX.

AUBREY AND ARTHUR.

A short time after the visit to the flower-show, and the re-introduction of the cousins, Ella was transferred to the care and guardianship of Lady Talbot. She was a kind motherly woman, who, having only young children of her own, at present under nursery rule, was quite at liberty to devote time and solicitude to Ella without any great demand on her good nature. Like all Sir Anthony's friends, she was of course aware of the engagement, and since Aubrey was a special favourite of hers, she was a very good chaperon. Various gatherings and gaieties had taken place to which Ella had gone, and she was pretty well launched into the gay world of fashion. Great regret had been expressed that she came upon it so late in the season, as some of the grandest affairs were over, and all thought of being presented had to be set aside; but as Lady Talbot said, it would be better to leave it till after her marriage, and she must be contented with the peep she got at the gay doings of society.

"Dear Lady Talbot," she used to say, when that good lady expressed her regret that she had not left school at the preceding Christmas, "if long years of such a life are before me, we need scarcely regret my not having entered on it sooner. You will be shocked, and think me very unworthy of all your kind trouble, when I tell you I am tired of it already; and were it not that I look forward to going home to the dear old hall, I should wish myself back at Miss Cramlington's; for I really believe the anticipation of this kind of life is far more enjoyable than its reality."

"Nonsense, my dear child. It's only because there is nothing to see and nowhere to go to. Wait till next season, when you must go everywhere and see everybody. We must have you a thorough *femme du monde*. You may be called upon to take a prominent place in the world. Your husband, Captain Elliott, may enter parliament. I know that is your father's wish, and he is, I feel sure, ambitious himself, and with the talents he possesses and the means that will be at his command, he may aspire to great things. We cannot have his wife a little retiring nobody. You know, Ella, I speak with great freedom to you; your position is somewhat different from that of most girls, and you must be equal to it. Your cousin was telling me how sorry he was to see your evident disinclination for society, and trusted I would do my best to hunt it all out of you."

"He is very considerate," said poor Ella, somewhat bitterly. "My tastes are innocent enough, and I think when it is necessary to alter them it will be time enough for him to display uneasiness. Do you know, I would far rather spend the evening in a game of romps with Maud and Lily upstairs, than go to the most magnificent entertainment you could devise for me. I am afraid Aubrey has imposed an impossible task on you."

"Well, my dear, we must do our best, and I now want you to assist me in writing out the names of people to be asked for an evening next week; so sit down, like a dear girl. I particularly want to invite this Mr. Ellmore, this new friend of your father's. I hear he

is immensely rich, and most agreeable and good-looking." After various directions, with Ella's assistance, the list was made out, and Lady Talbot laughingly told her that she had commenced her course of instruction very creditably, and that she had hopes of her yet.

Poor Ella, when left to herself, curled herself up on one of the luxurious couches, and indulged in a good cry. She had now met Aubrey many times, and her heart was getting steeled against him more and more. With her dislike and distrust of him she felt sometimes beside herself; and all the more because powerless to make any stand in her own defence. There was only one thing upon which she was resolved, and that was to hold her father to his promise that she should not be married till she was over eighteen; for he began to talk of shortening the time, saying that as she was to be still with him he thought it did not matter whether she was under or over that age. Upon this point, however, she was determined to maintain her rights; even contemplating an appeal to Aubrey himself, should her father press her too much. She longed to leave town and get to her beloved home. She used to say to herself, if she had a long uninterrupted time there, perhaps it would be easier to comply with her father's wishes.

The few days intervening quickly passed, the evening of Lady Talbot's "at home" arrived, and after dinner, at which Sir Anthony and Captain Elliott were guests, the visitors began to assemble in the brilliantly-lighted drawing-room.

Mr. Arthur Ellmore was shortly announced, and on entering, quietly made his way to his hostess, who was chatting near the door with Sir Anthony. The baronet, hearing the name, quickly turned and introduced his friend, while Lady Talbot, with smiling courtesy, said all the usual polite commonplaces.

"Come, Mr. Ellmore, if Lady Talbot will allow me, I must carry you off, as I have many I desire to make known to you, and I am engaged for my usual rubber, and fear my friends will be impatient."

"Oh, by all means, Sir Anthony. If you do not, Mr. Ellmore, take advantage of the offer now, Sir Anthony will soon be a fixture, and when once absorbed in his favourite amusement there is no moving him. We shall have a chat by-and-by, I hope."

So away went Arthur with the baronet, who soon found his nephew standing leaning against a cabinet in the back drawing-room, looking considerably bored, as if his thoughts were very far from the spot where he stood. And indeed they were; for lying in his pocket was one of Mildred's loving epistles, only received by him a few minutes before starting for Lady Talbot's. She had been telling him how lonely she was getting; how the promise of silence he had imposed on her was almost beyond her strength. She told him how a whisper, though a baseless one, of his supposed faithlessness, had overcome her, and how she feared, if she did not soon see him, she might by some means incautiously reveal her secret. She implored him no longer to keep her in ignorance of his reasons for the secrecy; for she felt as if a shadow was creeping over her life which she entreated him to dispel. And through all the entreaty ran the love that was consuming her, which again had the effect of setting ablaze Aubrey's light affections; to be extinguished, as speedily as they now leaped into flame, with the first faint breath of returning selfishness.

Beside him sat the young cousin to whom he had pledged himself, and to her, with the memories of another love strong upon him, he stooped down from time to time to whisper soft nothings.

"Oh, Papa," said Ella, standing up and laughing, "I am so glad you have come. Aubrey's thoughts seem lost in dreamland; he has hardly spoken for the last ten minutes."

"We must rouse him up a little, my dear. But first let me present my friend, Mr. Ellmore." Arthur stepped forward with a bow, as Sir Anthony said, "my daughter," and turning to Captain Elliott, continued, "I hope you will be good friends, Aubrey; this is the Mr. Arthur Ellmore I so much

desired you to know ;" and he added the usual formalities of introduction.

Arthur had partly extended his hand, desiring to be cordial to the nephew of his kind friend, when one of those sudden impulses, which we cannot define or explain, checked him, and a formal bow was all that he felt disposed to accord to this new acquaintance. Aubrey was nearly startled into an exclamation that would certainly have somewhat astonished his auditors, and returned Arthur's faint recognition with equal coldness and *hauteur*. Sir Anthony was so pre-occupied with the thoughts of his rubber, and his desire to get to it without further delay, that all this escaped him ; but Ella's watchful eyes noted it, and she thought the meeting was singular, to say the least of it, as between strangers. But with woman's tact she made some trivial remark, and in a few moments all the four glided into conversation.

Arthur could not but recognise the delicate loveliness of Ella. He had heard much about it, as also about the peculiar engagement of the cousins ; but even while mutely acknowledging it his thoughts wandered to the peerless beauty before which, to his thinking, all others faded, and he turned with a sigh, as his unknown rival had done a moment before, from the gentle girl standing before him.

After a very few minutes Sir Anthony left the young people together, and then Ella asked Arthur if he would like to go into the other room, where singing was going on. "A schoolfellow of mine is here, and is about commencing her song," she said. "I think you will be delighted with her voice. You know, Aubrey, you said you wished so much to hear her. I saw her pass in, and there will be just time to introduce you, and you can attend her to the piano." So they went into the other room, where Ella's schoolfellow, Ethel Moorhurst, was waiting to sing, while a young lady shrieked some Italian bravura, which was all quavers and quivers on the shrillest of high notes. Ella introduced both gentlemen to her friend ; and Aubrey, ever attracted by a novelty, quickly offered his services in placing Ethel's

song, and that young lady graciously accepted the handsome captain's assistance. In contrast to the high-pressure song just concluded, she warbled softly some lovely German slumber-songs, that held her listeners spell-bound till the last low lullaby sound had died away. Aubrey was enraptured, and forgot all his perplexities, while he begged for another song, leaving Ella and Arthur to their own devices, neither thinking nor caring about what either did.

They had meanwhile seated themselves in a small alcove, and were soon engaged in an animated conversation. Arthur could not but be pleased with the evident interest Ella's sweet face expressed at the different opinions he gave and with which her own seemed always to coincide ; and so they talked on long after Ethel's song was ended, and she and Aubrey had sauntered into the other rooms. When the evening was over, and adieux had been spoken, she was obliged to admit that Lady Talbot's "at home" was the most enjoyable one she had yet been to, and that if others were to resemble it, perhaps she would like Society after all. She reproached herself slightly at Aubrey's absence not having caused her any thought, but, on the contrary, having rather relieved her ; and when her eyes were closed that night in sleep, while her dreams were pleasant, it was certainly not the image of Captain Aubrey Elliott that figured in them.

CHAPTER XXI.

ELLA'S MUSINGS.

In a few days the long desired time arrived for returning to the old hall ; yet strangely enough, with the opportunity of gratifying her wish, Ella experienced a disinclination to leave London which she could not account for. But still she must have had some inkling of the true reason for the change ; for she would not for worlds have said a word on the subject, and her very reticence proved her consciousness. She had seen Arthur Ellmore

on two occasions since that evening at Lady Talbot's, and each meeting only strengthened the impression she had first formed, that he was the most agreeable person she had met in town, and it was with great pleasure she learned that he would pay them a visit very shortly. Arthur had accepted Sir Anthony's somewhat pressing invitation in order not to appear discourteous. The worthy baronet seemed to believe he was conferring a very special favour on the rising young barrister; but he gave it with such genuine cordiality that it could hardly be refused. So, without naming a day, it was decided he should come to Alborough. Everybody had promised to be there; Lady Talbot and her little girls, Aubrey and one or two friends of his, and Ethel and her merry friend Judith Hilliard; so Ella anticipated a pleasant autumn, and the knowledge that another guest was to be added to the party, further increased the agreeable prospect. The housekeeper had been despatched a few days before to see that all was in readiness, and one sunny August afternoon found Sir Anthony and his young daughter once more at the old house. It was no marvel that he had a strange love for the old place; it had descended for long generations in direct line from father to son, and the first break in the link occurred with himself from his having only a daughter. It was a bitter mortification to him that this should be so, and the wonder was that he had never married again in the hope of an heir being born. But his was a peculiar temperament—a little obstinate or at least persistent—and the beloved young wife whom he had laid asleep in the grand old family vault long years ago, was still as then the only one whom he ever thought fit to carry the honour of being Lady Elliott and his wife. And while at first pure affection for her memory kept him from seeking another bride, as years rolled on, and little Ella grew, the notion of his favourite brother's boy wedding her, thus preventing any hated stranger from stepping in and taking his place as master, and the hope that if no son at least a grandson of his should rule, had closed his heart against all matrimonial inclinations. He had lived a most

lonely life in consequence. Being fond of travels and explorations in distant lands, he had spent the time of Ella's childhood quite removed from all attractive feminine intercourse, and gradually it became a fact and an understood thing that Sir Anthony would not marry; so that Aubrey had very good grounds for stating his perfect trust in his uncle's promise and projects.

Ella was up early the morning after their arrival, unlike the fashionable lady her friend had desired to make her, and out roaming on the sea-shore, which was but a short distance from the Hall. She perfectly adored the sea in its every aspect. When a little child she used, whenever it was possible to escape from nurse and maids, to wander down to a little bay, where she would sit for hours, and, when wanted, that was the spot where she was usually discovered. This very likely had much to do with her peculiar temperament—a lonely child, living near a wild secluded part of the coast, where steep frowning rocks reared themselves majestically from the waters, with yawning chasms which opened suddenly under the unwary footsteps, striking terror and awe into the heart of the traveller. Solitary grandeur was everywhere, with the full majesty of the limitless ocean all around; the aspect of the place had entered into the young heart, so that in her lonely communings with nature she had unconsciously imbibed some of the sadness that so naturally belongs to such scenery. There had been very little companionship for her, her father being so often from home; the servants were growing old in their master's service, and those who had chiefly the charge of her had done little to counteract the effect of her solitary life and its surroundings. So no wonder that the chatter and vanity of school life and the empty excitements of society only wearied her, and the thralldom of her engagement galled her like a chain.

She had longed intensely to get back to her beloved old scenes, fancying her fetters would lie more lightly on her could she again breathe the free fresh breezes that blew around her childhood's home; so, as she hurried

down to the shore with light buoyant step, keeping pace with the joyous bounds of her heart, she fancied even the few hours that had passed had already begun to work a happy change in her spirits. They were pleasant thoughts that came to her as she sat leaning against a rock, towering over a tiny sandy bay, where the waves slowly and noiselessly crept in—the very spot to dream in. Outside, on the calmest day, the waves heaved and dashed themselves into snowy white foam, but in this little shelter they rippled in as if storm and tumult were things unknown. This had its soothing effect on the girl—so impressionable under Nature's teachings; the calm of the scene stilled the restlessness in the gentle heart, and pleasant if undefined thoughts crowded upon her. She was hardly aware that it was love in its first purity which had come to her, like the rising sun mounting the heavens and shedding its glory on the sea, making a golden path to her very feet, and brightening and beautifying everything on which it fell. Aubrey and his soft speeches were alike forgotten, while in her musings crept in unaware recollections of the looks and words of her one-week-old acquaintance, Arthur Ellmore.

Strange, wondrously strange it was, that the betrothed of the man who had won his cherished idol from him and worked such terrible havoc in Arthur's happiness, should, as it were by chance—*ce maître du monde*, according to Voltaire—meet him and forthwith be bound to him for ever by that mysterious affinity which we term love at first sight. Not less strange was the inexorable fate which doomed two fresh, pure, young, loving hearts to sorrow and a shadowed life. As yet with Ella this was all in the future. Mildred's

shadows had already fallen, and were slowly deepening around her.

For Ella, dawn was just breaking, the flood-gates of rapture were as yet but parting. She did not know the reason, but she was well aware that life seemed now a far better thing than it had ever seemed before. It was enough at present to sit and dream the livelong day away, her only companion the murmuring sea, with its *dulci susurro*, its soothing monotonous ebb and flow, and to see indistinct visions that appeared to beckon her on to illimitable bliss. Had she done more than dream—had her happy thoughts taken form and shape, she would have been rudely aroused by the harsh reality of her cruel engagement. Her eyes would have been opened to her danger and disappointment, and she perhaps could have controlled her feelings, and to a certain extent have saved herself. But this is what inexperienced youth cannot do. It must dream its dreams, all unconscious of the rough awakening that will come. The penalty of the unalloyed felicity it enjoys must be paid sooner or later. With some it passes away like a snow-wreath, leaving no trace except in the seared heart that knoweth its own bitterness; with others, while still clinging to their idol, they discover it has but feet of clay. And perhaps it is well that as the toils and sorrows and anxieties of life's journey multiply upon us, we should be parted from the illusions of youth, amongst which the memory of our first love stands pre-eminent. And so day after day, till her guests arrived, Ella crept away, as in her childhood, to her little nook, and thought the long hazy August away, idly wishing sunny days and golden dreams could last for ever.

Pleasures are few, and fewer we enjoy ;
Pleasure, like quicksilver, is bright and coy ;
We strive to grasp it with our utmost skill,
Still it eludes us, and it glitters still.

THE LEGEND OF GOVETT'S LEAP.

By R. W. SMITH.

Yon towering crag, with its granite face
That frowns on the depths below,
It takes its name from a blood-stained tale
Of a leap made years ago.

You see how it stands clear out from the range
From its crown to the leafy deep ;
When I see it, with horror my flesh still thrills
At the thought of "Govett's Leap."

And who was he, this Govett, you ask,
And why bears yon crag his name ?
Well, nothing more than a miner was he,
Who worked in our old rambling claim.

There were three of us—Govett, a thin, slim chap,
With a look of determined will,
And with restless eyes, 'neath a lowering brow,
As if they could never be still.

The next was Dick Houston, a merry mate,
The picture of health was he,
A man to whom life was like a play ;
And I was the last of the three.

The diggers themselves were all white men,
But a black, half timid, half bold,
Used to come and wander about the claims,
Watching us seeking for gold.

Seeking it—ay, and we found it too—
Most of all one Friday morn,
When the wash-dirt sparkled with glittering gold,
Like the grains in an ear of corn.

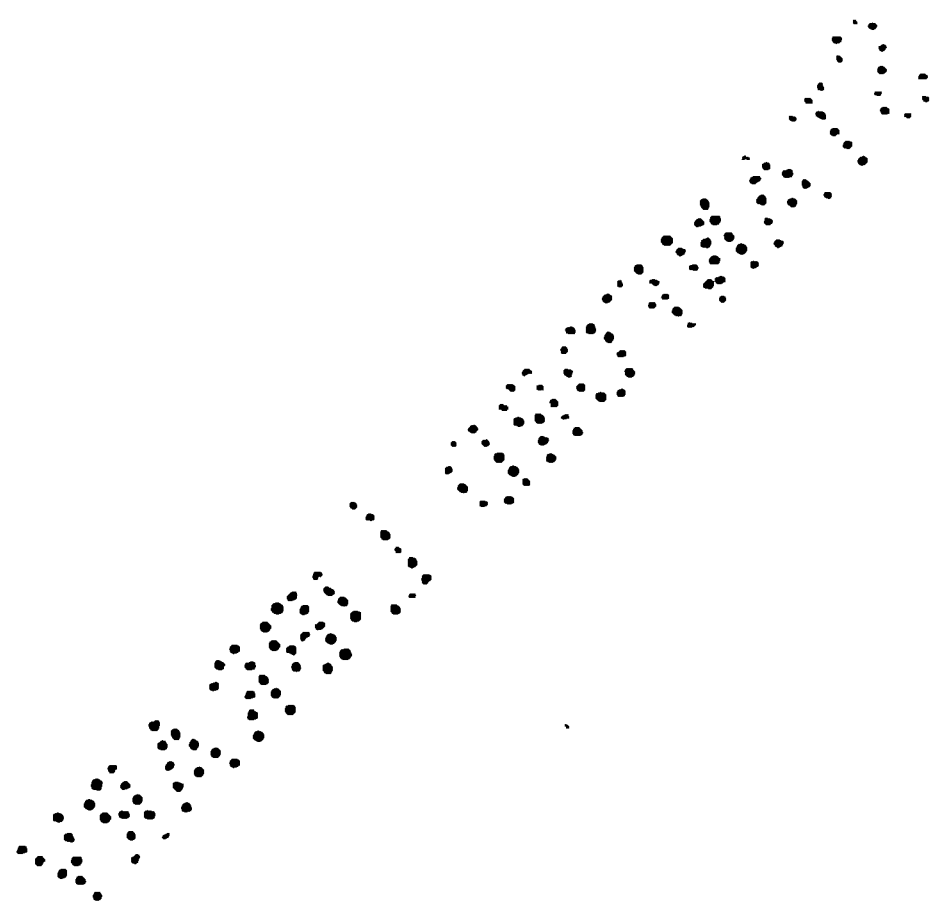
In a cloth round his waist Dick wrapped our find,
Safe there, while he lived, he said ;
And his words were true, though the gold was gone,
For next morning we found him dead.

Dead—but we knew by those blue throat-marks
He had died by a murderer's hand.
And Govett said he found near the tent
The black's footprints in the sand.

We wanted no judge—the man was known,
So we hanged him at once on the spot,
And Govett was first of the ready band,
For he fixed the fatal knot.



Breakfast Rock,
COVET'S LEAP.



With rage, at the corpse we shook our fists,
As it hung by the raw-hide band,
But then there followed what even now
I never can understand.

It seemed as if in the throes of death
The victim had raised his arm,
And the rigid hand was pointed straight
At Govett's shrinking form.

We laughed at his fear, as with startled bound
To the other side he ran,
But the corpse swung round, and the pointing hand
Still followed the moving man.

His face was pale, and with rage and fear
He shook like a water-reed,
As he yelled, "Ye all are murderers too !
It was I that did the deed."

I sprang at the wretch, to seize him there,
As soon as the words were said,
But he saw me and knew what I meant to do,
And like lightning away he sped.

Long, long was the chase ; that I must give in
At last I began to fear ;
For the madman, more wild-beast than man,
Held on like a hunted deer.

Up the steep of yonder hill we passed,
With never a human sound,
Save the sharp clear beat of our rapid feet,
As they struck the hardened ground.

Then I lost him from sight, as he sharply turned
That thickly timbered block,
But soon again into view he came,
Making straight for yon fatal rock.

I had him now, for he must stop there,
And I thought of the struggle to come ;
A life for a life was the law with us then,
And he knew that death was his doom.

He passed that rise, just over there
Eighty yards to the right or so,
And then with a maniac laugh he sprang
To the jutting rock below.

One moment he turned him, livid and wild,
His face I could clearly see ;
The next, with a frightful yell, he leapt
To be lost in yon leafy sea.

THE RECENT SURVEY OF PALESTINE.

By ROBERT STEEL, D.D.

FIFTH PAPER—EAST OF THE JORDAN.

The eastern side of the Jordan, though first conquered and possessed by the Hebrews after their exodus from Egypt, and though famous in early Christian ages, became a *terra incognita* for long subsequent periods of time. At the beginning of the present century it was unknown to Europeans. It was very difficult of access by reason of the fierce and predatory character of the Bedawin tribes possessing it. Travellers were afraid of their lives being forfeited if they attempted to penetrate across the Jordan; but the love of adventure is strong, and there are brave spirits who court danger as a sphere for courage and craft. The first of modern travellers in Eastern Palestine was Seetzen, who was in the Russian diplomatic service and attached to the Legation in Syria. In 1805 he set out from Damascus to visit some remarkable ruins of which he had heard. His progress was amidst difficulties caused by the Bedawin tribes, and he only reached a few of the sites of ancient cities in Bashan. The sole record of his tour is a letter addressed to Baron Zach, then the astronomer of Gotha; yet, when published, it excited great interest. Four years after, the adventurous Burckhardt started disguised as a Syrian and riding on an ass. He was furnished with a Firman from the Governor of Damascus, commanding respect to be shown to him by all the Moslem subjects of the Porte. His way was perilous and had soon to end, but not before he had gazed with astonishment on the deserted cities which he found in almost perfect preservation. His published travels filled Europe with wonder. The next to follow was Mr. James Silk Buckingham, who went

over the same ground in 1814, and increased the sensation by his brilliant descriptions. The dangers of the route seemed to frighten travellers, for fully forty years elapsed ere another ventured into that land of wonders. In 1853 the Rev. J. L. Porter, then a missionary at Damascus, now so well known as the author of "Murray's Handbook for Syria," and President of the Queen's College at Belfast, rode over Bashan. He had made the acquaintance of sheikhs of the district, and was therefore comparatively safe. He saw evidences of many cities that had once been full of people—indeed, from the castle at Salkah he could count thirty ruined cities within his view. His descriptions are the best yet published. Mr. Cyril Graham, in 1857, visited the eastern side of the Jordan, and gave an account of what he saw in the "Journal of the Royal Geographical Society," and also in the "Cambridge Essays of 1858." He says "the streets are perfect, the houses perfect, the stones perfect, the walls perfect, and what seems most astonishing, the stone doors still stand upon their hinges, so little impression has been made during these many centuries on the hard and durable stone of which they are built." Mr. Graham went as far as the Eastern Desert. He says, "When we find, one after another, great stone cities, walled and unwalled, with stone gates, so crowded together that it becomes almost a matter of wonder how all the people could have lived in so small a place; when we see houses built of such huge and massive stones that no force which can be brought against them in that country could ever batter them down; when we find rooms in these houses so large and lofty that

many of them would be considered fair rooms in a palace in Europe; and lastly, when we find some of these towns bearing the very names which cities in that country bore before the Israelites came out of Egypt, I think we cannot help feeling the strongest conviction that we have before us the cities of the Rephaim, of which we read in the Book of Deuteronomy."

Since these accounts were published, many travellers have ventured across the Jordan. Mr. John Macgregor sailed in his Rob Roy canoe along the river, and touched at many places on the East, amidst rare adventures and perils. Canon Tristram rode over the "Land of Moab," and published a charming book on that district. Mr. Lawrence Oliphant rode without a dragoman over the "Land of Gilead," and has issued a volume full of his experiences and of his schemes for colonising and making railways in the Jordan Valley. Dr. Selah Merrill, the American, has also gone over the land, and has embodied much valuable information in a book entitled "East of the Jordan." As the Consul at Jerusalem he still pursues his researches. It was expected that the American Society, of which Dr. Merrill was the agent, would provide for the accurate survey of Eastern Palestine. The plan pursued, unfortunately, was not the same as the survey of the western side, and the maps produced, which I saw in London, were mere *reconnaissance* surveys, and could not be published as companions to those issued by the Palestine Exploration Fund. It was therefore resolved by the committee of the latter society, in 1881, to survey the districts of Bashan, Gilead, and Moab on the same scale, and with similar accuracy, as had been done in Western Palestine. Captain Conder, R.E., was appointed to the command of the expedition. He began his work in Moab, and in the course of twelve months completed a square of 500 miles. Special surveys were made of the chief places; 600 names were collected; 200 ruins examined; and, what is very singular, as many as 400 cromlechs or dolmens were discovered and sketched—some of them, probably, the very altars built

by Balak at the request of Balaam! Several places were identified, and much of the folk-lore gathered. In Western Palestine there are comparatively few ruins. In the East they are abundant. There are remains of all the great periods, and of all the great dynasties that ruled the country. Buildings may be seen which date, as Mr. Cyril Graham states, from the Rephaim, who preceded the Amorites and the Hebrews. Then there are evidences of Hebrew work. There are Greek temples, Roman amphitheatres, Christian churches, and Saracenic mosques. Sometimes a Greek temple had been made a Christian church, and then a Moslem mosque. Inscriptions have been found in the same building containing dedications to heathen deities, then afterwards to Jesus Christ, and ending with the well-known Moslem text, "There is no God but Allah, and Mahomet is his Prophet!"

Captain Conder has published his notes on "Moab," and they give promise of a rich harvest of discoveries as the Eastern survey progresses. The war in Egypt, however, arrested all further survey. The officers who had been employed by the Palestine Exploration Fund were required by the British Government. Captain Conder had to join the staff of Sir Garnet (now Lord) Wolseley. Lieutenant Mantell had to go to his regiment. So had Lieutenant (now Major) Kitchener. Sir Charles Wilson and Sir Charles Warren were also in active service in Egypt. Professor Palmer was employed to visit the Bedawin in Arabia, where he was made a martyr to his zeal. By his untimely end a valuable life was lost to the exploration of sacred lands.

Since the battle of Tel-el-Kebir many most important discoveries have been made, but the difficulty of getting a Firman from the Sublime Porte and the very unsettled state of the Bedawin tribes have prevented the further survey of Eastern Palestine. Good work, meantime, has been done by scientific travellers employed by the Exploration Fund. Professor Hull, F.R.S., conducted a geological expedition across the Peninsula of Sinai, and through the Wady Arabah into Palestine, and he has published a popular

account of his observations under the title "Mount Seir." Captain Conder has issued his "Notes on Moab," along with his remarkable discoveries relative to the Hittites in the north, where he found ruins illustrative of the hieroglyphic records in Egypt. Dr. William Wright, formerly of Damascus, has also published his discoveries of the same people, with *fac-similes* of their inscriptions. Herr Schumacher, C.E., has explored the Joulan and Hauran. Mr. Oliphant took another journey to the north-east of the Sea of Galilee, and Mr. Guy le Strange went through the Ajlun and Belka. Their accounts have been recently published in a volume called "Across the Jordan."

The visit of the young princes, sons of the Prince of Wales, in 1882, was made the occasion of new opportunities, and, fortunately, Captain Conder was attached to the party. He made full use of the admission to the mosque at Hebron, and drew a plan of the building, which has been since published with his valuable notes. Mr. Chichester Hart has lately taken a "Naturalist's Journey to Sinai, Petra, and South Palestine," which has also been published. An American photographer also contrived to get into Petra, and has given his views, with descriptions, in the *Century Magazine* of last November.

New discoveries are constantly being made. The inscription found in the tunnel between the Pool of Siloam and the Virgin's Fount at Jerusalem was one of the most remarkable. The letters were as old as those on the Moabite Stone, and every letter of the old form of the Hebrew alphabet was found. Its importance in philology cannot be over-estimated, though the record itself only describes that the tunnel was begun at each end, and that the workmen met in the middle. It has been thought that it cannot be later than the time of Hezekiah, and

may probably be of the age of Solomon.

It is to be hoped that the Palestine Exploration Fund Committee may soon be able to get Eastern Palestine entirely surveyed, and to issue a map of the whole of the Holy Land. For this they require £3000 a year. A few liberal friends of the survey and exploration about Sydney have subscribed to the Fund during a series of years. All subscribers—and I would be glad to see their number increased—receive the *Quarterly Statement* issued by the committee, which gives full particulars of what is being done and of discoveries made, and contains interesting discussions on these. The committee have recently issued a circular to all friends of exploration and of the illustration of the Biblical narrative, inviting their aid in collecting information on modern Syrian customs, usages, traditions, languages, legends, and manners. This is an inquiry which cannot fail to be fruitful in Biblical illustrations. A series of questions has been prepared and extensively circulated. A Pilgrims' Text Society has been formed for translating and publishing early travels in Palestine. These were written in Greek, Latin, Arabic, Old French, Old German, and few of them have appeared in an English dress. Three volumes a year are expected, for a guinea to subscribers.

It is evident that a thorough investigation is necessary for the Holy Land, as well as for the Holy Book. In a scientific age both must pass through careful inquiry. The Land illustrates the Book, and the Book that Holy Life which stands unique among the ages of men. The Land derives its grandeur, not from its scenery or soil, but from its associations with these. These aid the highest and best spiritual experiences, and make many who never visit the sacred shrines to say—

"I've made my heart a holy sepulchre,
And all my land of thought a Palestine."

Some for renown on scraps of learning dote,
And think they grow immortal as they quote.

M Y Q U E E N .

AN AUSTRALIAN STORY.

By T. L. GRACE DUMAS.

CHAPTER V.

It was the night before the departure of the English mail. Pen in hand, Philip Trevanion was seated beside a small table, in the tiny canvas-lined apartment which served him as study and dining-room all in one. An unfinished letter lay before him ; his dark level brows contracting with an expression of deep and troubled perplexity, as his eyes rested on the closely written sheets of foreign-post paper.

Writing "home-letters" was a task Philip usually performed with equal pleasure and ease. To-night, however, his pen had been thrown many times impatiently aside, and his writing interrupted with frequent hasty paces up and down the narrow room before his letter was completed. Without difficulty or hesitation he had described Arthur Sinclair's sad fate, and bespoken Mrs. Trevanion's sympathy for the young widow, poor no longer, but desolate in the midst of the wealth which had been the price of a bright young life. But before he could expatiate on the theme dearest to his mother's heart—himself and his own affairs—a severe conflict raging in his breast must be ended.

"Is it possible," Philip asked bitterly of himself, as rising from his seat he paced impatiently up and down the small room, "that I, who so prided myself on my decision and strength of character, should vacillate between two courses of action, like a weak boy? And yet was ever man so tortured and perplexed as I am? How can I pen the words that will stab the best and tenderest of mothers to her proud heart, and disappoint her ambitious hopes and cherished dreams for my

future? Yet can I relinquish the love that has entwined itself around every fibre of my being, and resolutely burying the precious dream within my breast, pursue the path to which duty and reason alike direct me? Shall I not be proving myself utterly false to every tradition of name and race, if I allow myself to be swayed by an unreasoning passion that has warped my judgment? Yet may it not be that the passion I defy will prove—

"A love which will not die, but last all through
The busy, earnest life of every day—
Last while a wife's hand clasps a yielding arm,
While children's angel-faces gather round my knees,
While the world's praises clamour in my ears,
And all life's household ways are strewn with flowers?"

Philip Trevanion had spoken truly when he said that it was utterly foreign to his character either to drift weakly with the tide, or to hesitate between two opposing lines of conduct. For the first time, at this crisis in his life, he learnt to distrust the strength and resolution on which he had so relied, and in the consciousness of his weakness began to comprehend something of the fallibility even of the higher nature, which has God for its guide, and religion for its controlling principle.

There was no guiding voice in the stillness to answer the longing cry of Philip's troubled heart ; and for once it was a relief when a low knock at the door interrupted his perplexed musings, and caused him to defer a decision that, once made, must be irrevocable.

"It's only Dick," was the answer to Philip's invitation to enter—the front door opening into the little apartment itself—"and if you're busy, Mr. Trevanion, another time 'ud do just as well."

Insensibly the shadow on the young clergyman's brow lightened at the sound of the cheery voice of the lad to whom he had grown warmly attached, and his tone as he welcomed him was a more cheerful one than that of his muttered musings.

There was a wonderful difference in Dick Templeton's appearance since the night on which Philip had first extended to him the hand of fellowship and kindness. The dissipated flush on the sunburnt cheeks was exchanged for the ruddy glow of health, and the slouching, shame-faced gait for a resolute, manly demeanour; while the blue eyes that met Philip's so frankly had lost their sullen shadow and were now clear and hopeful.

It was a more tangible reason that had brought Dick up to his benefactor's cottage to-night than the longing to receive the readily-given counsel and encouragement that so often directed his footsteps up the hill-side. He stated his errand lucidly enough, though with a slight hesitation, as his eyes, sharpened by affection, detected the cloud on the face he loved; and his quick instinct divined he had intruded on a dark hour in Philip's life. However, with the native nobility so often inherent in rough, uncultured natures, he allowed nothing of his instinctive guess at the truth to appear in his tone as he said quietly, though less cheerfully than he would have done had Philip's mood been a brighter one, "I thought, Sir, I'd come up to-night and ask you, if you'd no objection, to mind all this 'ere gold of mine for me. You see, my tent aint the safest of keeping places for it, and it may be a couple o' days yet before I can get down to Melbourne with it."

Philip's mind was not so absorbed in his own perplexities as to prevent him from entering into the needs and interests of others, and his tone was kindly and sympathetic as usual, as, taking from Dick's hands the soiled

little canvas bag that held his treasure, he said, gently—

"You were perfectly right, my lad. Your unprotected tent is indeed no safe place for so much gold in such a community as ours. And what is to be done with your lucky findings, Dick? Are they to build you houses, or form the foundation of a future fortune?"

Dick's eyes sparkled brightly, although the young lips quivered, and there was a tremulousness in the boyish voice, as he answered huskily, involuntarily watching Philip lock up his charge carefully in a large old-fashioned desk standing on the table, "Ah, Sir, most o' that money's going to England. I've bin thinking day and night of the hour it'll arrive at the little home; and the dear, frail, old mother, who struggles so bravely to be independent, will know the boy she loved and clung to through all his badness is come to himself at last."

Touched beyond measure with the lad's words, Philip laid his hand tenderly on the curly head, which had sunk low upon the clasped hands, and said affectionately, "Your thought for the mother who loves you, Dick, will surely bring a blessing on you. It was strange enough you should have come up to me to-night, for you are the very person I was wishing for earlier in the evening. I have a great scheme on hand, in which I want your help."

"*Mine*, Sir?" replied Dick, raising his flushed face, full of surprise, "Is there anything that *I* can help *you* in?"

"There is indeed," answered Philip, earnestly; "a great deal, Dick, if you will. I want to establish a rival attraction to the gambling saloons and grog stores in the shape of a young men's club, reading-room, etc., and I intend you to be my trusty ally and coadjutor in the matter."

Dick proved as interested and intelligent a listener and sympathiser as Philip could possibly have desired; and absorbed in the discussion of a favourite scheme, that long had dwelt in his mind, the time passed unheeded by. Unconsciously to himself, perhaps, he sought to defer the evil moment when the struggle with himself must be resumed, and threw himself

eagerly into other interests to divert the current of thought and feeling.

The night was far advanced when he strolled slowly down to the gate with Dick. The night, though moonless, was starlit and dewy, and he lingered for a while to drink in its pure peaceful beauty, which seemed to fall on his fevered spirit "with a touch of infinite calm." All around was hushed and still, and there was no kindly voice to warn Philip of the gaze of fierce revengeful eyes bent upon him in the shadow. Nor did he dream of a despairing, exhausted figure, speeding through the silent bush, with panting breath, and wounded, weary feet; running a mad race with danger and death—ever distanced by the deadly peril which was approaching its unwarned unsuspecting victim, with stealthy rapid strides.

CHAPTER VI.

Marjory Deane's life from her very babyhood had been neither a quiet nor an altogether uneventful one. Her father's roving footsteps had wandered from place to place, in his search for the fortune that, like the misleading will-o'-the-wisp, ever evaded his grasp when it seemed most nearly won. The girl's experience, however, had been all of bush life, in its most isolated phases as a rule. She was, therefore, totally unaccustomed to the bustle of towns, and shrank with strong distaste from accompanying Stephen Deane on one of his rare visits to Ballarat, the day before the evening on which Dick Templeton entrusted his savings to Philip's care. Marjory was always exceedingly unwilling, however, to allow her father to encounter alone the temptations of a township. She smothered, therefore, her dislike to the expedition, and encountered the hardships of the journey without a murmur, feeling more than rewarded by her father's evident pleasure in her company, and his struggle to avoid any of the temptations in his way.

The dull grey autumn afternoon, after their arrival, was slowly beginning to darken into evening, as Marjory sat

alone in the little parlour of the quiet hotel where the travellers were lodging. She was musing dreamily in her temporary solitude, and was unconscious of passing events, until her attention was suddenly arrested by the utterance of the name, which in spite of her brave determination, she felt was to her the dearest in the world. The words which had broken in so suddenly on her quiet thoughts were spoken in a coarse voice, which she knew too well, on the other side of the thin partition dividing from the next room the one in which she sat. Although the voices of Yankee Bill and his two companions were lowered almost to a whisper, Marjory's straining ears caught quite enough of their conversation to chill her heart with utter despair. She soon comprehended that the terrible danger which the words she overheard revealed was hanging over Philip, could be averted only by a warning that could not now be given. In a couple of hours at latest the three desperadoes, well armed and mounted, would set out from the township to rob Philip of the gold left in his charge, with the openly-avowed intention of shrinking from no amount of violence that might be needed in order to effect their purpose. While the two strange voices expressed nothing but the feeling of greed, there was a ring of triumphant hatred in Yankee Bill's, which assured the trembling listener that there was a deeper motive for his share in the plot than the hope of obtaining the gold, with an account of which he had tempted his comrades.

Although Marjory was naturally courageous and undaunted, her heart sank within her as she reflected on the lack of police protection to which she could appeal, the lawless condition of the township, and the utter impossibility of reaching Brown's Diggings in time to put Philip on his guard. At last, like a lurid gleam lighting the darkness of her despair, the thought flashed across Marjory's tortured mind, that perchance if she started at once, strong and inured to hardship as she was, she might, though almost by a miracle, be able to traverse in time the twelve miles through the bush. Wild as was the idea, it was no sooner

conceived than it was acted on. If the desperate experiment was to succeed it must be tried without a moment's loss of time. She delayed no longer, therefore, than to leave a message for her father, assuring him of her safety, lest he should be alarmed at her absence.

Under ordinary circumstances, a journey of twelve miles on foot through her native bush would have been no particularly trying ordeal to the hardly-reared Australian girl accustomed to spend so much of her time in the open air. To-night, however, sick and faint with apprehension, and trembling at every sound that broke the stillness reigning around her—if it were but the rustling of a bough or the falling of a leaf—the way seemed to Marjory fraught with dangers and difficulties innumerable. She shrank from sights and sounds that existed but in her fevered imagination, and it was only the brave, loving heart, and the talisman of a beloved name upon her quivering dry lips, that nerved her fainting frame to strive and struggle on to accomplish her task.

The fears which had tortured the brave spirit all through the toilsome journey, spurring the aching feet to renewed exertion when they tottered and faltered, had been but too well founded. Fresh horses, and a shorter road, had aided the plans of the ruffians whom Marjory was striving to outwit. They reached Philip's cottage soon after midnight, and were lurking in its precincts, waiting for him to re-enter the house, when the girl's faltering footsteps passed wearily over the grass to the little garden gate, where he still lingered beneath the chilly light of the gleaming stars.

Long before Philip, absorbed in his own reflections, had observed the approaching figure, Marjory's eyes had discerned distinctly enough the outline of the tall form leaning on the gate. In the sudden reaction of joy and hope from dread and despair, all fatigue and weakness were forgotten. With a passionate cry of gladness she sprang forward, and clung, breathless and speechless, to the arm Philip was leaning carelessly on the low gate-post. So startling was the totally unexpected movement and the rapturous cry, as to

disconcert and alarm others, besides Philip himself. The aim of the would-be murderer, eager to take an enemy's life, would have been sure and deadly, save that his nerves were startled by so sudden an alarm. His hand shook for a brief moment, and the shot Yankee Bill's fierce impatience could no longer withhold, diverted from its fatal purpose, passed whistling by its victim, and lodged in the trunk of a gum-tree some distance beyond him. Careless of the danger averted by such a miracle, indifferent to the escape of his assailants, who fled alarmed at the unexpected and uncomprehended interruption to their plans, Philip knelt by the prostrate form of his deliverer, who had sunk exhausted on the grass. There was no need of her broken murmurs to explain the object of her journey. Instinctively he comprehended all; and with every doubt and misgiving laid to rest for ever, pressed to his breast in rapturous, passionate gratitude, the form of the woman he loved—the woman who had saved his life.

In times to come it might be that self-reproach would torture Philip with the remembrance that while he was doubting and debating over his love for Marjory, and weighing the sacrifices it would entail upon him, she was speeding to his rescue with no thought but for his safety, no care but for his life. Now, however, no shadow darkened his perfect joy. The misty, unknown future, laden with its mingled joys and griefs, could never yield a purer and more perfect rapture than this brief golden span snatched from Time's unrelenting grasp. Listening to the low mellow tones of the one love of her life, as they told of a devotion which had gathered strength and fervour beneath the glowing rays of an Australian sun and amidst rugged bush solitudes, Marjory for a brief space forgot the barriers that divided them; while Philip, absorbed in blissful content, cared not to let his thoughts travel one step beyond the present.

It was a very white and weary face that was lifted to Philip's, as Marjory, a little later, bade him farewell at the door of her home—so wan and haggard that, startled even in the dim

light at its pallor and rigidity, he would not linger as he longed to do, but bade Marjory seek without delay the rest she so needed, murmuring tenderly as he said good-bye, "God bless my darling—my wife that is to be so soon—and keep her now and ever within His care!" The glossy dark head resting on his breast sank lower at the tender reverent words, while so wild a storm of emotion shook the form he clasped that between the heavy sobs he could scarcely distinguish the low-toned protest, "Indeed, indeed, I am not worthy to become your wife!"

Any doubts that had troubled Philip in the past, or might arise in the future, were laid too securely to rest in the present for Marjory's words to find any echo in his heart. A more doubting spirit than Marjory's might have been comforted by the passionate fervour with which he whispered fondly, "*Not worthy*, my dearest? It will need the devotion of a lifetime to reward you for the boon of a life you have conferred to-night;" and if a shadow still rested on the girl's face it was one no tenderness from Philip could dispel.

Too overwrought and excited to rest, Philip, on reaching his cottage-home, sat down to conclude his unfinished epistle, marvelling at the doubts which had made him temporise and hesitate a few hours before. His pen travelled rapidly enough over the paper now, as he described Marjory's rich glowing beauty, her noble nature, and pure gentle heart.

The chill light of the grey dawn, unbrightened as yet by the ruddy streaks that herald the rising sun, crept in through the rudely-fashioned window, and his task was ended. The consideration of how his mother would receive the news he had just written, was merged in thoughts of the girl who, against his will, as it were, had aroused the strongest feelings of which his steadfast nature was capable. No bitter should have mingled with the sweetness of this hour, yet as he leant through the window with Marjory's name upon his lips, something of the cheerless mist and dulness of the autumn dawn seemed to cloud his spirit. He strove to conjure up the image of the girl he loved in the

southern glow and colouring of her beauty, as a talisman against depressing influences. His memory, however, would only recall her, white and shrinking, as he had seen her at their last parting, while with a strange thrill of pain he wondered why the wistful glance she had given him as she loosed his clasping hands, should haunt him as he had once been haunted by a look of mute anguish which a favourite dog had given him in its dying moments.

The dawning day brought to Marjory none of the gladness and solace which should have accompanied the realisation of a love so deep and true as hers. The un hoped-for ecstasy of finding that Philip's feelings were in any way akin to her own, the glamour of his tenderness and trust had never really destroyed her realisation of the immeasurable distance between them. Under the delirious joy she had allowed herself to feel, had lurked the dim consciousness of a reckoning to follow with herself, and now that the hour had come the struggle was even more bitter and prolonged than she had anticipated. If her rough and solitary life had deprived her of many advantages of civilisation, it had, at least, preserved for her a noble, steadfast nature, and a pure, unworldly heart. For her, hitherto, to see the path of duty had been to pursue it unswervingly. Should she shrink now, because of the thorns and briers that beset her way? With a quickness of perception which only her love could have given her, Marjory had rightly gauged Philip's deep though hidden pride of name and race, his intense love and reverence for his stately mother; while her humble nature prevented her estimating, at its real value, the influence she exercised over his heart.

The conflict was a cruel one, for Marjory's love pleaded pitifully against the stern decree that was to quench its brightness for ever. "What value will be the life I saved, if I am to darken and destroy his future?" was met a hundred times by the plea—"But I love him—he is my life—my all!"

The crimson radiance of the rising sun that dispersed the grey shadows,

and gladdened many a weary watcher's tear-dimmed eyes, poured its undimmed splendour into the narrow room, where for hours Marjory had paced to and fro, regardless of physical weariness and pain. The dazzling rays could bring no faintest tinge of colour to the white unconscious face now pillowed on the rough uneven floor, but over the low, broad brow they hung like a crown of light, a golden symbol of a hard-fought conflict, and a victory won.

CHAPTER VII.

Two years had elapsed since the autumn day, when in furtherance of her determination to pass out of Philip's heart and life, Marjory Deane had induced her father to quit Brown's Diggings, leaving no slightest clue to their future destination. So carefully had the girl's plans been laid, that in spite of Philip's earnest, unremitting efforts, he had not been able to discover the smallest trace of her whose loss had rendered his life so blank and desolate. Across the silence of the long weary weeks and months had come no faintest whisper to gladden him with the hope that the love which time had but strengthened in his heart, remained unaltered in that of another.

Time, which tests all human sentiments and emotions with unerring power, had taught Philip Trevanion the depth and reality of the love which had entered into his life. Although life to him was too real and earnest to allow him to brood over "one useless pain," the remembrance of the doubt and hesitation, with which he had opposed the tide of his feelings, would rise up to mock and taunt him now that the love he had striven against was out of his reach. Over and over again his reflections during the journey to the metropolis he had undertaken on the day which dawned on Marjory's hard-won triumph, to ensure the safety of Dick's treasure, would recur to his mind. With his perfect appreciation of Marjory's noble qualities and his warm gratitude for her devotion of the night before, there

had undoubtedly mingled an unconscious sentiment of condescension. Stephen Deane's daughter was no queen to be served on bended knee, pure-souled and noble though she was, but rather a subject to be raised from a lowly to a high estate; no queen-rose blooming in state and royalty, but rather a wild flower which must be pruned and cultivated ere it could take its place in garden *parterres*. While Philip thought on the assumed fact that Marjory would speedily become his wife, the instincts of caste, stronger even than the simple goodness by which his life was ruled, would assert themselves in spite of him. When, however, on his return he discovered that Marjory, realising to the full the distance between them, had passed out of his life for ever, no thought of the possible future suffering her absence might save him softened the agony of her loss. His mother's disapprobation, Marjory's uncongenial surroundings, every misgiving and doubt faded away in the realisation of a love that at last, when it was too late, cast out all fear, and acknowledged a sovereign where untried admiration would but have bent down to a subject.

The work which the young clergyman had undertaken in the land of his adoption had assumed a very different aspect, during the two years he lingered there in spite of his mother's longing entreaties for him to return, from what it had been wont to wear to his disheartened spirit. Difficulties and drawbacks there were still to be encountered, lions in the way to be met and fought, but the realisation of his own weakness had taught the once intolerant Philip Trevanion how to sympathise with the failures and shortcomings of those around him, and so to sway and influence them for good. No longer condemning any human creature as "common or unclean," he was able to distinguish the God-given germ of good in the most hardened, reckless natures; and convinced that no matter how dwarfed and feeble the growth might be, it was there, he reached many hearts inaccessible before.

No scholarly eloquence was addressed to the listeners in the little weatherboard

church on the hill, but the teachings of that tender Master who suffered toil and self-sacrifice to seek the lost and raise the fallen. The lessons taught by the blue waters of Galilee to the little band of His homely followers, so many centuries ago, touched those with whom Philip had to deal; and brought pure hopes and thoughts that would redeem the misspent past to hardened world-worn hearts. Even those who shrank from Philip's ministrations revered the gentle young guide who bore so patiently with errors and mistakes, and grew ashamed of their reckless excesses, which seemed so dark by contrast with his pure and noble life.

Now, however, Brown's Diggings, in the rapid march of civilisation, was losing its lawless aspect, and settling gradually into a well-ordered mining town. Solid, well-built structures were springing up on every side, and "the camp" was by degrees becoming a thing of the past. As these changes were accomplished, and Philip's utopian scheme of the establishment of reading-rooms and libraries in place of grog-stores and gambling-saloons was succeeding beyond his utmost expectation, his thoughts began to turn wistfully towards his English home, and to dwell longingly on the idea of his return. His mother's heart would thrill with a thankful gladness, as she perused the letter he was on his way to post this dull April afternoon, for from it she would learn that her long, lonely waiting was near a close; that the days of exile in an alien land of the son she loved were almost over.

In spite of Philip's discipline of pain and experience, there was little alteration in his dark, handsome face. A deepened gravity about the lines of the steadfast mouth, and a softening shadow in the keen grey eyes, alone gave tokens of past struggles and trials. If, however, the grave lips, shaded by the long, dark beard and drooping moustache, were seldom curved with smiles, the smiles when they did come had lost none of their sweetness. Every trace of grave reserve gave place to frank, kindly interest, as Philip reached the store and greeted its master, whose duties at mail-time were

no sinecure, with the cheerful words, "Well, Dick, busy as usual. You won't be sorry when to-day's rush is over?"

Though at a first glance it might have been difficult to recognise the sullen lad whom Philip had rescued from vice and evil, in the stalwart prosperous owner of the largest store in Brown's Diggings, there was only a transformation caused by the contentment of a peaceful, well-spent life. Dick Templeton's voice, though deeper and fuller, still possessed its boyish ring. The cheeriness of the frank, manly tones always gladdened Philip's heart; and a foreboding of evil oppressed him this afternoon, when, instead of welcoming him brightly as usual, Dick said with unwonted gravity, "I'll be speaking to you, Sir, for a moment, if you don't mind," adding in an awe-struck whisper, as he drew Philip out of hearing of the groups filling the store, "There's been an accident down at the mines, Mr. Trevanion. I thought I'd better not let on to those here till I knew who was injured. Maybe you'd like to go down and see for yourself?"

Three men had been rescued from their perilous position, shut in by a heavy fall of earth in a drive of one of the largest mines in the diggings, before Philip reached the spot where the disaster had occurred—a scene of the wildest confusion and dismay. The rescued men lay white and insensible on the grass, encircled by weeping and excited friends and relatives. Although recognising the danger of their condition Philip comprehended, in a moment, there was a deeper agitation stirring the hearts of the groups scattered about the mouth of the mine than this accounted for. It was difficult to obtain a lucid explanation from those around him, but at last he gleaned enough to comprehend that another unfortunate human being fainted below in that terrible living tomb. This victim was Yankee Bill, who must perish miserably, since none could risk certain death by facing the fatal air-damps, which had barely allowed the last descent to be made in safety. Recalling to mind how hated this man was, even by his own associates on the

diggings, his hand against every man and every man's hand against him, and noting the clinging arms and white agonised faces of wives and mothers, Philip felt he could not urge one of those about him to risk his life. Neither, however, could he allow his enemy to perish within reach of human aid, and with a resolute demeanour, with a brief, scarce-whispered prayer and a swift thought to the dear home he might never see again, he passed through the crowd to the mouth of the mine. Strong hands would have held him back, and indignant lamentations broken from the assembled crowd, if something in the noble determination of his face had not paralysed the outstretched arms and hushed the passionate murmurs. A strange hush fell upon the scene, and it was in perfect silence, with one of his rare, sweet smiles of grave tenderness into the anxious faces gathered near, that Philip passed from among his people on his errand of life and death.

Absorbed in their keen anxiety and intense eagerness, too heartfelt to be put into words, the groups clustering so closely round the mouth of the mine failed to notice an addition to their numbers—a tall, graceful girl, whose face was blanched to a more deadly pallor than any even of the white faces around her.

There were few among the assembled crowd who did not love and reverence the man who had laboured patiently and unselfishly among them, and the relief from an overwhelming dread was almost too keen to be borne when, after a long, ominous stillness, a faint signal from below gladdened the straining ears above. There was little cause, however, for rejoicing, the summons for aid being but a final desperate effort to complete a yet unfinished task. Philip Trevanion had struggled, dizzy and exhausted, to the bottom of the ascent, with his helpless burden in his arms, and those who hastened to his assistance found him lying, cold and apparently lifeless, beside the man whose life he had saved.

With infinite tenderness and reverence rough hands laid the still form on the grass, beneath the sullen gloom of the autumn sky; the awe-struck

crowd, who scarce could comprehend the terrible misfortune that had befallen them, gathering pitifully round him who never before had remained irresponsible to their call. A movement in the assemblage attracted many eyes to the girl who had stood so long unobserved. Ignorant of any claim she might have to a place by Philip's side, something in the chill anguish of her face touched and appealed to their sympathies, and involuntarily they made way at her approach, swayed by—though they only dimly comprehended it—the hallowing influence of a great despair.

None of those among whom she had lived and toiled recognised Stephen Deane's "lass" in the tall, stately figure, so richly and tastefully clad, that bent over Philip's prostrate form, while tears rained over the marble features set in such perfect peace and calm. Although marvellously altered for the better, however, in outward appearance, Marjory was unchanged in heart. She had never wavered in her allegiance to the one love and hero of her life; and her heart-broken wail of "Philip! Philip!" the utterance of the name of the lover, whom having unselfishly relinquished in life, in death she felt free to claim, thrilled the soul of the most indifferent bystander.

Low as was the despairing whisper, it penetrated to other ears than those of the mute witnesses of the scene. Almost as though the utterance of his name in the tones he loved had summoned his spirit from the very threshold of eternity, Philip's dark eyes unclosed languidly, and his deadly pallor slowly gave place to the tints of returning life. Very vague and wandering was the glance of the dim eyes, till they rested on the beautiful face bending over him, when the pained wistful longing, giving place as if by magic to a faint reflection of the old fire, he drew the drooping figure closer to him, while he murmured contentedly, "Marjory, my darling, you have come to me at last."

The misty twilight shadows were veiling the town and hillside as a few hours later Marjory knelt by Philip's couch, giving him a detailed account of all that had happened to her since they parted; Philip, feeble and exhausted from the effects of his recent

narrow escape, but happy and content beyond compare.

"Was it not a wonderful thing that after all his struggles after fortune, which always seemed to elude his grasp, poor Father should come in for such a rich legacy, just before his death, when it was too late for him to enjoy it, Philip?" Marjory whispered softly. "It is nearly two years since we received the news of our altered fortunes. Father always told me he had seen better days, but I had no idea of the position in life he had once occupied."

"It does indeed seem wonderful, my darling," replied Philip, thoughtfully, too deeply occupied in marvelling over the refinement in speech and bearing Marjory had gained, to pay close attention to her words. "But tell me more of yourself. Your father must have died soon after you left Brown's Diggings?"

"Yes," replied Marjory, sadly; tears dimming the bright eyes at recollection of the father, whom, despite his faults, she had loved and clung to. "He just reached his old English home, and then I was left alone."

The firm clasp of Philip's hand was a mute assurance of his sympathy, and feeling he had much still to learn of the means which had transformed her into the stately woman, who satisfied to the full his exacting and fastidious taste, he whispered tenderly, "Where did you spend those long and lonely months, Marjory, when I was seeking you in vain?"

The dark head drooped lower on Philip's breast, and so faint was the reply that the listener had to bend to catch the faltering words, "At school—in England."

Astonished beyond measure, Philip could only vaguely repeat, "At school?" till, gathering courage, Marjory went on desperately, "I was so ignorant, Philip, so lacking in all the knowledge I longed to possess, that as soon as Father needed me no longer, I settled at an English boarding-school. One of the greatest consolations my money afforded me, has been my power to release the schoolmistress who bore so patiently with my blunders and stupidity, from her life of toil. She is

waiting for me now in the township, doubtless imagining that I am lost in the bush."

"You were very wise, my dearest," replied Philip, fondly. "But surely there was some motive beneath your resolution, which nerved you to undergo such a weary routine, when you might have been enjoying your newly-acquired riches. Tell me, sweetheart, were you going to qualify yourself for a profession?"

Philip's half-jesting words remained long unanswered, and in the twilight stillness he fancied he could hear the throbbing of the heart that beat against his own. Content in the consciousness of the presence he loved, Philip neither spoke nor stirred, and the silence was broken at last by low rich tones, which murmured tremulously the words of the ambitious gardener's son—"If not to win, at least to grow more worthy thee."

Touched and melted to the depths of his nature at the low response, Philip realised, as he had never done before, the beauty of the love he had won. Raising the drooping head upon his breast, he exclaimed passionately, remorsefully mindful of his former doubts—

"It is I, my darling, who need to be 'more worthy thee.' I am but the liege subject of my queen and lady, to whom I yield a lifelong homage."

* * * * *

Never in any of his dreams amidst the solitudes of the Australian bush had Philip Trevanion's English home appeared so fair as it did to his actual vision one golden summer afternoon, soon after his return. The contentment of his glance brought a flush of gratification to the still rounded cheek of the stately matron who stood by his side on the wide terrace in front of the manor. With a fond gesture she laid her hand on the shoulder of her idolised son, and murmured softly, "You love your home, Philip. Time and absence have not weakened your regard?"

"They have only rendered it and you a hundred times more dear, Mother," replied Philip, tenderly, clasping the white hand in both of his, while his eyes wandered to the smooth

green lawn, where Marjory was the centre of a little group, composed of his two sisters and a slender figure whose sombre weeds—worn for the young husband who lay at rest beneath the waving wattles in a far-off land—so ill beseeemed the girlish face, bending over a laughing child in her arms.

Following the direction of her son's gaze, Mrs. Trevanion's eyes fell upon the form of a man, busily engaged in trimming the borders of the flower beds. Uncouth and awkward, there was nothing in his appearance to please the eye, and turning to Philip his mother observed, "I cannot understand why you cared to bring that man with you, Philip. He has nothing to redeem his repulsive appearance, unless," she added, meditatively, "it be his devotion to yourself."

At his mother's random words, a memory came back to Philip's mind of a twilight in his Australian home; of a haggard, wretched being crouching at his feet; of hoarse faltering tones that strove to sue for pardon, and only broke into choking sobs, as the hand of the man whom the suppliant had hated and wronged was gently laid on the shame-bowed head. Unwilling to enter into "Yankee Bill's" past history to explain the wish to give the wretched man—enfeebled by his accident in the mine—a chance in a new place, which caused him to accede to his passionate request to be allowed

to remain with him in any capacity, however humble, Philip turned the conversation to a theme more congenial to both. Glancing once more at the little group on the lawn, he whispered—"And Marjory, Mother—are you satisfied with my choice?"

Philip smiled as he spoke, for he well knew his mother's answer would be all he wished. Marjory's perfect, all-absorbing love for Philip had won her heart almost in spite of herself, and reconciled her to the disappointment of a long cherished dream.

"The gracious bearing and rare beauty of your wife is her least charm in my eyes, my son. Who would have believed so radiant a blossom could have bloomed among such unfavourable surroundings?"

"Or that your fastidious son should meet the ideal, who would satisfy every need of heart and mind, in the land of his exile?" replied Philip, lightly; gratified beyond measure at his mother's praises of the woman he loved. "Do you remember how you used to smile at my favourite fancy?"

" ' She must be gentle, she must be holy,
Pure in her spirit, that maiden I love;
Whether her birth be noble or lowly,
I care no more than the angels above.
And I'll give my heart to my lady's keeping,
Ever on mine her strength shall lean.
The stars shall fall, and the angels be weep-
ing,
Ere I cease to love her—My Queen, My
Queen.' "

S L E E P.

Sleep is a god too proud to wait in palaces,
And yet so humble, too, as not to scorn
The meanest country cottages;
His poppy grows among the corn.

The halcyon Sleep will never build his nest
In any stormy breast;
'Tis not enough that he does find
Clouds and darkness in their mind:
Darkness but half his work will do;
'Tis not enough; he must find quiet too.

—Cowley.

AMONG MY BOOKS.

By JAMES SMITH.

A man without a hobby is a man to be pitied. He is only acquainted with a portion of the joys of life. And these are so numerous—or might be—that I have never been able to understand those unfortunate creatures who propound the dreary and dolorous question, "Is life worth living?" Worth living! I should think it is, and doubly so to the man with a hobby; always assuming that it is not an irrational one, and that the possessor of it does not allow it to master him, or to take the bit between its teeth and run away with him. Of course the noblest of all hobbies is that fine enthusiasm for humanity which has actuated a limited number of our fellow-creatures in all ages and in every country to devote themselves, their intellects, their means, and their lives to the service of their race, in complete self-effacement, and animated by an affection pure and disinterested, free from the slightest taint of egotism, and entirely uninfluenced by the expectation of reward. Such men and women are the porcelain of humanity. The rest of mankind are its ordinary clay; and for these a hobby is a necessity, an enjoyment, and—usually—a blessing. Ultimately, perhaps, they prove to be public benefactors. Sir Hans Sloane had a passion for collecting objects of natural history, works of art, books, and manuscripts, and at his death his accumulations formed the nucleus of the British Museum. In the early part of the present century a banker named Angerstein, having a taste for pictures, availed himself of the unsettled state of Europe during the Napoleonic wars, and of the general feeling of insecurity which they inspired, to purchase about forty pictures by the old masters, and these became the foundation of the National Gallery in London. A little later, a wealthy wool-stapler of Leeds, named Sheepshanks, indulged in the hobby of purchasing oil-paintings from

the easels of young and rising artists. At his death he bequeathed them to the nation, and thus was begun the splendid collection of works by contemporary or recent painters, which was further augmented by the Vernon and Turner bequests. Sir Thomas Bodley's hobby took the shape of collecting books, and the Library at Oxford which bears his name, attests both the enthusiasm of the pursuit and the liberality of his mind. So does the famous Biblioteca Ambrosiana at Milan, containing 30,000 printed volumes and 15,000 manuscripts, founded by Cardinal Borromeo, and presented to the city which his virtues had served to adorn. So, too, the Smithsonian Collection at Washington, the Astor Library in New York, the Hunterian Museum at the College of Surgeons in London, the Correr Museum in Venice, and some scores of other assemblages of works precious in the eyes of the students of art, literature, or science, have owed their origin to the hobbies of individual enthusiasts. Naturally, the favourite pursuit of each is the most precious and commendable in his own eyes. There is nothing like it, in his estimation. This is, at any rate, a harmless and a pardonable delusion. The book-lover cherishes each of his favourite volumes as the very apple of his eye. Even their external coverings are to him as the countenances of dear old friends. They are full of agreeable associations altogether apart from the delightfulness of their internal contents. For they remind him of the time when and the places where they were acquired. This miniature volume of Redi's poems I picked up, with the "Pinacoteca Veneziana" and Sismondi's "Italian Republics," at a shop in a little dark alley in Venice, near the Post-office; and the sight of it brings back to mind the smell which always floated out upon the air from the shabby little fried-fish shop at the

corner, and the flip-flap on the pavement of the slippers worn by the poorer classes of the Venetian women, and the drip of their copper buckets, filled at the nearest cistern morning and evening, and the brilliancy of the narrow riband of blue sky overhead, and the picturesqueness of the half-lights and shadows underneath. These six volumes of "Memoirs of an Italian Adventurer" were purchased in the gallery forming part of the Marché de la Madeleine at Brussels, one of the pleasantest haunts of the second-hand book buyer, for it is roofed in with glass, and, while you are examining the literary treasures spread out before you in their yellow jackets, you breathe an atmosphere that is perfumed by the adjoining flower and fruit market. When you leave it you have only to turn up the Rue de la Madeleine to the left, in order to reach, in the space of a five minutes' walk, that fine old square, in which the eye dwells with never-failing delight on the magnificent proportions, the marvellous sculpture, and the high-soaring tower, with its flying buttresses and delicate pinnacles, of that sumptuous Hôtel de Ville, on the summit of which the figure of the Archangel Michael seems to soar heavenward. And then the guild-houses by which the square is surrounded, with their quaint gables and curious carvings and grotesque ornaments, how admirably they harmonise with the grand town-hall! while their names carry one back to the powerful corporations of the middle ages. Should a shower come on, what a pleasant place of refuge is the double arcade, which bears the name of the Galeries St. Hubert, from whence it is such an easy transition through the Rue d'Arenberg and the Rue St. Gudule to the Cathedral, with its marvellous pulpit, carved by Verbruggen, and representing the expulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise; while the staircase resembles a grove of trees, in the branches of which birds perch and an ape appears to chatter; and above the sounding-board the Virgin Mother is seen in the act of assisting the Infant Saviour to crush the serpent with the cross.

These "Memoirs des Comédiens" in

fourteen volumes, were purchased in the Rue du Palais Gallien, Bordeaux, not far from the remains of the amphitheatre, in which 25,000 spectators used to assemble, when Burdigala was one of the principal centres of Roman Gaul, and when its academies were as celebrated as those of Rome and Byzantium. What are the associations called up by these shabbily attired volumes, in their sober suits of old brown calf? They bring to mind the band playing on summer evenings in the Allées de Tourny, and the animation of that broad and spacious thoroughfare at such a time; and the performances at one of the most beautiful opera-houses in Europe; and the statues of Montaigne and Montesquieu, which adorn the Place des Quinconces, and the wonderful *chais* or wine cellars which line the Quai des Chartrons, and the Quai de Bacalan, and the odour of claret which pervades the whole neighbourhood; and the magnificent stone bridge, 1460 feet long, which crosses the Garonne; and the little steamers, called "bees," "swallows," and "gondolas," which shoot across the stream incessantly; and the great Michaelmas fair, enveloped in atmosphere fragrant with the perfume of whaffles and of fried potatoes, which is held on the Quai de la Paludate; and the lordly cathedral with its isolated belfry; and the forty mummies which grin at you as their shrivelled bodies lean against the wall in the crypt underneath the tower of St. Michael; and the hospitable attentions and never-failing kindness of a Victorian resident in Bordeaux, who is the representative and partner in the Melbourne firm of Curcier and Adet.

This volume, "Usi e Costumi del Popolo Napoletano," published at five francs, was obtained for one from a bookstall in the Strada di Roma at Naples. The whole street upon this particular day seemed to be full of *al fresco* traders from beginning to end—that is to say, from San Fernando at the bottom, to the Piazza di Dante at the top. As to the latter, it resembled an encampment of furniture brokers, dealers in crockery ware, fruiterers, haberdashers, ironmongers, and slop-sellers, with the whole of their mer-

chandise displayed on the pavement of the square. But the uproar, the din of voices, the vivacity of the pantomime, the excited gestures and language of buyers and sellers, the vehemence of action, the restlessness of movement, and the haggling over copper coins of the value of half a farthing, and the poverty, the physical beauty, the good humour, and the particularly scanty garments of the majority of the crowd, are altogether indescribable. The street is nearly a mile long and as narrow, I fancy, as the Corso at Rome, or Flinders Lane in Melbourne; the stalls and tables of the hawkers trenched on the kerb stones and infringed on the roadway; vehicles were passing up and down incessantly, and some of them at full speed, but no accidents appeared to occur, and the way in which people managed to avert a collision seemed little less than miraculous. For animal spirits, mercurial gaiety, and exuberant vitality, I think the Neapolitans are without a peer. Sudden in quarrel, passionate, and impulsively vindictive, I have no doubt they are, but if the volcanic fires smoulder underneath, they are as bright and smiling on the surface as the sunny pine-clad slopes of Mount Vesuvius itself. And what a spectacle that slumbering giant presented after night-fall, as you strolled along the Marina Nuova, or the Riviera di Chiaja, and watched the little jets of flame and puffs of blood-red smoke assuming a weird radiance by contrast with the deep purple of the overarching sky, powdered with golden stars, whose reflections quivered in the equally purple waters of the Bay below.

These two volumes, "*Castelar en Italie*," were bought of a second-hand bookseller in Rome, whose whereabouts I should be puzzled to define. My good friend and cicerone, Mr. T. A. Trollope, at whose apartments in the Via Nazionale you are sure to meet some of the best people in, and the most distinguished visitors to, the Eternal City, took me there; but I could never find the place afterwards. You have little leisure and less inclination for books in that "*Niobe of nations*." Her architectural monuments are a library in themselves.

And then the Vatican, the Capitol, the endless galleries containing the accumulated treasures of art of centuries, the shadowy personages of history that seem to come thronging around you in the Palace of the Cæsars, the Roman Forum, the Baths of Caracalla, the Colosseum, the Pantheon, the Arch of Constantine, the Appian Way, and the Fountain of Egeria, fill the mind and absorb your thoughts to the exclusion of all book-lore whatsoever.

Here is the "*Storia d'Italia*," by Messer Francesco Guicciardini, which I acquired at a second-hand bookseller's in the Borgo dei Greci at Florence, with an engraved portrait of the historian, in which one finds the lineaments of Cardinal Wolsey. I see the selling price of the book was fifty lire, or two pounds, and the price I paid for it, substantially bound and perfectly clean, was four shillings. How could I follow the ordinary practice in Italy of offering the vendor half the sum he asked for this volume of a thousand pages, when he adroitly praised the purity of my accent? How well he understood the weakness of human nature! I gave him all he asked without abatement. This "*Vita di Michael Angelo*" I bought under the porticos outside the Uffizi, in the same city, and are there any pleasanter days than those you spend in those marvellous picture-galleries which you enter on one bank on the Arno, and quit, half a mile off, on the other, without any consciousness that you have crossed a river; for the covered passage which connects the palace of Cosimo the First with the Palazzo Pitti, is carried over the roofs of the houses on the Ponte Vecchio? You may spend a week in them, and still find your stock of admiration unexhausted; still feel that you have only mastered one or two chapters in the history of Italian art. As to the city itself, turn in what direction you will, some architectural monument of surpassing beauty, or some name luminous in the pages of national literature or the national annals, shines down upon you. Here, clustered together, are the cathedral, the campanile of Giotto, and the octagonal Baptistery, with its glorious "gates of Paradise;" and, close by

1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions and activities. It emphasizes that proper record-keeping is essential for transparency and accountability, particularly in financial matters.

2. The second part outlines the specific procedures for recording transactions. It details the steps involved in identifying, documenting, and verifying each entry, ensuring that all relevant information is captured and stored securely.

3. The third part addresses the challenges associated with record-keeping, such as data loss, corruption, and unauthorized access. It provides strategies to mitigate these risks, including regular backups, access controls, and disaster recovery plans.

4. The fourth part discusses the legal and regulatory requirements for record-keeping. It highlights the importance of complying with applicable laws and standards, which may vary depending on the industry and jurisdiction.

5. The fifth part explores the role of technology in enhancing record-keeping processes. It mentions various tools and systems that can automate data collection, storage, and retrieval, improving efficiency and accuracy.

6. The sixth part discusses the importance of training and education for staff involved in record-keeping. It stresses that personnel must be well-versed in the procedures and best practices to ensure the integrity and reliability of the records.

7. The seventh part discusses the importance of regular audits and reviews of the record-keeping system. It notes that periodic assessments are necessary to identify areas for improvement and ensure ongoing compliance with requirements.

8. The eighth part discusses the importance of maintaining the confidentiality and security of the records. It outlines measures to protect sensitive information from unauthorized disclosure or misuse.

9. The ninth part discusses the importance of ensuring the long-term preservation of records. It mentions the need for appropriate storage solutions and formats that can withstand technological changes and environmental factors.

10. The tenth part discusses the importance of clear communication and collaboration between different departments and stakeholders involved in the record-keeping process.

11. The eleventh part discusses the importance of documenting the record-keeping process itself, including policies, procedures, and roles.

12. The twelfth part discusses the importance of staying updated on the latest trends and developments in record-keeping technology and regulations.

13. The thirteenth part discusses the importance of having a clear plan for the future of the record-keeping system, including potential upgrades and expansions.

14. The fourteenth part discusses the importance of having a contingency plan in place for dealing with emergencies or disasters that could affect the records.

15. The fifteenth part discusses the importance of having a clear understanding of the value of the records and how they can be used to support organizational goals and objectives.

16. The sixteenth part discusses the importance of having a clear understanding of the risks associated with poor record-keeping practices and the potential consequences of non-compliance.

17. The seventeenth part discusses the importance of having a clear understanding of the responsibilities of each individual involved in the record-keeping process.

18. The eighteenth part discusses the importance of having a clear understanding of the resources needed to implement and maintain an effective record-keeping system.

19. The nineteenth part discusses the importance of having a clear understanding of the timeline for implementing and maintaining the record-keeping system.

20. The twentieth part discusses the importance of having a clear understanding of the metrics used to measure the success of the record-keeping system.

21. The twenty-first part discusses the importance of having a clear understanding of the feedback mechanisms for improving the record-keeping system.

22. The twenty-second part discusses the importance of having a clear understanding of the communication channels for reporting issues and concerns related to the record-keeping system.

23. The twenty-third part discusses the importance of having a clear understanding of the roles and responsibilities of the record-keeping team.

24. The twenty-fourth part discusses the importance of having a clear understanding of the training and development needs of the record-keeping team.

25. The twenty-fifth part discusses the importance of having a clear understanding of the budget for the record-keeping system.

26. The twenty-sixth part discusses the importance of having a clear understanding of the risks associated with the record-keeping system.

27. The twenty-seventh part discusses the importance of having a clear understanding of the opportunities for the record-keeping system.

28. The twenty-eighth part discusses the importance of having a clear understanding of the challenges associated with the record-keeping system.

29. The twenty-ninth part discusses the importance of having a clear understanding of the solutions for the record-keeping system.

30. The thirtieth part discusses the importance of having a clear understanding of the future of the record-keeping system.



Convent of the Vallombrosa

the statues of Arnolfo and Brunelleschi, the architects of the Duomo; and a little farther on the plain flat stone on which Dante was accustomed to take his seat and muse upon the mysteries of the present and the after life. You have only to traverse a short street in order to gain the church of San Lorenzo, in the "new Sacristy" of which, are those groups of statuary, from the chisel of Michael Angelo, described by Ruskin as "four ineffable types, not of darkness nor of day—not of morning nor evening, but of the departure and the resurrection, the twilight and the dawn, of the souls of men." Then again, in the Via Ghibellina, there is the house in which that mighty genius lived, which has been presented, with all its contents, to the city of Florence, by a lineal descendant of the artist's brother; while in the Church of Santa Croce, his ashes rest in a position chosen by himself, for it is one from which, when the doors are open you may discern the cupola of the cathedral he loved so well. There, too, the bones of Galileo, Macchiavelli, and Alfieri are mouldering into dust. If you should weary of the fair city, there are its beautiful environs, San Miniato, perched on a lofty eminence; and Fiesole with its wide embracing view; and the Certosa crowning a thickly-wooded hill; and Bellosguardo with all Florence lying at its feet; and Vallombrosa whose vast convent, now secularised, is still surrounded by the umbrageous woods which fixed themselves on Milton's memory, with their

"Cedar and pine, and fir and branching palm,
A sylvan scene, and as the ranks ascend
Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest view."

This volume of Molmenti's was Ongania's parting gift. Has any visitor to Venice omitted to visit the bookseller's shop in the corner of the Piazza adjoining the passage that leads you towards San Moise? If so, he or she has failed to make the acquaintance of one of the cheeriest, heartiest, most enterprising and energetic of Venetians; who has always the newest books upon his counter and some of the brightest of Prosdocimi's water-colour drawings in his window. Half-an-hour's conversation with him—if you can only keep

up with his voluble Italian—is quite a mental tonic; and you feel that here, at least, is a man full of the activities of the nineteenth century, in the midst of a population which seems to be dreaming over the vanished glories, the dim traditions, and the faded splendour of bygone centuries.

There are other books, with other associations. Some were purchased in the colonnades surrounding the Odeon, in Paris, others in the Palais Royal, and others were picked out of the boxes which are ranged upon the parapets of the quays which flank the Seine. These are among the "happy hunting grounds" of the native and foreign bibliophile; and although there is no longer the treasure-trove which I found there, five and thirty years ago, yet you may still alight upon some rarities which are worth possessing. Numbers of libraries were dispersed at the time of the great revolution, when "*Guerre aux chateaux*" was the watchword of the Jacobins; and although some were destroyed by fire, others were scattered abroad and fell into the hands of people entirely ignorant of their value. So thus, even now, choice editions of seventeenth and eighteenth century literature, handsomely printed and bound in crimson leather, with the arms of a noble family stamped in gold upon their covers, turn up from time to time. This "nineteenth and last edition" of "*Le Grand Dictionnaire Historique*," by Moreri, for example, in eight volumes folio, bearing date 1743, although it is clothed in homely parchment, was evidently the spoil of a mansion or a monastery; and so, too, this dainty little edition of Tasso, with its tarnished gold outside and its sharp clear type within, printed in Amsterdam in 1652, is very likely to have been the favourite reading of some fair demoiselle or stately matron, who afterwards laid her head upon the block, and was cast, after her execution, into a common fosse like that which received the body of Marie Antionette. But speculations of this kind are endless; and am I not disregarding what I said at the commencement of this paper, about the impropriety of allowing a hobby to run away with its rider?



Convent of the Vallombrosa

THE DISPUTED BOUNDARY.

By R. R. HAVERFIELD.

Major McFlint was an officer in the British army, who, after several years' service, sold out, immigrated to these colonies and invested his means in pastoral property. He squatted in a fine district on an excellent and extensive run, and as his stock increased and multiplied in a very satisfactory manner, he became a wealthy man in the course of a few years. His nearest neighbour was Captain McSteel, who had been a seafarer from his early youth and had attained the position of master mariner. Some money left him by a relative enabled him to retire from the nautical profession, and choosing Australia as the field of his future labours, he embarked fearlessly in the squatting line. He, too, possessed a fine large run, which adjoined that of McFlint, and he was as successful with his flocks and herds as the Major. From the earliest days of their occupation of their respective stations, these two gentlemen had fierce disputes about a certain boundary line, and fresh cause for quarrel was continually arising from the trespasses committed by their sheep on each other's domains. Terrible passages, it is said, occurred between them, which invariably ended in the Major roaring out in stentorian tones—

"Look you, Captain McSteel, whatever may be your capabilities as a seaman, you have yet to learn, allow me to inform you, how to steal a march on an old soldier!"

"And you, Major McFlint," McSteel would retort, "may be as good a soldier as ever drew a sword, but I'll take all sorts of good care that you never lay an anchor to windward of me!"

Thus they went on for some years, and people who knew them well declared that the boundary question was as the salt of life to them notwithstanding that they were everlastingly protesting that they were harassed by it to

death. It constituted with them an unfailing theme of conversation, and into whatever company they might be thrown and whatever might be the topic of the hour, the cherished vexations of the boundary line were sure to come to the surface. These two disputants were capital shots and both prided themselves on their skill as sportsmen. It so happened that, although there was plenty of game to be found in other directions, each of them, quite unconsciously no doubt, but with remarkable persistency, took the way towards a certain point on the boundary line. Curiously enough, as they both thought, they frequently met in that locality. One day this occurred in the usual unaccountable manner of course.

"Good morning, Major," says McSteel, gruffly. "Good morning, Captain," replies McFlint, stiffly.

"Any sport this morning, Major?"

"None yet, Captain."

"Ha, ha!" laughed McSteel. "Strange, isn't it, that there are so few ducks on your side of the line?"

"There are snipe, at any rate," returns the Major, as he raises his gun and knocks over a longbill that had just risen.

"Capital shot!" cries the Captain. "But this is my side of the line, by your leave."

"Mine, by your leave," responds the Major.

"Now, Major McFlint, as I have often told you before, I have the highest respect and esteem for officers of both arms of Her Majesty's service, but when a military officer descends, Sir, to the rôle of an Australian brigand, I tell you, Sir, that I cannot, and I will not, either respect or esteem him. This is my side of the line, Sir, and you are welcome to any or all the birds or other game on my property, but when you insist on eating up my grass

with your flocks, I have no hesitation in saying that it is an act, Sir, of brigandage—of brigandage, Sir, sheer brigandage—that is the term I apply to it.”

“Well,” replies the Major, quietly, reloading his gun, and smiling to himself at a repetition of what he had probably heard a thousand times before. “I must say, Captain McSteel, that if there is any one thing in which you excel it is in impudent assertion. The idea of an old pirate like you accusing me of brigandage! This is my side of the line, Sir!”

“We shall see about that, Major; we shall see about that,” replies the Captain, in apparently rising anger, and then, suddenly changing his manner, he says, under his breath, “Hist, Major, hist! Ducks!”

Thereupon both of them peppered away at a flight of ducks wending their way up the course of a neighbouring creek.

“Now, Major McFlint,” says McSteel, as they gather up their birds, “to show that an old pirate, as you are pleased to call me, can be civil to a brigand —”

“As you are pleased to call me,” interrupts the Major.

“Oblige me,” proceeds the Captain, “since you are so far on my side of the boundary, by accompanying me home to dinner.”

“Catch a weasel asleep,” replies the Major; “since you are the trespasser, come home with me to dinner.”

“Ah, I see, says McSteel, “my civility is thrown away upon you, but there’s one comfort—there’s not a bit of love lost between us.”

“Not a feather’s weight,” replies the Major. “But I say, McSteel,” he adds, as the other turns with a short “Good morning” to leave him, “You’re welcome to the birds you’ve shot on my side, but I’ll trouble you not to walk off with my powder flask.”

The Captain, in reloading, had unconsciously taken the Major’s flask out of his hand, and as unwittingly put it in his pocket. He returned it with a glumpy sort of apology on his lips, but a merry twinkle in his eye. The Major smiles and bows, and so they part, as it happens, for the last time, for the very next day McSteel was

thrown from his horse with such violence that he died a few hours afterwards; his dying injunction to his wife being to get the boundary settled, but all the same to be “as civil as possible to the Major.”

To the surprise of their mutual friends, the Major attended the funeral, and it was a matter of general remark that there was not a more apparently sincere mourner present.

A year and a day had elapsed after the interment of McFlint’s border foe, when the survivor, who had not since troubled himself about the boundary difficulty, became suddenly aware, in wandering towards the old place of rendezvous, that Mrs. McSteel’s shepherds were encroaching to an insufferable extent upon his ground. He resolved, therefore, upon taking some immediate and decisive steps in the matter. A friend who happened to call upon him at this time, advised him to pay a visit to Mrs. McSteel and endeavour to settle the question with her in an amicable manner. After some hesitation he agreed to do so. He had never entered McSteel’s door, nor McSteel his, therefore the relict of his old enemy was unknown to him even by sight. He found her to be a tall, winsome lady, of a very quiet and gentle disposition, and of a reasonable and equitable turn of mind. In their first interview she made a very strong and favourable impression upon the Major, who saw it would be necessary to call upon her a good many times on the business in hand. The consequence was that he conceived the idea of settling the difficulty by a matrimonial alliance. So, after some weeks, when their acquaintance had ripened into intimacy, he ventured to lay his views before her in a straightforward and soldier-like manner. The widow listened to his overtures with an air of evident embarrassment, and seemed to be casting about her for a suitable form of reply. At last the answer came to her lips. She tendered the Major her very sincere thanks, but added that, as it was necessary to give a valid reason for her refusal of his flattering offer, she felt compelled to inform him that she considered herself

as good as engaged to her managing man, Mr. Grooby.

"You see, Major," she said, "he has been such an excellent and faithful manager, so kind and considerate, and at the same time so deferential in his conduct towards me that—that—there — well — you must admit he deserves his reward."

"I don't know that," returned the Major. "I dare say he deserves to be rewarded, but excuse me if I say that it strikes me you place far too high a value on his services. Why, my dear Madam, only consider the disparity in rank, in education, in everything in short. Why, the idea of your marrying such a man seems to me to be preposterous. To my mind Grooby is a very ordinary man indeed, a man without a soul above muttons, a man, in brief, wholly unworthy of a lady like yourself."

"You do him injustice, Major," returned the widow, "I assure you you do."

"Pardon me, Mrs. McSteel, but I must be permitted to doubt it. It is you who do yourself an injustice by admitting him to an equality with one of such superior qualities as yourself. Now, if you think he is deserving of some special recompense for his services, offer him a pecuniary reward, and I am mistaken in the man if he would not be perfectly satisfied."

"You are mistaken in him," replied the widow. "He is no money-grubber, Major McFlint."

"I should like to test his qualities in that respect," returned the Major. "It strikes me very forcibly that it would be no very difficult matter to buy him off."

"Good gracious, Major! Buy him off! I don't understand you."

"I mean to say, my dear Madam, that for a certain round sum of money he might be induced to release you from your engagement."

"Oh!" said the widow, as a sudden thought crossed her mind. "Well, Major, if you like to try the experiment, of course you can, and if you succeed, I will pledge myself to accept your offer."

"Very well, then, that is a bargain. Good-bye, for the present."

Now, Grooby had managed the sta-

tion for many years with great ability, and to the entire satisfaction of the deceased Captain; but beyond being very capable as a manager of stock, he was a man of limited attainments, intelligent, but not intellectual, smart according to his class, but clever only in his calling. He was a widower with two young children, whom Mrs. McSteel, having no encumbrances of the sort of her own, had taken kindly under her care upon the death of their mother, and she had become tenderly attached to them. As a matter of fact, she had so sincere a regard for their father that she secretly desired to be united to him; but she could not make the first advances, and Grooby would not, or perhaps the thought of proposing to her had never entered his head. Her womanly instinct told her, however, that the attachment was reciprocal, and she had set it down in her mind as a settled thing that some day or other they would become man and wife. This interesting subject was occupying her thoughts when the Major startled her with his unexpected offer. Not knowing how to put him off in any better way, she had told him what may be called a half truth. Afterwards, when the Major suggested the buying-off of Grooby, it struck her that if the attempt were made, it would be the means of bringing matters to a crisis. How far the artifice was justifiable must be left for those who can place themselves precisely in her position to decide. How far it was successful the sequel will show. A short time after the Major had taken his leave, Grooby presented himself before her. She saw at once from his manner that he had had an interview with the Major. After a good deal of stammering and beating about the bush, he came to the point direct.

The Major had told him he said, that she had informed him they were engaged to be married. Had she really done so? His impression was that the Major had been having a bit of fun at his expense, and that by a possibility she might be a party to the jest.

"I was, Grooby," she replied, frankly. "The fact was he pressed me so hard to promise to marry him that I couldn't think of any better answer to make

him, and then he talked of buying you off, as he called it, so it struck me that you might as well benefit by his action."

"If you think it is a fair thing to do," returned Grooby, "I suppose I might as well make a profit out of the transaction as not. How much do you think I should ask?"

Although he said this, he had no more intention of making such a bargain than he had of cutting off his hand. But he spoke as seriously as he could in order to conceal his wounded feelings, for he was very fond of her although he never ventured even to hint at his attachment.

"Make your own terms, Sir," replied the widow, rather snappishly, as poor Grooby thought. After a pause of some moments she said, "I wonder how much this run and the stock are worth, Mr. Grooby?"

"Well," he replied, "a good deal of money. The property has increased greatly in value since we lost the poor Captain. At a rough guess I should say it would be cheap at £50,000."

"And how much money have we in the bank, Grooby?"

"Let me see—I could tell to a shilling by looking over the books. Anyhow, I can safely say you could draw your cheque for £10,000."

"And what is the value of the Major's station?"

"About the same as your own, I should say."

"Now how would it be, Grooby, if you were to turn the tables and buy the Major off?"

"Me buy him off! Why, I haven't got £500 in the world. Me make a purchase worth fifty or sixty thousand pounds!"

"Well, well," said the widow, "look here. Ten thousand pounds down would be a fair thing, wouldn't it? And surely, with the profits of the two stations we could easily meet bills on the usual terms, couldn't we?"

Notwithstanding that she emphasised the plural pronoun, he hadn't a glimmering of her meaning, because to his mind marriage with a rich woman like her was an utter impossibility.

"That could be done," he replied, "if the Major wishes to sell, I dare say."

"Then why not try what you can do?"

"I will, of course, Mrs. McSteel, if you wish it."

"I was talking of what you wish," returned the widow with some show of pettish impatience.

"You are having a rare old lark with me to-day," he said. "You know it is not in my power to make such an offer."

"Nor any other, I suppose? If I was a man, I think I should make an effort to better myself, Mr. Grooby."

"I think I see what you mean," he replied.

"You must be very stupid if you don't," she said, with a significant glance.

He was very stupid, and she actually loved him all the better for his stupidity.

"What you mean, I suppose," he said, "is that I have been as I am long enough, and you would like me to make a change."

"That is exactly my meaning. You have been here a long time, Grooby, and——"

She stopped suddenly, for he turned from her and drew the back of his hand across his eyes. She perceived that he quite misinterpreted her, and she could not bear to see him break down in that way. So she rose from her seat, and laying her hand gently on his shoulder, she uttered in a voice full of tenderness only one very short word. He was astounded, for this was the first time during all the years of their acquaintance that she had ever called him by his Christian name, Tom.

"I didn't mean to hurt you, Tom," she said. "Far, far from it. I tried to speak as plainly as I thought it was fitting a woman should, but you wouldn't understand me. Won't you turn and listen to me, Tom?"

He did turn; and a lure in the depths of her fine expressive eyes drew him involuntarily towards her, and she, wittingly, threw her arms around his neck. When he allowed her to regain her breath, she looked up into his happy eyes, and said, archly—

"I have been having a rare old lark with you to-day—eh, Tom?"

Tom laughed heartily and joyously at the jest, for he was now able clearly

to understand all about it. Very shortly afterwards they were married. The Major, who had been growing very weary of the monotony of a squatting life ever since the death of Captain McSteel, and was besides much disgusted at the preference shown for a stupid lout, as he called

Tom Grooby, and had been seized, moreover, with an ardent desire to re-visit his native land, accepted the offer made him by the newly-married pair of the purchase of his station; and thus the settlement of the long-vexed boundary question was finally and satisfactorily effected.

THE LOSS OF THE TAIAROA.

By W. GAY.

[The s.s. Taiaroa, owned by the Union Steamship Company, was wrecked on the New Zealand coast a little to the south of Port Campbell, on Sunday, the 11th April. The news caused great sadness among the crews of the three steamers belonging to the same company which were in the River Yarra at the time. Nearly every man lost a friend.]

'Twas a bright Australian morning,
And the stream was full of craft,
And even the murky Yarra
In the sunshine leapt and laughed,
And a lazy wind from south'ard,
From seas that lie that way,
Set all the flags aflutter—
And all of us were gay.

The day drew on to noontide,
The sea-wind breathed its last,
Our lifeless flag lay drooping
Against the unheeding mast,
And a grisly silent shadow
Stalked relentlessly about,
And voices dropped to whispers,
And all our smiles died out.

Then slowly towards the house-tops
The sun began to lag,
And down from truck to maintop
We hauled the drooping flag;
And then the night came stealing,
The wind sprang up again,
And dismal clouds assembled
And wept great drops of rain.

And we thought of rocks and breakers,
And of men who fought for life,
And of the cold Kaikouras
That looked upon the strife,
Whose mighty hearts of granite
Felt not one pulse of dread;
And we thought of wives and children—
Wives and children of the dead.

TWENTY MINUTES BY RAIL.

By ZAC.

Travelling by train recently in company with a gentleman friend, I was somewhat amused at the conversation of a country woman who hurried into the carriage, making frantic efforts to be seated as the tram-bell rang in Flinders Street. She was a corpulent woman, and moved with difficulty. After panting laboriously for some moments, and wiping her face with her handkerchief, she looked about her in evident astonishment at not finding the train in motion.

"Is that the train bell just gone?" she said, addressing my friend. Guessing, from her manner of speech, that she was a verbose woman, I settled myself comfortably in a corner, expectant of amusement, for I was determined upon leaving L——, who is a great dandy, particularly averse to the familiarities of strangers, to the tender mercies of her tongue.

The train moved off with but the three of us in the carriage, and my expectations were not disappointed, for, finding I made no remark, L—— was forced to reply that it was the tram-bell.

"The tram—oh ah!—Nasty things they are, them trams. I wouldn't travel in one of them, not if you was to pay me. You're never sure where you're goin' to. It's not long ago that a friend o' mine had her daughter run over by one."

L—— looked at me. I was dumb. "Indeed!" he said, finding himself obliged to be polite, "was she much hurt?"

"Hurt! Law yes. It's a wonder she got off with a foot on her, and they might as well have done their work clean when they was about it, for after all she'll have to have it took off by the doctors. Not that I believe in it, and I told her mother so. A woman ain't no right to have her foot took off—it's a bad job altogether. No, you don't catch me travellin' in trams so long as

I've a bit of reason left to go by. No, no trams for me, trains is bad enough as I know to my cost. Why, it's only a couple of months ago that I got shunted off like a piece of old furniture into a engine-house."

"Into an engine-house! How was that?" said L——, evincing some interest and much surprise.

"Into a engine-house," reiterated the lady emphatically. "I was comin' down Ballarat way travellin' in a second-class. There was only me and another woman together in the carriage, and we got talkin' about the country, and one thing and another, till the last station but one. She got out there, and I began collectin' my bundles, not wishin' to be behind-hand at the end, when all at once instead of gettin' out I found myself in the engine-house. Till the day I die I shan't ever know how I got there, but I'd lay a heavy wager that train didn't stop at the station. The guard told me to my face it did, but I just answered him back that he might swear till he was black in the face and I wouldn't believe him. So, there I was, and bless your heart I can't tell you how I got there. I ain't small, as you may judge, and you'd have thought they might have noticed me, wouldn't you now?"

L—— nodded.

"Well, there I was. And there I might have stopped till mornin' but for hollerin'. And I did holler, I tell you, till somebody come. I might have died in the night, for it was bitter cold and me without a shawl or anything. It took two men to get me out of that carriage."

"Two men?" said L——. He might have added *only*, for his face expressed a wonder that it had not taken more.

"Two able-bodied men, Sir, and you don't catch me travellin' in a carriage again without somebody for company. As I told 'em when they was gettin' me

out—'If I was a man they'd have found me out sharp enough, but bein' a woman I might have stopped there till doomsday for what they cared.' And the impudence of 'em; they'd the face to tell me that I was lucky to get out at all. There's some men would like to grind a woman to small powder, and think they'd done a right and proper thing too. But I don't hold with a man doin' all the talkin', and so I let out at 'em. Oh, I did so, Sir," she added, observing that L—— smiled. "I ain't one to sit down meekly and listen to what a man's got to say, as if it was the gospel. A woman's every bit as much right to have her say as a man. Law bless you, Sir, I wonder where I'd be if I hadn't held my own from the first. I've been a widow this five and twenty year."

"Indeed!" said L——, with a languid smile, half afraid, I knew, that he was about to have retailed to him a long history of family grievances.

"I have so, Sir," continued the corpulent lady, warming to her subject, "and brought up a family too. And there ain't one of my girls but what can earn her own livin' as well as you or any other gentleman. I've give 'em every one what's safer than the bank, and that's a trade to their fingers' ends, and that's more than a father would have done for 'em. Set a man now to bring up a family, and where would you be? He'd leave things go till they was all at sixes and sevens, and then he'd marry again to get a woman to set 'em to rights. When my husband died, they'd have had me shut up shop and go back home again. 'Not a bit of it,' says I. 'I know somethin' of the grocerin,' and I set up for myself. I don't say but what there's been a deal to bother over it, but I'd a head on my shoulders, and I've lived to see myself independent. And that's something, Sir, ain't it?"

"I suppose so," said L——, who was distinctly opposed to the independence of women, and in consequence had to maintain three sisters.

"Now there was my sister-in-law was quite dumb-founded and put about with the notion of a woman goin' into trade, and wouldn't notice me months together. She's got a husband to do

for her, and her girls is brought up to be the fine lady, settin' up on chairs all their lives with their hands full of trumpery wool-work, waitin' for somebody to come along and marry them. She thinks she's right. I don't. I hold to a woman makin' herself independent when she can. Don't you now, Sir?"

L—— was decidedly embarrassed, he frowned. "Well no, I can't say that I do quite."

"You hold to a woman killin' herself with house-workin'?" was the scornful rejoinder.

"Well no, not killing herself," said L——, with a weak smile. "But looking after her house, and that sort of thing, you know. A woman's place undoubtedly is her home."

"You don't like a woman to earn money; that's about it, Sir."

"I must confess that I don't."

There was silence for the space of two whole minutes, and the stout unknown, laying aside her umbrella, so as to emphasise her argument by bringing down the fingers of one hand continuously upon the palm of the other, began—

"Well, set it this way, Sir. Say you're not very well to do, say your Ma's been left a widow with nothing, or next door to nothing, which to my mind is worse. Very well then, say you've her and two or three sisters beside to look to, say you've set your heart on marryin'—you ain't so selfish as to ask the young lady till you've some means o' keepin' her, though there's some that would. Say that nobody comes to marry your sisters. Are you goin' on all your life waitin'? Not you. You ain't a man if you do, that's all." She waited for an answer, looking at L—— all the time with stern disapproval, and, when he failed to gratify her, she poked another question at him. "You'd set them on to keepin' a school or goin' out governessin', if you let 'em do anything, I suppose?"

"Well, you see, that's about all a lady could. She couldn't very well go into a bank."

"I'd like to see the woman that couldn't go into a bank if she set her mind to it. What I say to every

woman, young and old, is, make yourself independent. A woman should learn to stand alone, and till she do she ain't no right to marry. And instead of helpin' a woman to kill herself with housework by beginnin' on too little, or teachin' her to waste her time fiddle-faddlin' at lace-makin', and runnin' about to her neighbours gossipin', and doin' no good by givin' her too much to spend, a man ought to help his wife or his sister to think no shame of doin' for herself. Every man ain't a head for business, any more than every woman for household matters, and there's many a home I know on would be the better of it, if the wife was let manage out of doors as well as in. You'll turn to my way of thinkin' before your hair's grey. Law bless you, Sir, self-help's everything in this world! I—— Windsor! You get out here,

Sir, do you? Well, Soppet's my name, Eliza Soppet, and at any time you're up Ballarat way I'll be glad to see you ;” and Mrs. Soppet extended to L—— a capable hand, clad in a cotton glove, that had in times gone by probably been black, but was now reduced to a visible green. Mrs. Soppet's travelling glove evidently. As the train whistled out of the station a voice called loudly back to us, “Off Sturt Street!” and with her head protruding from the carriage window, this independent lady was borne swiftly from our view.

An hour and a half later L—— said solemnly, “Do you know I believe that woman's right.”

Since which time I have lived in daily expectation of being advised by telegram that my friend is gone to Ballarat to renew his acquaintance with Mrs. Eliza Soppet.

A MOTHER'S SMILE.

There are clouds that must o'ershade us,
 There are griefs that all must know,
 There are sorrows that have made us
 Feel the tide of human woe ;
 But the deepest, darkest sorrow,
 Though it sear the heart awhile,
 Hope's cheering ray may borrow
 From a mother's welcome smile.

There are days in youth that greet us
 With a ray too bright to last,
 There are cares of age to meet us
 When those sunny days are past ;
 But the past scenes hover o'er us,
 And give back the heart awhile,
 All that mem'ry can restore us
 In a mother's welcome smile.

There are scenes and sunny places
 On which feeling loves to dwell,
 There are many happy faces
 Who have known and loved us well ;
 But 'mid joy or 'mid dejection,
 There is nothing can beguile,
 That can show the fond affection
 Of a mother's welcome smile.

—Carpenter.

INCIDENTS IN A MINER'S CAREER.

By W. H.

No. IV.

When the Port Curtis rush broke out I was amongst the unfortunates who shouldered their swags and made for that field. At that time I was just about as badly off as any poor digger could be, but distance always lends enchantment, and a gold-seeker is ever hopeful. Let only but the most vague tidings of a fresh discovery reach his ears, and off he sets too often only to find that the brilliant prospects which have flitted through his easily-excited imagination are as illusory and chimerical as Ponce de Leon's tale of the "Fountains of Perpetual Youth," or those "Islands of the Blessed" which mediæval seamen were fabled to have sighted in the region of the sunset. Thus did it prove with Port Curtis. Never was there in the history of Australian goldmining a more deliberately planned "storekeepers' find." Gold had been discovered, and plenty of it, and over a large area too; so went the rumour, but the man who found the gold, or even the one who saw it, could never be traced. There were the poor diggers, arriving daily, half-starved, foot-sore, and weary, in many cases destitute of either money or property, only to find that they had been abominably misled. Like hundreds of others, I was mad with rage; but what was there to do? To wait about for possible discoveries was sheer folly, and so I determined to turn back. There was one storekeeper and shanty-owner on that field who was looked at askance by many a bronzed digger. It was always a wonder to me he was not murdered, for he got the credit, whether he deserved it or not, of having caused the rush for the sake alone of disposing, at a high rate, of the provisions he had in stock. A big, powerful fellow whom

I had known at several diggings, and who went by the name of Californian Tom, seriously proposed to lynch the rascal; and, I am certain, had there not been so many witnesses about he would have had to undergo the ordeal, and of the result of it there could have been no manner of doubt. I have no more to add about Port Curtis; it is a sad remembrance even to the present day, for I not only endured hardships myself but I saw others endure them who were far less able to stand them, and some of whom, I feel certain, got back to civilisation only to die.

The subject of lynching calls up in my memory two episodes of that kind in which I was mixed up, and I may just as well relate them now as another time. The circumstances of both cases are known to a good many who are still alive, and the intended victims also are not only amongst the living, but in prosperous positions. So I shall neither mention localities nor be too exact in my descriptions.

I was one of a party of twenty who held a large sluicing claim on a certain range, and we had been doing well for some months. We had faces of from twelve to twenty feet high, which we "falled" and put through with a good force of water from a large dam constructed by us higher up the side of the hill. Amongst the party was an individual whom not one of his mates either liked or trusted, but he had always paid up his calls when we were doing the dead work, and we could not, if we had tried, get rid of him. Once, indeed, he was offered by one of the party a good figure for his share, but he declined to sell, and no wonder, as we afterwards discovered. Well, there came a time when we felt sure

our gold was being stolen, and first we suspected Chinamen, though there were none nearer to us than three miles. In point of fact there was no other party of miners nearer to our tents than a couple of miles. The individual in question—Frank, as we called him—lived in a hut by himself near the bank of the dam. For weeks and weeks we kept a sharp look-out, but without discovering anything; yet we determined to watch in turns every night, two at a time, until we were satisfied. One dark rainy night Sam Jones and I were at our posts, Sam with a loaded revolver, which did duty for the lot of us. We were snugly ensconced in a shed where we kept tools, and where we had a forge, etc., and from our point of observation we could see the sluice-boxes. We dozed at times, but generally kept pretty wakeful. As near as I could judge, it was about two in the morning when Sam grasped my arm and pointed to a dark object moving crouchingly down to the sluices. I whispered to him not to move. The object made straight for the top of the largest sluice (we had three in all), which we intended panning off on the following day, so it was beyond doubt someone that knew our intentions who was the culprit. We could hear the grating noise of a scraper amongst the heavy gravel, and sounds as if the stuff were being emptied into a bag. Then was our time. We rushed down with a cry—"Stand, or you'll have a bullet through you!" to find Frank shivering and shaking on the ground. "It's you, is it, you thief?" said Sam Jones, at the same time administering a kick that sent the trembling wretch rolling across the sluice. "Get up and follow me, and take that bag with you, and you just try any game of bolt, and I'll blow your brains out. Quick!"

We roused up our mates, took the culprit to the largest hut, and secured him fast with ropes, and then held a council of war. There was no doubt what the bag contained—the best of the stuff from the top of the sluice—and it was the richest face that was going through that sluice at the time; but we wanted to see to what extent the precious scoundrel had robbed us,

so off we set for his hut, which Jim Anderson, a burly and singularly determined Scotchman, entered by smashing in the door with the heel of an axe. There we stood on no ceremony. Blankets, pannikins, everything in the hut we first closely inspected and then pitched outside. We forced all the boxes we could find about, and examined every nook and corner, and altogether, with what we got concealed in the ground under the fireplace and under the bunk, we recovered over 120 ounces of gold, so that the pilfering must have been going on for many weeks, as our average yields were only about forty ounces or so.

Again we consulted, and first it was agreed to bring the culprit before us. There was an ominous look in the face of nearly everyone of the party, and I knew well what was passing through their minds. It was Sam Jones who marched him in to where we sat smoking, and if ever the face of any man blanched, that scoundrel's did when he was unceremoniously kicked into the middle of the floor. Our otherwise humble and harmless tent must indeed have seemed to him like that region so gruesomely depicted by Dante, over the portal of which is written, "Abandon hope all ye who enter here."

Jim Anderson was the first to speak. "Put the wretch out of his misery. Hanging's too good for him; let's drown him like a dog," said he.

"Chuck him into the dam, and pelt him as we used to do toads," said another.

I ventured to suggest the police, but Jim Anderson soon interrupted me. "Look here, mate! We're all in one boat, and we'll have no police. I'll skin him alive myself first."

"Let him have a trial, then," I remonstrated, to gain time.

"Trial!" snarled Sam Jones. "What's the use of a trial, when we caught him red-handed? Up with him to the nearest tree to feed the magpies. I'll rig the tackle;" and suiting the action to the word, he uncoiled a rope, and made a noose in the end of it.

Jack Bennett, a Cornish chap, the oldest of us all, and a local preacher

too, here read us a lecture about repentance and the like, but it was apparently of little use talking of mercy then. The noose was placed round the neck of the gold-stealer, and he was ordered to say his prayers. Down he went on his knees and prayed—not to his Maker, but to us—and his petitions were abject. If we would only spare his life he would suffer anything and do anything.

"All hands on the rope!" shouted Jim Anderson; and what the wretch's fate would have been I well know, had not Jack Bennett deliberately cut the rope in the middle. No other man in the party but Jack dared have done that. But it had its effect in securing a reprieve.

On condition then that he was branded indelibly, soused in the thickest sludge, sent off stripped to his pants, under an oath never to be seen again within twenty miles of the place, and formally surrendering his share, it was agreed to spare his life. Except in one respect all the terms were kept. The one that was not kept related to return. In less than three years afterwards the rascal was back in the adjoining township, doing a roaring trade as a hotel-keeper. But what he suffered! He was literally branded with a red-hot chisel—"Caught stealing mates' gold."

The other occasion on which I had an experience of proposed lynching occurred at a small diggings fifty miles or so beyond Beechworth, away in the ranges. Several small gutters had been traced in the gullies, running down to a flat and poor expanse of wash, but at the top ends of the little leads, and at places on the reef good patches had been got. We had twenty miles or more to go to sell gold and get provisions, for the field was then entirely fresh, and pack-horses were required for carrying. One day the welcome news of an itinerant gold-buyer was carried amongst the tents, and there was not a single digger who had not some gold to sell. It was just about knocking-off time, and the gold-buyer went round with his scales, and everyone almost was disposed to sell some gold. The buyer had a partner or servant with him, and between them

they had plenty of money concealed in various ways about their persons. So a capital business was done at £3 13s. an ounce for gold that was certainly worth £3 19s.; but most of us were only selling for immediately-needed coin, and so did not mind the figure much. At last came "the doctor," a strapping young fellow full of life and frolic, about whom I have a little to say presently. "There, weigh that," said he, throwing down a bag containing, by guess, probably five or six ounces of gold-dust, "and look out you don't cheat me a grain, or you'll regret it," was added after a slight pause, half jokingly, but yet with a meaning glance.

The buyer hesitated an instant, and then smiled a sort of sickly smile, as he proceeded to empty the gold into the scales, "the doctor" watching him narrowly.

"Four ounces and three pennyweights, and half a pennyweight over," said the buyer, looking up.

"You're a swindler!" roared "the doctor," letting fly at the same instant with his two fists, and the buyer went rolling on the ground, the blood spouting freely from his nose and mouth.

"False scales and light weights, boys!" said "the doctor," turning to the spectators. "I weighed that gold with a small set of scales I have with me, and it weighed exactly five ounces four pennyweights. See that the wretch doesn't move, and I'll show you."

Running to his tent, he came back with scales that looked like those used by a chemist, and showed that what he had said as to the weight was exact. Next he showed us how the buyer had fingered his scales so as to weigh unfairly, and then putting his own ounce-weight in one scale, and the ounce-weight of the gold-buyer—now in abject terror—in the other, he proved that the buyer's was nearly six pennyweights lighter than it ought to have been.

Every digger was soon aware he had been swindled, and the fury the discovery roused was intense. Some were for pitching him right away down one of the shafts and burying him alive, and others went the length of proposing

to knife him, but the advocates of this un-English method of punishment were few. His scales and weights were seized, and swung into a dam, and all his gold and money taken from him, and he was knocked about, kicked, and cuffed from one to the other, until "the doctor" claimed him as his prisoner till it should be decided what was to be done with him.

Judge Lynch would certainly have been his doomster but for "the doctor," who was finally allowed to decree the punishment. First of all, his partner or servant, whichever he was, was given five minutes to "make tracks," for no one could be sure whether he was *particeps criminis*. But there is this to be said, that that worthy, when he saw how matters were shaping, mounted his nag and beat a suspiciously hasty retreat. His guilty comrade then had his head shaved, as also the whole of the hair on one side of his face. Then he was dragged through the thickest sludge with ropes, made to swallow a compound of "the doctor's" preparation, and daubed all over with the filthiest stuff that could be procured, after which he was told he would have to run for it, and would not be out of danger till he was across the creek. Off then he did bolt, the diggers after him with ropes-ends, sticks, and pieces of mullock. Several times over the rough ground he came a cropper, but fear made him agile, and splash at last he went on his face in the creek, scrambling up the opposite bank more dead than alive. After this he was seen no more, though heard of as flourishing afterwards, by the present narrator of a scene which certainly in its "run up" was far more exciting than was ever any "digger-hunt" of the Sir Charles Hotham days.

It was after this that I got to be "chummy" with "the doctor," and I was with him at several goldfields in Victoria subsequently; and when he had slung the pick and shovel, and taken to newspaper work, I frequently ran across him. His life, poor fellow, was a wasted one, and I say this, knowing perhaps more of it than anyone else, and having heard a great deal from himself. He had just been about

to take his diploma at home, when something occurred which I cannot particularise, that sent him suddenly off to Australia. His career in arts and medicine had been exceptionally brilliant, but he stopped short of the goal. Genial and generous to a fault, he was just one of those men that a digger's life would readily spoil. I worked close to him once in a certain goldfield where he was splitting slabs for the diggers, practising at the same time in his profession without fee or reward for the whole flat. Later on he was writing for a Melbourne paper, and brilliant indeed were his literary productions. Subsequently he edited two goldfields journals, in both of which his undoubted genius, especially in dealing with mining subjects, was universally recognised. It was chiefly indeed the vigour of his pen that raised one of these newspapers from the condition of being a struggling and very mediocre concern to that of large profits and a reputation for able writing. Yet such is the fate of genius, and such the gratitude of mortals, that "the doctor," as I shall still call him, died in a public institution, neglected by relatives and refused even by the proprietor of the journal he had so largely assisted to establish the paltry sum of twenty shillings to get a few comforts in his last moments. It was years after his death that I got to hear of this, or he would have been better cared for, for there was not one of his former mates—very few at least—who would not have parted with their last coin for "the doctor."

The jolliest goldfield I ever was at was one away on the plains to the north-west in New South Wales. The gold had been found first in a cement-bed, which cropped out on a slight incline, and from this bed there was a channel of wash about forty feet wide, which continued for a considerable distance along the flat ground. There was wash dirt about eight feet in depth, and the average was about sixteen ounces to the machine—never less than twelve ounces, and never more than twenty ounces. Fortunes would have been made rapidly there but for this drawback, that half the year almost there was no water to wash

the stuff with. We took out and pad-docked, while there was no water, just as much as we thought we would get water for, and the consequence was we rarely worked more than half-time. Thus driven to find occupation for the long hours, we got up all sorts of primitive entertainments and athletic contests. While I was there an election contest came off, and it was about the most amusing I ever witnessed. There was only one meeting-place in which the candidates (two for one seat) could hold forth to the free and independent electors, most of whom, I may mention, as well as the candidates themselves, were Irishmen. The candidates accordingly agreed both to speak on the same night, and I, with others, went over to see how things would go. The most side-splitting farce I ever witnessed did not afford me more amusement. One Dennis Macnulty was chairman, and he introduced the candidates very much in this fashion:—"Now, boys, ye's has two candidates to spake to ye, and it's loike ye'll listen to thim. One's our ould frind, Mr. Michael O'Flynn, a gintleman ye's all know, and t'other's none other than Mr. Patrick Fogarty ov the place ayont, aqually a gintleman."

Mr. O'Flynn was called first, and rose amidst a perfect outburst of hooroos. "Gentlemen," said O'Flynn, "ye's all know I'm no shpaker, but I'll tell ye what I can do, I can sing a raal good Oirish song." And at once in stentorian tones he went full tear at "Tim Finnigan's Wake"—an effort which in theatrical parlance, brought down the house.

There was another tumult of noises when Mr. Fogarty rose, determined not to be outdone. "I can nather shpake nor sing, gintlemen," was the burden of the political aspirant's tale, "but I can dance a good Oirish jig;" and at it he went, hammer and tongs, in a manner that would have put many a younger man to the blush, throwing about his legs, and intensifying the excitement of the scene by loud shrieking, echoed and re-echoed with marvellous hilarity by the audience.

Then unanimous votes of confidence in both men were passed, and everyone, even the candidates, went off in

great good humour to the bar, where the election excitement was kept up by the aid of whisky—till daylight was breaking in the east.

Another incident that occurred while I was at this field is well worth narrating. Half-way between the diggings and the little township I have referred to there was a rough running ground, and there it was arranged we should have a race meeting. A day was fixed, and though it will hardly be believed, there were when the eventful morning arrived fully four hundred people, from the stations around, from the police camp twenty miles off, from the diggings, and from the township. A party of four horsemen arrived in the township the night before, and next morning came half-a-dozen troopers. One of the party of four, who was splendidly mounted, entered for several of the races, and another entered for the hurdles. When the races were over, the quartette were nowhere to be seen. The troopers of course had been on the racing ground, and had left their horses, revolvers, etc., at the hotel; but never again—at least, not for a long time—did they see them. The four I have referred to must have left the course one by one; at all events they went away unnoticed, and secured the very things they stood in need of—good mounts, arms, and ammunition. They went off each leading a horse, and soon the arrival of a couple more troopers from a distant station brought the intelligence that a store and public-house, thirty miles off, had been stuck up, and that the gang had taken our direction. Then it was that it became known that young Thunderbolt and his party had honoured us with their presence.

It was many years after the events just recorded that I again came across young Thunderbolt. I had temporarily left gold-hunting, and had settled in Sydney for a time. While I stayed in that city a celebrated slander case was heard and decided against a gentleman with whom I was personally acquainted. When he determined to pass as an alternative twelve months in Darlinghurst gaol, rather than pay £2000 damages and £1800 costs, awarded against him, I used regularly to visit him

in the debtors' portion of that prison. It was in these visits to Darlinghurst that I saw young Thunderbolt, and heard from his own lips the story of his life. I have no intention of wearying my readers with a long recital of the bushranging exploits which this youthful Dick Turpin retailed to me, but a *résumé* of his career is just worth giving—those portions of it, at all events, which I had opportunities of verifying. As early as the age of fourteen he had begun a course of crime, his first essays being in the shop-lifting line, and ere a year or two had passed, he had served several short sentences, and had turned out with three or four others as a highway robber. It is with regret I mention that he was of respectable parentage, his father having for many years occupied a position of considerable trust in Sydney. Originally he had "hung out" with the veritable Thunderbolt, and subsequently became himself the leader and the boldest of a desperate gang, who for long kept a part of the northern portion of New South Wales in a state of terror. At last he came to the termination of his career, as all such desperadoes do, but it was always his boast that when he did succumb it was in a "game" fashion. And to give him his due, ruffian as he was, he did possess personal bravery. He and his associates had several "brushes" with the troopers, and always had the best of it, either by determined resistance, or through a better knowledge of the country and superior cross-country horses. At last fate enticed young Thunderbolt into a township where he had become enamoured of a barmaid at a hotel he had stuck up. The police by this time were on his track, and when he got back to his associates the troopers were close behind. The bushrangers stood their ground, and returned shot for shot until their leader fell, wounded in three places. While on the ground thus wounded, he kept firing away; and when the rest of the gang retreated he was thought by the troopers who rode past him in pursuit to be dead, and lay there unable to move until they returned. He was tried, found guilty, and sentenced in all to some eighteen years' imprisonment, the greater portion

of which he served. While in gaol his conduct was exemplary to a degree. He was a great student, learned several trades, and professed piety. Books of all kinds were supplied to him, and Sir John Cecil Reid, the governor of Darlinghurst (he is an Irish baronet though he does not assume the title), conceived an interest in him and fondly hoped to witness a complete reformation. Other gentlemen also interested themselves on behalf of this young criminal, and when he regained his freedom he was started with £30 in money, a valuable kit of tools, and a supply of clothes fit for any gentleman. Work in plenty was found for him at fancy carpentering, and for a few months he promised to realise the most sanguine expectations. But again he got in with gaol associates. Burglaries became frequent, and he was suspected. One morning early, he was detected in a situation that left little room for doubt as to what his intention was, and when a constable attempted to arrest him he drew a revolver and fired at him. This and other crimes were proved against him, and once more he is in durance vile, and for a longer term too even than before. No convict ever left a prison with better prospects of doing well in an honest way of life; yet, within six months of his release he was back in Berrima, the strictest prison of the sister colony.

I had one other experience of bushrangers, and only one. It was while I was at the Gulf diggings, away in the southern part of New South Wales. We had been sluicing the bed of the stream, and had been doing fairly for six or seven months. One afternoon the alarm was given round the diggings that Clark's gang had bailed up a public-house and store, and everyone rushed to secure his gold. There were four in all in the party, but they were not allowed to have their own way, for some of the diggers and tradespeople got arms and gave fight. One of the bushrangers was shot dead, and one constable was so severely injured that he afterwards died. I saw only the flight of the three desperadoes, and that was just about as much as I wanted to see.

I remained at the diggings for several months after this, and then tried the



Evening on the Snowy River.

Snowy River in the same district, and worked on until I had nothing remaining but a silver watch, which I disposed of to a storekeeper for tucker; after which I set out to walk to Sydney—a dreary tramp indeed, and with but few stations until nearly the whole distance between Twofold Bay and Illawarra had been traversed. One characteristic incident alone enlivened the journey. Coming up late one afternoon to a bush shanty, I heard with surprise the strains of a violin, and on entering I

found a party of some ten or twelve making merry in the usual grog-shanty style. The occasion was the marriage of a lucky digger who, soon after I arrived, had bought out the shanty-keeper, “lock, stock, and barrel.” Then there was drinking galore, and, myself excepted, there was soon not a single sober human being about the place. In the morning I found a mate who was also travelling to Sydney, and we proceeded on our journey together.

SKELETONS.

By MRS. DRUMMOND MACPHERSON.

In some hidden recess or darkened corner we bestow them, and over their bare dead bones we strive to throw the thick, dark mantle of oblivion; but it is all in vain. With their grinning jaws, and deep, eyeless sockets—ghastly, gruesome, and grim—these skeletons, shadows of the past or dismal portents of the future, stalk in upon us in the silent hours of the night and force themselves into our presence in moments of leisure or solitude. Well for us if they haunt us not during the busy times of our daily labour, and dull our brains and our energies by the constant parade of their unsightliness before our shrinking eyes.

Ah, yes! we all have our concealed skeletons, we may just as well admit it—not to the world, there is no need for that; but let us boldly open the closets which contain the mouldering remains, and by the light of day inspect some of the horrors which lie within. Perhaps as we look their forms may crumble into impalpable dust, fade away, and torment us no more.

A cruel and hideous family skeleton is that of “hereditary disease.” Silently crawling along in the footsteps of possible victims, he points with bony fingers to the records of the past. “Consumption!” he hisses in fearful whispers, “your father died of it, your brother

wasted in decline, your sister faded like a blighted rosebud, and so will you also perish; the poison is in your blood—you cannot escape.” To one he whispers, “Scrofula is in your veins;” and to another, “The taint of insanity is your inheritance; it may come upon you or upon your children—prepare! prepare!!” Let the poor souls tormented by this most ghastly of skeletons look at him boldly, ward him off, and defy him while there is life. True, the taint may lie in the blood, but it needs an exciting cause to rouse it into activity. By discretion of life and watchful care, the spectre may be utterly routed, and health of body and mind maintained, in spite of his death-like visage and hideous warnings.

The skeleton of “debt” haunts many an anxious mind. Bills, duns, possible bankruptcy, and disgrace—how familiar is this spectre in all his aspects to the harassed sufferer. From the fine madam in her carriage who has outrun her allowance, and is unable to silence her clamorous dressmaker or settle her long milliner’s bill, to the poor, worn woman in her garret, without a shilling to satisfy an impatient landlady; from the sleek and well-clad merchant who cannot square his bank account, to the hard-worked labourer in arrears with his rent—this skeleton

is alike horrid and hateful. Yet he, too, if resolutely faced in time, may in many cases be vanquished. Let the fine madam reduce her establishment, and determinedly cut down her personal expenditure. She will thus soon find a way to regain the peace of mind she has lost, and which the rude spectre, "Debt," has destroyed. Let the sleek merchant withdraw from his clubs, his billiards, cards, and extravagant wines : let him devote himself to business, and with "Resolution" at his elbow he will soon recover lost ground and be able to laugh in the face of his grim persecutor. For the other tortured souls there is little hope but from the helping hand of Christian charity. Debt among the very poor is but another name for distress and misery ; once incurred, it hangs cruelly over the victim, goading him on to the lowest depths of crime and despair.

But there are skeletons of the conscience impossible to annihilate, and more difficult to endure than these. There is the remembrance of a dishonoured vow which haunts the guilty and agonised spirit ; the thought of a heart broken and a life ruined by youthful folly and selfish passion ; the recollection of an unclean stain which

no fountain of clearest water can ever wash away ; the shadow of a past disgrace—an undiscovered sin—remorse—shame—fears of a future Nemesis. Ah ! what horrid dry bones are these which lie crumbling and foul in the secret closets of many a mind. There, in the deepest recesses of the memory, they remain, and nothing can altogether remove them. Yet, with sorrow and repentant sighs, even this dead past may be buried, and perchance the veil of "Time" will mercifully cover it in silent darkness and conceal it for evermore.

Other skeletons there are which owe their existence to "the sins of the fathers," and which cling with cruel tenacity to the children—even of the third and fourth generation. The bar sinister—the convict stain—hereditary dipsomania—these are torturing spectres which haunt some among us. But with determined strength of will and integrity of purpose even they may be driven out of sight. Purity of life and uprightness of heart in the descendants are powerful to repair, and even altogether obliterate, the errors of a former generation, and so to bury for ever the noisome skeletons of a disgraceful and evil past.

THE VIOLETS.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF LORENZO DEI MEDICI.

Not from the verdant garden's cultured bound,
That breathes of Pæstum's aromatic gale,
We sprung ; but nurslings of the lonely vale,
'Midst woods obscure, and native glooms were found ;
'Midst woods and glooms, whose tangled brakes around
Once Venus sorrowing traced, as all forlorn
She sought Adonis, when a lurking thorn
Deep on her foot impressed an impious wound.
Then prone to earth we bowed our pallid flowers,
And caught the drops divine, the purple dyes
Tinging the lustre of our native hue ;
Nor summer-gales, nor art-conducted showers
Have nursed our slender forms, but lovers' sighs
Have been our gales, and lovers' tears our dew.

—Roscoe.

ADVENTURES OF A PIONEER.

By W. LOCKHART MORTON.

No. XVII.—BUSH LIFE IN VICTORIA.

In the previous number of *Once a Month* I mentioned that during 1850 there was no flood in the Loddon River. No flood came till August, 1851, and then a great one came unexpectedly, and caused me to experience a very dangerous adventure. The Salisbury Plains homestead, on the left bank of the river, was opposite to a reach of deep water, and, to facilitate crossing to the opposite side, a log punt had been made by my predecessor. It had been made out of a large red-gum tree, and was very heavy. Like Noah's Ark, it was designed to float, but not to sail like "a swift ship." The maker was either ignorant of or ignored the fact, that a stream running at the rate of six or eight miles an hour has the same action upon a punt or boat as if it were propelled at an equal rate on still water. The punt had no cutwater, and in a strong current could be navigated only on one principle, which I shall explain further on.

I had invented in 1851, and published in the *Argus*, a plan for constructing drafting-yards for sheep or cattle. It was in a circular form, with the smaller yards, the race for drafting, and its swing gate, all going off at a tangent from the main receiving yard in the centre.

The weather was fine. There had been no local rain, and, whilst I was over the river from the homestead, superintending the men at work making the drafting-yards, the river rose suddenly. On arriving at the bank to recross, the river was nearly a banker, and the stream like a mill-race. The log punt was tethered to a stake at low water, and was twenty feet from the edge of the stream. Procuring a long pole and cutting a notch in it, I

managed to draw the punt to me. Then, grasping the rope suspended over the river, I started to cross. The punt would not swing round with its bow to the current, and I had either to let go the rope or be dragged out of the punt. Letting go, the punt went down the river at a rate of about six or eight miles an hour. Coming against a gum tree with its broadside, the strong current tilted up the bottom, and water began to rush over the side, when the punt swung off. The end now faced the current, and, grasping the boat-hook, I caught hold of another gum tree when passing near it, but had to let go the hook. In the midst of a furious current, and with nothing to propel the heavy punt, the case seemed hopeless, but, getting down on my knees, I put an arm over each side and used them as paddles. Coming to the ford, which was clear of gum trees, the punt, how I never knew, got out of the central current and between the row of gum trees and the bank; and then one of the pit sawyers, who were running along the bank, followed by my wife, threw a paling to me, and this enabled me to reach the bank. This was the third narrow escape from drowning I had experienced in my lifetime. It was a moment of great anxiety to my wife.

I did not at that time understand the management of a heavy log punt. I had resided on the Loddon about eighteen months before I had occasion to use the punt in anything but still water. On the occasion referred to, the river was rising so rapidly that its surface was like an inclined plane, and only the greatest skill and care could have safely taken such a punt over such a raging torrent. The great secret of managing such a punt, I afterwards

learned, is to stand as close to the bows as possible, and hold the suspended rope by both hands down to the edge of the punt, about a foot from the cutwater, on one side or the other. Thus, in crossing from the left bank to the right the hands ought to be held grasping the rope over the starboard bow, and over the port bow on recrossing. The punt then rides slightly oblique, and the action of the current against the side exposed to it drives the punt across. The large punts on rivers in the interior are usually worked with their broadsides at a right angle to the stream, and great force is required to move them—usually known as “Scotch navigation,” a combination of “main strength and foolishness”—whereas, if the wire rope were stretched obliquely over the river, the punt would move with its broadside oblique to the current, and with a little assistance would be driven over by the current slightly up the stream to the landing; and in recrossing, the current would carry the punt obliquely down to the opposite landing. A kite goes upwards on the same principle.

The flood in the Loddon here referred to rose rapidly, till all the plains near the river were more or less covered with running water, and it flowed underneath the floor of one of the out-buildings of the homestead. When the river was high, and it was dangerous to work the punt, a party of rough-looking horsemen, to the number of sixteen, came to the opposite side and demanded that the punt should be taken over, or they would cut the rope. In this extremity I got my double-barrelled gun, and stood sentry under abuse till they rode off. At that period, and especially at that season, the country districts were in an unsettled state. Great numbers of men could not get work, and a large proportion belonged to that class, always to be found in Australia, who pretend to be looking for employment, in the hope that it will not be offered to them. Such men carry their own blankets, and they are sheltered in the men’s hut, and provided with food, as the more honest travellers are. It was well known that numbers lived in this way without working, supported

by station-owners. Such men were not idle; they took much walking exercise, and travelled over the whole surface of the colony. When they passed a public-house or a shanty, they could always join in the amusement of helping to spend the money of some equally foolish men, who, after hard work on stations for a year or more, were bound to drink it all out within a week, and return to their old masters; and if they at any time became leg-weary, they could always find out-station huts, where they could camp for a time, living on the surplus rations of the men employed there. The usual rations were more than the men could use—namely, ten pounds of flour, twelve pounds of meat, two pounds of sugar, and a quarter of a pound of tea each man per week.

It ought to be a source of great satisfaction to all Australia that so few of the old original men who were sent out in the service of their Sovereign have left posterity. In the light of the terrible law of heredity, combined with an evil example and the want of education, had they all married, society could probably not have endured the curse which would have fallen upon it. They nearly all went into the bush—always to the outer verge of civilisation, lived in wickedness, and died early and in drink.

“The nuptial knot they never tied,
And wished their fathers never had.”

It may interest some readers to be furnished with a brief account of my published invention of circular drafting-yards for sheep or cattle. It is often difficult to induce sheep or cattle in a large yard to enter a small one. In this obstinate attitude they do not stand still, but rotate like a whirlwind round the centre of the mass of animals. Under such circumstances, if the wing end of a semi-circular fence is close to the outer circle of rotating animals, the end of the fence divides the current, and the sheep or cattle enter the small yards without being aware of their mistake. Shortly after the design was published, the owner of a cattle-station, the late Mr. John Hunter Kerr, informed me that he had put up a circular yard for cattle on my principle, and that it was a great improvement.

Some years later the owner of a large station in New Zealand applied to me for the design of a drafting-yard capable of holding 30,000 sheep, and I sent him two, both of which he informed me he thought were good, and would adopt one of them. In that design sheep could be drafted and re-drafted without re-yarding—an improvement not made known in Australia.

During the year 1851 the discovery of gold in New South Wales caused an exodus of people from Victoria, but in 1852 the discovery of gold at Ballarat—later on at Forest and Barker's Creeks, and then at Bendigo—brought people from the other colonies in thousands, chiefly from Tasmania and South Australia. I may here mention that about eighteen months prior to the discovery of gold at Ballarat, Mr. William Campbell had shown me a piece of quartz with gold in it, but without telling me where he had found it. I learned afterwards that he had picked it up on the quartz hill at Clunes. He did not divulge the secret, because he could not do so honourably. It is beyond all doubt, however, that the earliest discovery of gold—a "nugget" sold for £10 to Mr. Brintanni in Collins Street—was made at or near to Daisy Hill in 1847 or 1848.

In 1852 we had fortunately got the shearing over before the station hands caught the yellow or gold fever in earnest. The sheep overseer and a few of the men soon caught it. I fitted out a party with horse and cart, and sent them to Forest Creek in charge of the overseer. They soon became too independent in spirit, if not in pocket, to continue the arrangement. When the Bendigo goldfield was afterwards discovered, its nearness to Salisbury Plains (thirty miles) and its reputed richness attracted every man on the station. Even a poor old man about eighty years of age, but a good shepherd, was not to be retained. For some time whilst following his flock he had been looking for any single piece of branch growing with a cross head resembling a pick. He had collected several which he had sharpened and then hardened in

the hut fire. One day he had climbed a tree to cut another wooden pick when he lost his hold and fell. Fortunately he was found in the evening under the tree. As soon as he got over his fall he started for Bendigo, where he soon afterwards died. Any one could have seen that his race was nearly run, but he became so infatuated that nothing but death could have stopped him in his pursuit of gold. For a time there was not a man on the station, and the whole of the sheep, about 25,000, were adrift over the run. All we could do was to ride round outside of them daily, and turn them back from the boundaries. Many who went to the diggings soon found out that the rough, rowdy, wild, and uncertain life did not suit them. In digging perhaps, more than in any other pursuit, the survival of the fittest, and sooner or later the success of the fittest, prevailed.

When Forest Creek was first opened I rode down to see the operations. There was no great crowd of diggers at any spot, such as I subsequently saw at other diggings. They were scattered along the creek from near Major Mitchell's expedition pass to the junction with Barker's Creek, and along the small branch gullies. I rode my horse slowly along the creek twice, from end to end, making observations, and I noticed that in the main creek and in the branch gullies the diggers were washing surface soil and sinking holes, chiefly on the west or lower side of the quartz reefs, which, trending a few degrees to the west of north, intersect the creek. Geologically considered, the theory of the upheaval of the Forest Creek strata could be easily understood. The axis of elevation was Mount Alexander and the Alexandrine range on the north; and on the south is the same granite axis extending to the channel of the Coliban. When the upheaval took place, the strata, through which Forest Creek afterwards cut its way, were tilted up into a vertical position. Mount Alexander, and all the ranges around, doubtless at that period possessed a far greater elevation than now. The consideration of this subject is very important, for it suggests the conclusion

that a deep lead of gold probably exists between Castlemaine and the Loddon, possibly somewhere about Newstead. The Loddon River at Guildford has cut its channel through basalt extending from the south, near to Strath-Loddon homestead (the Hon. William Campbell's old station), and somewhere under that basalt a deep old water channel, with gold drift, probably might be found. The principal difficulty would be in getting rid of large bodies of water, but the yield of gold would doubtless be very great.

I have seen many digging scenes, but that which was presented to an on-looker at the first rush to Eaglehawk was something to be remembered. Thousands of men of all sorts in a dense crowd, with tents almost touching each other, fierce-looking mastiffs and bulldogs chained by them, numbers of men more fierce-looking than the dogs, arriving or swaggering about, wearing red shirts or red night-caps.

Everything suggested the existence of the wildest confusion and disorder. A sort of street a few feet wide encircled the most crowded part, the centre of which was nearly opposite to Specimen Hill, at the Eaglehawk township. Throughout the whole night there were continued reports of all sorts of firearms. The chief firing was indulged in about nine p.m. before going to bed. Every man seemed to think it necessary to discharge his weapon to let his unknown neighbours and all others understand that he could defend himself. There was much of the coward exhibited in this, and there was much waste of powder and ball. It is wonderful how few people were killed and wounded by the perfectly reckless use of firearms by many hundreds ignorant of their management.

The government of the day thought to rule over the diggers by setting up a sort of military despotism. Gold Commissioners, Police Inspectors, and all subordinates and clerks, lived within an area designated "The Camp." A tattoo was sounded morning and evening. As thousands flocked to the diggings and the number increased, the Government regulations and despotic Acts were respec-

tively ignored and resented more and more. The unfitness of Mr. Latrobe, and the incapacity of his advisers to rule under the altered circumstances of the colony, became every day more apparent. The *Argus* espoused the cause of the diggers. It had a standing advertisement, "Wanted a governor. Apply to the people of Victoria," and another, "For sale, a hat and feathers." The latter was understood to refer to the hat and white feathers which Mr. Latrobe wore on state occasions.

The diggers of Ballarat were only the first to rebel. On the Bendigo field there were some narrow escapes from a popular disturbance. I often wondered how the British element could endure some things that were done. On one occasion a man was haranguing a crowd, when an inspector rode up to him and tried to stop him. The man remarked that he did not know who he was. The inspector replied, "You don't know me? well, here is my card," and struck him with his hammer-headed whip, felling him to the ground. That inspector used to carry two such whips, remarkable for their size and weight. He one day showed them to me, and playfully named the one "Long Sickness," and the other "Sudden Death." Mr. Gilbert, an artist, had been made a Gold Commissioner, and on one occasion, I think it was at Eaglehawk, a threatening crowd had collected around the police and Mr. Gilbert. A powerful man under a red night-cap took upon himself to mount a heap of clay and to remonstrate and threaten on behalf of the others, explaining that he did so in the interest of the public, and not on his own behalf, remarking that he was a single man—meaning that he worked by himself and had no mates. Mr. Gilbert, with ready wit, took advantage of the expression, "Single man," and said, "I regret to learn that you are single. A handsome man like you ought to have been married long ago." This raised a laugh and put the crowd into a better humour, and so the threatened disturbance came to nothing. The reign of imbecility could not last for ever. There was bound to be a popular

outbreak somewhere, for it is always the characteristic of imbecility that it can never see the necessity for reform till there is an outbreak of discontent or something worse; then there is a flutter of excitement and a cry for vengeance and prosecutions. An imbecile government usually knows too much to accept warning, and it never learns to profit by experience, for its main characteristic is a want of ability to perceive its own imbecility.

When the great rush to Eaglehawk began I sent fat cattle to supply the demand for them, and at an earlier date I had sent fat sheep to Bendigo. Dealers, however, were soon glad to come to the station, pay in cash, and take away a thousand at a time. Stock soon began to rise in price, and if I remember rightly £1 per head was usually paid by the dealers. I had sometimes to ride to Bendigo with a large sum in bank-notes. I always went through the bush, and never twice by the same route. Stations as well as stock soon began to rise in value. It is very remarkable that when the gold-fields of Victoria were first discovered, and every one capable was rushing to them, town and station property became depreciated. Some fine city property changed hands at a low figure, and I knew one flock-owner who had a good station and a comfortable stone house, well furnished, who became so frightened that he early sold out at a low price, accepted a Government appointment as a Gold Commissioner, and took up his residence in a tent on his own run. For my own part, I always held and often expressed the opinion that such great discoveries of gold would do more to advance Victoria than a hundred years of time.

During 1853, confident that suburban property would rise in price, I purchased an allotment from Mr. Murray, of the Prince of Wales' Hotel, Flinders Lane. It was that piece of ground behind the Customs Reserve, on the Esplanade at St. Kilda, where two terraces stand now. I left instructions with Messrs. Grice, Sumner, and Co. to watch for a rise and sell it. A few months afterwards they sold at a profit of £1300—price about £2500. I did

not intend that it should be sold so soon. It was bought by Mr. W. F. Splatt, of Reedy Lake. Shortly afterwards he was offered £5000, then £7000, and later £9000. Prices subsequently fell, and he sold for £7000.

At first property became depreciated in Melbourne, because it was supposed that as nearly all the population had gone to the diggings, they would remain there, and that the great centres of population would be where such treasures were being found; but what happened in the pastoral districts was soon experienced by the capital. Many became satisfied that the rough life of a digger did not agree with their constitutions. Unaccustomed to exposure and privations, some who did not find a grave, lost their health, and when the yellow fever had abated thousands returned to their homes and their duties in the city.

Many anecdotes have been told respecting the mad and foolish conduct of the first very successful diggers. As the race in life is not to the swift, so on the diggings many of the most worthless of beings secured large amounts of gold. The first thought of such was to go to Melbourne, and spend it in the most reckless manner. A story is told of one man who, on reaching Melbourne, finding a difficulty from inexperience in the art of squandering, in carrying out his object hired another man at 30s. per week to help him to spend his money. Another was said to have placed a valuable bank-note on a slice of bread and butter and eaten it. If it was as filthy as the notes in circulation on the diggings, it is probable he did not survive to perform such another freak in the interest of the banks. An eye-witness related to me that he was in Williamson's (now Alston and Brown's) shop when Mr. and Mrs. Latrobe came in. The latter was shown a very costly dress, but declined to purchase it on account of its high price. A rough digger and his wife overheard this, and, going up to the shopman, the man said he would take it for his wife.

Social relations became disturbed; every man was his own master, and every one was as good as another, or, as an Irishman would say, a great deal better. Sometimes, when successful

old station hands saw their former employers passing through the diggings, they hailed them with profanity and insulting remarks, such as "Come here Mr. McD——, and I will buy you and your station too." The late Captain McLauchlan, of Glengower, a grand old gentleman and a retired military officer, in passing a public-house on his way home from Melbourne, was hailed by a digger with "Come here, old fellow, and hold my horse, and I will give you half-a-crown." For my own part, I never met with any insult, except once on Forest Creek, when some rough characters whom I had never before seen called "Jo, Jo!" the meaning of which I did not understand, and did not stop to enquire.

In my frequent visits to Bendigo I several times drew the attention of diggers to that tract of country where Inglewood is now. That region, covered with mallee scrub, a large portion of which was on my own run, was infested with a herd of wild cattle, which by night came out to the plains amongst my cattle. It was therefore an object of importance to destroy the wild bulls. I had been often through the whole of that scrub, mustering quiet cattle which the wild ones had taken away; and I saw that the locality possessed all the necessary geological conditions to warrant me in believing that it was auriferous. There was a granite axis of elevation on the west, and, adjoining the granite there was a long and high openly-timbered ridge of schist, hardened or indurated, probably by contact with the granite, and further north an isolated conical hill of a hardened schist resembling snakestone. Further away from the granite was clay-slate tilted into a position more or less vertical, and trending several degrees to the west of north, together with a number of quartz reefs. I never could find out whether any of the parties I spoke to about the locality followed my advice to try it, but the Inglewood diggings were opened within a short period afterwards, and it is just possible that it was through my directing attention to the spot.

It was rather dangerous work to ride into dense mallee scrub amongst wild cattle. The cows and young

stock would always flee, crashing through the scrub at a furious rate; but the bulls would not run except to charge us. On one occasion, in company with three other horsemen, I followed some well-beaten cattle tracks from near the beautiful openly-timbered conical hill already referred to. Our object was to try and find the main wild-cattle camp. After getting in some distance, we felt sure from the tracks converging that we must be near the camp, when suddenly there was a great noise of cattle crashing through the scrub, and we went forward to have a look at the camp. We soon heard a second crashing of the scrub, and the threatening roars of the bulls coming towards us. The situation was now serious, for wild bulls are not only terrible in their aspect, but relentless and furious in their charge. We all retreated as fast as it was possible in a dense scrub, followed by the bulls. They did not follow into the open country. I do not think any animal can put on a more fear-inspiring aspect than a full-grown, wild mallee bull when approached whilst at bay. He elevates his head till his neck is nearly vertical. The enormous muscles of his neck and crest are bunched up, and swell backwards. His ears are turned forward and remain unmoved, and he fixes his wild staring eyes upon you. The fatal rush, accompanied by a stifled roar, follows immediately unless you retreat. I had an exciting encounter with one of these mallee bulls. Three of us thought to yard him along with some rather wild cattle. His wildness made him keep in the centre of the mob, and after some smart galloping we got the leading cattle within the wings guiding up to the yard. When the bull perceived the yard, he faced about and made a straight rush for one of the horsemen. His head was so elevated and his eyes fixed that he could not see other cattle in his way. Upsetting some small beasts, he at last rushed against a large bullock, which was overthrown, when the bull also turned a summersault. But for this the horseman could not have escaped. I followed him with my rifle, and brought him to bay under a tree on the edge of the plain. I knew

by experience that it is useless to fire at the head of a mallee bull. The skin on the forehead is so thick and hard that a rifle-bullet cannot penetrate it, and is merely flattened. The back of the head, however, is vulnerable. I wanted to strike him at the most fatal point—that is, behind the shoulder, sending the bullet slightly forward to his heart. I approached within a hundred yards of him. His appearance was very terrible. I was alone, and as he always turned to face me I could get no chance to fire. I went nearer, but when I saw from the restless movement of his legs that he was about to rush, I began to think whether my horse could get out of his way, and left him. Getting the other horsemen along with me, we followed him, and by stratagem I obtained a chance at his heart, and killed him. On another occasion the overseer had a narrow escape. Taking a rifle he went amongst the quiet cattle on the plain, and found amongst them a large mallee bull. Doubtful about the horse he was riding standing fire, he dismounted, and, holding the rein on his arm, got a splendid chance and fired. The horse jerked the rein off his arm, the cattle scattered, giving the bull a clear view of him. It instantly charged. Adopting the only chance then available, he threw himself flat on the ground, and the bull, with a snort, jumped over him, and made straight for the forest. It was found dead next day. Wild cows cannot be trusted, but wild bulls and bullocks seem perplexed and frightened when an object they are charging falls prostrate before they reach it; considering, however, that this bull had received a mortal wound, it is surprising that he did not finish the overseer on the spot.

If the discovery of gold in Victoria raised the price of sheep and cattle, it was the means of bringing many losses on those station-owners who happened to be near to the goldfields. Their horses were stolen singly as they were required by reputed diggers about to rush to some new diggings. Thieves went to the stations and mustered fat cattle by moonlight, and sometimes in open day. I lost in this way about £500 worth of horses, and cattle to a greater

value, including a most valuable pure-bred shorthorn heifer which had attracted great attention by her beauty. I followed to Castlemaine. Of course the animal could not be found, nor was her skin to be seen. I had clear proof against the rogue, who was known, and was seen taking her from the run. A warrant was obtained, but the police never took the slightest trouble to execute it. That was no part of their duty in those days. It was a more exciting and a more congenial work to hunt diggers than to enquire about a dead cow. The flocks of Victoria had been afflicted with the disease designated "scab" from even the earliest period till 1847. It had been about that year got rid of. In 1849, however, some gentleman from Tasmania purchased from Messrs. Grice, Sumner, and Co. (or Heape and Grice) their Ravenswood station, near Bendigo, and on the main thoroughfare from Melbourne to the Loddon and Swan Hill. With the intention of improving the sheep on the station, some Tasmanian sheep were very unwisely introduced, and very carelessly admitted by the authorities. They were diseased, and infected the station sheep and the run. Travelling sheep were later on recklessly taken along the public road leading to the stations beyond. After the gold discoveries, diseased sheep were taken to the diggings, and every butcher's yard became infected. Sheep yarded by the butchers were kept without food till they were slaughtered, and often without water. If they became too poor to be slaughtered, they were turned out to scatter and infect the whole country around. If any readers would like to see carcasses of sheep or cattle which have been kept without water for some days, let them visit the meat-markets or the shops of the small butchers who sell cheap meat to the poorer classes. If they see carcasses of a bright red colour, this is the result of fearful cruelty to the poor animals, and it is a cruelty also to the poor people who use the meat, for it is fevered and unfit for food. Of late years I have never looked into our meat-markets or the stalls of the Eastern Market without observing the flesh of animals which, during their last days, had been

tortured by getting little or no water. Overdriving stock for long distances without a proper supply of food and water produces fevered flesh and nearly the same high colour. It is a disgrace to humanity to torture dumb creatures, or to "waste" them in long journeys through roads hemmed in by squatters' or selectors' fences, and then sell the worthless meat to poor people. It is more—it is a criminal piece of foolishness, for it involves a great loss both to the producer and the consumer. Any one possessed of bush experience can testify as to the vast difference between the quality of the meat every day used on the stations and the reputed best meat sold in Melbourne and Sydney. Neither of these capitals can ever be supplied with meat of the highest quality till the animals are slaughtered in the distant interior, and sent by rail during night in winter and in refrigerating trucks in summer.

But to return to the disease amongst sheep, a second time introduced from Tasmania. I noticed in one of my flocks twelve sheep red in colour—the unmistakable colour of sheep that had been on the Bendigo diggings. Drafting them out, I counted the flock, and found it twelve sheep short. The twelve red sheep were miserably poor and diseased. I concluded that the shepherd, who had been on the diggings, had, in league with some other miscreant, exchanged twelve of my fat wethers for the others. If the red sheep had strayed from Bendigo and joined the flock, the shepherd, had he been honest, would have reported them; and besides, the count of his flock, leaving out the twelve, would have been correct. About the same period, an honest shepherd of the late Mr. John Hunter Kerr was visited by a German, and offered a bribe for "de wing of de flock." The shepherd reported the matter to Mr. Kerr, who tried in vain to discover and punish him. Although the diseased sheep were destroyed, the whole flock had caught the contagion, and before dressing materials could be got from Melbourne, all the sheep on the station became infected.

In the winter of 1853 the rate for the carriage of goods to Bendigo went

up to over £100 per ton. The Government officers at Bendigo could not get forage, and I sold wheaten and oaten hay to them at £80 per ton. When sent from the station in trusses, large quantities of it were stolen by the way, or sold by the drivers. To put a stop to such speculation, I had all the remainder pressed into wool-packs. Those stations near the diggings were not desirable holdings. If their owners gained certain advantages, their losses, troubles, and disadvantages were enough to worry the life out of any man. During one period no labour could be got, and afterwards, when it could be obtained, it was of the most worthless description. Bendigo—more, perhaps, than any other diggings—was infested with many of the scum of humanity, if it is not a libel on humanity to class them with mankind. The renowned "Bendigo Mac," when appointed police magistrate there, did much to drive away the worst characters. He became a real terror to evil-doers; but, unfortunately, he was often a terror to others. His hasty temper—and, possibly, a desire to be regarded as a third Solomon, James the First having been the second—led him into mistakes. In those days hostility to the pastoral interest—and equally so at a later period—paved the way to popularity. The police magistrate was wont to designate the bush residents as "those stockriders." He did good work in driving bad characters from Bendigo, but many of them went to the bush-stations, and when they did wrong there they were looked upon with more favour than the "stockriders." A visit to the Bendigo Police Court was sometimes highly amusing, if the onlooker had been initiated into the mysteries—as I had been—connected with the curious ways of the magistrate. He was, or pretended to be, a great phrenologist, and could say by a hasty glance at the back half of a man's head whether or not he was an expirée from Tasmania. One day, when I happened to be in the court, an order was given to bring forward a prisoner, named Hardcastle, and he was brought. "Constable, what accusation do you bring against this man?"

"Drunk and disorderly, your Worship."
"He was drunk?" "Yes, your Worship."
"And disorderly?" "Yes, your Worship."
"How was he disorderly?" "He scratched my thumb when I took him." "Turn him round," said the magistrate. He was turned round, and the back part of his head inspected. "He is no way like a digger," said the magistrate. The prisoner then, uninvited, protested that he was a hard-working man. The magistrate then said, "The sentence of this Court is that you be kept at hard labour in Her Majesty's gaol, Melbourne, for the period of three years—remove the prisoner." The constable then gave him such a thrust with his hand placed on his neck that he nearly went head-long out of a side door. The clerk said something to the magistrate, and an order was given to bring the prisoner back. On his being brought back the magistrate said, "Prisoner, your sentence is commuted to two years' hard labour in Her Majesty's gaol." I had been initiated into the mysteries by one of the officers at "the camp." The chief constable, or a subordinate, had been long in Tasmania over the prisoners there, and knew many of the men who got into the Bendigo lock-up. The names of all such were duly handed to the magistrate privately each morning before the court opened, and thus, when the men were brought before the Court, the magistrate could without fail declare, after the farce of inspecting the back of their heads had been performed, that they had been in Tasmania. Notwithstanding many peculiarities and weaknesses in the so-called "Bendigo Mac," he was, upon the whole, the right man for the times—a man determined to uphold the law and

protect society, even if he sometimes strained the law. He was an infinitely more useful magistrate than "the great unpaid" who wink at larrikins' wrongdoing till there is danger of the evil increasing so as to become a curse for generations to come. He had some weak points, but every man has some. The very name of "Bendigo Mac," there is every reason to believe, acted as a power to restrain rogues who were on Bendigo and to keep others from going thither.

There is, perhaps, nothing connected with the first years after the discovery of gold that indicates the loss of life by disease, accident, or violence, or how the wild excitement after more gold made many forget everything about the gold they had secured, so much as the quantity sent to Melbourne by escort which was never claimed. Some years afterwards it was understood that unclaimed gold had accumulated in the Treasury representing in value about one hundred thousand pounds sterling. Perhaps, however, this mystery may be ascribed to the same type of human weakness as Post-office mysteries relating to the transmission of money in unaddressed envelopes. So far as I am aware, the public have not been informed what was done with that unclaimed gold in the Treasury. It was probably absorbed by the State, and will be delivered when claimed by the rightful owners. The depositors of gold to be sent per escort doubtless received some document in the form of a receipt, mentioning their names, and duplicates would be kept at "the camp." The rightful owners, or their heirs, might have been discovered in some cases, but who was to do it? There were no "next-of-kin" offices in those days to point the way to unclaimed riches.

Pride, that impartial passion, reigns thro' all;
Attends our glory, nor deserts our fall:
As in its home, it triumphs in high place,
And frowns a haughty exile in disgrace.

OVERDUE SUBSCRIPTIONS.

It is said that, among the inmates of the Kew Lunatic Asylum, there is a white-headed old gentleman who spends the greater part of his time in beseeching the other patients to pay up their arrears. When you come to inquire into his history, you learn that he was once a prosperous printer and publisher, who ventured, among other enterprises, to bring out a first-class magazine, which obtained a large circulation throughout the whole of the Australasian colonies, and promised to become a property of the highest value. But, in course of time, he made the painful discovery that it was next to impossible to collect the subscriptions. As time wore on, the total sums due to him on this account mounted from hundreds to thousands of pounds. Not that his debtors could not or would not pay. They simply did not. They were not dishonest and they were not poor. They were merely neglectful and indifferent. Their individual indebtedness to the enterprising publisher was something insignificant from their own point of view; but it was enormous in the aggregate from his. "What does it matter," said A.B.C. to Mrs. A.B.C. at the breakfast table, as he glanced at an application for payment from D.E.F., the publisher aforesaid, "whether I send him a cheque or a post-office order for this account next week, or next month, or next year? I shall be down in Melbourne at Christmas time, and then I will call and pay it." But when the time came A.B.C. forgot all about it. And as there were many hundreds of A.B.C.s afflicted with the same procrastinating propensities, D.E.F. suffered disastrously. All his disbursements were made upon the ready-money principle. His editor, his contributors, his paper-maker, his manufacturer of printers' ink, his compositors and pressmen, his folders and binders, his clerks, canvassers, and distributors were all paid "down upon the nail." There was a weekly drain

on his resources, while at the same time his town and country subscribers refrained from cashing up. The poor fellow's friends were grieved to see his hair turn grey all of a sudden; and then to learn from his wife that he was afflicted with insomnia, and that he spent the greater part of the night pacing up and down the room, and muttering to himself, "When will those overdue accounts come in?" After a while his mind began to wander, and eventually it gave way. He was confined in Yarra Bend, and finally removed to Kew, where the old trouble perpetually haunts his distracted intellect, so that his disordered fancy sees in every lunatic a defaulting subscriber, from whom he endeavours to extort "arrears."

It is a melancholy story, but we cannot assert that we are altogether surprised at the painful result, for anyone who has had much experience of the incredible difficulty which is experienced in getting in small accounts for subscriptions to newspapers, magazines, or other periodical publications, will be familiar with the fact—will be able to sympathise with the anxiety and distress of mind undergone by the unfortunate gentleman referred to, and will be inclined to wonder if there are any more inmates of the Asylum who have been driven mad under precisely similar circumstances. The neglect to fulfil small obligations of this kind seems to be commonly regarded as a breach of minor morals; but a multitude of these breaches may entail a ruinous loss to those who suffer by them. Nor is it any palliation of such neglect to plead that it arises from sheer inconsiderateness; for we cannot too frequently repeat, or too strongly emphasise, the important lesson taught by Thomas Hood in the following well-known lines:—

"Evil is wrought
By want of thought,
As well as want of heart."

JACOBI'S WIFE.

BY ADELINE SERGEANT.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

BURNETT LYNN IN LONDON.

"This is Clarice," said Merle, drawing aside a little veil of embroidered Indian silk which seemed to have been thrown by chance over a picture standing by itself upon a side-table. "It is a good likeness."

Burnett Lynn looked critically at the beautiful pale face set in a cloud of dusky hair, with dark dreamy eyes that seemed to follow the observer about the room when he once gazed into them—looked more critically than admiringly.

"She is like Mr. Vanborough—your husband," he said at length. "Not like Geoffrey."

"No. She and Gilbert are both very like old Sir Wilfred Vanborough. Geoffrey resembled his mother."

Burnett Lynn examined the picture a few minutes longer, praised the painting of it in a delicate yet skilful way that surprised Merle, who did not know how long he had lived in Europe; then asked permission to look at the painting upon the easel. It had struck him upon his entrance into the room, and he was anxious to see it more closely. He fancied there was a tinge of reluctance in Merle's manner as she turned with him to the contemplation of her husband's latest picture, and he was sorry that he had made the request. But before he had assured himself of this same reluctance it had vanished. She stood quietly beside him, and allowed him to look as long as he would, without proffering any comment.

It was the work of the last few days only, rough and unfinished, but with a suggestion of passionate power in drawing and in colouring which Gil-

bert's pictures had hitherto somewhat lacked. It represented a single figure; that of a man whose full face was turned towards the spectator, and who seemed to be appealing to some unseen tribunal. His garments were of Eastern character, loose and flowing in their lines; the fingers of one lean hand were stretched out as if he had just loosed his hold on something, and the other hand was clenched upon his breast. But these details were slightly painted and thrown into shadow; the light fell upon the man's face, and threw that into strong relief. Here all the artist's power had been concentrated. The eyes, lit with a sombre fire of inextinguishable remorse, gleamed from beneath a dark and sullen brow; the parted lips, the drawn features, were instinct with an expression of torturing shame, fear, and despair, depicted with a vividness which made the picture a painful one to any sensitive mind. Painful especially, perhaps, to Merle, for in that agonised countenance the artist's morbid fancy had drawn his own. And at the bottom of the canvas the words had been traced with white paint in small and uncertain characters:—"I have sinned in that I have betrayed innocent blood. And they said unto him, What is that to us? See thou to that."

Burnett Lynn looked away from the picture at last to the motionless form of the artist's wife, standing silently at his side.

"It is a powerful painting," he said, quietly.

"I dare say," she answered, "but I do not like to look at it."

He was not surprised.

She drew a covering over it before she turned away. Her face had grown pale when they returned to the light and warmth of the drawing-room, to which lamps had just been brought in.

Oliver Burnett Lynn took his leave, and went out into the old-fashioned Chelsea streets and squares with a curious feeling of bewilderment. He had come these thousands of miles across the sea, and found himself, on the day of his arrival in London, involved in an extraordinary maze of doubt and perplexity. His own desire to find Madame Vallor, as well as his friendship for Geoffrey and Nigel, and his wish to thwart Jacobi in his infamous schemes, had precipitated his action. He had communicated with the firm of solicitors in New York, who sent him the yearly letters, which informed him that Madame Vallor was still alive and well, but had extorted from them only the information that their client was now resident in England, and that they were not permitted to give her address. Burnett Lynn then wrote, saying that Madame Vallor ought to be made aware that her husband was contemplating a second marriage in the belief of her death. The lawyer wrote back that Madame Vallor should be informed of the fact. And there the correspondence terminated.

But as soon as he learnt that Maddalena Vallor was in England, he made up his mind to wait for no letter or telegram from Vanborough or Tremaine, but to start at once for London and Charnwood. She would be sure to make her appearance sooner or later, and he would be upon the spot when she did so.

But matters had evidently been arranging themselves in a very different way from any which Burnett Lynn or anybody else had expected.

He went to Nigel's club on the chance of finding him there, and succeeded in his search. Nigel greeted him with some surprise and much cordiality, insisted upon his dining with him at the club, and spoke at once of Geoffrey's accident and of the relief which it would afford so many persons to know that Jacobi's wife was certainly alive.

"Although," he said, with a quick, involuntary sigh, which he tried too late to suppress, "if the certainty had come a little sooner it would have been better for us all; better perhaps for *her*, at least."

"Where *is* Miss Vanborough," said Burnett Lynn, point blank.

Nigel's clear blue eyes looked cold as ice.

"I wish I could tell you," he said. "Nobody seems to know. I can but repeat the account that was given to me."

And then he went concisely over the details of the journey as far as they were known to Sir Wilfred and the public generally, including the discovery made by Jacobi that Clarice had gone to the Metropolitan Railway Station—a fact which at first sight had promised so much, and then had proved so unproductive of results. Burnett Lynn listened and said little; Nigel's calm and detailed narrative seemed to afford no loophole for suspicion from a friend. The more Burnett Lynn listened, the more he became convinced that Mr. Gilbert Vanborough was wrong, and that Nigel had had nothing to do with Clarice's disappearance. And yet he had almost promised himself that he would ask the very question which Merle had been so anxious that he should ask.

The two men dined together pleasantly enough, but each of them was conscious that something was amiss with the other. Nigel was a trifle constrained in manner, and looked worn and harassed. Burnett Lynn was graver than usual, and particularly caustic in his remarks upon English society, English medical practice, English government. It was his old way of railing against things which did not please him, which Tremaine had found amusing enough when kept within due bounds, but on this night he seemed to speak more in bitterness than in jest. Nigel grew impatient at last and began to retort, then they each said some severe things of the other's country (Burnett Lynn was a Virginian by birth), and might have appeared to a listener, who did not know the men, to be on the point of a violent quarrel. In reality they were

both perfectly cool, and only argued for the sake of argument, but they had been known to go on sparring in this way for a couple of hours in Buenos Ayres, while Geoffrey used to smoke his pipe and laugh at them both with undisguised astonishment at their combativeness.

Then they went to the theatre, disputing some knotty point all the way thither, and resuming it between the acts of the play. At the end of the third act, however, Burnett Lynn turned round abruptly and said—

"Well, if you like this sort of thing, I don't. The play is detestable, the atmosphere is stifling, and your society is about as soothing as that of a prickly porcupine. I'm going out. You can stay or not, as you please."

"I certainly shall not stay," Nigel returned, in equally crotchety tones, "considering that I have seen this play three times already, and only came out of consideration for you."

"What, you thought I didn't know my way to the Strand?" said Burnett Lynn; and then the two made their way out and stood in the street together, as if irresolute which way to take. They lighted their cigars in silence, exchanged an odd sort of a smile, then turned and walked on till they came to Chancery Lane, down which Nigel led the way. He had perhaps chosen the street on account of its quietness as suitable for conversation; but for some time neither of them said a word. Burnett Lynn was the first to speak.

"You have not seen or heard anything of Jacobi's wife, then?"

"She has not presented herself."

"I thought she might have turned up."

"I thought so, too."

Their voices had lost the argumentative tone; they were grave and confidential.

"I suppose you know what Gilbert Vanborough says of you?" said Burnett Lynn at last.

"Nothing agreeable, I am sure. What?"

"That you know where Miss Vanborough is."

"Absurd!" said Nigel, lazily.

"If you do not, I think you ought to say so," said the doctor, in vigorous

tones. "Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Vanborough are both anxious on that point."

Nigel took the cigar out of his mouth and looked at him.

"You have been to Gilbert Vanborough's?" he said, slightly lifting his eyebrows.

Burnett Lynn did not reply.

"You have gone over to the enemy?" proceeded Nigel in his coolest, slowest tones.

Burnett Lynn pushed on through the quiet street at a furious pace, but still said nothing.

"You have heard what an undesirable *parti* I was for Clarice? how much misery might have been saved had I absented myself a little longer? how Jacobi had proved himself Gilbert's guide, protector, and friend? You heard—from Gilbert, I mean, for I know that it would not come from Merle—that I was supposed to have made a runaway match with Clarice, and that I was hiding her away in some hole or corner of London, or the country? And finally you heard——"

"Confound you, no!" said Burnett Lynn at last. "Don't talk such rubbish, Tremaine. I won't ask you another question."

"Don't."

The doctor gave his companion a quick searching glance; but Nigel's face was impenetrable. They fell back upon politics, and spoke no more that night of Jacobi or of the Vanboroughs.

In due time Constantine Jacobi received word that Burnett Lynn had arrived in England; but the information only puzzled him; he could not remember Burnett Lynn at all. The doctor's name on board the *Mary Jane* had impressed him very little. And when Gilbert wrote him a few lines bidding him be upon his guard, Jacob, tossed the letter aside contemptuously. "Who is Burnett Lynn that I should be afraid of him?" he said. The link of connection was as yet nowise clear.

He was again resident in Charnwood Manor: although all the neighbourhood cried shame on Sir Wilfred Vanborough for allowing him to stay. So much suspicion had fallen upon him, so many evil reports were current respecting him, that people thought it

would be only common decency in Sir Wilfred to exclude him from the house until the charges against him were definitely disproved. As Sir Wilfred did not see the matter in this light "the county" left off calling upon him. Not that this fact troubled Sir Wilfred in the least; he hardly noticed it; he was almost entirely confined to two rooms—his bedroom and his study; he was absorbed in contriving plans, mostly of a very chimerical sort, for the finding of his daughter; and he wanted no companionship but such as Jacobi and his servant could furnish.

Even in London Gilbert experienced some coldness from his acquaintances, on account of the fact that Jacobi was occasionally seen at his house. Of late he and Merle had gone very little into society; but Merle still had her "day," and found her Thursday afternoon receptions a little thinned at this time, although she did not know why. The Vanboroughs were all "under a cloud;" and it was currently reported and believed that the stories against the family credit that were made public were nothing to those that might be expected shortly to appear.

Gilbert saw more of this than Merle, who was too innocent to suspect the meaning of the strange looks cast upon her by old acquaintances, or the eager familiarity of new and less desirable ones, but he was anxious to escape from the mortification thus inflicted upon him and upon her. He wrote to his father, stating his intention of going into Devonshire for a few weeks, partly for the good of his health, partly in order to paint, and received in return an invitation, couched in rather peremptory terms, to Charnwood. He dared not altogether refuse it, for it was backed up by a note from Jacobi refusing to hear of the projected trip into Devonshire ("I shall want you here," Jacobi wrote, "and cannot possibly do without you"), but he postponed it for a week or two, and succeeded in persuading Jacobi that it would be better for him to make the inn his nominal abode during the time that he and Merle were at the Manor. Jacobi would not have consented to this arrangement, had he not just then had plans of his own which rendered it

rather a convenient one. If he had, as it were, two dwelling-places, his absence from one or the other would excite no surprise; it would always be thought that he had gone to the inn when he was not at Charnwood Manor, to Charnwood Manor when he was not seen at the inn. He wanted complete liberty of action, and he got it in this way.

He began to make frequent visits to Hillside Farm, where he would always ask to see Geoffrey, and expressed great interest in his abnormal condition. Joan, with an innate distrust and dislike of him, would never leave him alone with her patient. She watched him with the eyes of a lynx, and could not be induced to leave the room when he was there. Jacobi complained of this manifestation of her feeling towards him, in pathetic tones, to Mrs. Seth Darenth, whom he found one day alone in the porch, watching dutifully for her husband's return from work.

"Oh, we all know what Joan is like," said Patty, pushing back her curly hair with a look of ill-humour. "She takes such ridiculous fancies into her head sometimes!"

Patty did not speak very respectfully to Mr. Jacobi; she hardly considered him "one of the gentry," although he had been going to marry Miss Clarice; he was still acting as Sir Wilfred's secretary, and Mrs. Seth Darenth thought herself quite privileged to look down upon him. Jacobi did not resent the familiarity of her tone; he was in the habit of paying her careless compliments and giving her little presents, which she took care to conceal, however, from her husband and father-in-law.

"What has Joan been doing now?" he said, leaning against the door-post, and glancing at her rosy face with a gleam of admiration in his sunken, haggard eyes.

"Doing? Nothing new—at least, nothing particular," she pouted. But it was not long before he extracted from her the fact that she had been prying into the contents of one of Geoffrey Vanborough's boxes—merely, she said, to find some article of clothing of which he was in need—and that Joan had

quietly taken her by the two shoulders and turned her out of the room. She dared not complain to her husband, she explained, because he always took Joan's side now, he thought so much of his sister, and was always holding her up as a pattern to *her*. Whereat a tear of vexation glittered in Patty's pretty blue eyes.

"What had she wanted to find?" Jacobi enquired, in a somewhat circumlocutory fashion.

"Oh, nothing; only Joan made such a fuss about little things—would not let her lay her hand upon anything that belonged to a Vanborough. Why, there were some letters or something that Miss Clarice had given her; she believed that Joan wore them next her heart!" and Patty tittered affectedly.

"Letters?" said Jacobi, only half attending. "Letters from Miss Vanborough to Joan?"

"Oh, dear, no!" said Patty. "At least I don't think so; or else why should Miss Vanborough bring them here herself? which she did, as far as I can make out, on the morning when she came here so early, as I dare say you remember."

A sudden change came over Jacobi's face. His languid eyes opened with a flash of keen surprise. His complexion took a curiously yellow tint.

"You mean," he said, in a low, deliberate tone, "that Miss Vanborough brought some papers here when she came here that morning, and gave them to Joan?"

"Yes," said Patty, in an aggrieved way. "Seth saw her—he told me so. And she stuffed them into her dress, and I believe she's got them still. I know she has some papers that she's very careful of. I watched her to see."

"Did you see the papers?"

"No." Patty began to be a little alarmed at Jacobi's tone, and looked ready to cry. "I don't know anything about them. Perhaps they ain't the same, only—I—I—"

"All right, you need not spoil your pretty eyes by crying," said Jacobi, in a soothing tone. "Don't say anything more about those papers to anybody, Patty, do you hear? And perhaps you would like some new ribbons for your bonnet, eh? You must choose

them for yourself; I haven't had time to do any shopping lately."

He slipped a sovereign into her hand as he spoke, and then walked away without waiting for her thanks. Patty was left with the gold piece in her hand, her cheeks aflame, her eyes alight with pleasure. "He *is* a real gentleman after all, or he wouldn't be so free with his money," was her comment, as she looked after his retreating figure. "I'll get myself that ostrich feather to-morrow, that's what I'll do! What can those papers be, I wonder; and where has he gone to now?"

Jacobi had gone to find Seth Darenth, from whom he obtained a confirmation of the statement that Patty had made to him. "Miss Clarice had got some papers crumpled up in her hand, sure enough," said Seth, rather unwillingly. "She gave them to Joan, but I can't rightly remember what she said; it had nothing to do with Mr. Geoffrey, though. I don't know whether Joan gave them back to Mrs. Danvers or to Miss Clarice herself when the carriage came for her; she may have done so for aught I know."

There was nothing else to be got out of Seth Darenth. Jacobi thanked him, and said no more. He went back to his room at the inn, and devoted himself for some time to silent deliberation. "What a fool I was not to think of Clarice before!" he said to himself at last. "I wish I knew what I said on the night of her coming to me in the study. I thought she left me before the opium began to take effect. But, on my soul, I can't remember. I suppose she took the papers and shut up the desk, then made the best of her way to the Darenths' house with them. That was one motive for that midnight excursion, then. You are never safe from fools; they do supremely clever things by accident, when you are crediting them with absolute idiocy. Yes, I think it is tolerably clear where the papers went."

He smiled to himself at the thought—a sinister smile, which gave a peculiarly unpleasant aspect to his smooth-shaven, handsome face.

"Sir Wilfred does not suspect his loss at present," he said. "Let him

discover it when he will, it will go hard if I do not get those papers into my own hands."

Meanwhile the search for Clarice was continued with unabated vigour.

If Burnett Lynn harboured the suspicion that Nigel Tremaine knew more of Clarice's disappearance than he chose to say, that suspicion might well have been fostered by Nigel's slackness in pursuing the search for her. True, he spoke warmly on the subject, displayed great anxiety concerning the modes employed in tracking her, manifested every appropriate sign of emotion or concern. And yet Burnett Lynn believed that some element of unreality entered into this apparent zeal. A mocking spirit seemed to look out of Nigel's blue eyes when new methods of search were suggested—looked out only for a moment perhaps and disappeared, unnoted save by the keen vision of his American friend, which had been trained in a very varied and adventurous life to almost preternatural acuteness.

Burnett Lynn would not have been in the least inclined to blame his friend for securing Clarice's welfare in his own way, nor did the secrecy which he fancied that Tremaine maintained upon the matter offend him. Tremaine had a right to his own secrets. But he had been forced, in his interview with Merle, to see the subject of Clarice's disappearance from another side than Nigel's, and he could not but think that Nigel had had resort to a desperate remedy for an ill which might surely have been cured in a simpler way.

He had written, by Nigel's advice, to ask for an interview with Sir Wilfred Vanborough, in order to lay before him the proofs of the existence of Jacobi's wife, but had not yet received an answer. He employed himself in transacting certain business matters, and then in exploring some of the eastern districts of London, where he was amazed at the squalidity, the filth, the overcrowding, which he beheld. Fresh from the vast solitudes of the western world, his heart yearned to transplant the denizens of the great city to some great fertile plain where he could say to them, "Work and

breathe; here is food and fresh air and wholesome labour for you all. Why do you stifle yourselves in vile dens and squalid alleys when you have all God's earth before you?" He had much ado to prevent himself from mounting on a waggon or a beer-barrel, like a field-preacher, and propounding his new gospel of emigration in the ears of a startled audience of men in fustian coats, and pale-faced, sorrowful women with children in their arms. But he remembered that he was not in an American city, and restrained himself.

It was towards seven o'clock on a Saturday evening, when he was wandering through a district beyond Bethnal Green, which was as yet totally unknown to him, that his eye was struck by the graceful gait of a tall woman in black upon the pavement before him. Something in her carriage involuntarily recalled to his mind the memory of a woman whom he had vainly tried *not* to love; something in her walk reminded him of the movements of a figure which he had last seen upon a bleak hillside, with eyes turned towards the grey waves of a tumultuous sea.

He followed her, half mechanically, for he had no special curiosity to see her face. But opposite a shop she paused, and lifted for a moment the dark veil that was fastened to her bonnet.

With a sudden bound forward Burnett Lynn reached her side, and there stood still.

The woman dropped her veil.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

HER LETTER.

"Maddalena!"

With the black veil drawn over her face, the shawl folded tightly round her shrinking form, she confronted him steadily, but spoke not a single word. For all the sign of recognition she gave him she might have never seen his face before.

"You know me?" he said, hurriedly, with a certain fearfulness apparent in

his face which was seldom to be found there. "I am sure you have not forgotten my name: for you have let me hear—once a year, it has been only—that you were still alive. Do I need to name myself to you?"

She had seemed to be looking at him through her black veil; but at the conclusion of his sentence she turned away and walked rapidly down the street, almost as though she had not heard his words. Burnett Lynn was not minded to be left behind. Without a moment's hesitation he turned and walked beside her—behind her sometimes, when the exigencies of the passing crowd or narrow pavement required it, but never once losing her from his sight. His patience was rewarded. Arrived in a quiet, dimly-lighted street, she halted, put back her veil and looked at him.

"What do you want with me?" she said.

"What have I wanted for the last seven years?" he answered. "I have never asked for more than a remembrance, a word of greeting, a name. You need not grudge me these."

She began to walk slowly forward. "I have sent you, then, all that you wanted every Christmas, for the sake of my promise. If I had not promised—if I had not been grateful to you, Oliver Burnett Lynn—you would never have heard my name again."

"You promised to think of me as a friend," said Burnett Lynn, impetuously. "Is this the way you treat your friends? If you had been ill or in trouble, could I have come to you? Had you any thought of the terror, the anxiety, I felt sometimes when Christmas-time drew near and I had not heard whether you were alive or dead. Little, indeed, I had on which to nourish my memories of you—the bare fact that you were still in life, that you were well! Was I so inconsiderate of you, so passionate, so hasty, that you could not trust me to be your brother and your friend!"

"No," she said, gently. "No, it was not that."

"What then? Why should you not have allowed me to help you when you needed help? Alone in the world as you must have been, a friend might

have aided you. As it is—I will not say that my life has been spoiled even for *you*; but I have found it very bitter and very little worth. Had it not been for certain chances that I fancied I saw before me in the future I think I should have thrown it away long ago."

"I have not wanted help. You were the better for not knowing me."

"What have you been doing," he said, with something like a look of anxiety upon his face, "all these seven years?"

"I have not asked for your help, Doctor Burnett Lynn, and I am not bound to answer your questions."

He turned his head towards her for a moment, then looked down in silence. She continued her quiet, even pace along the street. The day was growing dusky; the lamps were being lit as they silently entered the Victoria Park, and directed their steps towards the quietest corner that they could find.

Madame Vallor sat down at last upon a wooden bench, and drew her shawl more closely around her. The evening was a warm one, considering the time of year, but she shivered as if she felt chilly, and her face looked pinched and white. Burnett Lynn stood before her in rather an aggressive attitude, with frowning brow and bitten lip.

"You answer me so coldly—so cruelly," he said, "that I cannot refrain from reminding you that there *was* a time when you needed help; there *was* a time when you accepted it—even from me."

"I have not forgotten that time," she said, almost inaudibly.

"If you have not forgotten it, how can you speak as if I were a perfect stranger? Well, I will ask no questions. I will only ask you not to leave me again in the complete uncertainty as to your life and movements in which I have been for the last few years—not to let me feel again that for aught I know you may be suffering, dying even, friendless and alone; and not to think that I will tamely submit to be sent away from you as if I were no better than a troublesome hound, as you sent me away before. I was a boy then; I am a man now, and I

cannot, I will not, endure such treatment."

He had brooded over her distrust of him, had pondered with such intense anxiety upon the dangers and evils to which she might be exposed during these years of poverty and exile, that he could not easily set limits to the passionate expression of his resolve to undergo no more of this unnecessary suffering and separation.

She listened in some surprise. Oliver Burnett Lynn had not been so masterful in the days when she had known him first. After a short pause she asked slowly—

"What would you have? If I refused to see you again, what would you do?"

"Do? I would not accept the dismissal. I claim at least a friend's right—a brother's right—to watch over you. If you give me no information now as to your home, your manner of life, I give you fair warning that I will find them out for myself."

"You are less kind and less manly than you used to be," said Madame Vallor, looking straight into his eyes, and speaking with strange calmness, "You would not have said that seven years ago."

"I did not know myself seven years ago. I could not tell how much you were to me then."

"Hush! say that no more. We are nothing to each other."

"Nothing?"

"You are my friend—be so still. Come," she said, making a great effort to seem cheerful. "I will not leave you again so long in the dark. I will trust you. Give me your address, and I will write to you in a couple of days. I will tell you where to find me. You will trust me so far, will you not? You do not think I would deceive you, Oliver?"

She had never called him by his Christian name before, hardly ever spoken to him in so friendly a tone. His heart gave a sudden leap of joy. Then it stood still. For there was something in the expression of her face, something in the wandering of her restless eyes which he did not like. In spite of himself, he could not trust her as much as he had meant to do.

"Maddalena," he said, entreatingly; "you would not send me away again?"

"Away?" she repeated, still almost brightly. "Why should I send you away now? Oh, no, I will let you hear from me. Give me your address—quickly. I must be going now."

He took from his pocket a card on which his address was written, and handed it to her in silence. She had baffled him, after all. He could not say half that he had meant to say.

"You will see me again? You have promised," he said.

"Yes, I have promised. You need not be afraid. Now, if you like, you can walk with me to the gate and find a cab for me? I shall drive—home."

"Where?"

"Home. You will know soon. Now tell me about yourself. What brought you to England?"

"Affairs," said Burnett Lynn, with some emphasis, "in which you are specially interested. Did you get any intimation of your husband's doings from your lawyers in New York?"

"Yes," she said, after a little hesitation.

"The young lady whom your husband proposed to marry is the sister of a friend of mine. She was engaged to be married to another friend—a man called Nigel Tremaine. I must tell you the whole story when I see you again; but I am sure that you will be anxious to set things straight."

"Tell me the story now," she said, quietly.

He looked at her as if inclined to suspect that she was asking for his story because she did not mean to give him a second meeting; but her face was so quiet and calm that he hesitated to accuse her of an intention to break her word. He told the story as he knew it—and she knew it far better than he—and concluded by saying—

"All that is wanted, you see, is your presence. Even the amount of proof that I can give Sir Wilfred is not sufficient, supposing that Jacobi sticks to his story."

"But you say that the girl has disappeared?"

"Yes; but if she knew that Jacobi had left her father's house, we think she would return."

Madame Vallor sighed a little and was silent. They had turned back from the park gate, and were walking slowly over the smooth, short grass. The stillness of the atmosphere, the motionless shapes and shadows of the trees, the cloudlessness of the darkening sky, all contributed to give a sense of repose to the troubled hearts of the man and woman who had met so strangely after the lapse of many weary years; a sense of repose which each of them was loth to disturb. It was Madame Vallor who spoke at last, in the lowest possible tones.

"Do you think it is an easy thing for me to put myself again into his power?"

A sort of groan of impatience escaped from Burnett Lynn's lips.

"If there is any other way," she said, "I should be glad to take it."

"Surely you need not subject yourself to him again," said he, in a low voice. "Will the English law give you no redress?"

She shook her head.

"It is no use; if he tells me to follow him to another country, I shall be forced to go. I am his wife. And I am a Catholic, and my Church makes the marriage-vow of more importance than does yours. I am bound to him, and he to me, until, as the English Prayer-book says—'until death us do part.' And death is long—long—in coming."

"You must not sacrifice yourself, even for the Vanboroughs," said Burnett Lynn. "I will ascertain the necessary steps to be taken; you can get a writ of protection against him. 'Cruel desertion' is sufficient reason for that."

"We will talk of that next week," she said, with a faint smile. "Now let me go; I have stayed too long already."

Once more they turned towards the gate, and said good-bye just outside the park.

"Remember this time," he said, jealously, "that you have promised to see me again in a day or two."

"I will remember," she said, gently. "And I will write."

Thus they separated. She went back, through an intricate maze of narrow streets, to arrive, faint and exhausted,

at No. 5 John Street, Old Ford; he found his way, with much more difficulty, to the wider squares and thoroughfares of western London, and reached his lodgings in a curious state of mingled disappointment and elation.

The next two days passed slowly indeed to him. On Tuesday, at the latest, he hoped to have a letter; but none came. On Wednesday he was obliged to go down to Charnwood to confer with Sir Wilfred concerning his knowledge of Jacobi's past life and character; and he had much difficulty in keeping silence, as he considered he was bound to do, upon the fact that he had seen Maddalena Jacobi, or Vallor, four days previously. He laid great stress, however, upon the fact that he had seen Jacobi desert his wife, and that he had learned last Christmas, through a firm of New York lawyers, that she was still alive. In any case, it was certain that she had been living while Jacobi made his proposals for Clarice's hand, and a marriage between Clarice and Jacobi would be clearly illegal until proofs of Maddalena's death were forthcoming.

Sir Wilfred perhaps saw the truth of his representations more clearly than he liked to allow; for he could not unbend so far as to acknowledge that he had been in the wrong. He was cold, if courteous in manner; but he exasperated Burnett Lynn almost beyond endurance by the calmly contemptuous way in which he set aside every argument derived from the experiences of Tremaine or of his own son Geoffrey. "There are some men whose account of a matter cannot be trusted," he said once, when the Doctor alluded to Geoffrey's history of Jacobi's attack upon Nigel in the tent. In vain Burnett Lynn urged the fact of his having been called in to attend Nigel for the wound which Jacobi had given him. This story was one which Sir Wilfred refused to say that he believed. Burnett Lynn took his leave at last with a feeling of profound indignation against the pride and obstinacy that imperilled the happiness of a man's own children, by making it so difficult a matter for him to own that he had been in the wrong.

In reality Sir Wilfred's trust in Jacobi was very much shaken. He would

have been glad at this time to get him quietly out of the house. But he did not think that Jacobi had known that his wife was alive when he asked for Clarice. He did not believe that Jacobi had intended to rob Nigel Tremaine, although he had been accused of that robbery, and punished for it. As for the man who had abandoned his wife on the wreck, Sir Wilfred considered that a mere similarity of name was the only tie of connection between the escaped convict and his secretary. In these convictions the old baronet was as self-contradictory, and yet as self-assertive, as he had ever been throughout his life. And, after all, Jacobi was suffered to come and go to and from Charnwood Manor as freely as if his character had never been impugned. In justice to Sir Wilfred we must say, however, that he would have requested Jacobi to discontinue his visits had Clarice been at home. Whether or not Jacobi would have complied with his request was another matter.

On leaving Charnwood Manor, Burnett Lynn inquired his way to the Hill-side Farm. He found Geoffrey still in the strange condition of apparent insensibility in which his accident had left him. Clever as Burnett Lynn was, he was puzzled, like the other doctors before him. He exchanged a few words with Joan Darenth, told her when and where he had last seen her brother Luke; and finally went back to London in a somewhat depressed and unhappy mood.

That mood was destined to be prolonged throughout several weeks, as during that time he heard nothing from Maddalena Vallor. His search for her in the vicinity of Mile End Road proved fruitless; and, indeed, he had almost given up the hope of finding her or of hearing from her again, when one morning his eye was arrested by an envelope among his letters upon which his name was written in a pointed, slanting, foreign-looking hand. Some instinct told him who was his correspondent. He took up the letter, and laid it down again; then, with a slight contraction of the brow, began to examine the rest of the correspondence. When this was disposed of, he opened

and read the one letter which was to him of supreme interest.

"You must have expected to hear from me before," ran the first words on which his eyes fell. "I hesitated whether I would write at all or not; but I resolved, in part at least, to keep my promise. The other part of my promise—that I would see you again—I have resolved to break."

Burnett Lynn put down the letter here, and laughed a little unsteadily. "I knew that already," he said, half aloud, and then he walked twice through the room before continuing to read.

"I am selfish," the writer went on. "I will not give myself back to the husband who has believed me dead so long. Your evidence will assure Sir Wilfred Vanborough, if he is a reasonable man, that Jacobi's wife is still alive, and even if his daughter is found he will not persecute her to marry him as he has done before."

"But Sir Wilfred is anything but a reasonable man," Burnett Lynn soliloquised, impatiently.

"We have done all that is needful," he read. "All that Mr. Tremaine wanted was the stopping of the marriage, and that has been accomplished. If I appear—if Jacobi is frightened and hurried—he will do what neither you nor I wish him to do; he will produce the papers relating to Geoffrey Vanborough's alleged forgery and make them public—thus bringing shame and sorrow on the whole family. Do not despise my warning; I have means of knowing that I speak the truth. The best thing that can be done is to allow Jacobi to slip away to America with his ill-gotten gains, and live there unmolested. I think he will try to go soon unless he has some new scheme which I have not yet discovered. If I have renounced my vengeance, surely you can renounce it too! I am content to foil his plans. We need not grudge him the money he has extorted from other sources. He is less dangerous rich than poor."

"You will ask if he is to go unpunished? Yes; *by us*. Surely God has special judgments for those who have sinned as he has done. Once I thought I should be the instrument of

vengeance; if so, I must be used by others, and shall not see what I do.

"For ourselves—it is better that we do not meet again. Have seven years not been long enough to efface the memory of a few short weeks? The cure of your heart will come in time if you are patient. I have no need of the aid you so generously offer me. I live in retirement, and have sufficient for my maintenance. I want nothing more. I am grateful to you for your kindness. I am not unmoved by the promise of your friendship. I show my gratitude by being firm where you are weak, wise where you are foolish, faithful where you are false; in short, bidding you, as I would fain do now, a long—a lifelong—farewell. May God bless you, Oliver Burnett Lynn. Hardly do I dare to take His name—even to bless you with—into my most unworthy lips.
"MADDALENA."

Burnett Lynn put down the letter. A hard, stern look came into his face; he thrust his hands into his pockets, and stood staring blankly before him for some time. Then he turned the letter and envelope over and over, round and round, in order to find some trace of the place from which it had been written. No address, of course, was given; the postmark afforded no clue. It was after a close examination of the envelope that he came upon a name printed in relief upon the flap; either the name of the maker or of the shopkeeper who had sold the envelope. It was "J. Pratt and Sons, Mile End Road."

Mile End Road! That was the name of the street in which he had met her. It was a place then that she frequented. He rang the bell and asked the servant for a map of London. When it was brought to him he sat down and spent ten minutes or a quarter of an hour in studying the locality in which Mile End Road was situated.

He renounce the hope of making Jacobi suffer for his treatment of Maddalena? *He* stand calmly aside and allow her to come to poverty and want? Not he!

In an hour after the perusal of this letter Burnett Lynn was on his way to Mile End Road. Here he examined

the shops; and at last, with beating heart, discovered one that bore the name that he had read upon the envelope, "J. Pratt and Sons."

He made a purchase in the shop, and began putting a few carefully careless questions to the woman who served him. He had a friend in the neighbourhood, he said; but he had lost her address. He knew that she bought her stationery here; he wondered whether they could help him to find her out.

The woman was civil, but cold. So many customers came to the shop that she could not be certain of any one of them. What was the lady's name?

Here Burnett Lynn was in a difficulty; but he said "Vallor" at a venture, and was rewarded by hearing that no person of that name was known to Mrs. Pratt, who was serving him.

Next he tried a description. She was tall, graceful, middle-aged certainly, but handsome still; she had large dark eyes and black hair; she dressed in black, and spoke with a slight, a very slight, foreign accent.

The woman shook her head. But at this moment a girl who had come out to listen to the colloquy, said hurriedly—

"Why, that's just like Mrs. Wilson, Mother. Don't you know how I said that I thought she was a French woman?"

Burnett Lynn turned eagerly to the girl. Where did this Mrs. Wilson live?

The woman tried to check her daughter, but in vain. The girl, scenting a romance in the air, had caught up a scrap of paper, and was holding it out before the very eyes of Burnett Lynn.

He saw the same angular, sloping characters in which his own letter had been written; and the address ran thus—

*Mrs. Wilson, at Mrs. Snape's,
5 John Street,
Old Ford.*

"Thank you," he said, with a sudden gulp of his various emotions—doubt, surprise, hope, triumph, and all—in the consciousness that he must not bring suspicion upon her or upon himself; "I am afraid it is not the person whom I want."

Then he paid his bill and left the shop. But before he had gone a dozen yards he asked a policeman the way to *John Street, Old Ford*.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

SISTERS-IN-LAW.

Joan's position in her own home had been considerably changed since the date of her brother's marriage. Patty resented her influence over Seth and made strenuous efforts to destroy it; she was jealous also of Joan's past authority in the house, and did her best to claim her own rights as mistress, and to humiliate her sister-in-law in the eyes of the servants by sneering at her "old-fashioned ways," and not allowing her to give orders or even to express what were her wishes. It might be supposed that Joan, even while yielding up the reins of authority without a thought of a struggle, did not bear this treatment very patiently. At first it cost her some bitter tears in private, some proud and hasty words in public, but after a time she grew quieter, and, to outward appearance at least, more patient.

She would have gone away altogether from the Hillside Farm but for the fear of grieving and displeasing her father—perhaps beyond forgiveness. He had refused to listen to her once when she talked of going away from home. Like many another independent Englishman, he had a great dislike to the thought that his daughter might have to earn her bread as a servant; and nothing made him so angry as to hear Joan drop a word which indicated that she was discontented with her home life. The nursing project, which Joan had mentioned to him on the day when Maddalena Vallor arrived at the Hillside Farm, received fewer objections from him; and it might have been carried out but for the accident that had brought Geoffrey Vanborough to Reuben Darenth's house. "As long as Mr. Geoffrey is here," he said, "you won't need to think of seeking work in London, Joan." And Patty joined in the cry—"No, indeed; if we are going

to have an invalid about the place, it's right that Joan should take her share of the trouble of nursing him."

Joan smiled to herself, although her heart ached, at the words. Was there any trouble for her in nursing Geoffrey? Was it not the sweetest office of her life to tend him night and day, to watch by him, to supply his wants, to let her tears fall over his unconscious form, to whisper half-aloud, when none were by to hear, the tender words that a martyrdom of pain would never have wrung from her had Geoffrey been able to understand. "Trouble?" Her duties as sick-nurse to Geoffrey, sorrowful as they might be, arduous as they often were, gave her at once the greatest pain and pleasure of her life.

She was consulting one day with Dr. Ambrose concerning some new treatment of her patient which she was at a loss to understand, when Mrs. Seth Darenth presented herself at the door of the sick-room with her usual pert and saucy air.

"Joan," she said, "you're wanted."

"Who wants me?"

"Mr. Jacobi," said Patty, taking good care that her words should reach the ear of the doctor. "From Sir Wilfred, I believe."

"Does your father let that man come about the house?" said Doctor Ambrose in a low tone to Joan.

"We can't help it, Sir," Joan answered. "He comes from Sir Wilfred Vanborough."

The doctor gave a dissatisfied grunt.

"Why doesn't he see your father himself, then? Why need *you* go to see him?"

"Did he want me particularly, Patty?" asked Joan of her sister-in-law, who was still standing near the door.

"Yes, indeed he did." Patty tossed her head in a way that showed some offence. "He wouldn't tell me what he wanted, either," she said, in a sulky tone. "You'd better come quick, Joan. He says he can't wait." Then she turned and went out of the room, shutting the door sharply behind her.

Joan hesitated; looked at the doctor, then at the patient, and seemed disinclined to go.

"I'll take care of Geoffrey till you come back," said Doctor Ambrose,

without looking round at her. "If you want any help, let me know. I suppose that fellow won't keep you more than five minutes."

"Thank you, Sir. If you would stay I should be glad," said Joan, in a tone of relief, which proceeded from two causes — one, the fear of leaving Geoffrey under Patty's sole care; the other, the pleasure of knowing that she had a friend close at hand should Jacobi prove impertinent. She was not quite easy in her mind at the prospect of an interview with a man whom she equally disliked and dreaded.

Jacobi was standing in the cold and cheerless parlour, whither Patty had shown him, twirling his hat in his hand, and whistling in a jaunty manner as he glanced at the pictures upon the walls. When Joan entered he ceased whistling, and nodded carelessly.

"Good morning, Joan," he said.

Joan did not answer. His familiarity made her shrink into herself with an instinct of wounded pride to which she was usually a stranger. Her silence, her grand, quiet dignity of face and form, as she stood and looked at the man who addressed her—she was considerably taller than he, and he had to raise his eyes to hers—somewhat disconcerted him. He almost wished that he had begun to treat her with more respect.

"I came to speak to you on business," he said, restlessly avoiding her intent gaze, and moving to and fro as he spoke. "We shall not be interrupted, I suppose."

"I daresay not," Joan answered, quietly.

"Let me get to the point as quickly as possible, then," he said. "You remember the night—or rather the morning—on which Miss Vanborough left her home and made her appearance here?"

"Yes."

Jacobi suddenly placed both his hands upon the table, leaned forward, and fixed his eyes upon her face in a way which he thought might prove effective in alarming her. "You remember it?" he said, in a low tone. "Do you also remember the fact that Miss Vanborough carried some papers in her hands?"

Joan's eyes met his unflinchingly. Now she understood why he had come.

"I remember all the circumstances of Miss Vanborough's arrival," she said, calmly. "Is that all? Because, if so, I will go. I am wanted upstairs."

"All?" said Jacobi, removing his hands from the table, and uttering a scornful laugh. "You know as well as I do, Joan Darenth, that it is not all. Where are the papers which Miss Vanborough carried in her hand?"

"Probably where Miss Vanborough put them," said Joan. "I have no concern with Miss Vanborough's papers, sir. I will bid you good morning."

"Not so fast," he answered, interposing himself between her and the door. "There is a word more to be said, my good girl. You have those papers in your possession."

Joan's eyes met his composedly. "Were they your papers?" she asked.

"If they were not mine, they were Sir Wilfred's. You have no right to them. You will please give them up to me."

"If they were Sir Wilfred's I should give them to Sir Wilfred, and to no one else," she replied. "But I was not aware that I had any papers belonging to Sir Wilfred Vanborough in my possession."

"You had better think twice before you refuse to give them up," said Jacobi. "Miss Vanborough abstracted them from her father's desk, and placed them in your hands. We are quite aware of that. If you refuse to surrender them we shall call in the aid of the police. You have stolen important documents. You will stand in the dock as a thief."

Joan's face grew pale, but her eyelids did not quiver. She only said,

"You cannot force me to surrender papers when you do not know whether I have them or not."

"What have you done with them, then? We know you had them."

"How do you know?"

"Your brother saw Miss Vanborough give them to you."

Joan was silent for a moment. A slight flush crept up to her cheek and stayed there. But she spoke collectedly.

"You have no proof, Sir, that those were the papers which you have lost."

"Show me the papers that Miss Vanborough left with you."

Joan made no answer. It seemed as if she would not condescend to do so. Only her mouth took a haughtier curve, and a prouder light flashed in her eyes. The expression of her countenance irritated Jacobi almost beyond endurance.

"A search-warrant will soon settle this business," he said, with a sneer. Then, as Joan neither moved nor spoke, he said, with a sudden change of tone, "Do you know what harm you will do to Mr. Geoffrey Vanborough if you persist in this refusal to give up the papers?"

His words produced some effect now. The red blood mounted to her forehead, and then receded, leaving her very pale. "What do you mean?" she said, quickly.

"These papers," said Jacobi, in a deliberate tone, "are the documents which proved Geoffrey Vanborough guilty of theft and forgery."

"They are lying documents, then," said Joan, in a voice of scorn. "If you had ever known Geoffrey Vanborough, Sir, you would have known that he was incapable of the baseness you attribute to him."

"Sir Wilfred is naturally anxious to retain them in his own keeping," Jacobi went on, as though he had not heard. "If you refuse to give them up he will be compelled to make their nature public, and obtain a warrant for stolen property concealed in this house."

"I don't believe he will do anything of the kind," said Joan, bluntly. "If the missing papers relate to the subject you mention he will be only anxious that they should not fall into wrong hands; he will not wish to publish their contents."

"Everybody may not be disposed to judge Geoffrey Vanborough so favourably as yourself," said Jacobi, with a sneering intonation which once more brought the blood to Joan's face. "We all know how deeply *you* are interested in his welfare——"

He did not finish the sentence. He had gone too far.

Joan had laid her hands upon his arms—strong, firm hands they were, full of vigour and muscle, with a skin as soft as velvet—and quietly moved him out of her way. It was evident that her physical strength was twice as great as his. He was like a child in the strong clasp of her firm yet gentle fingers. Before he knew what she was about she had moved him from her path and opened the door. He uttered a furious exclamation, and rushed forward to detain her. But in another moment the door was closed in his face, and when he opened it Joan had disappeared. He dared not follow her upstairs. He stood still, and called Patty.

"Dear me, Sir, how you did frighten me," said Mrs. Seth Darenth, appearing out of the back premises, and wiping her hands upon her white apron. "Did you want anything?" Then she saw his face, livid and convulsed with anger, and drew back a little. "Is anything the matter?" she said, more timidly.

"Everything is the matter," said Jacobi, savagely striking his foot against the floor; "your precious sister-in-law has defied me—insulted me. I'll make her repent it—and you, too, if you don't do what I tell you."

"It's what I always say to Joan," cried Patty, bursting into tears; "she'll bring us to ruin and misery with her tongue and her temper, and that's what she will. I'm sure it ain't my fault, for if I've told her once I've told her a dozen times."

Jacobi drew back a few steps into the parlour.

"Come here," he said, in a low tone, while his lips were still white with the look of vicious anger. "I want to speak to you."

Patty advanced within the door rather reluctantly, holding her apron to her eyes. Jacobi allowed a few minutes to elapse before he spoke.

"Listen to me," he said. "I want you to watch your sister-in-law. Can you do it?"

"I don't know, I am sure, Sir. Joan's as close as death. She'll never tell me anything."

"I don't want her to tell you anything. I want you simply to keep an

eye on her, and see what she does and where she goes. If she goes out, follow her, or set somebody else to follow her."

"I know who'd follow her," said Patty, letting her apron fall. "And that's my cousin Joel. He's a wild sort of chap, but he'd do anything for me."

"I'll make it worth his while," said Jacobi. "When she goes out of the house during the next few days, either follow her yourself or let him do so. Watch whether she hides anything in any secret place. Find out, if you can, where she keeps any papers."

"It's the papers you want, isn't it? Well, you won't have much chance of laying your hands on *them*, Mr. Jacobi. She's sewed 'em up in a bag, and wears 'em under her dress for safety, I believe. I've watched her before now. Her room's next mine, and—and—"

"Well, what?"

"Well," said Patty, with some reluctance, "you won't mention it if I tell you?"

No, Jacobi would not mention it.

"There's a loose knot in the partition—it is but wood; and sometimes I've amused myself with taking it out and looking through. I know she wears that bag always, and I believe it's got papers in it."

"You are a useful person indeed, Patty," said her visitor, with a sinister smile. "Well, watch to-night and see whether she has the bag about her still, will you?"

"And what if she has?" said Patty, rather suspiciously.

"We must try to get it from her," Jacobi answered. "Has she read the papers? Of course she has, though. You will see your cousin Joel at once, will you not? And now I had better go."

He took his leave, not without making her a handsome present, which she took complacently. Then she put on her bonnet and tripped away to the village to confer with Joel.

Meanwhile Doctor Ambrose was still upstairs with Geoffrey and Joan. He had been a little surprised to see Joan come back to the sick-room with an unusual flush upon her face, slightly-quickenened breathing, and moist eyes, but he made no remark upon her

demeanour. His surprise deepened, however, when, after his explanation of the treatment that Geoffrey needed, she exclaimed, on seeing him prepare for departure—

"Please, don't go yet, Doctor Ambrose. Please, stay a few minutes longer."

"Why?" said the old doctor, looking at her keenly. "In want of advice yourself, Joan?"

"Not of your kind, Sir," said Joan, with one of the smiles that the doctor loved to see. "But—I want you to stay a little longer, until—until—"

"Until that rascal is out of the house?" said Doctor Ambrose, rightly interpreting her glance towards the window. "What has he been saying to you?"

Joan made no answer. She turned away, but the tears lay heavy upon her long eyelashes.

"Joan, my dear, what is wrong? If you want help from me, you have only to ask for it."

"I know—I thank you, Sir," said Joan, drying her eyes; "but I have nothing to ask your help about at present."

"You may want help in the future, however," said the doctor, looking at her gravely.

"Yes, I may. And if I do, I will come to you for it," said Joan, trying to smile, and succeeding pretty well.

"Count on me to do all I can for you," said Doctor Ambrose. "And, Joan, steer clear of that fellow Jacobi. I don't like him. Don't you let him come meddling with my patient. He is only too anxious to try his quack medicines on people. I am sure that he tampered with Sir Wilfred Vanborough once or twice. Take care. He is going now, I see. Yes, he is fairly out of the house. Now, do you feel safe?"

"Perfectly safe, thank you," said Joan, bravely. "I am foolish, that is all."

"You must get more air and exercise, or you won't be fit to nurse my patient here," said the doctor, shaking his head as he bade her good-bye. "I shall have to get a trained nurse down from X, if you don't take care of yourself."

He went downstairs, waving her back when she attempted to accompany him. Patty was not in the kitchen, or he would have said a sharp word or two to her on the duty of attending to her sister-in-law's comfort and welfare. He found his white horse waiting for him at the garden gate, and ambled leisurely down the lane to his next patient.

Joan was left alone with Geoffrey, and, left alone, she gave way to a flood of unusual emotion. Bending her face upon his pillow, she let the tears flow freely from her eyes for a few minutes, while the passionate sobs with which her bosom heaved were broken and intermingled with words and short disconnected sentences.

"My darling! my darling!" she said. "Now that you cannot hear me I may call you so—my love! my love! No, I will never betray you, Geoffrey. They may do what they like, but they shall never have the papers. I will die before you suffer harm through me!"

Gradually her sobs died away; her words ceased. For a long time she remained kneeling at his bedside. A sigh escaped her occasionally, and once or twice a murmured prayer; but she wept no more. The outburst had done her good. After a time she looked up and gazed sadly at the pale, unconscious face before her. "Geoffrey!" she murmured, half aloud. "Oh, Geoffrey, I could almost wish I had spoken the truth to you while you could hear me! My love, how could I have loved any other man than you?"

But the paroxysm of passionate feeling was past. She left his side and devoted herself more assiduously than usual to the tasks of the day. Patty, who made an errand to the door of Geoffrey's room shortly afterwards, was surprised to see that, though her eyelids were red, her face was calm and almost cheerful.

"Won't you take a walk to-day?" said Mrs. Seth Darenth, a little awkwardly. "It's a fine day, and you haven't been out lately. I'll sit beside the Captain, if you like."

"Thank you, Patty," said Joan, touched by this unusual mark of consideration for her, and mindful of what

the doctor had said concerning her need of exercise and fresh air. "I should like a walk very much; but I don't think you need trouble to sit with Mr. Geoffrey. I'll get Mary Gray to stay with him." Mary Gray was an old servant whom Joan could thoroughly trust.

"Oh, very well," said Patty, shrugging her shoulders. "I am sure I don't want to sit with him. It gives me a turn to look at him, lying like a dead man in that way day after day. I only wanted you to have a nice walk."

"It's very kind of you, Patty," said Joan, gratefully.

Patty pouted.

"It isn't kind at all," she said, flouncing away to the kitchen, where for a minute or two she felt honestly ashamed of herself. But her sense of shame was short-lived.

In the afternoon Joan came downstairs equipped for walking. As soon as she was out of the house Patty ran to the garden gate, and looked anxiously up and down the road. Joan's tall and stately figure could be seen as she walked rapidly to the uplands beyond the farm. And following her, at some little distance, was the slouching figure of a man.

Jacobi paid another visit to the farm on the following morning; but his object was not this time to speak to Joan, but to Patty, whom he found in the orchard.

"Well, have you watched?" he said.

"Joel followed her when she went out yesterday," said Patty, readily. "She only walked straight forward all the way, he says; she didn't stop anywhere."

"Has she got the papers still there?"

"Yes."

"How do you know?"

"I watched her as I said I would. I saw the bag hung round her neck as usual. And more than that. She turned the key in her door, and she sat down and ripped the bag up, and took all the papers out. And then what does she do but go and read them all from beginning to end."

"Read them, did she?"

"That she did. And then she cried over them. I say, Mr. Jacobi, what's in those papers?"

"No business of yours, pretty Patty. And what did she do next?"

"Why, next," said Patty in an injured tone, "she folded up the papers, put them back in the bag, sewed it up again, and put it round her neck. I suppose she's got it there still. Night

and day she's never without it. Won't she give you the papers?"

"No."

"What shall you do then?"

"With your help, Patty," said Jacobi, "I shall take them from her whether she will or no."

(To be continued.)

TO MY HUSBAND.

WITH THE PRESENT OF A SWISS CLOCK.

By L. A. M.

'Tis four-and-thirty years, Love,
 Since thou and I were wed ;
 And our span of joy and tears, Love,
 Will now, ere long, be sped.
 Not often rose-bestrewn, nor smooth,
 The way we've trod together,
 From the sweet summer of our youth
 To Age's wintry weather ;
 But heart to heart, and hand in hand,
 Life's rugged track we've travell'd ;
 And Fate's dark meshes, strand by strand,
 Each helping each, unravell'd.

Time plays us cruel pranks, Love !
 Folds wrinkles in our cheeks ;
 And all your quips and cranks, Love,
 Can't drown the doom he speaks.
 Vainly his mandate we would shun—
 We may not choose but listen,
 Whilst crow's feet step on, one by one,
 And silv'ring tresses glisten.
 We're growing old ! That woful truth,
 Alas ! there's no denying ;
 Nor can we win us back our youth,
 By hurricanes of sighing.

The rapid hours fleet past, Love,
 Through chequered shine and shade ;
 Nor by tear, nor groan, nor fast, Love,
 May their silent race be stayed.
 And, as they fewer grow, not one
 But should with care be counted,
 That each may see some duty done,
 Some lingering task surmounted.
 Then take my clock, with bird-note gay,
 And 'stead of dirges ringing,
 Thank God for blessings, day by day,
 And list the cuckoo singing !

“OUR DOCTOR.”

By “IATROS.”

SOME POPULAR PHYSIOLOGICAL ERRORS CONSIDERED.

Of all the popular fallacies respecting the structure and functions of the various parts of the human body, none seems to be more prevalent than a belief that the third finger of the left hand was originally selected to bear the wedding-ring because that member was placed in direct communication with the heart by a particular nerve. A ring worn on this finger was thus said to act as a charm or amulet, ensuring a continuance of mutual love.

The most superficial acquaintance with physiological science, however, will show the utter absurdity of such a belief. There is not even a germ of probability to show in behalf of this little poetical myth. The ring-finger is supplied with nerves according to the rule of nervous supply to the remaining fingers of the hand, and in exactly the same manner as is the third finger of the right hand. There is no nervous connection between this member and the heart, the nerves of the latter organ being derived from a totally different source.

But even if a connection did exist between the heart and this finger, the advantages derivable therefrom would be, to say the least of it, doubtful, because the heart is *not* the seat of the affections. That the heart *is* the seat of the affections is obviously proved by the traditional custom of actors and lovers, who are wont to place the hand on the left side of the chest, not unfrequently, by-the-way, happening to indicate the position of the stomach rather than that of the heart! I may be wrong, however, in considering this latter an error, for, after all, is not the stomach in many cases to be considered as the

principal, if not the sole centre of the affections?

Perhaps the most foolish of the many popular delusions is the belief that “whenever a person sighs a drop of blood is lost from the heart.” The advocates of this singular opinion do not state where the drops of blood thus lost may be supposed to betake themselves. The absurdity of such a belief need hardly be shown, for a perforation in the walls of the heart would be necessary, to enable the erratic drops to make their exit. Life could not long exist under such an extraordinarily ill-regulated state of affairs.

Again, it is a matter of ordinary belief that a cut in the interspace of thumb and forefinger is necessarily a most serious injury—is certain to be followed by “lock-jaw.” There is not the slightest ground for such an idea. Of course “lock-jaw” *may* supervene upon such an injury, as it may upon that of any of the other fingers, or of any other part of the body; but that there is any peculiarity of structure in this region which might cause predisposition to “lock-jaw” is emphatically denied by anatomical and physiological science.

In treating a wound in this region there is a slight difficulty in keeping the edges approximate, owing to the quantity of loose tissue and the free movements of this portion of the hand; but the same may be said of many other parts of the body.

I find it to be very commonly believed that the structure situated on the inner side of the back of the elbow, and which, when pressed, causes a peculiar tingling in the “ring” and fourth fingers, is a bone. On account of the aforementioned peculiarity this structure is

popularly called the "funny bone." It is in reality a large nerve which runs in close proximity to the arm. This bone is called technically the humerus. A witty medical student being asked why this nerve is vulgarly called "funny," replied he supposed it derived its name from the fact of its bordering on the humorous!

That our bodies undergo a complete change or renovation throughout every part at the end of each period of seven years, during the whole of our lives, is one of the most generally accepted of the host of popular physiological errors. The mystic nature of the number seven is undoubtedly at the root of this and of similar common errors. It is true that the age of fourteen, and again that of twenty-one, may be looked upon as denoting the attainment of youth and manhood respectively; but physiological science denies that these periods are characterised by any but the ordinary bodily changes.

Changes of an infinitely more wondrous and more intricate kind than would be incurred by mere septennial metamorphosis are unceasingly going on in our bodies from the beginning until the end of life. Not a single part of us is free from ceaseless changes, which indeed are the means of carrying on every act of our lives. Every movement of a muscle, even to the winking of an eyelid or the motion of the lips in speaking, indicates change in the moving parts. The respiratory movements, the digestive processes, the beating of the heart—all these actions necessitate ceaseless changes, waste, or breaking down of the parts concerned.

On the other hand, by the digestion of food we are continually supplying material for the repair of the various tissues. Our bodies are in a perpetual condition of change—waste and repair going on simultaneously.

(To be continued.)

"OUR GARDENER."

By DAVID A. CRICHTON.

Most people who have flower gardens like to make as good a display as possible with the material at their command, and it is necessary to re-arrange the border plants occasionally, and more especially the smaller ones. Some plants are far more attractive than others. Some are specially well adapted for particular purposes, and others are desirable because they are in their prime when other flowers are not over-plentiful. In making a selection of border plants it is advisable to give a preference to such kinds as are most likely to give satisfaction to the cultivator. Then, again, it must be remembered that there is very often a considerable difference in the merits of different species and varieties belonging to the same family, and therefore cultivators should endeavour to ascertain which

are the most desirable. In arranging miscellaneous flower borders and beds, the aim of the cultivator should be to have a great display of plants in bloom throughout the greater part of the year. Plants that are conspicuous for the beauty and long-continuance of their flowers should therefore receive special attention. Many that belong to this class are already well known and popular, but others of equal merit are comparatively unknown. Among the many useful border plants the *Salvia* family deservedly takes a high position, as they stand our dry summers remarkably well, and their thick masses of brilliant flowers are very attractive through a considerable portion of the year. There are a great number of species belonging to this family, and they vary considerably in habit, some being shrubby, while others are herbaceous

perennials. Among the most desirable species are *barbata* (deep purple), *splendens* (bright scarlet), *negnescens* (very dark purple), *cærulea* (deep blue), *Grahami purpurata* (crimson purple), *argentea* (yellow, with striking silver foliage), and *patens* (a tuberous-rooted herbaceous species with very deep blue flowers). The Gaillardias are also very desirable border plants, which are remarkable for the brilliancy and rich colouring of their handsome Aster-like flowers. Their colours are arranged in distinct rings round a central eye, and vary in shade from white to deep orange, purple, or brown. They will thrive in any ordinary good garden ground, and are equally at home in light or heavy soils. All the species and varieties bloom profusely and yield masses of flowers through the greater part of the year. Even in the driest summers Gaillardias will generally hold their own, and bloom more freely than most other small border plants.

The transplanting of evergreen trees and shrubs should be finished in the early part of the month, and if this is not practicable it will be advisable to wait till the spring, if circumstances will permit. Evergreen shrubs should, without delay, receive any necessary pruning to keep them shapely, excepting those that are showing for bloom. Camellias should have their flower-buds thinned out when too numerous, leaving only such as the plants can bring to perfection. Box and other live edgings should be planted at once, in order to give them a fair chance before the winter sets in earnest. Hyacinths, Tulips, and other spring-flowering bulbs should be planted without delay, in rich soil. The various early Cape bulbs, as also a few Gladioli and Liliums, should also be planted out as soon as possible. All kinds of hardy annuals should be sown, if not already provided for, and the plants from earlier sowings must be carefully thinned out before they are large enough to injure each other by overcrowding. The seeds of biennials and hardy perennials should also be sown without delay. The planting of Roses should be finished as soon as possible, so that they may get fairly established before the cold weather sets in. The

work of trimming up and digging over beds and borders may be gone on with this month as opportunities occur. Primroses, Polyanthuses, Phloxes, Violets, and various herbaceous plants should be planted out where they are to flower, and the roots may be divided if an increase of stock is required. Hollyhocks, when the varieties are good, should be propagated from cuttings, but unless they come up to a fairly high standard they are not worth troubling about. Cuttings from the young shoots that spring up from the crowns will generally strike freely under a bell-glass or in a frame, if not kept too moist. Pansy seed may be sown now, and first-class varieties should be perpetuated by striking cuttings, in case of accidents to the parent plants. Dahlias will generally be ready for lifting this month, and before the plants go out of bloom it will be advisable to correct their names and label them carefully. As the plants become shabby they should be cut down, leaving about nine inches of the stems, and a few days afterwards the roots may be taken up. Before the roots are stowed away they should be allowed to lie under a tree or shrub for a few days to ripen, taking care that they are not exposed to the sun.

Winter-flowering plants in pots receive far less attention in this part of the world than they did a few years back, their places being filled, in a measure, by Ferns and ornamental foliage plants. This is a matter for regret, as most collections would be materially strengthened if more attention was paid to this desirable class of plants. There are a large number of attractive plants that will thrive under pot cultivation, and are admirably adapted for conservatory or room decoration, but they are now seldom seen in collections. Prominent among them are the Bouvardias, a family that embraces a large number of very handsome varieties, whose flowers range in colour from pure white to the deepest crimson, and some are delicately scented. These plants are common enough in outside borders, but they are seldom seen under pot cultivation, though they are very easily managed. Many of the *Ericas* make excellent

winter-flowering pot-plants, but they are seldom grown as such. *Libonia floribunda* and *Thyrsicanthus rutilans* are old but very handsome and useful plants that can be easily grown in pots. *Sericographis Gheisbrectiana*, notwithstanding its somewhat terrible name, is also a splendid winter-blooming plant for pot cultivation. Then we have Begonias, Eupatoriums, Gesneras, Hebeclinums, and Justicias, all of which are handsome, and will thrive well under pot culture. They are easily grown, bloom freely, and with ordinary care will last in flower for a long time. Many of the ordinary early blooming annuals also make very attractive winter-flowering pot-plants, if carefully managed. These plants will not stand much forcing, and during the early stages of growth they should be kept in a cool frame, where they will get a free supply of light and air, or the pots may be stood on a shaded border, where they will not be fully exposed to the sun or strong winds. Hyacinths, Tulips, Anemones, Narcissi, and other spring-flowering bulbs may also be successfully cultivated as winter-blooming pot-plants. These plants, as with annuals, must have plenty of air and light while making their growth, or otherwise they will become drawn and weak. All winter-flowering plants should have their growth stimulated, when necessary, by the free use of liquid manure, as the more headway they make at this time of the year, the better will they flower, as a rule, when the blooming season arrives.

The several beautiful varieties of *Epiphyllum truncatum* may be fairly ranked among the most ornamental and useful plants belonging to the Cactus family, and no collection should be without them. Their flowers are very showy, freely produced, and last for a considerable time with ordinary care in shading and watering. Delicate species of the Cactus family, and other succulent plants that have been standing in sheds or borders, should be placed under cover, as they are somewhat liable to injury from heavy rains. Calceolarias and Cinerarias should be shifted as their pots fill with roots, and growth may be stimulated by the use of liquid manure occasionally.

Chinese Primulas and Cyclamens should be kept growing freely till the plants are in full bloom, but when they reach that stage the use of stimulants must cease. Late plants should be repotted if necessary, but cultivators must bear in mind that no advantage is gained by shifting these plants after they reach the flowering stage. Azaleas and Camellias, if standing in bush houses or open borders, should be brought under cover, to avoid the risk of injury from frost or bad weather. Plants of the Coleus family, if required for another season, should be cut back and placed in some warm and dry place, to stand through the winter. The best plan, however, is to raise young plants from cuttings every season. Cuttings from the points of the branches will strike freely in light soil or sand, under a frame or hand-glass. Ornamental foliage plants such as Begonias, Crotons, Dracænas, Marantas, and others whose growth is now very slow, must be rather sparingly supplied with water. Care must, however, be taken not to let the roots get absolutely dry. Caladiums, as their leaves wither, should be stored away in some warm, dry place, leaving them undisturbed in their pots. The same remarks will apply to Achimenes and Gloxinias whose growth has died down. Whenever the weather is favourable, plenty of air should be supplied to cool plant-houses and frames, but the ventilators ought to be closed early in the afternoon, before the atmosphere gets chilled. Care must be taken not to expose plants to strong currents of air, or to spill water about the floors and stages of houses. A good look-out should be kept for insects, and the remedies promptly applied as soon as they are discovered. Should mildew make its appearance, as it often does at this time of the year, the affected plants must be at once dusted with sulphur. Cleanliness is of material importance in plant-growing, and therefore the woodwork, glass, floors, and pots should have a thorough scrubbing whenever they appear to require it.

There must be no unnecessary delay in preparing the ground for fruit trees, and the sooner this work is completed the better. Plants of the Citrus family

should be shifted at once, in order to give them a fair chance to get re-established before the winter sets in, but if the work cannot be done before the end of the month it will be advisable to wait till the spring. The same remarks will apply to the transplanting of Guavas and Loquats. These last-named trees scarcely receive so much attention as they deserve, and more especially in Victoria, though both will thrive well, except in the coldest districts. In addition to their value as fruit trees, they are also useful for ornamental purposes, and may be grown with very good effect in shrubberies. Orange and other evergreen trees should receive any necessary pruning some time this month. As a rule, however, the knife should be used sparingly, and no more wood must be removed than is necessary. The only pruning these trees require is the thinning out of useless growth in the centre of the trees, and the removal or stopping of over-luxuriant shoots. Root-pruning for over-vigorous fruit trees may now be proceeded with, by cutting a trench half way round the tree, but a few feet from the trunk, sufficiently deep to cut through the main roots. Next season, if necessary, the remaining half must be cut through. It is chiefly Pear trees that require root-pruning, but it may be applied to other fruits with success. Trees frequently, owing to the nature of the variety or particular local circumstances, make a luxuriant growth of wood, but produce little fruit. This tendency may be prevented or mitigated by root-pruning, which, if followed up for a year or two, will generally cause the production of fruitful wood instead of a gross growth. Raspberry plantations should now receive a good dressing of manure, unless the soil is very rich. New plantations should also be made at once. Currants and Gooseberries should be planted without loss of time, using plenty of manure when the soil is not naturally rich. The planting of Strawberries should also be finished as speedily as possible, so as to allow the plants to get a start before the winter.

Sowings and plantings of all seasonable vegetables should be made this month. Cabbages and Cauliflowers should be planted out extensively for

main crops, and seed of each sown for successional ones. In districts where the frosts are severe the hardier kinds of the Brassica family, including Brocoli, Savoy, and Green Kale, should be preferred to the Cauliflower or ordinary Cabbage, which will not stand the climate. Advancing crops of the Cabbage family must be earthed up before they have made too much growth, and slugs or caterpillars must be kept down by constant attention. The best remedy for both these garden pests is to dust lime or soot round the plants frequently. Broad Beans may be planted for a main crop, Beck's Green Gem and Johnson's Wonderful being two of the best kinds for this time of the year. Onions may be sown, and plants from earlier sowings should be transplanted as soon as they can be handled without difficulty. Potato and Tree Onions, both of which are excellent kinds, may be planted this month in mild districts. Shallots and Garlic should also be planted out this month. Earth up Celery as soon as the plants are large enough for blanching, taking care not to cover too much of the tops, and not to let the earth get into the hearts. Leeks should be planted out as soon as they are large enough, and advancing crops must be earthed up to blanch as soon as growth is sufficiently advanced. Rhubarb roots may be planted out in moderately dry ground, but not in low-lying land that is liable to be soddened during the winter. Sea Kale may now be planted, covering up the crowns with pots, boxes, or casks, and placing a thick layer of fresh stable manure or other fermenting material above them, to stimulate growth. When the stems of Asparagus turn yellow they should be cut away, and the beds may receive their annual dressing of manure. Fresh plantations may also be made, choosing two-year-old roots. The common way of growing Asparagus is in raised beds, but though this may do very well in England and other cool countries, it is a mistake in this part of the world—in fact, it would be better to have the surface of the beds hollow rather than raised. Sowings of Carrots, Parsnips, Turnips, Red and White Beet, Winter Spinach, and Salad plants should be made this month.

"OUR COSTUMIER."

By "LUCIA."

We can no longer shut our eyes to the fact that winter is here ; the "last rose of summer" has bloomed and faded, and Fashion has sent forth her fiat as to what is to be worn. It is an undoubted fact that winter clothing is, as a rule, much more becoming than that worn in the summer, and this is due principally to the warmth of colouring and richness of texture which characterise garments suitable for the cold weather. Plush, which is *the* material *par excellence* this winter, is produced in much thicker and richer qualities than it has appeared in hitherto. In the imported mantles in particular, the extra length of pile is noticeable in the plush, of which the majority of them are composed. The numerous furs, feathers, and silk and braid ruchings employed to trim them are also of the richest description. A revival which will be welcomed by many is that of the redingote polonaise, a style eminently adapted for handsome fabrics, such as plush, velvet, or brocade, which are not seen to advantage in folds or draperies. Gowns made with redingotes possess the advantage of being complete promenade toilets, which may be worn without mantles or jackets of any kind.

Weather prophets promise us an unusually severe winter, so that in all probability furs will be almost as popular in Australia as they are in London. The improvement in the shape and cut of fur garments is much in their favour, as the paletots, capes, and dolmans are now stylish articles of dress, whereas some years ago their warmth and comfort were heavily handicapped by their clumsy appearance. Fur capes have become so established in public favour that they are not to go out of fashion this season, although superseded to a great extent by the neat little jackets which appear in so many varieties. The improved capes are to be had in various fancy shapes, one of the newest being pointed at the

back, with long ends in front, and edged with either a fringe of tails or of fur balls. Shoulder capes of Astrakhan, both brown and black, find much favour, and it may be noticed that though they are shaped on the shoulders, they are devoid of that fulness which characterised last season's mantles, and which was such a subject of ridicule for the sterner sex. Certainly these senseless freaks of fashion do not add to the elegance of any figure. No garment is better adapted to a good figure than a well-cut, tight-fitting ulster. Their appearance is much added to this winter by the handsome large buttons with which they are adorned, and the plush collars which lend such a pleasing touch of colour. There has been an attempt to revive the large old-fashioned muffs so much in vogue some years ago, but except for carriage wear they are not likely to be much worn. The more modified fur muffs and the pretty little constructions of plush, velvet, or chenille, promise to rank as first favourites.

Now that the atmosphere is filled with social gaieties, we may with advantage turn our attention to the subject of evening dress. Light airy materials, such as tulle and net, still hold their own, by reason of their suitability for young girls ; and waterfalls also appear to be firmly established. It is somewhat difficult to drape the back of a tulle gown so as to prevent its appearing crushed and tossed after being sat upon. This, then, is the advantage of a waterfall, that, when the wearer rises, the folds once more fall into their proper position. There is, however, a style of arrangement which I saw at one of the leading houses lately, and which I can only describe as a clever compromise between a waterfall and the *bouffant* drapery. Flowers, which have had a very long reign for the adornment of ball-gowns, are almost superseded by birds and feathers. Birds, in particular, are

extensively used, and whole flights of them adorn the skirt, while odd ones are placed about the neck and shoulders. Happily, though, for our feathered friends, these ornithological specimens are, as a rule, artificial and not genuine. Tiny humming-birds are manufactured of chenille of the loveliest shades, such as salmon pink, crimson, pale blue, etc.; and, in many cases their wings and tails are encrusted with some metallic composition, which has an iridescent effect. Flowers are, however, not altogether tabooed for evening wear, and among the newest varieties are the chenille and tinsel sprays, which look exceedingly soft and pretty on tulle or net gowns. It is said that the old-fashioned chemisette is to be resuscitated for demi-toilette, and that the pleatings of lawn and net with which elderly ladies were wont to fill in their square-cut corsages in the time of Queen Anne are once more to have their day.

Beads are quite a feature this season in every department of dress, but especially on evening gowns, which are adorned with them in every possible manner. Some of the most expensive tulle skirts are literally powdered with pearls, which are produced in various tints. Some toilettes that I saw lately were of net, with low bodices of brocade to match, and in several instances the net pleats were outlined with pearls exactly matching in colour. The salmon-pink gowns had pink pearls, the pale blue were dotted with blue, and so on. *Decolletés* bodices also are edged with beads and pearls about the size of a pea, in some cases a row of beads being the only substitute for *berthe*, or any kind of tucker. This, however, is a style decidedly too trying for most people. Festoons of beads are often the only attempt at sleeves in some of the newest ball-gowns, the shoulder-strap being not more than an inch wide. Neither is this a style to be emulated. Beaded tabliers are most effective for evening wear, particularly those done with crystal beads or pearls. Black gowns are elaborately embroidered with jet, sometimes in combination with lead; in these cases the jet is of the dull unpolished description. Cut jet and gold beads are

combined with good effect, while oxidised silver beads are to be seen on black, and to better advantage on silver grey or smoky-tinted tulle.

Laces are elaborately embroidered, outlined, and beaded this season, and are as varied as they are numerous. Wool and silk are interblended, as are wool and tinsel, some of the varieties being remarkable for their Oriental colouring. Chantilly is the favourite make of lace in the black varieties this season, and is to be more worn than the Spanish. Cream lace, which has enjoyed such a long run of popularity, is said to be retiring in favour of the deeper lemon and butter shades, but as they are by no means universally becoming, I think I may predict that the less *prononcé* colour will outlive them.

A new shade of colour has been produced, which is said to be most becoming to fair skins. It is known by the name of "anemone," and is difficult to describe, as it is a combination of red, pink, and mauve, though neither tint predominates. It is most effective by gaslight, and will chiefly appear in dinner-gowns. Black and white is a favourite combination this season both for day and evening wear, black velvet and white satin frequently going together. Jetted tabliers of black net are to be seen over white satin fronts, and in such cases the beaded pattern is shown up to the best advantage.

There are many novelties to chronicle among the accessories of the toilette. In fans especially there are several new varieties. Those of gauze are among the newest, painted with all sorts of artistic designs, which have the effect of transparencies. Even newer, but proportionately expensive, are the lyre-shaped fans of long ostrich plumes, with a tiny osprey near the handle. Some of the light gauze fans are edged with a thick bordering of marabout feathers; and some of the screen-shaped ones have a tuft of ostrich tips fastened on one side. Marabout feathers of delicate tints, tipped with gold, silver, or copper are still worn in the hair, and a novelty in the shape of a rosette of velvet loops and notched ends is also popular.

Another style is to wear an ostrich tip laid almost flat on the hair, with group of upright tinsel spikes. The most fashionable arrangement for the throat with a *decolleté* bodice is a tolerably broad band of velvet or satin ribbon, edged on each side with a row of small cut beads. The band may be formed of the same brocade or satin as the gown, in preference to ribbon. The same thing may be produced in a slightly different style, beads being put on in close rows, so as to hide the whole foundation, instead of forming only the border. The band is just fastened in front by a small brooch, though, if liked, a pendant may be attached.

Never before were caps for elderly ladies made such things of beauty as they are nowadays. Of the filmiest

lace, softly arranged, they are powdered with pearls, dotted with tiny gold balls, and all sorts of pretty bead drops. One that I saw lately was just glittering with crystal beads, which had the effect of dewdrops, the front being finished off with a cluster of marabout feathers, and a gold-tinsel butterfly. Another was of black lace and velvet, sparkling with cut jet beads, and relieved by an aigrette of mandarin-yellow ostrich tips. Crape of the most becoming tints is largely used in the manufacture of caps, and there is a perfect epidemic of pearls, which appear in thousands in the milliner's region. Caps, in particular, are loaded with them, very often having a border of pearl-fringe, which rests on the hair. But enough of these vanities for the present.

MONTHLY NOTES.

SCIENCE.

By R. L. J. Ellery.

MAGNETIC STORMS.—On the 1st of April reports were received from the cable stations at Singapore, and George Town, Tasmania, stating that strong earth currents commenced to show themselves on all cables about three p.m. on 31st March, continuing till next day, interfering with working of cables and delaying messages. Reports were also received of a great hindrance to the working of the land telegraph lines on the night of the 30th in consequence of powerful earth currents, induced by the disturbance of the earth's magnetism overpowering and opposing the ordinary battery currents. On the same evening the appearance of an Aurora Australis was reported from Eden, Hobart, and George Town, Tasmania, and from Cape Otway, on the evening of the 31st. The traces photographed by the magnetographs at the Observatory departed from their normal gentle curves, showing the two periods of maximum and minimum force of terrestrial magnetism in the twenty-four hours, and exhibited a *rugged sig-sag*, indicative of great and rapid changes in the earth's magnetic condition, and affecting the direction of the compass to quite a serious extent. This was all caused by a *magnetic storm* of considerable magnitude,

which was probably felt all over the surface of the earth.

It has long been known that there is an intimate connection between the condition of the solar surface and terrestrial magnetism, and it is now pretty well established that when spots on the sun are prevalent the earth's magnetism is most disturbed, and magnetic storms are coincident—or nearly so—with some unusual disturbance of the solar surface and the appearance of large or numerous spots undergoing rapid changes. On examining the sun pictures which are taken with the photoheliograph at the Observatory on every fine day, it can be seen that from the 27th March till the 3rd April there were large and numerous spots on the sun, while a comparison of one day's pictures with another's shows that their magnitude, number, and character underwent rapid changes in short periods.

Here, then, are all the evidences of a severe magnetic storm having visited the earth on the 30th March, and continuing till the next day, when it gradually abated.

It may be asked, "What produces these magnetic storms, and what are their effects?" but it is not easy to give very conclusive or satisfactory replies to the question.

It has been observed that the sun is periodically affected with spots—that is, it will be moderately clear of them for a certain number of years, when they gradually increase to a maximum, then more slowly diminish towards a period of minimum—the interval between two maxima having been ascertained from over a century's observation to be from ten to eleven, say ten and a half years. Instruments for measuring the strength, direction, and changes of the magnetism of the earth were devised and used as long ago as 1833 (and indeed, as regards the changes in the *direction* of this force, as early as 1722), and from an examination of the observations made with such instruments it has been found that a maximum of disturbance of the earth's magnetism occurs about every ten and one-third years, and is coincident with (or nearly so) the maximum period of sun spots. This, then, shows conclusively that there is an intimate relation between the two phenomena; for although it may happen that a *magnetic storm* occurs during a minimum of sun spots, the intensity and frequency of such storms are immensely greater at the maximum period.

A magnetic storm conveys no recognised indication of its presence to our senses, except so far as regards the appearance of auroras. An intelligent telegraphist communicating through submarine cables or long land lines is quickly apprised of their approach or existence by the strong extra currents induced in the wires, interfering with their proper working; a careful surveyor or mariner may observe its effects in the unsteadiness and actual large deviation of their compasses. The electrician may be bothered in his experiments, and all magnetic instruments become disturbed, but the sky, clouds, winds, and so forth give no sign, excepting, perhaps, the appearance sometimes

in daytime, if quite fine and clear, of a peculiar appearance on the southern horizon like a dim smoky cloud surmounting an arc of brighter sky close down on the horizon, known as the "Aurora Cloud."

One of the sequences, however, is very frequently a marked atmospheric disturbance over considerable areas of the earth's surface, and some of the most memorable tempests have closely followed severe magnetic storms. What the physical conditions actually brought about by magnetic storms are, remain still to a great extent a matter for conjecture. We only see that the normal magnetic condition of the earth is disturbed; the compass, instead of pointing steadily to the pole, quivers to and fro, first to one side then to the other, as if the magnetic pole of the earth were quivering also, and the normal electric currents which appear to encircle the earth become intensified and altered in direction. It looks as if in response to some great solar convulsion the magnetic axis of the earth gave a sudden "shiver," its poles actually vibrating through an appreciable angle, which would bring about all the consequences observed with magnetic instruments and telegraph lines. But the aurora and the auroral cloud by day still remain to be explained; for although many clever conjectures have been advanced, and many interesting experiments made to illustrate the appearances, it has yet to be satisfactorily shown how or why an aurora and magnetic storm are connected and inter-dependent. Whether such storms serve some great purpose in recouping lost or lagging forces, or in setting right terrestrial matters going wrong, is also a problem yet to be solved; but that they serve some great end, or supply some cosmical or terrestrial requirement, can scarcely be doubted.

ART.

MELBOURNE.

By E. A. C.

On a second visit to Mr. Henry Steinhauer Gibbs' art gallery, 13 Excelsior Chambers, 13 Elizabeth Street, our previous impressions of the artistic excellence and high quality of the work then exhibited were fully confirmed.

Our visit was agreeably and profitably spent in the examination of the many beautiful pictures in oil and water-colour which Mr. Gibbs has succeeded in bringing together from the old country. Moreover, we felt in conversing with Mr. Gibbs, who has passed a life amongst pictures and artists, and has expended large sums in their collection, that we were on genial soil, and in the presence of one who, however modestly he advanced his opinions, "was well up" in the subject to which he is devoting his life.

Of the four fine pictures by Mr. Horace Van Ruith we have treated in a former article.

We were happy to be informed by Mr. Gibbs that he has found a customer for the whole of them. The two large works still remain for a short time at his rooms, and we urge our readers to inspect them before their removal to their destination.

Speaking of Indian subjects, a masterly production by Val. Princeps, A.R.A., of "A Punjaub Warrior," in chain armour, which, though not of the highly finished work of Horace Van Ruith, is remarkable for the boldness with which it is painted, and should be noted for its good colour and vigorous handling.

"Stokesay," by S. H. Baker, is a beautiful picture, full of "verdant freshness" of tint, and the crispness of its leafiness finely depicted. The subject is a castle in Shropshire, full of archæological interest, with an old mill—evidently a favoured spot with artists. Mr. Gibbs informs us that it was painted on the spot from nature, and is strictly like the place, with no fictitious additions.

Almost as good is another picture, by Oliver Baker, a son of the former-named artist. The subject is "Yarn-spinning in North Wales." The texture of the boulder-stones and the lichen on the roof of the cottage is lovely in its tone and colour.

A picture by W. E. Marshall, "The Ploughman Homeward Plods," is a poetical work, and the horses are admirably drawn.

We were greatly pleased to observe amongst the water-colours a fine example of Samuel Prout's early period. We do not remember to have seen so important and representative a drawing by this favourite master. The "old houses," with their transparent shadows, are full of picturesque beauty, and the few figures grouped only as Prout knew how to group them. The work called "Old Houses in Gloucestershire" is a veritable gem in its way. A charming little landscape, but of considerable power, is the "Vale of Llanrwst," by Joseph Knight, and shows one of the artist's happy moods. This accomplished painter works with the left hand, having only one arm.

Two brilliant little drawings by William Hull, the "Painter of Rydall," are attractive for their sparkling quality, delicate manipulation, and freshness of colours.

Mrs. Allingham is represented by a characteristic little drawing of one of her "Country Children," a work of much beauty.

We spent a couple of hours in going through some folios of sepia and water-colour drawings from the hand of Mr. Gibbs' father, who died in 1841. These drawings have recently arrived from England.

James Gibbs was a pupil of Mr. John Varley, and a contemporary of Copley Fielding, Turner of Oxford, F. O. Finch, and others, and did good work in his day, as may be seen

by this unique collection, numbering some fifty drawings. They are all in good preservation, and abound in interest. "Snowdon, from Capel Curig," "Vale of Llangollen," "Bala Lake," "Lake of Llanberis," "Swansea," "Tenby," "Haverfordwest," "The Pass of Mount Frangou," are exceptionally fine. "Bath, from Prior Park, evening effect," is a lovely work, whilst a highly-finished drawing of the "Crater of an Extinct Volcano at Cadir Yoriss" is a masterpiece of power and skill. Of this interesting collection there is not a work but is suggestive of the knowledge and skill of the master. "Rheinfels on the Rhine," by E. Richardson, is a delightful transcript of nature, and, though somewhat sketchy, very transparent and full of atmosphere.

We do not often see a drawing by the great W. Müller, but here is a genuine bit by the great master. "Tal-y-bont," showing a mountain torrent, is a sketch of great power, so masterly in treatment as to make one wish he had put a few more touches and carried it a little further, and thus converted a spirited sketch into a very fine and valuable drawing.

There are numerous other works by Prout, De Wint, Viekers, Hammersley, J. Varley, etc., with those of more modern men, which are attractive and instructive.

The principal event this month in the artistic world has been the very successful opening of the sixteenth exhibition of the Victorian Academy of Art. The ceremony was performed by the Honourable the Premier, who at the same time promised to ask his colleagues to assist the Society in their praiseworthy work. The exhibition was by far the best yet held, and we hope to give full details in our next "Art Notes."

MUSIC.

By E. A. C.

The well-known and great dislike of Mr. Carl Rosa to being "interviewed" has at last been overcome by a reporter of one of the Newcastle papers, who states that the former has decided not to visit America this year. A curious answer was given by him upon the same occasion when asked whether an operatic school should be subventioned by the Government? "As I do not want to be sent to the Tower for high-treason, I decline to answer the question." "Of what or of whom," adds the paper, "was Mr. Rosa thinking?"

As a proof of how necessary it is for all who seek to attain musical proficiency to practice exercises daily, the following remark of Anton Rubinstein may be quoted. Being asked by an "aspiring" lady-artist whether he really needed to do so, he replied, "Madame, were I to omit going through my exercises *one day* I would notice it in my playing, if a second day you would notice it, and if a third day

the public would notice it. That is why I go on practising *every day*."

Private affairs are said to have wholly determined Dr. Hans Von Bülow in his resignation as conductor of the Merriengen Court orchestra, which by his energy has attained so wide and famous a reputation.

The death at eighty-two years of age is announced of Andrea Maffei, Italian poet and librettist. He was residing at Milan at the time.

"Music and Morals," the popular work by the Rev. Mr. Haweis, has just appeared in a condensed German version with the name *Die Tonkunst und ihre Meister*. Several chapters dealing with music in England are omitted.

A new musical work, to be issued every fortnight, has recently been brought out by Messrs. Licht and Meyer, of Leipzig. It contains, besides other interesting matter, eight pages of original compositions, and is

ably edited by Herr N. W. Gottschalg, Court organist at Weimar. *Der Chorgesang* is issued in the interests of choral societies.

A bust of the late Victor Massé is being now executed by M. Millet, the French sculptor. The order has been given by the French Ministry of Fine Arts.

The Austrian aristocracy have assured the Princess Rignatelli of her future means of subsistence, and the lady has therefore renounced her lyric career. The education of her son will be given in one of the colleges in Vienna set apart for the special instruction of the sons of titled families.

LITERATURE.

By "Gleaner."

"Hood in Scotland" is the title of a work announced by Mr. A. Elliot. It contains much fresh matter of interest about the poet.

A new book by the eminent Unitarian minister, Rev. James Freeman Clarke, will be published immediately. The title is "Everyday Religion," and the volume contains a series of discourses on religion in the affairs of daily life.

"The Temperance Teachings of Science" is the title of a volume by Professor A. B. Palmer, of the University of Michigan. It is intended for teachers and pupils in the public schools. It may be well to add that the book expresses no opinion as to particular methods of temperance work.

Mr. W. A. Butler, a well-known American lawyer and the author of the amusing poem, "Nothing to Wear," has written a novel which will shortly be published.

The popular American clergyman, Dr. Van Dyke, has written a volume, entitled, "Theism and Evolution." It is published by Messrs. A. C. Armstrong and Son, New York.

A fourth and greatly improved edition of Dr. Donald Fraser's "Synoptical Lectures on the Books of Holy Scripture" has been issued by Messrs. J. Nisbet and Co. The work is published in two volumes, and will repay a careful study.

King Kala Kaua, of the Sandwich Islands, it is stated, has a book of travels in preparation, thus adding himself to the list of royal authors.

"Recollections of a Sojourn in the Western Islands of the Pacific" is the title of a new work announced by Mr. Murray, the London publisher. The author is Mr. H. H. Romilly, Deputy-Commissioner for New Guinea.

Mr. John H. Morison, an American writer who has just published a volume on "The Great Poets as Religious Teachers," affirms that no really great poet has been able to fill out his conception of a complete and perfected manhood without recognising religion as its deepest and highest attribute.

Mr. Frederick Harrison's new volume, "The Choice of Books, and other Literary Pieces," consists of essays and lectures written at various times during the last twenty years.

Messrs. Chapman and Hall announce a new volume by Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole. The subject is one that will be interesting to many, namely, "Art of the Saracens of Egypt." The book is fully illustrated.

Messrs. Cassell and Co. have just issued the second volume of Mr. H. W. Lucy's "Diary

of Two Parliaments." Our readers will remember that the first volume referred to the Parliament of Mr. Disraeli. The second volume has for its subject "The Gladstone Parliament."

The recently-published "Commentary on the First Epistle to the Corinthians," by the Rev. Thomas Charles Edwards, M.A., has already reached a second edition. The work has been highly commended by many of the English reviews, and is described by one reviewer as "the finest masterpiece in its department which has emanated from the English Press for many years. It has placed the Principal of the University College of Wales in the front rank of British theologians." It may be mentioned that other two excellent commentaries on the First Epistle to the Corinthians have lately been issued, the authors being Archdeacon Farrar and the Rev. Joseph Ager Beet. Both these able expositors have also written commentaries on the Second Epistle to the Corinthians.

An edition of Lord Alfred Tennyson's works in two-cent numbers is one of the latest novelties in New York. The first pennyworth is a reprint of "Enoch Arden."

Mr. T. K. Oliphant has in the press a volume entitled "The New English," a continuation of his excellent work on "Old and Middle English."

Count Tolstoi's novel, "Anna Karenina," has been translated into English by Baroness Langenau, and will be published by Mr. Elliot Stock, of London, shortly.

The new edition of Mr. Ruskin's "Stones of Venice" was published last month. The delay in the publication was necessitated by the restoration of the mezzotint plates having taken longer than was anticipated.

The executors of Victor Hugo announce the discovery of an unfinished drama by the poet, dated 1839. It is entitled "*Les Deux Jumeaux*." It was not finished because a scene in a play by Alexander Dumas, which was produced at the time, bore too great a resemblance to an important situation in Victor Hugo's work.

Professor Long, of Robert College, Constantinople, lately bought from a Greek in Stamboul a manuscript of the Pauline Epistles of rare beauty, which, after careful examination, he concludes to be a genuine work from the hand of the illustrious Emperor-Monk, John VI., born in Constantinople about the year 1300.

The *New York Independent* is publishing a serial story by Miss Phelps, entitled "Burglars in Paradise." Judging from the few chapters which have appeared, the story gives promise of proving interesting.

Messrs. Macmillan and Co. are to be the English publishers of Mr. Henry James' novel of the "Bostonians," now appearing monthly in the *Century*.

It is stated that Mr. Justin M'Carthy has received from the sale of his "History of Our Times" about £6000, and it is estimated that if he had been able to copyright in the United States his entire profits would have been more than double this sum.

Messrs. James Nisbet and Co., of London, announce the last work from the pen of the late Dean of Chester. The title is "The Diaconate of Women in the Anglican Church." A biographical sketch of the Dean, by his son, the Rev. G. J. Howson, will be included in the volume.

At a recent book sale in London, two volumes of Giordano Bruno's works, in magnificent French binding, for which they are chiefly valued, fetched £365 and £360 respectively. It is stated they were purchased in Paris in 1791, by a collector of the library with which they were sold for £16 8s. and £13 8s.

Mr. Walter Scott, the London publisher, announces as in preparation a volume to be entitled "The Children of the Poets." The author is Mr. Eric Robertson, and the volume will contain an anthology of poems on childhood, collected from three centuries of English and American writers.

The same publisher has issued two volumes of a new series of works, entitled "The Camelot Classics." The first volume is "The History of King Arthur and the Quest of the Holy Grail," by Sir Thomas Malory. The second volume is the well-known "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater," by Thomas De Quincey. The object of the publisher is to furnish a complete prose library for the people. The volumes are neatly got up, and issued at the very moderate price of one shilling each.

The March volume of "The Canterbury Poets" contains a selection from the poems of Walt Whitman. The editor, Mr. Ernest Rhys, writes a brief introduction. Like the numerous volumes of this marvellously cheap series, the last issue is published at one shilling.

Messrs. Cassell and Co. announce a series of volumes to be issued under the general title of "Helps to Belief." The editor is the Rev. T. T. Shore, M.A., and among the authors already named are some of the leading theologians in England.

Professor Preyer, of Jena, a well-known writer and investigator in the department of psychology, has recently set forth in a long article in a German publication, "*Rundschau*," the reasons for his entire disbelief in what is known as mind-reading.

In February the sale of the "Personal Memoirs of U. S. Grant" had reached 325,000 sets in America. Nine thousand canvassers were employed to obtain subscriptions, and two hundred of them had New York and

Brooklyn alone for their field. The publishers state that the sum to be paid to Mrs. Grant will be nearly £50,000.

It is stated that Mr. William Morris has had in hand for some time a poem called "The Pilgrims of Hope," which deals with the Socialist propaganda, in which he is taking a share. Portions of it have appeared in *The Common Weal*, the organ of the Socialist League, and Mr. Morris is understood to be welding the parts together for publication as a whole.

"The Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln, by Distinguished Men of His Time," is the title of a volume which was to be published last month by the North American Publishing Company. The book is edited by Mr. A. T. Rice.

Messrs. Swan, Sonnenschein and Co. have just published a work, entitled "The Laws of Nature, and the Laws of God." The author, Dr. Samuel Cockburn, in his work, seeks to refute Professor Drummond's theories on the reconciliation of science and religion as expressed in his "Natural Law in the Spiritual World."

Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co., of London, announce the commencement of a series of volumes under the general title of "The Popular Library of Literary Treasures." The volumes will be published weekly at three-pence each. The first volume, "Emerson's Representative Men and English Traits," was published 15th March.

Encouraged by the favourable reception of the volume of "Expositions" published last year, the Rev. Dr. S. Cox, of Nottingham, who for many years edited the popular theological monthly, *The Expositor*, has just published through Mr. Fisher Unwin, of London, a second volume. Among the lectures in the new volume there are three on the new version of the Old Testament, eight on "The Gospel to the Greeks," and a large number of discourses on subjects of great interest. All who have been helped by Dr. Cox's works through a long succession of years will be gratified to learn that last year's volume of "Expositions" has reached a third edition.

Messrs. Macmillan and Co. have just published a volume of "Sermons and Addresses," by Dr. Farrar, which is worthy of special notice. The discourses were delivered in various places by the eloquent preacher during his visit to America at the close of last year.

Clergymen of all denominations will be interested by our stating that Messrs. Kegan, Paul, Trench and Co. have recently published another volume of "The Pulpit Commentary." The volume includes Paul's Epistles to the Ephesians, Philippians, and Colossians. The expositions and homiletics are by Professor W. G. Blaikie, D.D., and the Revs. B. C. Coffin, M.A., and G. G. Findlay, B.A. The numerous homilies are supplied by well-known and able ministers of different denominations. Of this great and valuable commentary, twenty volumes are now published, and it is not likely to be completed without the addition of probably twenty-five or thirty volumes. We fear its cost will place it beyond the reach of hundreds of ministers. The price of the new

volume is twenty-one shillings, and it is moderate, taking into consideration the quantity of letterpress.

"Progressive Orthodoxy: a Contribution to the Christian Interpretation of Christian Doctrines," is the title of an exceedingly valuable volume recently published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Co., of New York. The volume contains a series of editorial articles originally inserted in the *Andover Review*. Ministers and theological students will find in this vigorously-written work much worthy of close and earnest study.

Messrs. William Inglis and Co., Flinders Street, have just published a small volume, entitled "Zantha." The author, Mr. William Dawe, is a young writer, and this is not his first production, a volume of poems, entitled "Sydonia," which met with a favourable reception, having previously appeared. The little volume now on our table contains two stories, "Zantha," and "The Old Piano." Both are well written, and contain many passages which are full of power. Our objection to both stories is that they are too sensational and not pleasant reading. The sensational element, however, may be a recommendation to some readers. Mr. Dawe has strong imaginative power, and writes with much vigour. "Sydonia" and "Zantha" give promise of something better in years to come. We may mention that the publishers have in the press and will shortly issue another volume by Mr. Dawe, to be entitled "Love and the World and other Poems." We hope this young writer will meet with encouragement in his literary work.

Under the title, "Verses: Translations and Hymns," Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Co., of New York, recently published a beautiful and attractive little volume containing poems and translations by the Rev. Dr. Furness, of Philadelphia. The book is highly commended by American reviewers. The translations are of rare excellence, and of the hymns it is said they are unsurpassed in loftiness and purity of tone, and in profound serenity and trustfulness of spirit.

Doubtless many of our readers remember the long series of articles, entitled "Sketches in Russia, by a Rambling Victorian," which appeared at intervals in the *Melbourne Argus*, and have pleasant recollections of the enjoyment and instruction derived from their perusal. All such will be gratified to learn that Messrs. William Inglis and Co., of Flinders Street East, have just issued the series of sketches in a handsomely got up volume of two hundred and fifty pages, printed in a clear, readable type, and enclosed in an ornamental paper cover. The volume contains thirty chapters, and is crowded with varied, interesting, and valuable information respecting Russia and the Russians. The author, Mr. A. F. Morrison, was a careful, intelligent observer of all he saw, and so clearly and fully does he describe the things he saw and the places he visited that the reader is made to feel as if he had been a companion and fellow-traveller. We may venture to say that there is not a dull page in the book from its beginning to its close. We hope Mr. Morrison will some day

resume his ramblings, and tell us of some other country and people in the same interesting and instructive manner. The volume is published at the moderate price of one shilling, and it is evident that only a very large circulation can repay the enterprising publishers their outlay. We give this volume our most earnest commendation.

For the information of clergymen and theological students, we note the publication of a volume, the third of a series, entitled "Current Discussions." The authors are the six Professors of the Chicago Theological Seminary. The aim of the volume is to answer the questions which every earnest student of theological and ecclesiastical subjects may be supposed to ask at the close of each year, viz., what has been done in the different fields of sacred learning during the past twelve months, and what are the latest results of such studies? It is a report of progress for those who wish to prosecute their studies further along the line indicated. It meets at once the demands of busy pastors and of specialists in such studies. In our brief notes it is impossible to give a full account of the contents of this volume. One professor deals with the Old Testament, and another with the New Testament, noticing the salient points in the latest works on interpretation, history, and theology. A third professor takes up the new literature bearing on the sources of history, the persecutions and spread of Christianity, the history of doctrine, Church constitution and worship, and many other topics. A fourth professor treats of theology as found in the recent works of Drs. A. B. Smith, R. S. Storrs, the Bishop of Exeter, and a long list of notable writers. A fifth professor describes and criticises the principal volumes of sermons and lectures during the past year. The sixth and last writer treats of the pastor, pastoral theology of the New Testament, work in the study, and many things besides. The volume is large, has a copious index, is handsomely printed, and may easily be obtained by order through any Melbourne bookseller.

The April number of the *Presbyterian Monthly*, published by Messrs. William Inglis and Co., and edited by the Rev. James Ballantyne, is in every way equal to the preceding issues. The Editor has provided something to suit every class of readers. No other religious journal published in Victoria has such a varied table of contents. In the "Current Notes" and under the heading of "The Month" a large amount of information is given which is of interest, not only to the members of Presbyterian churches, but to others. The original contributions are instructive, and the selections varied and excellent. The frontispiece is a good portrait of the well-known Dr. James Nish, of Sandhurst. We are disappointed to learn that the circulation of this admirable monthly has not yet reached 10,000 copies. Surely no great effort is needful by a great and influential denomination to attain such a circulation among the churches.

The *Australian Christian Standard* continues to supply to the denomination it represents abundant intelligence respecting the

progress of the churches in the Australian colonies, and a large and varied amount of reading matter. In the April number, in addition to numerous articles and selections, there is the second part of a sermon on "The Law," by the late Alexander Campbell, of America, who, as an expositor of Scripture, had few equals. The *Standard* is published by Mr. M. McLellan, Russell Street.

The April number of *The Victorian Independent* contains a large amount of intelligence respecting the Congregational churches, and several good articles, but its chief attraction to many will be the supplement, devoted to a biographical sketch of the late D. J. Hamer, pastor of the Collins Street Independent Church. A full report is given of the "Memorial Services" on Sunday, 21st March, including sermons by the Revs. A. Gosman, J. King, F. H. Browne, and many other ministers of the denomination. The supplement of fifteen columns is given without extra charge.

In the April number of *The Victorian Freeman*, the organ of the Baptist denomination, there is a good paper on "Instrumental Music in the Worship of God," in which the writer discusses the question, "Is it in accordance with the spirit and teaching of the Word of God?" Those who make Sunday religious services an entertainment with all kinds of musical instruments might reap some benefit from the perusal of the paper. A large amount of denominational intelligence and some interesting selections fill up the number.

The Free Methodist churches have commenced the publication of a monthly journal under the title of *The Observer*. It consists of eight pages folio, or twenty-four columns, and is published at threepence. The contents are varied, and arranged with much taste and neatness. The editorial notes are well written, much denominational intelligence is given, and the selections are good. A serial story, which promises to be interesting, is commenced. We hope this little journal will be a success. The editor evidently is well qualified for his work.

The *Australian Christian World* is the title of a new weekly paper, five numbers of which have been already issued. It consists of sixteen pages folio, and is published at twopence weekly. The contents are varied, and the editorial articles discuss religious, social, and political topics. The religious intelligence is very full, noticing all that is interesting in the progress of the churches of all denominations in the Australian colonies and throughout the world. In addition to the articles by the editors, there are papers on religious topics, an epitome of general news, reviews of books, poetry, temperance items, and a serial story by the Rev. J. D. Hennessey. We think the arrangement of the paper might be improved. We regard the commencement of this new journal as a step in the right direction, and hope that it will prepare the way for the publication of a large weekly newspaper, supported by all denominations and issued at one penny. For such a paper at least 25,000 subscribers might, with an earnest, united effort be secured. We have pleasure in stating

that the proprietors offer to supply the paper to all ministers at half price. We heartily wish the *Australian Christian World* great success.

Messrs. William Inglis and Co. have issued the April number of *The Vigneron*, the monthly journal of "The Australian Wine Association of Victoria." It contains much information respecting the cultivation of the vine, an interesting paper on "Fruit-growing in California," by the Hon. J. L. Dow, M.L.A., and a variety of other subjects. The little journal of sixteen pages is nicely got up, and is published at one shilling monthly, or 10s. 6d. annual subscription, including postage. Such a journal cannot attain a large circulation, hence its comparatively high price.

With the exception of the concluding chapters of Mr. D. Christie Murray's serial, "Aunt Rachel," the whole of the March number of *The English Illustrated Magazine* is occupied with pleasant and instructive articles. The most interesting are those on "Lifeboats and Lifeboat Men," by C. J. Staniland, R.J., and "Sir Thomas More," by Mr. James Sime. Mr. J. Sully gives an entertaining account of a trip to the Jotunheim, the Switzerland of Norway. This will be a pleasant bit of reading to many after a day of anxiety and toil. The article on "Fox Hunting" is written in a lively style, and is sure to find many readers. Nearly all the articles are profusely illustrated, and the engravings are quite equal to the illustrations in *Harper's Magazine*.

Longman's Magazine for March is an excellent number, and contains not only a large instalment of Mr. Besant's novel, "Children of Gibeon," but several very pleasant papers. We name as good bits of reading the Rev. J. H. Overton's paper, "A Country Village in the Beginning of the Eighteenth Century," and A. K. H. B.'s "Because We Forget." From both papers we would gladly quote freely did space permit. Mr. Andrew Lang contributes another of his entertaining and instructive articles under the heading, "At the Sign of the Ship."

The most important subject discussed in the March number of the *Nineteenth Century* is "Home Rule." On this present-day topic there are four articles. The Right Hon. G. Shaw-Lefevre contributes the first paper, entitled "Precedents," and supplies a large amount of valuable information. The writer refers to Sweden and Norway, Finland and Russia, Austria and Hungary, Great Britain and her numerous Anglo-Saxon colonies. The second paper, by Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice, gives a full notice of "Home Rule in Austria." This is a thoroughly interesting and instructive historical article. "Home Rule for Scotland" is the subject of the third paper, which is contributed by the Hon. Arthur D. Elliott, M.P. The last article of the series, "The Impending English Answer," is contributed by Mr. F. H. Hill. The whole will be found worthy of close and attentive study. Prince Krapotkin's article, entitled "In French Prisons," is deeply interesting. The writer gives a full account of the St. Paul prison at

Lyons, where he spent three months as a political prisoner. Mr. W. G. Rawlinson contributes a finely-written article on "Turner's Drawings at the Royal Academy." With the exception of a long article by Professor Huxley on "The Evolution of Theology," there is nothing more calling for special notice in the number.

The March number of the *Atlantic Monthly* contains a large number of excellent papers on various subjects, both interesting and instructive. "Classic and Romantic" is the title of an excellent paper by Mr. F. H. Hedge. After noticing the meaning of the terms, the writer proceeds to offer his views on both, and clearly shows that he prefers the classic to the romantic. He closes thus:—"Classicism gives us perfection of form, romanticism fullness of spirit. Both are essential, seldom found united, but both must combine to constitute a masterpiece of literary art." Under the title, "Americana," Mr. Justin Winsor gives a long and very interesting account of a large number of writers on America from the time of Columbus onward to the present time. Mr. John Fiske contributes a historical sketch, entitled "The United States after the Revolutionary War," and Mr. H. E. Scudder is the writer of a fine biographical sketch of the late Elisha Mulford, the author of the now well-known work, "The Republic of God." The sketch is brief, but it is a fine bit of reading. Of the author of "The Nation" and "The Republic of God," Mr. Scudder writes:—"He did not reason concerning this world and the next, but rather of this world as seen in its universal relations, and the central truth of his theology gave a sublimity to human nature which cast its glow over everything which man cares for." In "The New Portfolio," Dr. O. W. Holmes is as entertaining and instructive as usual. His remarks are respecting two occasional poems which are given at the close. In fiction the two serials are continued, namely, "The Princess Casamassima," by Mr. H. James, and "In the Clouds," by C. E. Craddock. The reviews of new books are numerous and good, and that on Lord Tennyson's last volume is deserving of special mention.

The *Century Magazine* for March opens with a delightful article for a quiet leisure hour. The title is "Italy, from a Tricycle." The writer is a lady—Miss E. R. Pennell—and most pleasantly she tells the incidents of her journey. The article is profusely illustrated. The widely-known and able Congregational pastor, the Rev. Washington Gladden, contributes a long and important article on "The Strength and Weakness of Socialism." This article will be found worthy of close and attentive study by all who are interested in this momentarily important present-day subject. Mr. Gladden writes fairly, and clearly sets forth the various points in the writings of many eminent Socialists, and his utterances are weighty and thoughtful. Mrs. Schuyler van Rensselaer contributes another of her series of papers on "Recent Architecture in America," describing in the present number some fine houses in the city of Boston. The illustrations are numerous and several very beautiful.

"Mountaineering in Persia" is the title of a long and very readable article by Mr. S. G. W. Benjamin. The illustrations are profuse, and two or three fine specimens of the engraver's art. Large space is devoted to the war article, the subject being "Shiloh Revisited." Politicians will read with deep interest the biographical sketch of Emilio Castelar, the eminent Spanish orator, and the paper-entitled "Reminiscences of Castelar." The serial stories by Mary Hallock Foote, Frank R. Stockton, and W. D. Howells are continued. There are numerous other articles, some good poetry, and under the titles, "Topics of the Time" and "Open Letters," many important subjects are discussed. This is a capital number of the *Century*.

The March number of *Harper's Monthly Magazine* is, as usual, rich in instructive and interesting articles. The initial article, "An Iron City beside the Ruhr," written by Mr. Moncure D. Conway, gives an account of the great works of Alfred Krupp. The article is full of information, and the illustrations are numerous. Mr. David Ker contributes a valuable paper entitled "Africa's Awakening," in which he refers at considerable length to the results of the recent explorations by Livingstone, Stanley, and others. Another instructive paper is contributed by Mr. E. Kirke, whose subject is "The City of Cleveland." It is a bit of delightful reading. The illustrations are numerous and many of them beautiful. Mr. William Simpson gives much information in his paper entitled "With the Afghan Boundary Commission." There are many other papers of a lighter character than those named. In fiction there are two good stories. To literary men and all lovers of books that portion of *Harper's* entitled "The Editor's Study," written by Mr. W. D. Howells, will afford a rich feast. Not less interesting are the articles under the heading "Editor's Easy Chair." This is an excellent number of this popular American monthly.

The March number of the *North American Review* contains several articles on subjects of general interest, and a considerable number which will attract the attention specially of American readers. Mr. Cyrus Field contributes a short article on "Government Telegraphy," in which he argues that the time has arrived when the Government of the United States should purchase, in the interests of the people, all the telegraph lines in the country, and he states practical business reasons why this should be done. The article on "Dr. Parry and the Polar Expedition" contains a large amount of information concerning the expedition in which Lieutenant Greely was chief. A large space is devoted to a long series of hitherto unpublished letters of General U. S. Grant and General H. W. Halleck, and an "Unspoken Address" by General W. T. Sherman. The articles likely to interest the largest number of readers are on "The Air Telegraph," by Mr. Thomas A. Edison; "The Fishery Question," by Mr. T. S. Woolsey; and "Modern French Fiction," by H. Greville. These articles give much information on the subjects of which they treat. The well-known American author, Edward E.

Hale, contributes the only theological article, replying at some length and with great clearness to the question, "Why am I an Unitarian?" The notes and comments are fewer than usual, and of no special importance. We do not regard this number as quite up to the usual high standard of excellence by which this review is distinguished.

We have just received from Messrs. H. H. Warner and Co., proprietors Warner's Safe Remedies, Melbourne, a *fac simile* of H. H.

Warner's great £6000 painting, "Niagara Falls in Winter," by Cameron, the famous English artist. The original covers ninety square feet of canvas, being the largest landscape ever painted in America, and the only painting in existence of "Niagara in Winter." The *fac simile*, 12 by 30 inches in size, is in thirty colours, and a faithful representation of the great original. We are informed that the Messrs. H. H. Warner and Co. will post to any address copies of the same on receipt of five shillings.

CURRENT EVENTS.

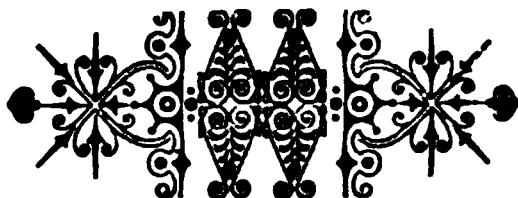
By E. A. C.

The ceremony of laying the foundation stone of St. Barnabas Church, South Melbourne, was performed by His Excellency Sir H. B. Loch, on the afternoon of the 9th April, at four o'clock. The Governor on arrival, accompanied by Lady Loch, entered the church enclosure, and on so doing the Sunday-school children and choir sang one verse of the National Anthem. Besides the Dean and Dr. Bromby, there were present the incumbent, the Rev. Mr. Collier, and some eight or nine other Church of England clergymen, among whom we recognised Mr. Perry, of St. Jude's, Mr. Cresswell, of St. John's, Camberwell, Mr. Armstrong, of St. Colomb's (who read part of the order of service for laying the foundation of churches), and several ministers of other denominations as spectators. The day was all that could be desired, the sun shining almost too hot, which caused the ladies amongst the spectators to get well under cover of their sunshades and umbrellas, which we are sorry to add are not always transparent. The Sunday-school children sang "This stone to Thee in faith we lay," and "Lord of Hosts, to Thee we raise," etc., during the service, and at its conclusion a handsome silver trowel was handed to His Excellency, the stone lowered into position, and after a few ordinary flourishes of the trowel and a tap from a wooden mallet, Sir Henry declared the stone well and faithfully laid, after which he made a short speech, addressing the incumbent and ladies and gentlemen present, mentioning that when he was first asked to lay the foundation stone the Bishop expressed a hope that he would consent, and saying that he, the Bishop, took a deep interest in St. Barnabas Church. He, the Governor, also mentioned the pleasure it gave him to be present and take part in the ceremony, that he would watch with interest the future of the

church, and hoped all the parishioners would subscribe towards the liquidation of the debt incurred in the erection of this their permanent church, after which he and Lady Loch took leave of the incumbent and clergy, leaving the enclosure while the children were singing "God Save the Queen," three cheers being given at its conclusion. Judging from the picture of the building as it will be when completed, it reflects great credit on the architects, Messrs. Terry and Oakden. It is to cost seven thousand pounds when completed, and we have no hesitation in saying that it will be both a cheap and handsome church, an ornament to the neighbourhood, with its pretty spire, lofty roof, and beautiful stained-glass window, and we wish the much respected and hard-working incumbent "God speed."

The bazaar for the Women's Hospital is likely to prove as successful as its well-wishers can desire. By the time "Current Events" are in press it will probably be in the height of its glory.

The autumn show of the Royal Horticultural Society was held in the Town Hall, Melbourne, on 26th and 27th March, and taken altogether was the grandest display it had ever made. The collection of Dahlias was a magnificent one, Mr. Anstis, of Ballarat (an amateur exhibitor), forwarding some that could scarce be surpassed in form, size, or colour. Mr. George Neilson, curator of the gardens, staged over two hundred varieties of apples alone, besides fine specimens of Citrons, Egg Fruit, Pears, etc. We are glad to be able to state that the exhibits forwarded by this gentleman to the Indian and Colonial Exhibition are likely to form a valuable and conspicuous feature in the Exhibition. The society is to be congratulated in possessing the services of so efficient and courteous a curator.



REVIEW.

AUSTRALIAN ESSAYS. By Francis W. L. Adams. Melbourne: William Inglis and Co., 37, 38, and 39 Flinders Street East.

This is not Mr. Adams' first publication, as we learn from the title page that he is the author of "Leicester, an autobiography," and of a volume of "Poems." Nor is it to be his last publication, as three other works are announced, including a novel, to be published shortly. The little volume we now introduce to our readers contains five essays on subjects nearly all of which will be of special interest to Australians, and a long dialogue, entitled "Dawnwards," extending over sixty pages, in which the various personages who take part in the dialogue give their opinions on many subjects—social, moral, scientific, and theological. With the limited space at our command we can do little more than name the subjects of the essays, but lengthened quotation is unnecessary as the volume is published at a price which places it within the reach of all who prize a good, readable book, and who are desirous to encourage Australian writers and publishers.

The title of the first essay is "Melbourne, and her Civilisation: as they Strike an Englishman." Mr. Adams states at the outset that "It is difficult to speak of Melbourne fitly. The judgment of neither native nor foreigner can escape the influence of the phenomenal aspect of the city." The Englishman writes very fairly of Melbourne. He sees much worthy of commendation, but he sees also in many things need of improvement. He states plainly that there is a lack of a higher education, a lack of appreciation of beauty and manners, and refers in proof to the sculpture-gallery and picture-gallery in the Public Library, where a want of taste is manifest in the arrangement of sculptures and pictures. Mr. Adams is not an ill-natured critic, and his remarks should not give offence.

Somewhat in the same style is the fourth essay, which has for its subject "Sydney and her Civilisation." The architecture of Sydney public buildings is not commended; the Sydney perception of its individual life is not strong; the men and women of Sydney do not live so fast mentally as the men and women of Melbourne; the prevailing characteristic of Sydney is its Britishness. In this as well as in the essay first-named there are some sharp criticisms, but nothing that will provoke anger in the breast of any wise man. It is good to have blemishes reprov'd, if the reprover speaks in kindly language.

The two essays on "The Poetry of Adam Lindsay Gordon" and "Culture," are well written, and afford pleasant reading for a quiet leisure hour. Mr. Adams writes fully and fairly of Adam Lindsay Gordon, quotes largely

from his poems, warmly commends what he deems worthy of praise, and when he blames does so very tenderly. As a specimen of the commendation the following paragraph may be quoted:—"There are, I think, passages in him that Byron might have written ('To my Sister'), that Lord Tennyson might have written ('The Road to Avernus' Scene x.) that Mr. Swinburne might have written ('A Dedication'), and the latter are frequent. In no other poets, save Wordsworth and the earlier works of Mr. Arnold, do I find precisely this same sort of (shall I say) parallelism of feeling and expression on certain subjects that I do in Mr. Swinburne and Gordon." There are in this essay many very beautiful paragraphs, and the author has succeeded in bringing together very many of the most suggestive and striking utterances of the Australian poet. This essay is well worthy of hearty and honest praise. The essay on "Culture" is well written, contains much that is suggestive, and its careful and earnest perusal cannot fail to profit. Mr. Adams closes thus:—"Let us live for Idea of Culture, for and by it, for the best that has been thought and known in the world! Let us, too, like Goethe, resolve to wean ourselves from halves, from partial and prejudiced views of things, and to live '*im Ganzen, Guten, Schönen*'—for the Whole, the Good, the Beautiful."

The essay on "The Salvation Army" is the most remarkable in the volume. From the beginning to the close it is commendable, and is calculated to arouse in some, perhaps, animosity against the writer for his plain words, but in others earnest desires for the removal of existing evils. We like this essay—its spirit, its brave, faithful words, and we hope many will read it and be stimulated to action.

Of "Dawnwards" we have only space to say that it will repay a careful reading. We do not agree with some of the statements, but as a whole it is rich in good things, and on almost every page we meet with some suggestive utterance. The volume is nicely got up, and is published at the moderate price of half a crown. With great pleasure we give this work of an Australian pressman our hearty and honest commendation.

The following reviews are held over for want of space:—A Short History of Napoleon the Great, by John Robert Seeley, Professor of Modern History, Cambridge; Songs of Earth and Heaven, by Newman Hall, LL.B.; and Random Rhymes, by Rev. William Allen. We have also received a Translation of Homer's Iliad, by Arthur S. Way, M.A. We shall direct the attention of our readers to this very meritorious production in our next issue.

BRAIN WORRY.

After all, heroism is not the effete principle which pessimists would have us believe. The silent toilers of the world exhibit, to the full, as much courage, endurance, and heroic gratitude as any great conqueror by field or flood. If the conscientious strivings with a hard and uncompromising world seem commonplace beside the achievements of warrior or statesman, they are only lesser in degree. The motive force of the heroic is duty, and it is questionable whether the more dramatic action of this principle reflects greater credit upon a man than the silent, patient, and enduring energy with which the more obscure citizen does. "Oh, how full of briars is this working-day world," says Shakspeare, and surely he who works under conditions, perhaps, of dire disease encounters hardships as keen and terrible as any of wreck or campaign. In these times all men who have to work must do it with all their might. If the hours of labour be shorter than in past times, the stress is harder and the competition more severe. The easy, steady work of old times is succeeded by the rush and strain of modern necessities. And of all species of labour, none so thoroughly "burns out" the candle of health as brain-work. Ordinarily it involves, too, a higher and more conscientious sense of duty. Brain-workers don't strike—they work on until they fall, and are pressed underfoot by the ever-increasing army of intellectual competition. In the bloom of health, and the full force of nervous energy, the brain-worker laughs to scorn any limitation to his capacity. The more work he does the better he likes it. Meanwhile, he is literally burning himself out. The phosphates and phosphoric acid which are eliminated from the system of the intellectual labourer are immensely in excess of the waste suffered by the artisan or labourer. "A burning thought" is an expression of literal significance. Every thought, emotion, or mental excitement wastes so much brain matter; and if the phosphorous loss is not returned by food, or food agents, exhaustion ensues, and disease sets in. We can imagine no more significant evidence of this than is given by Mr. J. Clouting, head master of Waterloo State School, near Sydney. He says that he has suffered from kidney troubles for ten years. During the early part of that time he tried several medical men of the highest reputation in New South Wales, but with no permanent benefit. He was told by one of the most eminent, whom he shall always remember for his unselfish advice, that no medicine then known could cure him, and that drugs would only increase the evil. Thus advised, Mr. Clouting abstained from the use of medicines, and wore a hydropathic bandage, and paid strict attention to diet, eating very

little animal food, so as to lighten the labour of the kidneys. The disease, however, gradually increased, as evidenced by the fixed dull pain in the loins, a burden almost unendurable, until his attention was directed to Warner's safe cure. He hazarded the trial of a bottle, the effects of which were so satisfactory that he continued until he had taken nearly eight bottles. He now found himself free from the old too familiar pain, and every symptom indicating a speedy recovery. This is the testimony of a gentleman who suffered, not merely from disease, but from the weariness of mental labour and anxieties while in agony. Unquestionably, the strain and stress of teaching contribute very largely to disorganisation of the physical and mental systems. The leading organs of secretion and excretion suffer under sympathetic action with the excited and irritated nervous system. It is here that this grand remedy asserts itself as a recuperator of the disarranged machinery, and a gentle force under the operation by which it is set into harmonious movement.

HELPLESS UPON A FRIENDLESS SEA!

Who, in taking passage in a great ocean steamer, does not feel a thrill of exultation over her magnificent power? Against her the Storm King may hurl his elemental forces, nor pierce her armour, nor stop her onward course.

But let me describe a scene when, one morning in mid-ocean, there came an alarm from the pilot-house, followed by a cry, "The ship's rudder is lost!" From the confident expression, consternation came to every face. The wheelman being helpless to direct her course, the vessel was at the mercy of wind and wave.

The captain had been negligent—the hangings of the rudder were allowed to wear weak, and suddenly it had dropped deep into the sea!

Strong in intellect, in physical vigour, in energy and in ambition, man confronts, undaunted, gigantic tasks, and commands applause for his magnificent achievements. But, all unexpectedly, an alarm comes—the rudder of his constitution is gone. He has been careless of its preservation; mental strain, nervous excitement, irregular habits, over-work, have destroyed the action of his kidneys and liver. This would not occur were Warner's safe cure used to maintain vigour. And even now it may restore vitality to those organs and give back to the man that which will lead him to the haven of his ambition.—*The Traveller.*

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ONCE A MONTH.

No. VI.

JUNE 1, 1886.

VOL. IV.

OURSELVES.

This number completes the fourth volume of our publication. We had hoped that *Once a Month* would have filled a gap and taken the same position in Australia which *Chambers' Journal*, *The English Illustrated Magazine*, and *Harper's Monthly*, have done in Great Britain and America. To this end, during the two (2) years of our existence no expense has been spared to make *Once a Month* worthy of a place in every home, and it will readily be conceded that progress has been our motto. We have tried by various circulars and in numerous ways to kindle enthusiasm in every breast for pure and intellectual Australian literature. We have been disappointed, however; and have resolved that unless a number of gentlemen, anxious for the honour and encouragement of Australian literature, are prepared to subscribe the sum of £100 each for two (2) years as a guarantee fund, or unless some substantial assistance be otherwise afforded to the enterprise, we shall reluctantly conclude, with this number, issuing *Once a Month*. It remains with our readers and the public at large to say whether this shall be so.

Two other causes have hastened our decision, viz., the extraordinary carelessness and thoughtlessness on the part of subscribers to forward their subscription—Twelve shillings. "We will call and pay it sometime or other," is the almost invariable excuse, forgetful that thousands of twelve shillings is a serious item, and is often the ruin of Publishers.

The other reason is the repudiation of the Postal Act by the Queensland Government in so far as it affects Vic-

torian magazines, although issued under the "Newspaper Act."

For twenty-two (22) months *Once a Month* had been going to Queensland for one half-penny each, being registered as a newspaper, but the Department has, without warning or other intimation, suddenly charged a deficient postage of threepence half-penny (3½d.) and a fine of fourpence (4d.) to every subscriber, thus completely prohibiting the introduction of Victorian literature into its colony.

Although the population of Australia is somewhat small, we are still of opinion that there is room for *Once a Month*, and we fear that should this magazine cease after the efforts that have been made to sustain it, it will inflict a severe blow and great discouragement on the prospects of Australian literature, that will take years to recover.

In new countries it is so common to subsidise Art, Music, and Literature, as well as Industries, that we do hope a number of gentlemen will be found willing to assist in the way indicated.

In case, however, our hopes are not realised we take this opportunity of expressing our gratitude to all who have contributed to *Once a Month*, especially the editor, Dr. Mercer, who has laboured unweariedly in the editorial chair. We have obtained his permission to insert as a frontispiece a well-executed lithograph portrait of himself. We desire at the same time to express our high appreciation of the manner in which our employés have discharged with so much pride their respective duties.

THE PUBLISHERS.

GALLERY OF EMINENT AUSTRALASIANS.

No. XVIII.

THE REV. SAMUEL MARSDEN.

By E. R. GARNSEY.

Nearly two generations have passed since the death of the Rev. Samuel Marsden, in 1838, and his name is seldom heard in these days. Yet there is no one who has left on the page of Australian history a record of more honourable and honest toil for the advancement and benefit of his fellow-men, whether the aborigines of this land, the Maoris of New Zealand, or his fellow-countrymen of the English race, who had settled or had been born in Australia.

For forty-four years of his life he was here, and they were years of constant and unremitting labour amid the most disheartening circumstances, the severest and most bitter trials. He was surrounded by an unsympathetic population, exposed to their libels and slanders which, hydra-like, sprang up anew as soon as one was confuted or disproved; many times in danger, and always in a position where he had no guidance but that of his own judgment, where he was obliged to strike out his own path, and where there were many at hand to blame and censure if it should lead him astray. Yet he earned the love, affection, and esteem of all who were disposed to justice and right, followed a road that led him to the goal of success, and died with the consciousness that to the utmost extent of his power he had done his duty.

Samuel Marsden was born in the year 1765, on the 24th June—not, as is stated in his published life, on the 28th of July, 1764—in the village of Horsforth, in Yorkshire, where his father was a tradesman, and a preacher

in the Wesleyan Methodist connexion. He was educated at the Free Grammar School at Hull, under Dr. Joseph Milner, the historian, who was then head master. He left school in order to enter his father's business; but this occupation was distasteful to him, as he wished to enter the ministry of the Church of England. He was soon afterwards adopted by the Elland Society, founded by various well-known divines of the time in order to help those candidates for holy orders who were in poor circumstances, and entered St. John's College, Cambridge, under its auspices. The names of such men as Wilberforce, Venn, and Simeon are among the promoters of this society, and with the last-named Mr. Marsden formed a firm friendship. There is nothing of note recorded of his college days, though his worth and the excellence of his character must have been conspicuous; for before he had taken his degree the offer was made to him of a chaplaincy in His Majesty's territory of New South Wales, it is believed through the influence and interest of the great philanthropist, Wilberforce. The offer was at first declined, as Mr. Marsden did not deem himself competent for a post of such importance, but he was induced to reconsider his decision. Accordingly, he was ordained, and received his commission as chaplain, bearing date 1st January, 1793. He set sail in August of the same year, having a few months previously married Miss Elizabeth Bristan. The circumstances of his embarkation were somewhat curious. He was staying



REV SAMUEL MARSDEN

in Hull, whence his ship was to sail, and had gone one Sunday morning to preach in one of the churches there, when, as he was entering the pulpit, a gun was heard. It was the signal for the sailing of his ship, and he had to walk straight down to the beach, and go on board with his wife at once.

The voyage occupied six months and five days, and seems, from the diary of Mr. Marsden, to have been a rather unpleasant one. It was with difficulty that he could persuade the captain to allow him to conduct service, and the presence of a large number of convicts seems to have had a very depressing effect on his mind. The length of the voyage appears to us, who are accustomed to receive our mails from England in thirty-five days, something alarming; and we are not surprised at finding that Mr. Marsden described his landing as a merciful deliverance. His wife had born a daughter on the voyage; and this of course only made him the more anxious to reach the land where he should be able to establish his home. Immediately on landing he went to Parramatta, where he took up his residence, and of which place he remained chaplain till his death in 1838.

Here he was most energetic in advancing agriculture, and promoting habits of industry among the settlers, at the same time setting them a good example of manly Christianity. He was charged with secularity for cultivating his own land, yet, although he had done such good work on it that it was a model farm, he never neglected his spiritual labours. He was known to all those who lived within the large district under his charge, and was constant in his visits to the people. He also took up the cause of the aborigines, and had under his care a school where their children were taught. During the early years of his residence in Parramatta he lost his two eldest sons, one of whom was thrown out of a gig and killed, while the second was scalded to death by falling into a pan of boiling water.

He had grave doubts with reference to the magistracy which was forced upon him on his landing. He thought it inconsistent with his calling, and was

very unwilling to accept the office; but the matter was so put by the Government that he had either to accept it or resign his chaplaincy. Though he did accept, it was always a subject of disagreement between him and the authorities, and caused not a little ill-feeling amongst the people who were his colleagues on the bench. The magistrates were too often corrupt and licentious, and consequently the administration of justice frequently belied its name. There is no doubt that this is one of the causes why Mr. Marsden, who would never countenance any malpractice, was the subject of so much undeserved calumny.

He laboured in Parramatta for fourteen years, and then returned home to England. His visit was made in pursuance of his own request for leave of absence. He recognised the serious state in which matters then were, and knew that the Government at home must step in to settle the affairs of the colony. Thus, at the time when a trustworthy and intelligent adviser was required by the home authorities, such an adviser was found in Mr. Marsden. While he was away from the colony the celebrated Rumpuncheon Revolution took place, which ended in the recall of Governor Bligh and the appointment of Governor Macquarie. Mr. Marsden's chief object, however, in visiting England was one that was more agreeable to his own calling, and it bore fruit in the establishment of the mission to New Zealand. This was the great work of his life, and his wonderful energy and activity is shown by the fact that he made no fewer than seven missionary voyages to New Zealand, and at the same time remained at the head of the large parish of which he was chaplain, directed its affairs, and managed to be personally acquainted with all who lived in it, and to see that the work was efficiently carried on even during his absence. Under the auspices of the Church Missionary Society, three men were sent out to New Zealand, Messrs. Hall, King, and Kendall, all laymen, as it was then impossible to obtain clergymen for the purpose. The first clergyman who went was the Rev. John Butler, who left England in 1815.

In 1809 Mr. Marsden again set sail for Australia, and he was destined never again to see England. He met on this voyage with one who was afterwards, to use Mr. Marsden's own words, "one of the principal instruments in preparing the way for the introduction of the arts of civilisation and the knowledge of Christianity into his native country." This was the Maori chief, Duaterra, who had left his native land and become a sailor, being inflamed with desire for adventure and a roving life. When Mr. Marsden arrived in Sydney, Messrs. Hall, King, and Kendall were assembled, ready to start at once for the then almost unknown land, and Mr. Marsden had the full intention of accompanying them. But Governor Macquarie absolutely forbade his going, looking on the plan as preposterous and courting certain failure. Nothing, therefore, was to be done but to send the missionaries by themselves in the vessel which Mr. Marsden had been obliged to buy to take them, with messages to Duaterra to receive them kindly and protect them. This he did, until the position of the missionaries was made quite secure, by their being able to grow wheat and make bread for the natives, who afterwards looked upon them as friends who had really brought them some benefits. Mr. Marsden himself did not visit New Zealand until 1814, and the account of this voyage, made in the brig "*Active*," is most interesting. His own journal of the event is still extant, and there is much information given on the subject in the biography already mentioned.

After his return to Sydney he was very active in effecting reforms in the convict institutions of Parramatta, especially in the factory where the women were employed. Their condition was truly pitiable. There were one hundred and fifty women and seventy children, and for these no sleeping accommodation of any kind was provided. As many as could slept in the rooms in which they worked, while the majority spent the night wherever they were able to find shelter, with the result that the most shocking immorality prevailed. When this was brought under the Governor's notice

by Mr. Marsden, he acknowledged the receipt of the letter in an obliging way, but did nothing. After waiting eighteen months, Mr. Marsden referred the matter to the home authorities. Of course this exposed him to a storm of calumny and abuse, and involved him in an action for libel. But, as was always the case, he came out of the struggle with clean hands, and with the increased respect and esteem of all whose good opinion was worth the having.

In the end of the year 1819 Mr. Marsden returned to Sydney from his second voyage to New Zealand, and in February of 1820 he was again on his way to the island of which he has been called the apostle. The Bay of Islands was the headquarters of the Mission—the very spot where the dreadful Boyd tragedy had occurred years before, when many of the victims of the Maoris were eaten amidst scenes of the utmost horror.

When Sir Thomas Brisbane succeeded Governor Macquarie, Mr. Marsden was enabled to carry into execution many of the reforms which were urgently needed, and which the former Governor had been unwilling to effect. His character, moreover, was quite cleared of all disgraceful slanders which had been cast upon it, and his merit and worth were appreciated immediately on the publication of the celebrated report of Mr. Commissioner Bigge; so much so, in fact, that his salary as chaplain was increased to £400 a year, in consideration of his "long, laborious, and praiseworthy exertions in behalf of religion and morality."

In 1823 his fourth voyage to New Zealand was made, and on this voyage he was destined to suffer shipwreck. The ship, named the "*Brampton*," was caught in a gale, and her cables having parted, she was dashed on the rocks of Kororika Bay. All, however, reached land in safety.

He did not arrive at Sydney till December, in 1823, when he again pursued his usual active and busy life. He published a pamphlet, in defence, against a libel upon his character, in which he had been described as turbulent and ambitious, avaricious and cruel, and he brought an action in the Supreme Court for the recovery of an

illegal fine, to which he had been subjected through the injustice of some of the magistrates. After a weary length of time, this was decided entirely in Mr. Marsden's favour. Two years afterwards he made his fifth voyage to New Zealand, returning in 1827. His stay there was short, as he found the Mission making most satisfactory progress. Age was now beginning to tell upon his strength. He, however, made another voyage to New Zealand, his return from which was embittered by the death of his wife shortly afterwards. Though a seventh time he visited the land whose welfare was so near his heart, he was never the same man after the death of her who had been the helpmeet of his eventful life. His last voyage to New Zealand was taken in the "Pyramus," and with him he took his youngest daughter. This circumstance shows what a complete transformation had come over the land since the foundation of the Mission, when cannibalism was the general custom of the natives after every victory, and when the most atrocious massacres had been perpetrated, accompanied by the utmost cruelty and barbarity.

After his return he seemed to settle down to work in and around Parramatta in a most active and hearty manner, which reflected the greatest credit on one so advanced in life, for he was now seventy-two years of age; driving round his large district with his one-horse vehicle, drawn by his trusty steed Major. On one occasion he was "stuck-up" by two noted bushrangers, Wormly and Webber, who bade his daughter, who was with him, empty the contents of her father's pockets into the hands of one of them, while the other held a loaded pistol to his head. Nevertheless he firmly rebuked them for their wickedness, and told them that their deeds could only lead them to the gallows. This was a true prophecy; for he had shortly after to administer the last offices to these very men before their execution for highway robbery.

It was on the 8th of May, 1838, that Mr. Marsden started in his gig on the last journey he was ever to take. As he was driving from Parramatta to Windsor he caught a chill, and complained of illness when he arrived at the house of his friend, the Rev. H. T. Stiles, the clergyman of the parish. More alarming symptoms quickly showed themselves, and he succumbed in a state of insensibility to erysipelas in the head. His body was taken to Parramatta and Mr. Stiles preached the funeral sermon.

Thus passed away one who has left his mark in the annals of Australia; whose character was as honest as the day; and whose work, directly and indirectly, has been productive of lasting benefits. He was a man of fine presence, and inspired respect at once among whomsoever he happened to be. He had great firmness and decision of character, and while utterly free from any undue estimate of himself, he had that self-reliance which is never absent from one who has the power of exerting a strong influence over his fellow-men. He was active and energetic, and if possible, would allow nothing to prevent him from carrying out any object he had in view. He was the personification of generosity and openhandedness, and the mere list of his benefactions would occupy a large space.

Though what he accomplished may with justice be called great, yet he would never allow himself any credit, and when it was to the interest of those who upheld the baseness of the day to slander him, their libels were always met in the most Christian spirit, and were never resented. His is a character which as the poet says, is "pleasant to think on," and although the marvellous progress of this land has effaced to a large extent the memory of works performed in the days when it was so differently circumstanced, his name must always be regarded with veneration by every true son of Australia.



LIFE'S TANGLED WEB.

By ALICE GOSSIP.

Author of "A CHRISTMAS JOURNEY," Etc.

"The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together.

—*Shakspeare.*

"O what a tangled web we weave,
When first we purpose to deceive!"

—*Scott.*

CHAPTER XXII.

CHANGE.

"No letter to-day, Larkins?" said Mildred. "Are you sure you posted my last two quite safely?"

"Yes, Miss, quite safe. No one has ever known of or seen one of them. Do not think it's my carelessness, Miss Mildred," answered Bill, earnestly. "Can I go again to-morrow, or do anything for you, Miss?" the good fellow continued, as a look of pain crossed the young face which had now for some time worn such a different expression from the happy look that used to watch Bill's coming, when he first became Cupid's postman.

"Oh no; go as usual. I will let you know when I write again. I am very much obliged to you, Larkins;" and Mildred for the first time alluded to what was going on. "I owe you much for your faithful services, and, believe me, I shall ever remember them; and some day I may show you I have not forgotten them, by being able to repay you for all."

"Don't speak of it, Miss. You were kind to me long ago, and now you are kind to Polly, and that I take as more than anything you could do for me;" and touching his cap respectfully, Larkins left.

Mildred was in the garden; and turning into the little arbour where Arthur Ellmore had declared his love,

she sank down on the seat, burying her face in her hands, and, without shedding a tear, moaned aloud. Her heart had failed her since the afternoon at the rectory; and though over and over again she tried to persuade herself that the rector had alluded to someone else, still the thought would return—"Could he be mistaken? Who was the guest that had been staying at the Grange besides Captain Elliott?" She made inquiries quietly, but could hear of no one but the handsome stranger, who she well knew could be no one but Aubrey. He had never answered her letter telling him of the report she had heard, and although she had written again urging him to write to her, no answer had come.

"Oh it is cruel, cruel!" she moaned to herself. "One little letter, and I could be content to wait on still." She had been obliged to betray her anxiety somewhat to Larkins, trusting and hoping that some excuse might be found for the dreadful silence. Perhaps he had lost her letters, or he might not have gone to enquire, as he stated; but that was not it, the honest fellow would not deceive her; and yet, could her beloved, her noble adored Aubrey be false? Could all those loving words mean nothing? Could the passionate, ardent vows he made her, be but false

ones? Her pride forbade her writing another letter. "No, I cannot do that, it would be unwomanly. I shall die, and then perhaps ——" but she stopped short. "Could it be that he was ill? It must be so." And then further tortures were added to her suffering, and she blamed herself for her base, wicked suspicions. "Did he not ask me to trust him through dark and evil days? and here I am after a few weeks' silence doubting him. Oh, 'tis I am false—false to my promise, to my solemn vow;" and, resolving that she would let fancies trouble her no longer, she decided that occupation would be her best remedy, and started off into the house, to busy herself with domestic matters.

Mrs. Wilmer was lying on the sofa in the pretty chintz drawing-room, looking pale and wan. The past few months had told on her, and this unceasing anxiety was evidently undermining her strength. Mildred had not noticed it as she would have done at any previous time; but as she entered the room, and saw her mother lying with closed eyes, a sort of terror struck her that she was losing her too. "Mamma darling, what ails you? I have been neglecting you. Can it be that wretched business that has brought you to this? Do you feel ill? Let me go to Doctor Moffatt. He will come and see you to-morrow, and give you some strengthening medicine. I have noticed you have not eaten, and remember, my dearest, you will want all your strength now more than ever."

"Oh my Mildred! medicine will not cure me. It is this trouble—this suspense—that is overcoming me. I hear nothing from the lawyers, and Arthur seldom writes now, and, as you know, only in one way can he help us, and that way we cannot accept. I think dear, it will be best if we take some decided step, and leave Chorley and try what we can do. I really do not think I am entitled to my next quarter's income, but I cannot learn whether any of the mortgage interest was paid in advance. Any way another three months must see us penniless, and what we are to do or where we are to go I cannot conceive. I know I should feel better if some definite steps were taken, and there was need for exertion.

But I am sinking under this passive existence; and, dear, I have thought lately you seemed troubled, and my coward heart would not let me introduce the subject again."

"Dear Mamma, do not ever hesitate to speak of it. If I have felt dull, it has not been from any distress about our position. I do not grieve about it in the least. Let us see what we can do; talk boldly about it, and it will lose half its terrors. I cannot have you fretting and wearing yourself out about it." But though Mildred spoke hopefully, there was not the same joyous confidence in her tones as at their previous conversation.

"I will, dear," returned her mother; "but nothing can ever comfort me for my culpable neglect. I thought all would be well if you and Arthur married; and so I let things drift till our friend died, and then all came like an avalanche upon me."

"We cannot help about Arthur. Do not allude to that. I know well that never would woman have had a better husband, friend, or counsellor. But, Mamma, if I tell you that under no circumstances can we be married, that I cannot give him my heart, will it satisfy you and make you cease grieving, and dwelling on what can never take place?"

"My dearest girl," said Mrs. Wilmer, rousing herself at Mildred's slight confession, and sitting up, "I never thought this for a moment. Do not fear I will ever press the matter on you again. As you truly say, no one could have a truer friend than Arthur; but he deserves the fullest love and devotion that woman could bring to man; and if, dear, as I glean from what you say, you could not give this, we will leave the subject for ever." And she paused as if expecting further admissions.

Mildred gave none. It must not be supposed that she was indifferent to their position; that would have been altogether heartless; but she was naturally sanguine and light-hearted, and the dull, unvarying monotony of her village life had begun to pall upon her. So she welcomed change in almost any form; and her heart, having so much pre-occupation, had left her scarcely time

to weigh and consider what a terrible change in their lives lay before them. She had very much desired to tell her mother why she must put away from her the idea of her marriage with Arthur, for she perceived with what tenacity she clung to it, and nothing short of the truth would convince her of its hopelessness. She knew if she could only manage, without betraying Aubrey, to give her mother an inkling of how matters were with her, she would desist from all further importunity.

She went on to discuss ways and means, and it was resolved that they should leave Chorley, give up their house, have a sale of the furniture, and go to London with a view to entering on some new mode of life.

"We may make our fortune, you know, Mamma; then you shall come back and live in Chorley again. I long to go to London. Even if one does not see it under its best aspect, you and I will keep together whatever comes; so we must read all the advertisements in the papers, and we shall find something that will just suit us, depend upon it." And in her innocent heart Mildred rejoiced at the prospect of going to London; for was not her beloved there? and surely some good fortune would lead her to discover where he was and all about him.

"I feel better already," said Mrs. Wilmer, "now we have resolved on doing something. It's this inaction that is killing me. Really, Mildred, I believe you will be quite delighted to turn your back on poor Chorley. It is natural, dear; you are young, and I would share your feelings were it not that our ruin is so complete, and I am in such a great measure to blame for it all. But perhaps good will come out of the evil; we must trust, and do our best as uncomplainingly as we can. I will see to-morrow about the sale, and will wait no longer for this dreary lawyer, who, I believe, will never help us in the least; and I must then write to Arthur to tell him what we have decided on, and thank him for all his kindness;" and getting up from the sofa, she began to fidget about nervously, as if she must commence her

packing, and set about starting at once. Mildred watched her with loving eyes. Noticing how wasted the dear form had become, and observing the harassed look so unusual in the soft pensive face, she reproached herself bitterly for the second time that afternoon, resolving never again to neglect the dear mother, whose love was tried and proved, for that other affection, which, though it might be her most cherished possession, ought not to be permitted to outweigh all natural feelings.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A FRIENDLY CONSPIRACY.

The merry party assembled at Alborough for a time put to flight the solitary musings of Ella, who, with the experienced assistance of Lady Talbot, was entertaining her guests to that lady's full satisfaction. With her winsome courtesy—a combination of good feeling and good manners—she certainly was acquitting herself very well, and Aubrey, who viewed everything of that kind with a morbidly sensitive eye, was completely satisfied, agreeing with his friend, Lady Talbot, that after a short training Ella would be fit to take her place as mistress of the most wealthy establishment. Lady Talbot, being distantly related to the Baronet, used to come to the Hall whenever he had any guests there—a rather unusual occurrence. Kind and pleasant in manner, she fully entered into all his little pet whims; and as it was a nice house to be able always to go to, and ask friends down when she chose, they suited each other mutually, and were on terms of the greatest friendship.

Tom Cullingham had arrived, and to Ella's thinking only one more guest was needed to make it the happiest time she had ever spent at home. Everybody in the neighbourhood had called to see her, and all were loud in their praises of her gentle and winning manners, so garden parties, lawn tennis matches, and picnics, into which the school friends from Brighton entered with the greatest gusto, were the order

of the day. Tom Cullingham and Judith Hilliard were fast friends after ten minutes, originating between them sufficient fun to keep the entire party alive; for the two brother officers, friends of Aubrey, and a very mild curate, though valuable as a mere addition to the numerical strength of the *r union*, still were not very great contributors to the general enjoyment.

"I tell you what it is, Elliott, it's the pleasantest house I ever visited at—none of that confounded what you call chaperoning, I say it's overseeing. There's a total absence of the mamma element—the embryo mother-in-law. That Lady Talbot is a brick," said Tom, in high glee.

"I think the whole place and thing a cursed bore. Pardon me if you feel there is any want of civility in my remark, it was unintentional. You, Tom, who know the bitterness everything is to me, can somewhat judge of my feelings at having to play agreeable suitor and son of the house, when I am at fever heat, and so distracted that when I look at my pistol-case I pause and think of the easy way to end it all. Luck has been dead against me this year. My uncle got an inkling of some of the business, and pulled a very wry face, and has been proportionately stingy ever since, and this, I assure you, has assisted in complicating matters. Do you ever hear of Mildred? I have acted like a scoundrel, but circumstances have forced me. Did you ever see her, Tom? If you did, you will understand how that pale girl palls upon me—how, as I compare her with my queenly Mildred, I almost hate her."

"Come, that won't do, Elliott; it's not her fault if her father has taken this notion into his head, and it sounds to me something very bad to speak of her in that way. Do you know, Captain Aubrey, it strikes me somehow that your cousin is not over-enamoured of your worthy self? Were not this the maddest whim that ever emanated from the brain of anyone outside Bedlam, the pet plan of her idolised father, you would be about the last person Miss Elliott would choose; unless, perhaps, it's the prevailing fashion now-a-days for people who are be-

trothed, and who ought to seem as if they are in love, to appear just the other way on, and as if of all others they two were the most indifferent to each other. It may be fashionable love-making now, but the old way is more to my taste. I know, if I were in love with anyone, I would let the lady see it—yes, and everybody else, too."

"You are not far out in your surmises, Tom. I feel quite sure Ella has not the faintest particle of affection for me. Only she is gentle, I think she would positively dislike me, and had she the least courage she would get restive and throw the entire business up. But in her timidity lies my safety, because the engagement must be carried out now to the bitter end. What does it matter? The poet says, "Life is but the dream of a shade," and if I blow out my brains for hopeless love of Mildred, or drag through a few years of gilded misery with Ella, playing at the little drama of life as chance ordains it, what will it signify when the time is passed, and we are sleeping our long last sleep that knows no waking?"

"Nay, I cannot argue with you sceptics, and, if I could, should never convince you; but, in spite of your poets and their ravings, there is enough reality about life to make me desire that it should pass in the pleasantest manner possible. I don't *like* your Voltairian ideas. You may call them profound philosophy, or what you like, and they may assist in giving an appearance of stoic grandeur to your grumblings and repinings for what you haven't got, but I am certain that they don't help you to enjoy and recognise the good things you have. I think life is a very jolly business—all the happier for the knowledge that when this one is ended there is a better one to come. It's only disappointment that is at the bottom of all that. I know you are a peculiar fellow, Aubrey, and there are many like you; but if you had got your heart's desire in the way you wish, would not your hopes and aspirations have had an upward tendency? Would not that *excelsior* you were always shouting at me in our schooldays be still your watchword? You are awkwardly placed, I'll admit; but that two

wrongs will never make a right I think you will discover to your cost. I have seen Mildred Wilmer since you left, and whether it's man's weakness for the sorrows of beauty, or whether it's an instinct of wisdom, I can't say, but I will admit frankly I regret giving you the advice I did when you were down with me. Any fellow must be proud of her, and if he inflicted sorrow on her it should be a lifelong regret with him. I was in hopes you had forgotten her; but if it has gone on till now, and you deceive her, it's ugly work, Elliott, and I don't think the better of you for it, and it is equally black with regard to your cousin."

"Of course you don't think well of me. I feel myself deserving of the censure of all honourable men. I may choose my path, but it does not follow that I am blind to the part I am acting. But I am as cowardly as Ella herself, and cannot brave the world's cold looks if I resign everything that has hitherto made life tolerable. I have resolved to go to Malta for the two years that will intervene before our marriage. Perhaps by then this frenzied infatuation will have perished, and Ella will have had a good insight into the ways of the world, so we may settle down into an outwardly decent semblance of conjugal felicity. That's the glowing future in store for me. Don't you envy me my fair bride, and my promised wealth and its surroundings?" and he laughed bitterly. The door at that moment opened, admitting a noisy party, and putting an end to further conversation between the friends.

"Oh, Aubrey, we are looking for you; the man has come up to say the boats are ready, and we had better start at once or the tide will not be *nice* for landing." A boating excursion had been planned, and as it was a beautiful morning a pleasant row was anticipated. The ladies were ready, hats were quickly donned, and all set out for the beach where Sir Anthony, Lady Talbot, and her little girls, awaited them. Duly directed by Sir Anthony, all were soon comfortably seated, Ella contriving that Ethel Moorhurst should go with her, for she amused and occupied Aubrey. She

felt she could then be happy and quiet with her own thoughts. Tom and Judith paired, and the officers and curate escorted some young ladies from the neighbourhood. The rowers struck out gallantly, while in the wake came the servants' boat laden with the dinner they were to partake of on a little islet a few miles down the coast.

Tom and Judith chatted merrily together, and leaving the others to pass the time as best they could, soon drifted into remarks about their friends. "What do you think of Miss Elliott and her cousin's engagement?" Judith asked. "We were all so anxious at Brighton to see him, but I do not like him at all, and I think it's very wrong altogether. I am certain Ella does not care the least bit for him, nor do I think he cares for her, though he is polite and displays such *empressement* before Sir Anthony and Lady Talbot. When alone with her he quite neglects her, to my thinking."

"The entire thing is a mistake. Hardly any man could see Miss Elliott and not admire her. I will not say fall in love with her," Tom added, as Judith gave a little significant shrug that might mean much or nothing, "and if this wretched nonsensical work of betrothing children had not taken place, and they were free, ten to one both left to themselves would have arranged it to the complete satisfaction of all parties; whereas now Aubrey—"

"Whereas now Aubrey," said Judith, taking up Tom's words, "doesn't feel an atom of regard for her, and is madly in love with somebody else."

"Why, who told you?" said simple Tom, astonished and perplexed at finding Judith as wise as himself.

"Oh!" said Judith, laughingly, "so I am right. No one told me, Mr. Cullingham, but I am a woman, and consequently gifted with a clear perception. I heard a gentleman once say that men argue to conclusions and women jump at them, and I certainly believe we have the best of you there; for it must surely be a great deal better to get at a fact speedily instead of wading through a long reasoning process and arriving only at the same

point long after woman's wit has descried it. I was perfectly certain before I had been six hours at Alborough that not only was Ella *not* the lady of Captain Elliott's choice, but that he was also deeply pledged elsewhere. But if I say a word to Ella, she says, '*Hush, hush!* I cannot disappoint Papa if I die for it, and perhaps Aubrey will be kind,' and that Lady Talbot, who I believe would assist at Ella's execution to please Sir Anthony, is constantly preaching to her about people becoming *so* fond of each other after marriage, and leading the lives of beatified saints; and indeed so they should if they had to undergo the martyrdom poor Ella is enduring. You know your friend very well, Mr. Cullingham. Cannot you manage it?"

"I am afraid I cannot, Miss Hilliard, though I would with pleasure do anything I could for you, and I shall be putting my friend in a very bad light if I explain how it is that he is disposed to carry out his uncle's wishes."

"Oh! I know," said Judith, crossly. "He is as poor as a church-mouse and Ella will have thousands. Can't you make him marry the other one? I wish Ella would fall in love with somebody; it would meet with my cordial approval, and I declare, if she won't, I will make Sir Anthony get married himself, and so terminate this wretchedness by a *coup de main*. That would be glorious!"

"Well, I wish you luck in your undertaking. I will put myself under your orders, but I am afraid we have little chance of success. Aubrey, I tell you in all confidence, has a hankering after the honours of his uncle's position."

"Well, never mind; we are pledged to secrecy in this noble work. You can consider yourself a sort of knight errant about to rescue a fayre ladye from horrors unspeakable. But, I suppose, here we are. Sir Anthony's boat seems to be pulling in for the shore;" and Judith, who was seated at the stern of the boat pretending to assist Tom in steering, began to chat with the others. All quickly disembarked, feeling quite ready, after the long pull, for the luncheon so amply furnished by the Alborough house-

keeper. With the least possible delay cloths were spread, and champagne and bottled-ale corks were popping in all directions. The luncheon finished, after roaming over the island and peeping down crevasses and chasms, with narrow escapes from falling down uncomfortable places, return orders were issued, and with some delay the boats rowed off in the soft light, while the young moon rose and lent the light of her pale crescent to guide the oarsmen. Ethel and Aubrey sang duets and solos with the utmost good nature till home was reached.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A PARTING CONVERSATION.

After the mutual understanding arrived at between himself and Judith, genial Tom Cullingham appeared to think very many secret consultations requisite. To these Miss Hilliard lent herself readily; and whispers and significant looks were exchanged among the other members of the party whenever they were seen pairing off together, as they did upon every available opportunity. Tom got well roasted when the young men were enjoying their nightly smoke after the ladies had retired, and stood it all in good temper. Aubrey had taken him to task one day when they were alone, saying it would only be right that he should hear his confession, as Tom had been so rigid in exacting his.

"Well, it's scarcely fair on a fellow. Had you never come to Ursford, and I had chanced to see Miss Wilmer, I would have straightway fallen down and worshipped her, for she is beautiful as a star; but you are beforehand with me there. When I come here, Miss Ella is monopolised also by you; and indeed, Elliott, you seem besides to appropriate Miss Moorhurst, with one *tête à tête* after another. So, what am I to do? There is not another soul left, and somehow or other Miss Hilliard and I get on uncommonly well together. She has none of the nonsense about her that your fashionable ladies indulge in. She likes fun; she likes

horses and dogs, and things all in my line, you know, so we naturally talk to each other. Whenever I speak to Miss Moorhurst or these young ladies from the neighbourhood, they first look surprised, and then ask me, with the most painful politeness, what I have said. Judith never does that."

"Oh! you have got to *Judith*, have you?" said Aubrey. "That means business. I will admit she is what you call jolly, and a good girl into the bargain. But, in my private opinion, Miss Judith doesn't like your humble servant over much. That, however, does not signify. I know enough of her to think that she and Tom Cullingham would make Ursford the best house to visit at in the county. So, Tom, you must throw in a good word for me; for some day I intend to come and see you again." And Aubrey turned the conversation to his own troubles—a topic far more interesting to him than other people's felicities.

"By the way," he said, "this Ellmore, my uncle says, is coming here in a week. When he sees you, Tom, he will be full of Chorley. Keep it all dark; he is a man I want to have nothing to say to. I met him once, but we have a natural antipathy to each other I feel convinced, and our sentiments, though we both madly love the same woman, are wide apart as the poles. My uncle is a nuisance with his confounded whims and likings, and wants the fellow and myself to be Damon and Pythias. I don't think I can stand it many days; we should have some rupture, for I could not be civil to him."

"I am sorry I did not know he was coming; I should so much like to meet him. I hear he is leaving Chorley, and this would be a good opportunity, but I may see him elsewhere. I must leave here on Tuesday. I have asked some fellows down and I must be home when they arrive."

"Of course, my luck. I wish you could be here, Tom, when he comes. I am getting huffed and nervous. Why, of all men in the world, did my uncle light on this one, and with his absurd fancies insist upon us all falling down and worshipping him? He will be vexed if I go, but

he must put up with it. I would marry Ella to-morrow to end this subserviency and falling in with his ideas, but that's no go. Ella won't; I saw by a gleam in her eyes that she can be roused, at least to insist on the original arrangement. I once mentioned her father's desire, and my willingness to comply with it, but she stood her ground; and there is nothing for me but to remain in the regiment and go abroad. I should become insane if this work went on much longer. I think I must come to Ursford before I start, but I cannot say positively. The demon that has ruled me so long seems to have taken full possession of me, and away from this cursed place nothing but impulse sways me."

"Led by the nose by your own sweet will," laughed Tom. "I tell you what it is: I shall soon begin to have doubts of your being perfectly *compos mentis*. I never saw a man so altered in the whole course of my life. You are becoming ill-tempered, which you never were, snappish and inconsistent. You are going to do your young cousin a great wrong in holding her to her overstrained submission to her father's wishes. You say yourself she dislikes you. Why not go to your uncle, and tell him you believe that to be the case, and say he must release you both, and let him give you sufficient to settle down upon?"

"No use—no use. I said something about it to him; but he became angry at once, and I saw it would be all up with me if I continued the subject. You know, Tom, a man can't live upon air, and that's about all I should have to subsist on till Sir Anthony chose to go off the hooks."

"Well, I can give no other advice than I have given. It's the most extraordinary as well as the most wretched business I ever heard of."

"I may trust you, Tom," Aubrey asked, with some anxiety, "to be silent about everything to Miss Hilliard, when you arrive at the confidential and confiding stage?"

"Well," replied Tom, "to tell the truth, I think she has an inkling of it already. She quite astonished me by what she said." And Tom repeated what had passed between him and Judith.

"She is a quick-witted girl, and sees at a glance neither I nor Ella have an atom of love for each other. Then she has, with a girl's fancy, concluded I must love some one else. What I ask you to do, Tom, is not to enlighten her any further; for I should be ruined if it got wind."

"All right, my boy; I will be silent as the grave. But, by Jove, when I think of the jolly times I hope may be in store for me, I don't like you to be left out in the cold, you who should have everything, who should be exempt from the troubles and griefs of commonplace mortals!" And Tom began to wax pathetic in his affection.

"You are the truest friend ever man had!" And Aubrey held out his hand to exchange the firm grasp which they used to give each other in the old Eton days, when honour and pluck occupied the place now held by selfishness and worldliness.

A few days afterwards Tom bade adieu to pleasant Alborough, with a sort of promise from Judith, that if he would hunt up the worthy pater, and put before him his desires and his worldly belongings, and if he assented, it might be that she herself would not say him nay.

CHAPTER XXV.

REVELATIONS.

In compliance with Mildred's request, Bill Larkins one morning set out for Ursford post-office. On arriving he was told by the post-mistress that there was still no letter, and seeing disappointment in his face she hazarded the conjecture that his correspondent might be dead. For a little the conjecture turned the current of his thoughts; but resolving to gain all the information he could, he betook himself to the inn, which he had not entered since his first visit to Ursford.

The landlady recognised him at once, and was disposed to be very communicative. She was quite ready to tell him all that she had heard from the servants at the Grange, about Mr. Cullingham and his friends; so without much prompting or questioning on his part,

he learned that Captain Elliott's engagement to his wealthy cousin was now a settled thing, and even that it had existed before Mildred and Aubrey had met. Boiling over with indignation at "the scoundrel," as he called him to himself, and almost overwhelmed with pity and fear for "Miss Mildred," Bill hastily left the inn to return to Chorley.

He had almost arrived, when he saw Mildred coming to meet him. In uncontrollable anxiety she had walked out, the sooner to know the result of his visit to the post-office. Excited as much as his placid nature would permit, to her gesture Bill answered, "No, Miss, there ain't no letter, and what's more, there won't be any."

Mildred was dumb, and seeing from her paleness and agitation how much she suffered, Bill's rage against Aubrey overpowered every other feeling. Without thinking further, he blurted out in his uncultivated plainness of speech all that the landlady had told him, vowing vengeance against the villain, if he could only get a hold of him. "He has been deceivin' of you all the time," said honest Bill.

To what other conclusion could Mildred come? Turning without a word, feeling as if in a horrid dream, with tottering yet hurried steps, scarcely feeling the ground under her feet, she hastened home. Mrs. Wilmer stood at the door, and, with an agonised and inarticulate cry, stretching out her hands to her mother, Mildred fell insensible at her feet.

Mrs. Wilmer with her feeble strength vainly tried to raise her. Her cries at last summoned Polly, who seeing her young mistress lying apparently dead, rushed out of the house screaming for Bill, who had followed Mildred into the garden, and was luckily still there. "Make haste, Bill, for heaven's sake! Miss Mildred is dead. Go in to Missus, and I will run for the doctor." And Polly, without waiting for an answer, tore off, bonnetless, down the village for Dr. Moffatt, who fortunately was at home, and who came with all possible haste.

With a white face Bill ran into the house, for he said to himself "I have killed her with my clumsy telling."

"Help me! take her into the parlour—on the sofa, Larkins; I cannot lift her myself." Bill raised the beautiful pale form as that of a child whom he feared to touch roughly, while the weeping mother, leading the way, opened the door.

"What can have ailed her? She seemed well this morning before she went out. Oh! fetch the doctor, my child will die!" said poor Mrs. Wilmer, wringing her hands in a hopeless way, that went to the heart of Bill, who never spoke a word. The doctor's step was heard that moment in the hall. Bill stepped across the floor to the window, feeling he could not leave till he heard the medical verdict.

"What's all this? Don't distress yourself, my dear Madam," and the doctor, who was fussy and kind, gave Mrs. Wilmer's hand sundry little reassuring taps. "She is all right," he returned to Mrs. Wilmer's wail that her darling was dead. "Only a swoon; we will have her round presently." He leisurely seated himself, with that professional coolness which is intolerable to our anxious impatience, wild to know the best or worst that ails our dear ones, but which is so necessary for the due performance of the physician's duties. He felt her pulse, peeped under the closed eyelids, paused, and did it all over again. "Has your daughter had any trouble, any anxiety lately? This is no ordinary fainting—the result of any slight cause. Has she had a shock of any kind?"

"No; she was as usual this morning. She went out to walk, and I met her coming in, when she looked white and scared, and she stretched out her arms and fell at my feet before I had time to save her."

The doctor looked grave, shook her somewhat roughly, and called her by name loudly; but all to no purpose. The rigid face never relaxed a muscle.

"She has received some terrible shock. I must hurry home for some medicine. The girl could not utter an intelligible sentence, so I have nothing with me I can give her. Keep her quiet; but we must have a mustard poultice immediately laid on the spine, to try and rouse the torpid brain." Polly flew to get it, for Mrs. Wilmer

seemed quite helpless. Bill strode out of the room on tiptoe to catch the doctor as he left the house.

"Will she live, Sir?" he whispered. "Has it killed her?"

"Has what killed her?" sharply asked Dr. Moffatt, "that's just what I want to find out."

"Oh! I don't know, Sir, I thought you said her brain was hurt."

"Humph!" he grunted. "I thought you were going to say something of importance," and he hurried out of the hall door, leaving Bill as wise as before. The poor fellow went into the kitchen, and laying his head on the table, fairly cried. In a minute Polly's arms were round his neck, and she was mingling her tears with his.

"Oh, if our dear young lady was to die! if she does, it's me has killed her."

"Lawk-a-mercy! don't say that, Bill. She won't die; we will nurse her till she's better. Whatever makes you say you've done it?" And Polly returned to her mustard poultice-making with a perfectly scared look.

"Never mind, my gal," said Bill, recovering himself; "I'll tell you another time. You tell Missus I'll stay here and sleep in the stable-room all the time Miss is ill, ready to be called day and night. You are such a bit of a thing, Polly, and Missus looks to me worse nor no one at all."

"I'm all right, and Mrs. Wilmer will come round after a bit. Make a good fire up, and stop here, and I will call you if wanted;" and Polly returned to the parlour feeling much comforted by Bill's presence in the kitchen.

The doctor soon returned, but no change had taken place in the girl's condition. She lay still as ever—the stony expression in her face painful to witness. Doctor Moffatt looked very grave when he came in again. Mrs. Wilmer and Polly, who had been bathing the sufferer's head with brandy and vinegar, looked at each other, both understanding the doctor's blank look. He moistened the lips, but the clenched teeth would not let anything pass through. After a few moments a low moan escaped her. "Can she be got upstairs? let her be laid on the bed; the moving may rouse her." So Bill was called to carry her upstairs to her

pretty dainty little chamber, where so many pleasant dreams had come to her; and this was the end of them—a poor prostrate form lying unconscious, borne down and crushed by a man's duplicity and treachery. Oh! there are not many greater sins, lightly as they may be thought of, still more lightly as they may meet the scoff and laugh of the base and the guilty. To any one knowing the cruel cause it would seem better that the closed eyes should remain shut; that the sad spirit and broken heart should remain still. While the agony was so great, and sorrow so new, death seemed far preferable; to pass quietly away in that blessed unconsciousness than to know the bitter waking. Broken hearts do not kill; if they did the hand that has inflicted the blow would not be called a murderous one. There is no penalty for the dastard who does this cruel work, not even the world's censure; the contumely is generally for the victim.

They laid her on the bed, and though Dr. Moffatt did the utmost his skill suggested, for some time all his efforts were unavailing. He asked all kinds of questions—"Had she had a shock of any kind? Had she been grieving? Was it this affair of Ellmore's, which, of course, had been village talk? Was it the troubles that were before them?" To each and all Mrs. Wilmer answered "No." She thought, perhaps, she had been rather sad, but certainly nothing had transpired to cause this.

"Well, that this is the result of some mental shock it does not require much medical skill to see. Yet I should have been glad to get some insight into the cause. I thought that Larkins, whom I met in the hall, had something to tell me, but he seems half-witted, and it was nothing after all. You are not strong enough, Mrs. Wilmer, to nurse her; we must get somebody in. Whom would you like? Anyone in the place will come; the difficulty will be to choose the best."

"Oh, I want no help, Doctor. It could never worry or harm me to nurse my own darling child. Polly is the best of little servants, and Larkins will stay here at night, so I feel quite satisfied I can manage."

Dr. Moffatt gave a sharp professional glance at the speaker, and decided that it would be better to let her have her will. She would have to give up, he knew, but better suffer her to admit it herself when she found out the necessity.

"I fear that this will prove more than a fainting fit, and I will be in again very shortly. She will rouse in time, but do not be alarmed if she does not know you, and seems strange. Husband all your strength, my dear friend, for nursing is tedious, weary work;" and, turning to the bed, he again felt the pulse, but with no better result.

Very slowly passed the hours while the mother and maid watched over the silent, motionless figure. Each kept going to Mildred every few minutes, trusting there would be some movement of the eyelids, or some faint sign of returning consciousness; Mrs. Wilmer wringing her hands in speechless helplessness, and Polly putting her apron to her eyes every time she looked at the bed. She had to go to the door three or four times to tell faithful Bill how her young lady was. Once he came and knocked to say he had "made the Missus a cup of tea, would Polly come and bring it her," and there was one for Polly, too. Mrs. Wilmer would not stir, so the tea was brought, which she drank mechanically. Late in the evening the doctor came again. Still the same death-like immobility.

"Will she ever come round?" they asked him with bated breath. "Can nothing be done to rouse her?"

"Nothing, nothing! she has youth and health in her favour. Can I have an armchair before the kitchen fire? I think I will stay here all night. All the sick folks are as comfortable as I can make them for to-day, and I have left directions if I am wanted to send here; so now, Mrs. Wilmer, I will give orders, and the first is that you take rest. No objecting! I am here;" and drawing out the sofa beside the bed, he shook up the pillows, and saw Mrs. Wilmer lie down, covering her over with a thick, warm shawl. She was too exhausted and unnerved to resist. She had whispered, "See to everything,

Polly, I cannot ;” and, laying her tired head on the pillows, she turned her face to the bed, touching with her hand the cold fingers of her child. Before long she dozed, proving the wisdom of the doctor’s injunctions. Meanwhile Bill had a good fire in the little dining-room, where the cloth for supper was laid, and the doctor’s slippers ready warming. Dr. Moffatt was surprised, as he had expected no better accommodation than that afforded by the cosy kitchen. Giving Bill another look, he decided “he was something better than an idiot,” as he had previously declared him to be, so thanked him pleasantly, giving a grunt of satisfaction when he popped his feet into his slippers.

“How did they get here?” he asked.

“I took the liberty, Sir, to send a boy for them, as you said you were a-going to be here all night. Will you call, Sir, when you want anything?” Bill was very anxious that the doctor should be comfortable, for he was very testy otherwise, and Bill felt it was his duty to let him know something about Mildred’s sorrow. It might perhaps save her life. In a little while Dr. Moffatt went noiselessly upstairs, and taking a look at both the unconscious ones, was well pleased to find Mrs. Wilmer sleeping ; for though she started and moaned in her sleep, he knew it would refresh her. When he got down again Bill had everything in nice order, and viewed with satisfaction the vigorous attack made on the viands by the doctor. He thought the time had now arrived for making his disclosures. “I want to make bold to ask you to let me tell you what I wanted to say this morning, but I didn’t know if it was right to.”

The doctor looked surprised at this somewhat strange roundabout speech. “What do you mean, Larkins?” he asked, quietly.

“About what ails Miss Mildred. It was my fault, Sir.”

“Bless my soul ! Your fault ! What do you mean, young man ?”

“Well, Sir, it’s a long story, but when it’s come to this I feel I must tell.” The doctor gave an unmistakable shrug of impatience, so Bill hurried on. “Sir, you know Master Arthur was in

love with Miss Mildred. She didn’t care for him ; she was all for one of them swells from Ursford.”

“What ! Mr. Cullingham ?” asked the doctor, looking more and more astonished at Bill’s extraordinary communications.

“No, Sir ; that handsome gentleman. You must have seen him ; he was there in June. Well, Sir, Miss Mildred knew him somehow (I don’t think the Missus or a soul knew about it), and they were for ever meeting down there in the woods on the sly. The gentleman got to know me, and asked me to fetch some letters for the young lady ; and I have, and she’s wrote to him and he’s wrote to her lots of times, and they were engaged just as me and Polly is. Well, Sir, I fetched letters for weeks and weeks, till at last there weren’t none, and I went over and over again for some, but none came. The reason is, he’s gone and married some other lady with a great fortune, and deserted Miss, and, Sir, I went to-day for a letter, and heard all this, and I met her on the road home, and I blurted it out, and she turned like death and walked back again without a word ; and Missus says she never spoke, but held out her arms to her and dropped down lifeless. That’s all, Sir ; I shall be happier now I have told you. I feels as if I had killed her ; but you don’t think it’s betraying of her secret, do you, Sir, to tell you ?”

“No, my man,” said the little doctor ; “you are right to have told me. That will do ; I am glad you have spoken of it. You are a good fellow ;” and Bill respectfully pulled a forelock and retired.

“Poor girl ! poor girl ! so it’s work like this that has laid you low ! I remember the man very well—an unusually handsome fellow. I must look up this Cullingham and hear what I can about it. My poor girl, could not you escape with your wonderful beauty ? But it was that of course which lured the rascal ; he must be a heartless hound. It has had a terrible effect on her ; that blundering ass Larkins of course is the cause of it, though it was not his fault. I wish I knew this Squire of Ursford ; but busy old parish doctors have something else to do than

running after idle young gentlemen. I wonder if he has had a hand in it. Report says he isn't a bad fellow. But I thought Mildred a more sensible girl than this. There is that worthy Ellmore she would have nothing to do with, but must go and wreck her whole future on this good-looking scoundrel. It's the way with the women; nothing will teach them. Sterling worth pitted against some Apollo-faced reprobate must always, I suppose, go to the wall. But I am very sorry to hear all this; very sorry," soliloquised the good doctor, shaking his head and wiping his old spectacles, and his old eyes too. He went upstairs again, and found Mrs. Wilmer sitting up blaming herself for being so wicked as to sleep while her child was lying unconscious, and Polly doing her best to comfort her. The doctor took her in hand also. "Go down and take some supper, and presently bring up your mistress some. I will stay till you return, so don't hurry. You must have some one else to-morrow; you want nursing yourself, Mrs. Wilmer;" and the doctor proceeded to ask indirect questions, in order to ascertain if she was at all aware of Mildred's engagement.

"Stay," Mrs. Wilmer said, "I am so confused that I can recall nothing; but now you mention this, I remember when speaking of her rejection of Arthur, she said to me, 'I will tell you so much, Mamma, to make you satisfied; my heart is not mine to give.' She said no more, and I thought her fancy had been caught by some one she had seen, and that therefore Arthur was repugnant to her, but she gave no further confidence, and the subject and all thought of it dropped. My poor child! It has been a heavy blow to bear her down like this. I know you would not deceive me, Doctor; when she rouses what will be her state?"

"I fear brain-fever; but we will hope for the best. Do not grieve too much; remember she is young and healthy, and I may be quite wrong after all. Doctors are not infallible."

Polly opened the door to bring in a tray of supper, and at that moment Mildred stirred. The doctor quickly held a cordial to her lips. It roused her this time, for, with a low wail of

distress, she opened her eyes and started violently, but seeing her mother, tried to smile. The feeble effort failed, and her head sank down with a moan.

"That moan is the most cheering thing I have heard yet; it tells me she is conscious of her sorrow. Come, my dear, drink this; we cannot have you in this state any longer;" and submissively, but without any sign of rousing herself, Mildred drank what was held to her lips. There she lay, quietly passive, and though the doctor shook her and Mrs. Wilmer kissed and clung to her, she made no response.

"Lie down by her," he whispered; "she must not be startled; she is better, but scarcely yet awake to her troubles. Nothing must alarm her; the draught will induce sleep. Let her fall off, if possible, without a sound."

Motioning to Polly also to sit down, he took a chair himself. So they sat for an hour, when the rigid eyelids closed again, and into the sweet face crept, like a shadow, the softened, peaceful expression of sleep.

The doctor, rising noiselessly, pressed the poor mother's hand, whispering that all would be well, and tripping downstairs to the snug parlour, ensconced himself in his armchair, and, putting his handkerchief over his head, indulged in a quiet doze.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ELLA ON THE TRACK.

Arthur Ellmore had arrived at Alborough Hall, much to Ella's secret delight and Aubrey's annoyance. He was sorry to find that Mr. Cullingham had left on the previous day, for he desired to make his acquaintance, as he was so near a neighbour. The position of a new comer is not always an agreeable one amongst a party of persons who have associated long enough together to be on intimate terms. One feels very like a fish out of water; none of the little jokes are understood, and all the allusions to past fun are perfect mystifications; while attempts to enter into any of the former

make one seem vapid and absurd, and the wet-blanket element therefore predominates, centred very unpleasantly in one's own proper person. And though Arthur was thoroughly gentlemanly and unselfish, and courteous to all alike, Tom's merry laugh was missed, and his absence, unfortunately, had a depressing effect on Judith. So the party was shorn of a good deal of its merriment, though perhaps the sobered tone was more in keeping with the sentiments of the majority. They had had such unceasing joking and hilarious fun, with Tom's good temper and Judith's nonsense, that Arthur's introduction among them caused quite a lull. Sir Anthony, however, was all urbanity. He kept continually dinning into his nephew's ears how much he liked his new guest, and how he trusted they would be firm friends, till Aubrey actually writhed with annoyance, while a Cain-like hatred entered his heart; and the evil spirit within him prompted him to cavil at every word of the new comer, so that in spite of all Arthur's amiability they nearly came to an open rupture.

Ella was not long in finding this out, and resenting it in her gentle way. This was merely adding fuel to the fire in Captain Aubrey's breast; for with the dog-in-the-manger propensities of persons of his character, though he did not care one jot for his cousin, he grudged one tittle of admiration to another, and that other his rival, and his sneering sarcasms were the first cruel words Ella had ever heard addressed to her. She had not the courage to retort upon him for his injustice to herself. Thus matters fared badly at Alborough Hall, till Miss Moorhurst was heard to declare "she could not have thought it possible that the absence of such a very peculiar and extraordinary person as Mr. Cullingham should have such a depressing effect upon them all."

"I should not be surprised at *your* missing him, Judith; your ridiculous school-girl ways will never leave you; but that *we* should all be apparently affected by it is really singular."

"When extremes meet sometimes there is fusion as well as explosion—at

least the old professor used to tell us so. Perhaps it is so in your case, dear Ethel, as you are candid enough to admit feeling affected by the loss of Mr. Cullingham's society. There is a great charm in novelty, and I am sure you were novelties to each other. Now he and I, according to you, were like two of a trade, and the oracle out of which have proceeded all the wise saws hath it that they never agree. It would be indeed glorious to find the stately Ethel a victim to the influence of rollicking fun! What do you think, Captain Elliott?" she continued, as Aubrey entered the room. "Here is Miss Moorhurst bewailing Mr. Cullingham's absence in most despairing tones—almost with tears."

"I think Miss Moorhurst shows her good judgment, for a better fellow than Tom Cullingham never lived. I am sure *I* miss him. Alborough seems hardly tolerable without him," added Aubrey, who for once let his ill-temper get the better of his gallantry.

"Really, Captain Elliott," rejoined Judith, in her most provoking tones, "you surprise me even more than Ethel. I thought for you the charm of Alborough was an abiding one. But here comes Lady Talbot—let us have her opinion," she continued, as she saw an angry frown on Aubrey's face.

"You had better give us your own," interrupted Ethel, "while you are so busy collecting others' on such an unimportant subject. Don't you think, Lady Talbot, it would settle what we were discussing if it were put to the vote?"

"My dear Miss Moorhurst, is it this pleasant addition we have to our party in the person of Mr. Ellmore? I think he is most agreeable and charming. Your uncle, Aubrey, is delighted with him, and so, I am sure, is everyone else."

"Oh! it's not Mr. Ellmore; I think with you he is very pleasant; it's this Mr. Cullingham, of whom it appears to be high treason to speak in any terms but those of the most unqualified praise. Even Ella scolded me this morning for saying I felt it a relief not to be startled by his sudden laugh; and you will admit, it really does make one jump sometimes."

"You should hear it echo through the old rooms at Ursford Grange ; but you will probably not have the opportunity of doing so, Miss Moorhurst," said Aubrey, quite aware that his saying so was a little hit for Miss Ethel. He had discovered that she was already quite prepared to pay any amount of adulation to the new wealthy arrival. "For my part, I always think the atmosphere clearer after one of Tom's honest peals. I don't think I can get along much——;" but the entrance of Ella and the subject of his secret dislike interrupted his insinuated disparagement.

"We are all recording our regrets for the absence of Mr. Cullingham, Mr. Ellmore," remarked Lady Talbot. "I understand he is a neighbour of yours. Your coming has been most opportune, for I began really to think we should all lapse into dulness. Certainly, as Captain Elliott says, his genial cheerfulness does one good ; it is quite contagious."

"I fear you will be losers rather than gainers then by my *entrée*, Lady Talbot, for laughter and I have, I think, parted company. Miss Elliott and myself have just been holding an argument which is best—inexperienced youth, with its freedom from sorrows, or, that just passed, our recollections of its holiday time, and our knowledge bought with sometimes bitter experience. We have scarcely arrived at a satisfactory conclusion, so we will consider our argument postponed, not ended, Miss Elliott." Ella smiled her gentle acquiescence. "Mr. Cullingham is not known to me ; we reside in different localities, and he has but recently come to the Grange. I hear his praises on all sides, and it would have given me much pleasure to have made his acquaintance. As I am not returning to Chorley, the opportunity of doing so is lost."

"Were you not going to Chorley church to see some very lovely lady organist, Aubrey? You said something of it in one of your letters to Papa. Did you ever go and see her? or do *you* know who she is, Mr. Ellmore?"

"Oh, my dear child, you must not make me accountable for all the

chit-chat of a country letter. It has passed from my recollection ; some rustic beauty, I suppose, Tom was descanting upon at the time. I often put down *verbatim* his remarks when writing to my uncle." But for all Captain Elliott's *nonchalance*, his breath came faster and his cheek flushed, while Arthur, with a sad smile, rejoined, "I knew her well, Miss Elliott ; she was one of my earliest friends."

"And was she so very lovely? She must have been for my cousin to write about it. How was it you never went to see her, Aubrey? A lovely organist in a village church seems the very *idéal* of romance ; one could make a long story about her. Tell us, will you, Mr. Ellmore, what she is like. She should be saint-like looking, a veritable Cecilia—is she so?"

"You are absurd in your persistency, Ella," snappishly interposed Aubrey. "The letter and its contents have passed from my recollection."

"She is quite beautiful enough to make a story about," Arthur kindly answered to Ella's deprecating look of apology ; "and if you saw her I think you would say so ; not quite saint-like, perhaps—too sunny for that. Her story should be a joyous one, as I believe it will be ; the sadness and gloom of a cloistered saint is not at all in keeping with her bright youth. You may picture a happy future for her, Miss Elliott—at least, I trust so. She is our village favourite, and I think you would hear her praises in cottage or hall ;" and Arthur, in his love, was willing to tell of Mildred's hold upon the hearts of Chorley, not stinting her, in his disappointment, of her meed of praise.

Aubrey grew livid, and paced up and down the room, not daring to utter a word to draw attention ; for he felt he had lost all control over himself. Meeting Ella's little dog in his way, he trod ruthlessly on it, and its yells called them away from the topic upon which, he felt, were another word uttered, he should go mad.

"Oh, Aubrey, my poor little dog ! Did you not see it? I wish you would not pace up and down like that ;" and Ella, between tears and sympathy for her pet, got really angry. But her

cousin, feeling that the dangerous subject was forgotten for the present, tried to atone for the accident by the utmost solicitude for Flossie, and summoned Sanders, to whom the poor little animal was consigned. Captain Elliott resolved never again to be subjected to such tortures. To hear Ellmore, the man who, he knew, loved Mildred with all the intensity of which his nature was capable—who was rejected by her because of her fatal affection for himself—to hear him calmly telling, out of the depth of his love for her, how he trusted and believed that her future would be a happy one, that opening out to her was the happiness that, had it been so ruled, he would have given all he possessed to give her, knowing himself the while—the false coward who was inflicting worse than death on the confiding girl—that Ellmore would have counted life itself a light price to pay for her happiness, was truly maddening. He thought to himself, “I fancy that if Ellmore knew who I was, or how matters were at Chorley, mine would not be a very enviable position. He is scarcely a duellist; still, I don’t think the world could hold us both. Sweet Mildred! I think I could die for you, but I cannot face life and all the horrors attendant on poverty with you. Stay! Could my uncle be brought to accede to this regard of poor Ella’s for Ellmore which I see springing up? It would leave me free with a claim on him; but,” he added, with an oath, “this fellow is not one to change. How could he be brought to care for her? I will sound Sir Anthony to-day, and, if all fails, farewell, Mildred, for ever! Your life will not be sadder than mine, tied to this Madonna-faced child. But the same roof shall not cover the heads of your late lover and myself for another twenty-four hours.”

The arrival of other visitors put an end to Captain Elliott’s reverie, and, tennis being the order of the day, sides were told off, leaving him, much to his satisfaction, free to seek his uncle.

CHAPTER XXVII.

MUTUAL DISAPPOINTMENT.

Sir Anthony was comfortably seated in the noble library of the old hall,

but if truth must be told, though a tolerable scholar, it was not “the grand old masters or bards sublime” that occupied him; for a handkerchief was cunningly placed over his head to ward off the attacks of flies, and he was dozing the long afternoon pleasantly away. So he did not hear Aubrey’s knock, nor even his entrance.

It was a magnificent room; all that wealth could do had been lavished on it. There was the cool shadowed gloom which alone seems suitable to such receptacles of learning; the splendid curtains which hung in heavy folds from the long windows; the thick pile carpets, on which not a footfall sounded to disturb the student’s musings. Here and there were choice sculptures and busts of the geniuses of all times, while precious and priceless tomes, with costly bindings, lined the walls. Sir Anthony seemed to love his old home most of all when he was in his library. There was something in that stately room which more than anything else made him feel proud of being its possessor. He had contributed much himself to its perfection; and though he could hardly boast of his broad acres, he felt perfectly justified in lauding to the utmost his beloved library. It was one of the sights of Alborough, and its fame was well abroad. He had spent thousands on it, and his unfortunate nephew sighed as he looked round it and thought what happiness those thousands would have bought for him and that poor broken heart far away in the quiet village.

Aubrey hardly felt disposed to defer the expression of his wishes till the termination of his uncle’s slumbers, so pushing a book which lay near him, he let it fall with a loud crash, as remorselessly as he had stamped on poor Flossie. Sir Anthony awoke with a start, and with the fussiness of persons who dislike to be caught napping.

“I regret if I have startled you, Sir, and still more if I have disturbed you.”

“No, no! not at all—not at all. I had not, I think, closed my eyes a moment. Is there anything you want? Is anybody wanting me?”

“No, but I should be glad if you could spare me half an hour or so. I received letters this morning that may

take me to town, and I think before leaving there are a few matters to be settled with regard to Ella's decision about our engagement."

"What can you possibly have to say about that? Is not all settled long ago, or has my dear girl been letting you know she is willing the day should not be so far distant as originally fixed? I will favour your desires in any way, Aubrey, so let me hear all about it."

"I fear that Ella's wish is rather to postpone the time as much as possible. I think, Sir, we have made a mistake in desiring to bind my cousin."

"Nonsense! 'Tis not, I suppose," said the baronet, rising from his chair, "your own idea that a mistake has been made? If not," he continued, in answer to Aubrey's negative, "do not fear about Ella. She knows it is the desire of my heart that you, who are heir to Alborough, should also be her husband, and that the wealth I possess should not pass from my child or my home. I regret now not having named an earlier date for the marriage, for Ella seems very different from most young people, more fit to undertake the responsibilities of married life than half the girls older than herself."

Poor, foolish, proud man! He did not know that the self-possession and quiet were only the sad results of her utter loneliness, and engendered by her sombre life. Aubrey knew better than that; he was quite aware that the gentle, clinging nature needed and was crying out for some stay upon which to rest—not to be doomed, after her solitary girlhood, to a still more lonely wifehood, unloved and unappreciated; and if he could so have arranged it, he would have been glad that Ella should have escaped the life before her.

"Have you not then spoken to Ella?" pursued Sir Anthony. "Try what she says, and let me know the result. Or, stay, I will ask her myself, and let you know. Lovers do not care to plead to deaf ears, and it may be she has some childish fancy; she would like a holiday before assuming the rôle of mistress of Alborough."

"Have you ascertained the state of her feelings, Uncle? Remember we bound Ella before she had the slightest insight into the world; before she had

the opportunity of seeing any one else. If you found her heart was not quite with our wishes, what then?"

"What then, Sir? Nothing at all. Ella and myself are pledged, and there can be no going back. Have you any reason to think her thoughts are turned in another direction? Only that I have passed my word that if she so desires an interval shall intervene, I would have her married next month, and so end at once all this. But I will not break my word even to my own child; and as she has given me hers, you still consenting, I will hold her to her promise. No, Aubrey, I do not think I could rest in my grave if I left the world knowing my only child was banished from Alborough. I will sound Ella to-night, as I say, and let you know. Perhaps it would be as well to do so at once, and so end all disquietude. Tell her I want her, like a good fellow, and come back yourself in half an hour."

Aubrey left the room with slow step and heavy heart. He had done his best, he thought, and the fates were against him. He almost cursed his uncle for his pertinacity in showering favours on him. Did he deserve pity, or only contempt and abhorrence, for his cowardly servility to wealth and position? Anyway he suffered acutely; for there was something besides passion in his love for Mildred; she had roused him from the torpor of selfishness in which he was steeped, and though the depths of his self-love encrusted heart had not been reached, still an echo had been awakened that would reverberate to his life's end.

When he quitted Sir Anthony, the tennis match had just been finished, and Ella and Arthur Ellmore were seated a little apart, she listening with rapt attention to his pleasant kindly conversation. She started, as her cousin's well-known step sounded near her, and he could see how the love-tint faded, instead of mounting at his coming.

"Your father wants you, my dear Ella; he wishes to speak to you at once, and awaits you in the library now. Mr. Ellmore will pardon my interruption, I am sure," he added, politely bowing to Arthur.

"What can Papa want? Do you know, Aubrey? You must take charge of Mr. Ellmore; I was going to show him the spot you fish in. Will you? for he tells me he's very fond of the sport." I will run in to Papa;" and with a smile and a nod Ella left them. Captain Elliott did not care much for his office of guide and sole companion; but making the best of circumstances, he did Ella's bidding courteously enough, while she hurried off to see what her father wanted.

Sir Anthony was still sitting where Aubrey had left him, looking very handsome, in spite of the little pompous paternal air he had thought it necessary to assume. Ella put her arms round his neck, and, laying her soft cheek against his, asked him why he had sent for her.

"I want, my dear, to ask you a question that should come from a lover's lips, not mine; but your cousin tells me you seem somewhat to avoid the subject, so he has deputed me to speak for him." Sir Anthony paused for Ella to reply, but her silence obliged him to continue. Much to his surprise, he found this a far more awkward matter than he had anticipated.

"You see, my dear," he began, "at least you know, how very much I have this business at heart—this marriage between you and Aubrey. I have been thinking," he continued, as Ella still maintained complete silence, "it would be as well if it could be arranged to take place at once. Stay," he said, as Ella, starting up suddenly, stepped from him, "let me tell you my reasons, and then I will hear yours. You do not seem so childish as many girls of your years, and sometimes I think I am getting old, and life is uncertain with us all. Aubrey appears restless lately, and I hear a few reports of things that do not quite please me—little follies which a married man does not often indulge in, and which I do not care to have talked about of my daughter's husband. He is, I know, poor, and once married all that will be remedied, as I intend to settle a very handsome fortune on you both. What do you say, my child—are you going to comply with our wishes, and let me

send to Warren and Low to begin preparing the settlements? You could be in time for next season, and, I should fancy, would enjoy it far more than if only under Lady Talbot's protection."

"But, Papa, what of your promise? You pledged your word that two years should elapse before you would ask me to fulfil this engagement." She turned on him a white despairing face, very different to that of a happy betrothed maiden hearing of the preparations for her nuptials.

"Do you intend, after what I have said, to keep me to my promise? I will not go from my word, but my wish and hope is that the time should be considerably shortened. Come, dear, what can be your objections?"

"My objections," said poor Ella, "are more than I can tell you. Oh, Papa, cannot it be ended altogether?" and the love that was struggling in the young girl's heart encouraged her to venture a remonstrance she would not otherwise have dared to utter. "I do not, cannot love my cousin: day after day it becomes more distasteful; only the thought of it, Papa—I do not think Aubrey cares in the least for me. Give him money, all my fortune, only let me be free; I cannot marry him," and sinking her face in her hands she sobbed convulsively.

"Tut, tut, Ella; this is childish. I have just heard from your cousin, he is quite prepared to carry out his part of the compact; that does not look very much as if he did not care for you. Come, we will say, if you wish, a year sooner than the time fixed; I hardly like to tell Aubrey I have quite failed in my mission. He knows he must succeed me; if I thought he was only seeking your fortune," said the inconsistent old Baronet, "I would turn him out of the house and get married myself."

"Do, do, Papa! Give Aubrey the fortune that he has a right to expect, and let me be free."

"Nay, not a single penny should he have. But I tell you, he has asked me to speak to you, and I consider you and myself pledged. It would break my heart to be frustrated, and I hold you by your sacred promise not to cause this; not to make me thrust

forth penniless the nephew who has become a son to me. Come, Ella, what is to be my answer to Aubrey?"

"Nothing; tell him no more than this, that if he holds me to my promise, given when I was entirely ignorant of the ties and responsibilities I was taking on myself, I also hold him and you to yours, that two years shall elapse before the marriage. If I am alive I will then fulfil it. You tell me Aubrey speaks of going abroad; so much the better; let the subject be for the future one upon which we will never speak. I am sorry to grieve you, Papa; but if I am to carry out your wish it must be as I say."

"Very well, Ella. I will not force you; you will still be very young in two years' time, and I must arrange it with Aubrey so that he may feel his disappointment as little as possible."

Ella, without a word or a kiss, left him, to hurry to her room there to give vent to her pent-up feelings.

She felt like a sentenced prisoner on whom additional fetters had been rivetted after the irrevocable fiat had been pronounced. "Oh! what shall I do?" sobbed the poor girl. "Oh! if I had only a mother! Other girls tell me a mother comforts one so in sorrow or disappointment; but I have never known such love. Oh! I hope I may die before the time is up, it would be far better than that awful long life with Aubrey. Papa is so kind in everything but this. I will ask Aubrey myself to release me. Papa could never carry out his cruel threat. I know he sees I avoid him, and he does not care whether I do or not; but what if he knew of Papa's vow to give him nothing!" Her heart failed her as she guessed intuitively that the resignation, not of herself but of her fortune, would be a sacrifice Captain Elliott was hardly equal to. So hope fled, and there was left nothing but a dull despair.

ALONE.

By L. A. M.

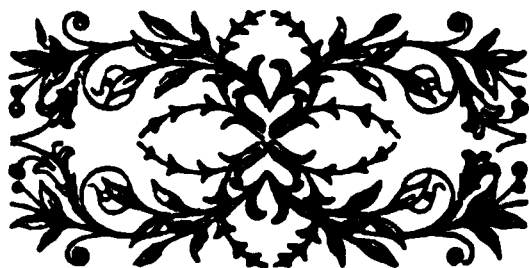
"——— a loss for ever new,
A void, where heart on heart reposed,
And where warm hands have pressed and closed,
Silence—till I be silent, too." —*In Memoriam.*

Alone! and desolate for evermore!
Gone the true heart, whose ev'ry throb was mine:
The loving eye, that thought no form so fair
As hers who gave him, forty years ago,
The vows, ne'er flaw'd, of love and fealty.
Staunch comrades, as true lovers, side by side
Through joy and sorrow—plenty—poverty—
Health—sickness—enmity, that undisguised
Wrought open wrong, and treachery that lurk'd
'Neath friendliest semblance: we have met them all,
And fought them with bold front, and fair success—
But *'twas together*. Now, alone, forlorn—
Forlornest of forlorn things—widow'd wife—
I sit beside the table where *we* sate,

And shut mine eyes, and try to think they'll ope
To meet the glance of answer beam from his
With wonted gleesome smile—those eyes that closed
As, gazing into mine, the death-glaze dimmed
Their honest lustre. In the midnight hush
I hear him call me, and spring quick to meet
The wish or need, so long my only care.
The blest delusion ceases, and I live
To know that dear voice mute for evermore !
My life's best music done—the last sad chord
With lingering echo knelling to my heart
The requiem of past happiness—dead love.
Ah ! why should cruel death such sev'rance make,
Nor let the union—long so fast and firm—
Endure for life, for death, and the hereafter ?
So, hand in hand, as erst on earth we walked,
Our happy shades might issue into space
And learn the secrets of the unseen world ;
Or, wrapp'd in dreamless slumber of the grave
End suffering and speculation, each
In the same moment !

Still, I mercy own
In this most bitter destiny of mine,
Since 'tis less pain to bear it, than to die
Leaving my darling desolate instead,
Missing the watchful, wifely ministry,
The service that but pastime ever seemed
With love to claim it—the attentive ear
Ready and glad to listen, whether grave
Matters of state-craft shaped the theme of talk
(On which a woman's quick crude instincts aye
Were heard with patience, with approval oft),
Or sportive play of words, or tales of old,
Or stern denunciation of some wrong,
Injustice, or deception, that would rouse
The lion heart to strong indignant speech.

Ah ! had'st *thou* lived to find thyself alone,
And my poor sever'd spirit hov'ring near
Seeing thy loneliness, powerless to aid,
Caress, or comfort thee—how tenfold worse
Than even *this* drear doom ! for now 'tis I,
I only suffer—*thou* hast gone to rest !



LUNACY IN THE BUSH.

By R. R. HAVERFIELD.

In his interesting contribution to the April number of *Once a Month*, Mr. Lockhart Morton, speaking of the old squatting days, wrote :—"Such was the solitary and monotonous life of shepherds that in five or six years they became more or less cranky." Undoubtedly a great many of them did, and of course the solitary monotonous lives they led were the chief cause of their malady, but the periodical spree, when they submitted themselves to the "lambing-down" process at the hands of the tender publicans, helped materially to disorder their brains. It was remarkable that they were almost invariably quiet and harmless, exhibiting in only rare instances any violent and dangerous tendencies. Although generally moody, it was no uncommon thing to find them at times cheerful and even jolly. I knew a "luny" once of the name of Tarney, who, after long fits of depression, would suddenly become full of spirits, and cause much fun among his companions by telling them quaint stories of a most improbable character. One man who lived in the same hut with him was a native of New South Wales, a great strapping fellow, who ought to have been a soldier instead of a shepherd. He found much delight in teasing poor Tarney, who, being very meek and even-tempered, only laughed at his chaff, and when another hut-mate condoled with him and declared it was too bad of the Cornstalk to treat him in such a manner, he would smile, in his quiet way, and say, "Never mind, old man ; I'll have him one of these days—you see if I don't."

At shearing-time there was a large assemblage of men, shepherds, shearers, and others, at the home station. Tarney was in one of his happy moods at the time, and in fine form as a fictionist. One sultry evening the men, after having had their supper in their huts,

repaired to the shearing-shed, as being the coolest place on the station. For the same reason the owner of the station, his overseer, and one or two visitors also betook themselves to the shed. All hands were lounging about, tired out with the day's work, and very little was being said. After a while the Cornstalk, addressing Tarney, said, "Come now, Cranky, give us a yarn." As Tarney's yarns were in much repute, every one disposed himself to listen, those who were sharpening their shears laying them aside, so that he might be clearly heard. Tarney gave an audible chuckle ; he was pleased at having so large and attentive an audience.

"His time is come," he whispered to his considerate hut-mate, and again chuckling aloud, he began.

"I had a horse of my own one time," he said, "and I was travelling one day in search of work, when I overtook a little old man on a tall, bony, white horse. We rode along together, and had not gone far, when he asked me what was my occupation. I told him I could do a little stock-keeping, or a great deal of shepherding, undertake cooking and hut-keeping, and take a turn at doing nothing with any man. Upon that, he offered to give me employment at good wages.

"'What I want,' said he, 'is someone for protection, for to tell you the truth I have a thousand pounds in my valise.'

"I thought that was rather a strange disclosure to make to a stranger, and a diabolical idea entered my head. That thousand pounds, thought I to myself, will just set me up for life. So I agreed to hire with him. That night we had to camp out, and when the old fellow laid down he put the valise under his head. As soon as he was asleep I put my knee on his chest and cut his throat from ear to ear. I then opened the valise, but found there was

an inner clasp that I couldn't unfasten, so I forced it open with my knife, and immediately there was a tremendous explosion. I was thrown down with great violence, and my right arm was blown clean out of the shoulder socket."

"What a lie!" shouted the Cornstalk.

"Wait a bit, Mr. Cornstalk," said Tarney; "if it's a lie you can tell me of it afterwards. There I lay in great agony, and bleeding to death, as I thought, when the old man jumped up and burst into a hearty laugh.

"'You're a pretty fellow,' said he, 'for a protector, I must say. But you didn't hurt me, and so I forgive you. Come, sit up, and I'll put you to rights.'

"He then picked up my arm and put it on so nicely that it felt as well and strong as ever.

"'Why, who are you?' I asked. 'Surely you must be Old Gooseberry himself.'

"'No,' said he, 'I'm only one of Old Gooseberry's brigade. I had a short errand to do on earth, so, on meeting with you, I thought I'd just try what you were made of, and as I find you're one of the right sort I'll tell you what I'll do with you—I'll give you £20,000 if you'll marry my daughter.'

"'Right you are,' said I, 'I'm your man; where will I find the lady?'

"'Oh, I'll send for her,' said he, and he stamped his foot three times on the ground, upon which a fine, tall, handsome young woman made her appearance in such a sudden and extraordinary manner that I couldn't tell whether she came from above or below or anywhere around.

"'What do you want, Pa?' she asked, in a sweet voice.

"'I've got a husband for you,' said he.

"'Oh, indeed!' said she. 'Is this the gentleman?'

"'Yes, that's him,' said he; 'and I'll leave you to settle the matter between you.'

"Off he skipped, and was out of sight in a moment.

"'So Pa has promised to give me to you in marriage,' said she, with a most bewitching smile. 'Well, Sir, I am

quite willing, but there's one thing I'm bound in honour to tell you, which you may think somewhat of a drawback, perhaps—you can't touch me, just try.'

"I put my arm round her neck, intending to kiss her, for devil's daughter as she might be, she was a wonderful kissable-looking creature. But there was nothing there. I might as well have clasped a column of smoke; and yet there she stood, looking as plump and solid as any human being. At that moment the little old demon came back grinning all over his face.

"'Do you hold to your bargain?' said he.

"'Certainly,' said I, 'if you pay me the money.'

"'Here you are, then,' said he, producing a good big bag, and pouring out the contents on the ground. They consisted of an immense number of what appeared to be good gold sovereigns, clinking with the true ring of the coin as they fell upon one another.

"'Now, then,' said the old chap, 'gather 'em up and put 'em in the bag. Count 'em at your leisure, and if there's anything short of the £20,000 I'll make it up before the wedding takes place.'

"'Oh, I'm not particular to a pound or two, or a hundred pound or two,' said I, in great glee at making such a grand haul. With that I tried to pick up the coins, but my fingers went through them just the same as my arm went through the neck of the lady.

"'Why, this is a diabolical trick!' said I, foaming with rage.

"'Just so!' shouted the little old demon; 'just so!' shrieked the she-fiend; and away they flew together, screaming with laughter, and I never saw anything of them afterwards."

"That's a fine yarn, I must say," cried the Cornstalk, as Tarney concluded. "Now I suppose you couldn't tell us, Cranky, what became of the sovereigns?"

"Well, yes—I may tell you that I invested them in a very satisfactory way after all."

"How? In building a castle in the air for another she-devil—eh, Cranky?"

"No."

"How, then?"

"Well, if you must know, it was in setting a trap for a Cornstalk, and catching him, too!"

Tarney did chuckle over this sell, and his pleasant hut-mate, who, like everyone else in the shed, except the Cornstalk, was convulsed with laughter, was compelled to shift his quarters in order to avoid having his ribs punched in by the elbow of the exhilarated luny.

There was some method in Mr. Tarney's madness, it will be seen, and, absurd as his story was, it showed that he was capable of consecutive thought in going a long way round to work out a desired end.

Reverting to the causes of insanity or semi-insanity among the shepherd tribe and to Mr. Morton's remarks, the question suggests itself as to whether the heavy sentences of solitary confinement commonly passed now-a-days by our judges are not calculated to turn the brains of prisoners, and thus to render them more dangerous when again turned loose on society. The shepherds certainly were not all men of a criminal type, or, if ever they had offended against the laws, the fact of their taking to an honest means of obtaining a livelihood proved that they were desirous of relinquishing altogether their former evil ways. Thus their lunacy did not become a peril to their fellows. But we have also to consider that they were removed from the temptations to crime with which prisoners are surrounded on their discharge from gaol, who, if their brains are turned by the solitude to which they have been subjected, may possibly become more desperately wicked than they were previously. At all events, it may be asked whether it is quite right to subject men to trials which may prove too much for their mental strength. This in passing, however. I am not disposed to indite essays on controversial subjects for this or any other periodical.

The lunacy of the shepherds was due in a great measure to want of employment for their brains. However, the subject of the following story, told by an old friend of his, was a man of considerable mechanical knowledge and skill, who was for ever exercising

his wits on the invention of contrivances, some of which, it was said, were ingenious, and proved useful. It would seem, then, that even though congenial employment may be provided for a man, his intellect is not absolutely safe from the effects of a lonely, or comparatively lonely life. The following, it may be observed, was an exceptional case, the common features of bush lunacy being doltishness and want of energy—sheer laziness and stupidity, in fact—whilst here, it will be seen, there was a superabundance of mental and physical vitality and activity, showing the difference between simple crankiness and downright madness.

"'Tain't much wonder," began the narrator, "that so many shepherds and hutkeepers should go cranky, for what is there for 'em to employ their minds about in the bush? Ah! it's a lonesome life; and when they gets away from it for a bit they goes and knocks down their wages in drink—and rank poison it mostly is—and at last their brains gets addled, and that's how it is there's so many lunies in the bush. I knew one once as thought he'd found out perpetual motion. One time he made up some sort of a thing—leastways he said he did—but nobody ever seen it; and when he'd got it together, it started on the go, and do what he would he couldn't stop it. So at last he catches it up, and carries it away into a solitary place in the ranges, and tethers it to a tree. When he goes to look at it next day it had broke loose, and no sign could he see of it anywhere. Off he starts in search of it; and he gets on to the tracks of it—(this is the yarn he told hisself, you know)—and follows 'em up for miles upon miles, and at last the tracks takes him right up to the door of a hut. In he goes very soft like, so that he might catch the thing on the hop. Well, the man as was in charge of the place was taking a snooze in the middle of the day, and as he was lying on his bunk, kind of huddled up like, Cranky makes sure he must be the thing he wants. As it seemed to be pretty quiet, he looks about him for something to make it secure with, and there happened to be an old wool-bale lying in the corner

of the hut. So he takes it up and overhauls it to see there was no hole in it that the thing could get out through. And then he hunts about and finds a bit of rope; and he goes to work to try to get the man into the bale, and he manages to get his legs into it, and with that the man wakes and jumps up in the bunk in a great fright. Cranky was a stout able chap, and the man was only a bit of a undersized thing, and it wasn't a bit of good his kicking or struggling; and Cranky, being so sure it was his thing, flings hisself a-top of him, pretty nigh smothering of 'un, and at last he gets him fair into the bag and kneels upon 'un till he ties up the mouth of it tight with the rope. The poor chap lay there pretty quiet for a little, for he was hurt a good bit and a good bit more frightened than hurt. By-and-by he sings out to be let loose.

"'Grand!' says Cranky, 'my fortin's made—it can speak as well as travel!'

"And he sits there on the bunk laughing ready to split hisself to see the thing rolling about on the floor, and to hear it hollering out. Then he sets to considering how he shall get it away. He tried to lift it, but he couldn't. 'Darn it,' he says, 'if I can't get it home, nobody else shan't have it—so I'll take and burn it.'

"'Oh, lord!' says the poor fellow in the bag.

"'Well, then,' says Cranky, 'come along with me quiet and I won't burn you.'

"'I can't,' answers the man, 'whilst I'm a-tied up like this here.'

"'Second thoughts is best,' says Cranky, 'I'll roll it down to the creek and sink it in a waterhole; and then I shall have a chance of getting of it sometime or other, for the water won't damage it much.'

"It was no use for the unfortunate wretch to keep on begging for his life and screaming and kicking. Cranky hauls and drags and rolls 'un out of the door; and the more the man fought and went on, the better Cranky was pleased.

"'For the love of mercy,' cries out the poor bagged 'un, 'if you're a-going to drownd me, jog my memory with a bit of a prayer.'

"Cranky did laugh when he heard that.

"'What a thing I have a-made,' he says, 'why, it acterly thinks,' says he, 'as it's got a soul to be saved! I'm not a-going to drownd you,' he says, 'for good and all. I'm only going to put you where you'll be safe till I can come and fetch you.'

"'I never done you no harm,' says the poor chap; 'don't go to put me in the water.'

"By this time Cranky had got 'un pretty close to the creek, and he started to look for some big stones to sink 'un in the water with. It took 'un a good while, and after all he couldn't find any to suit, but he came across a small dry hole in the creek.

"'That'll do,' says he; 'I'll bury 'un.' Back he comes and commences hauling and rolling again, and when he gets to the edge of the hole—it was steep in the sides and about seven or eight foot deep—he rolls him in, and it was a good job for the chap that the bottom was soft. Anyhow the fall didn't do 'un any good, and he laid there a-groaning dreadful. Away goes Cranky up to the hut to look for a spade to shovel stuff in a-top of him with. The bale being an old one, busted with the fall, and when the chap saw daylight, he crawled out, climbed up the hole, and hooked it off as fast as he could to a bit of thick scrub on the bank of the creek, and there hid himself. Down comes Cranky with the spade and begins shovelling in earth on top of the bag. It was getting late by now, and one of the shepherds comes strolling in ahead of his flock. Cranky was so busy that he didn't notice him, and the shepherd comes behind him, and says he, 'Hulloa, what be you a-working at so hard?' Cranky turns round with a start, and it happened that he and the shepherd was well acquainted. The shepherd was well aware he was mad, but always thought to be as harmless as a child. But it seemed to be a queer bit of business he was about. So when the shepherd looked in the hole and perceived a bit of the bale sticking out from under the dirt, he begins to have his suspicions. When he looked about, he could see that the hurdles hadn't been shifted, and the chap that

mind the hut ought to have shifted them. Then the shepherd felt a little scared, thinking Cranky had made away with the man and was burying of 'un. So he runs up to the hut and there was no chap there. Cranky gets frightened and makes a bolt, and hides himself in the same bit of scrub where the poor chap was lying trembling so with fright that he couldn't move. Cranky lies down alongside of 'un without seeing 'un. Well, you see, the mosquitoes was got about pretty active by this time, and the chap let 'em bite 'un dreadful before he durst to move his hand. At last he couldn't stand it no longer, and he was forced to give himself a scratch. Cranky felt him move and put out his hand to feel what it was that was alongside of him, for it was pretty dark in the scrub. The chap gave a start, and Cranky grabbed fast hold of him.

"'Oh, please to have mercy on me!' says the chap.

"'Why, how did you get here?' says Cranky. 'I thought I'd pretty well buried you; but I'll make sure of you this time.'

"The chap couldn't help screaming, for Cranky put a grip upon him like a vice. Down runs the shepherds with their guns to the scrub. Hearing them coming Cranky jumped up, keeping fast hold of the chap. But out of the scrub he wouldn't budge, though the shepherds sung out that whoever was there should come out or they'd fire. At last one of them let fly, and part of the charge—it was light shot, by good luck—caught Cranky in the lower part of the back. That made him let go of the chap, for it's a sore thing, no doubt, to be hit like that, and a man is apt to clap his hands to the place, it comes so sharp and sudden like. The chap bolts out of the scrub and scares the shepherds uncommon, for they had made sure he had been killed and buried in the hole by Cranky. But things was soon explained, and they took Cranky up to the hut, and tried to pick the shot out, but a good deal of it was left in, and I expect he carries about some of it to this day if he is alive. He laid on a bunk smarting pretty much, and the little chap crouched down by

the fire cuddling his sores. He never was much to look at, but now he was the image of a sick monkey in the shivers. Cranky heard him speak and knew his voice.

"'What!' says he, 'be you the thing as I made? Why, you wasn't worth bothering about arter all! A thing like you to call yourself perpetual motion! Bah! You're a failure! Get out!'

"I don't know whether Cranky ever tried his hand at an improvement on this unfortunate attempt to produce perpetual motion, but the last time I met him he was engaged to put up a wind-mill in a squatter's garden on the Darling, to haul up water from the river, and they said that he made a capital good job of it."

In conclusion, one other instance of bush dementia of a very different kind may be given.

A young fellow of the name of Humffray, who came from the neighbourhood of Havant, near Portsmouth, was lost for some days in the mountainous country at the head of the Shoalhaven River, and the shock to his mind from agitation and dread, over-exertion, and bodily suffering and privation seemed to have endowed him with a sort of second sight. On being found and brought into a station by some stockkeepers, he stated that in his wanderings he had frequently met with a young white woman who was the very image of his sweetheart, whom he had left behind him in Hampshire. She carried a basket in which she had an abundance of food, which she offered him, but just as he was about to take some a black hand always appeared behind her and dragged her away. He denied strenuously that this was either a fancy or a dream, for since his recovery from his exhaustion he had seen her again whenever he had been alone in the bush. Now, to show what extraordinary things will occasionally happen in this prosaic world, a gentleman who had visited the station to which Humffray had been conveyed, and where he had obtained employment, went to Melbourne on business, and, calling on some friends who had just arrived from England, learned the following story. An emigrant ship bound

for Sydney had sprung a leak somewhere on the west coast of Africa, and as it was clear that she must go down, preparations were being made for leaving her in the boats and on rafts when a large ship observed her signals of distress, and taking off her passengers and crew, conveyed them to Cape Town. The passengers, being mostly very poor people, were thrown into great distress, the greater number being unable to obtain employment. Shortly after their arrival, the vessel in which the family alluded to were proceeding to Melbourne touched at the Cape. Some of the castaways went on board, to see if by any means they could obtain a passage to Australia, and among them was an interesting-looking young woman, to whom the lady of the family took a fancy and hired her, chiefly out of charity. Her account of herself was that she was engaged to a young man, who about two years before had gone to Sydney, promising that, as soon as he got on a little, he would send for her. She had waited and waited, but no letter came from him, and as some relatives of hers and a number of girls of her acquaintance were leaving for New South Wales, she resolved on accompanying them. "Now," said the lady, addressing her visitor, "I have told you this because, as you are from that colony, you may possibly be able to tell the poor girl what chances there are of her finding her lover. I have written to Mrs. Chisholm, who, I understand, has interested herself in a noble manner in behalf of destitute female immigrants, asking for any information it may be in her power to give, but have not yet received a reply from her."

"I am afraid," replied the visitor, "that her chances of finding the young man are very small. The male immigrants who arrived in Sydney about the time you mention are scattered all over the country, and unless the young man was a highly skilled artisan there is very little probability of his having obtained employment in town."

"He is a farm labourer," returned the lady, "and we thought he might have got on to some farm in the neighbourhood of Sydney."

"The colony," responded the gentleman, "is overrun with that class of men. Most of them are employed as shepherds in remote parts of the country, and some of them are at this time walking about in search of work of any kind. A hunt for one of them would be a task of very great difficulty, and it is very doubtful whether it would be successful after many years."

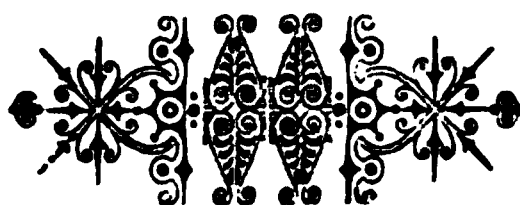
"That is very disheartening," said the lady, "and I don't think I shall be able to tell poor Jane. Would it be of any use putting an advertisement in the Sydney papers, stating, for the information of William Humffray from Havant, Hampshire, that ——"

"William Humffray, from Havant!" exclaimed the gentleman in some surprise. "Why, unless I am mistaken, I have met the man, and know where he is at present!"

Jane was at once summoned, and her description of her William tallied in every particular with the personal appearance of the William of the mountains. The result was that after due inquiry, by which his identity was proved, arrangements were made for Humffray to proceed to Melbourne.

"I knew it was her," the poor fellow was perpetually murmuring to himself on his journey, "but where is the dark hand—where is the dark hand?"

Strange to say it was already upon her. Shortly after the discovery of her lover she was attacked by a dangerous illness, which proved fatal, and the unfortunate man arrived in Melbourne barely in time to see her before she died. This terrible misfortune deprived him entirely of his senses, and, as a confirmed maniac, it was found necessary at last to place him in confinement. He survived his sweetheart, however, by only a few months, and their kind friends in Melbourne laid him with her in the same grave.



AN AWKWARD MISTAKE.

By CHARLES C. RUSSELL.

To this day I firmly believe the whole mistake was caused by a puff of wind. Otherwise, I am perfectly unable to offer any explanation. It shows us what a little thing—the turning of a leaf, for instance—may carry as a consequence. If my explanation is correct, it must have occurred at the moment Dugdale entered the room, and allowed the door to close suddenly. I do not remember the door closing suddenly—I do not remember the door closing at all. My explanation is simply a conjecture. I take the earliest opportunity of propounding my views (even before the beginning of my narrative), as I abhor all mystery. When you have heard my tale you may draw your own conclusion. You are entitled to do that. You are entitled to accept or reject my explanation, exactly as you think right. I shall proceed to state the facts.

Excuse my saying that I am well connected. I am a younger son. My elder brother lives in his paternal estate in Ridingshire; he associates with county families. As a younger son, I have nothing, and I never had anything, hence I am obliged to work. I do not grumble; I used to grumble, but that was cured by emigration. I emigrated early to one of these Australian colonies. The history of my life and adventures would, I dare say, prove interesting, but I can't speak of them just now. For want of anything better, I joined the Police Force in '70. I have been attached to the Detective Department for some years, and, I am happy to say, I now occupy a prominent position in this city. Did I say I resided in Sydney, or Melbourne, or Brisbane? Well, no matter; I suppose I omitted to say exactly where. I reside, with my wife and family, in one of the suburbs. My son is also in my office. My name is Fabian—John Fabian—

and my son's name is Thomas; we usually call him Tom. I was always considered a good officer when I was on duty, and I had the idea, before the event happened, that Tom would excel his father.

I had a letter a few months ago from my old friend Bennett. I don't care for writing much about myself. It is much easier to copy Bennett's letter. Here it is:—

“Garston, New South Wales,

“17th December, 1885.

“My Dear Fabian,—

“I was very glad indeed when my daughter Lucy returned from Grandame House Boarding School to find that your daughter had been one of her companions at the school. It was pleasant to hear of our old friendship having been revived in this manner, and I trust the affection displayed between our children may be as lasting and as pleasant as the friendship of their fathers. Your daughter has been kind enough to ask Lucy to go and stay with her over Christmas. Both Mrs. Bennett and I have great pleasure in complying with your very kind invitation. The girls seem to be fond of each other. We used to talk in our bachelor days of our children perhaps being married. It was during the novel-reading period of our lives. We have no son, but Lucy tells me you have a fine promising lad—however, I am on a wrong tack. Can't you manage to take a run up, and spend a few days with us? Lucy will go down by the 10.45 train on Wednesday, the 23rd. Perhaps you will meet her at the terminus. I enclose her photo., that you may be able to recognise her.

“Ever your sincere friend,

“RICHD. BENNETT.

“P.S.—Has the rheumatism come your way yet? I am a martyr.”

The photograph enclosed was the photograph of a very pretty girl, with

large dark eyes, dark hair, and prominent nose. She was apparently about nineteen or twenty years of age.

I returned the photograph to its envelope, and placed it in my pocket. When I arrived home that evening I told them of the letter, and of the enclosed likeness. I put my hand in my pocket to show it to the family, but it was not there. We thought nothing of this, as I remembered that I was wearing my "office-coat" when I had been examining the photo. I have often made a similar mistake. There was some chaffing at Tom's expense that night. I told him he was bound to marry her, inasmuch as his father and Dick Bennett had made that compact before either he or Lucy Bennett was born. Emily told him she was certain he should as *she* was such a lovely girl, and *he* had such a "taking" way with him. The conclusion of the family debate was that Emily was to meet her friend at the terminus on the arrival of the train from Garston.

When I reached the office the next morning (23rd December, 1885) the first thing I did was to examine the pocket of my office-coat for my friend's letter. It was there right enough. I took out the photograph, and laid it on the open page of "The Receiving Book," and was just in the act of adjusting my spectacles to have a good look at Dick Bennett's daughter, when a lady and gentleman entered the office, and walked straight up to where I stood. Instinctively I turned over a leaf of the book, so as to conceal the portrait.

The gentleman stated that the lady was his wife. They resided in one of the suburbs of the city; in fact, not a thousand yards from my own house. They were quiet, respectable people to my own knowledge. They had recently been robbed of several articles of jewellery, and they had come to the conclusion to suspect a young lady who had been staying with them as a governess. The lady had left them within the last fortnight. Going over to the "description-book," which stands on a desk in another part of the office, I entered particularly the jewellery which they alleged had been stolen. The "description" of the governess

was as follows; I copy it from the book now:—

"Graham, Mary; suspected of having stolen above. Last occupation, governess; prominent features, especially the nose; dark complexion; about 4 feet 9 inches; talks modestly; dressy; wears hat with a scarlet flower in it."

"By-the-bye, Mr. Fabian, my wife has her photo.," said the gentleman, and at the same time the lady placed in my hands the *carte-de-visite* of a very comely damsel. "We had it when she applied for our situation. We have reason to believe that she is now a visiting governess at a house down the line, and that she may be seen any evening on the arrival of the 6.25 train."

I recollect distinctly laying the photograph of the peculating governess on the same book on which a few minutes before I had placed the photograph of the other young lady, while I asked them some incidental questions important towards the identification of the governess, but unimportant to this narrative. They bade me "good morning," and left the office, while I went over to the other desk to make some little additional entry.

At this moment Dugdale entered. Dugdale is my assistant superintendent.

When I had made a copy of the few notes on a sheet of paper relative to the description of the lady "wanted," I handed it to Dugdale and directed him to take "that photograph on my desk" to my son Thomas. Of course I meant the photo. of the governess. Dugdale maintained that these were the words I used. I am not certain myself, but this I know—I saw the photograph lying on the book on my desk at the time I spoke, and that I pointed to it. I then walked forward to my book, turned over the leaves, and lifting the photograph of Miss Bennett, as I thought, placed it in my pocket to take home.

On my return home that evening I found that Emily had gone to the station to meet her friend, but had missed her in some way I am unable to explain. I handed my wife Bennett's letter and the photograph, and left the house to attend some vestry or other meeting in which I was much

interested. When I returned that evening at about ten o'clock I found that Miss Bennett had not arrived, and that the photograph I had handed to my wife was not the photograph of Lucy Bennett. So said Emily. "It may be her sister," she continued, "but I have never seen *her*." Strange to say, even at this time it never occurred to me that any bungle had taken place. The reader must think me very obtuse, I dare say. I cannot help it. I thought perhaps it was her sister, and retired to rest.

The train left Garston punctually. Mr. Bennett saw his daughter off, and she sat there in the carriage during the slow journey, watching the interminable gum trees of the present, and the white bleached skeletons of the gum trees of the past. With her adventures on the road we have nothing whatever to do. By-and-by, after a weary run, in hot weather, the train slowed into the great terminus. Miss Bennett put her head out of the carriage window, expecting to see our Emily or some acquaintance awaiting her. She was disappointed when she saw no one. I could not tell you what kind of dress she wore on the occasion. I have just asked my daughter. She is able to tell me.

"Why, Papa, don't you know? She wore a white straw hat, with lace trimmings, and a red camellia bud." She also added something about ruchings, kiltings, and frillings. I did not know what she meant, but I raised my eyebrows, and said—

"Did she?—oh, of course."

With the assistance of a polite young gentleman Miss Bennett alighted, and with the assistance of a porter she recovered her valise, beside which, on the platform, she took up her position. Presently she became conscious of being closely observed by a young man of prepossessing appearance (my son Tom), who was watching her intently from behind a pile of luggage. Conscious of the attention of a good-looking fellow like Tom, she naturally blushed. When Tom saw the white hat and scarlet flower coming out of the carriage-window, he thought he had discovered the light-fingered governess. He produced the photo-

graph, and he was assured of it. There were the same finely-arching eyebrows, and the same expression in every feature. When she blushed he blushed. To make sure, however, he approached the young lady in a gentle way, and presented the carte.

"Will you have the goodness to say if that is your photograph," said the young man.

"Certainly," replied the lady, "where did you get it? Oh, you are Mr. Fabian?"

I think we are all more or less subservient to flattery. Here was a young lady commencing her career of crime, who recognised at once the detective, and here was the detective so eminent that he was known to even the newest criminals. Tom blushed again.

"Have you much luggage?"

"Only this," she replied, pointing to her valise, which no doubt contained a quantity of stolen jewellery. It was very suspicious, I admit, in the eye of a policeman.

"I would not like to make any disturbance here," said Tom, "and I would advise you to come with me as quietly as possible. I am obliged to arrest you on the charge of having stolen a quantity of jewellery."

Tom conducted her to a vehicle and drove her to the station. Here she was received in the usual manner. You know what that is.

On going to the "office" the next morning, I was informed that one of the female prisoners had expressed a great wish to see me. I asked her name. You may conceive my horror when I heard it was Bennett.

"Bennett." I do believe I roared it out—Bennett! The truth flashed upon me in a moment. Through some mistake or other the photographs had "got mixed," and the daughter of my old friend had met a reception that had not been anticipated.

As I entered the cell in which the lady had been incarcerated during the night, I felt as if I was going to be "hanged by the neck until I was dead." I need not tell you how she looked. I did not recognise her from the photograph of either the governess or herself. I can only detail the conversation.

"Kindly let me know your name?"

"Lucy Bennett."

"And you live at——"

"Garston."

"My name is Fabian. I am Chief of the Police. You have been arrested on the wrong photograph. I hope you have been comfortable. I am exceedingly sorry. I offer you all the apologies I can give. How did you sleep? Come away this instant. My daughter will be delighted to see you."

I never could tell her because I never could make it out, unless it was the wind. What do you think now? It was an awkward mistake. She forgave us like a good girl as she is. What seems odd is that she forgave

Tom too. From the way she turns those big black eyes straight on to his, I almost think there will be another adventure soon, in which Lucy, Tom, a vehicle, and her valise, will play the principal parts. I would not be surprised if there should be a little rice in the picture too. I never heard more of the governess. Since Christmas last Tom has confined himself to office work, and a young girl with a white hat and scarlet flower makes him blush the brightest of scarlet.

P.S. We are all going to Garston next month, but the reason of our going is a strict secret. Shall I say it is an official secret?

ENDURANCE.

How much the heart can bear, and yet not break!

How much the flesh may suffer and not die!

I question much, if any pain or ache

Of soul or body brings our end more nigh;

Death chooses his own time; till that is sworn,

All evils may be borne.

We shrink or shudder at the surgeon's knife—

Each nerve recoiling from the cruel steel,

Whose edge seems searching for the quivering life;

Yet to our sense the bitter pangs reveal

That still, although the trembling flesh be torn,

This, also, can be borne.

We see a sorrow rising in our way,

And try to flee from the approaching ill;

We seek some small escape—we weep and pray—

But when the blow falls, then our hearts are still;

Not that the pain is of its sharpness shorn,

But that it can be borne.

We wind our life about another life,—

We hold it closer, dearer than our own,—

Anon it faints and falls in deathly strife,

Leaving us stunned, and stricken, and alone—

But ah! we do not die with those we mourn,—

This, also, can be borne.

Behold, we live through all things—famine, thirst,

Bereavement, pain; all grief and misery;

All woe and sorrow; life inflicts its worst

On soul and body—but we cannot die.

Though we be sick, and tired, and faint, and worn;

Lo! all things can be borne!

—*San Francisco Weekly Bulletin.*

THE QUEEN OF THE ADRIATIC.

By H. PEDEN STEEL.

THREE DAYS IN VENICE.

"There is a glorious city in the sea ;
 The sea is in the broad, the narrow streets,
 Ebbing and flowing ; and the salt sea-weed
 Clings to the marble of her palaces.
 No trade of men, no footsteps to and fro,
 Lead to her gates : the path lies o'er the sea
 Invincible ; and from the land we went
 As to a floating city"

—ROGERS.

Venice has long been an object of interest to the poets, the lovers of art, and the pleasure-seekers of all ages. Apart from the beauty of its situation, the novelty of its surroundings, and the peculiarities of its architecture, the historic memories connected with it have awakened an interest in almost every heart. Founded in the fifth century by inhabitants of Padua, Atelno, Oderzo, and other towns fleeing from the soldiers of Attila, she gradually rose in magnificence, in strength, in trade, and in art, until in the end of the sixteenth century she reached the zenith of her power and splendour. Then, alas, a change came o'er the spirit of her dream ; her possessions were lost by degrees, and the discovery of the New World lessened her trade, and in 1796 she was conquered and taken by Napoleon Buonaparte. In 1848, however, she once more became a republic, but only for seventeen short months, when she was retaken by the Austrians. In 1866 she was ceded to France as a consequence of the Austrian war, and, finally, in the autumn of the same year to Victor Emmanuel, and is now one of the cities of United Italy.

It was on a lovely evening in the end of October that we reached Venice, going over the fine railway bridge which connects it with the mainland to the railway station. Here, after hunting up the hotel porter, who

saw to our luggage, we stepped for the first time into a gondola. These graceful little vessels well realised the romantic ideas one forms of them—the swift and noiseless motion, the sombre look, combined with the clear starlight sky, the *Premi* and *Stali* of approaching gondoliers, added greatly to the impression on the senses. We were rowed on for some few minutes up the Grand Canal, and then branched off till we came to the Hotel Vittoria, the inn of our choice, where we were soon made very comfortable.

Next morning we went out and directed our steps towards the greatest wonder in Venice, the Cathedral of St. Mark. This building stands at one end of the Piazza San Marco, one of the finest squares in the world—not the largest, for Trafalgar Square is larger ; nor the most regular, for it is crooked in comparison with the Place de la Concorde ; yet it defies London and Paris to produce its equal. "One Venice, one sun, and one Piazza," as the Venetians say. Before the door of the Cathedral is the spot where the Emperor Barbarossa knelt to the Pope Alexander on their reconciliation by the Doge, Sebastian Ziani. Tradition says that the Emperor was proud, but that his pride was overtopped. "*Non tibi, sed Petro*," whispered the kneeling monarch ; "*Et mihi et Petro*," said the Pope, with a smile.

The architecture of the Cathedral is in a great measure Byzantine. Over the doorway stand the celebrated gilt horses of St. Mark. On entering we found the ceremony of High Mass going on. The rich vestments of the numerous clergy, the solemn singing, and the extreme beauty of the Cathedral produced an effect which was

sublime in the extreme. The interior is rich in mosaics; in fact, all the pictures here are in mosaic, none are painted. The gilt ground of the mosaic conveys the idea of its being lined with gold, and while the effect is exceedingly rich, yet from the absence of strong light it is not too showy.

The interior of the Cathedral is divided into compartments in the form of a Greek cross. The centre and each division of its galleries are supported by columns ornamented with bas-reliefs. The choir is separated from the body of the church by a marble parapet ornamented with columns. The fourteen statues on the architrave represent St. Mark, the Virgin Mary, and the Twelve Apostles. In the centre stands a large metal crucifix of the date of 1494. The *Pala d'Oro* with which the high altar is adorned is a most remarkable piece of workmanship, studded with pearls and precious stones, and famous alike for its decorations and its great antiquity. This cathedral is so totally unlike any other we had seen in Europe, that it was all the more interesting; the grandeur and magnificence of Cologne, the dream-like beauty of the Duomo at Milan, the palladian edifices at Pisa, and the unrivalled dome and stupendous majesty of St. Peter's were so vastly different to the gorgeous splendour and mosque-like magnificence of the architecture of San Marco.

This church takes its name from the patron saint of the Republic. It is said that in the year 828 the body of St. Mark was brought to Venice from Alexandria, in Egypt. He then became the patron saint of the Republic, to the exclusion of Theodore, the former saint, and his lion, the winged beast of the Apocalypse, was emblazoned on her flags, ships, and buildings, while all the money coined had it stamped upon it.

To the right of the Cathedral lies a small square leading to the sea, called the Piazzetta. Near the margin of the sea are the two famous columns of red granite brought to Venice in 1120 from the Grecian Archipelago. One is surmounted with the lion of St. Mark

and the other with a statue of St. Theodore. Here we came to the Ducal Palace. Charles Dickens, in his "Pictures from Italy," speaks thus of the Palace:—"Going down upon the margin of the sea, rolling on before the door and filling all the streets, I came upon a place of such surpassing beauty, and such grandeur, that all the rest was poor and faded in comparison with its absorbing loveliness. It was a broad piazza, as I thought, anchored, like all the rest, in the deep ocean. On its broad bosom was a palace more majestic and magnificent in its old age than all the buildings of the earth in the high prime and fulness of their youth, cloisters and galleries so light that they might have been the work of fairy hands, so strong that centuries have battered them in vain."

Going through the doorway we emerged into a spacious court flagged with marble, and in front of us a staircase with two huge statues at the top of it. Ascending and walking along the corridor, we came to the famous, or rather the infamous, Lion's Mouth, through which many a denunciation of an innocent person to the wicked old Council had been dropped by his enemies. We then passed on to the Sala del Maggiore Consilio, or Hall of the Grand Council. This is said to be one of the finest rooms in Europe, being 154 feet in length by 74 in breadth, and high in proportion. Its walls are covered with paintings from the older masters. The Maggiore Consilio, from which it takes its name, was composed of those nobles whose titles were inscribed in the Libro d'Oro, or Golden Book of the Republic.

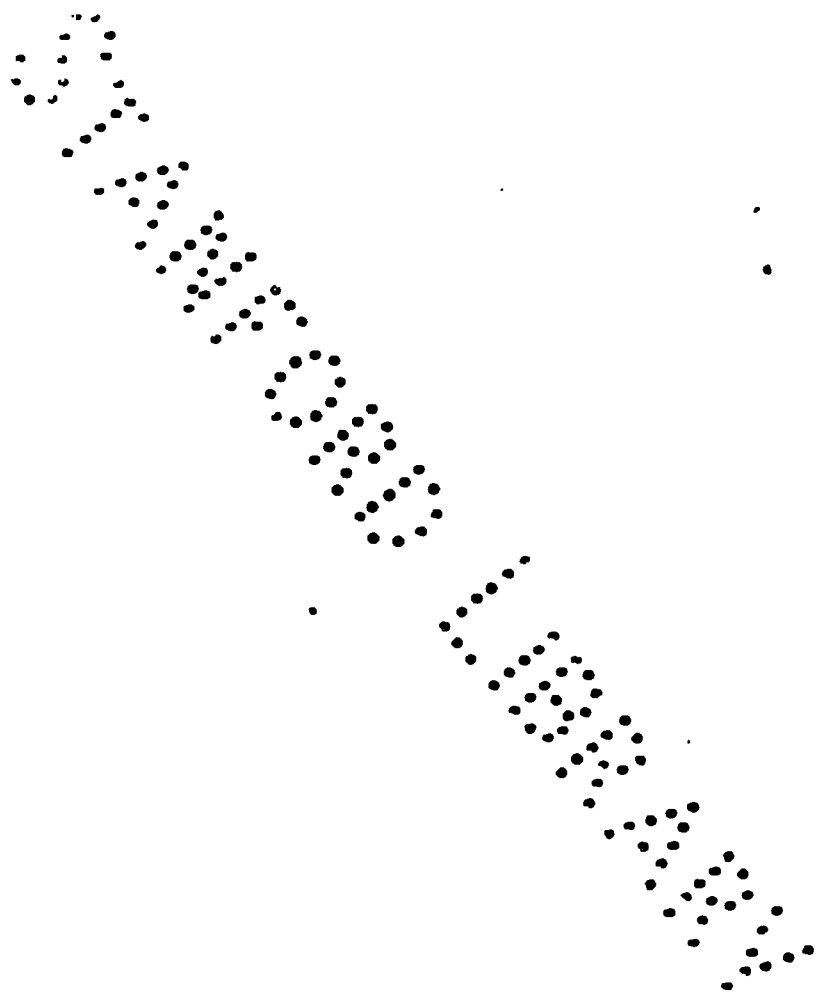
Next to this is the Hall of the Council of Ten, sometimes called the Hall of the Inquisition. Here sat the dread tribunal on whose lightest word depended the life and liberty of thousands. The very chairs on which the Inquisitors sat are preserved. Oh, if those lifeless frames had language, how terrible would be their revelations! Yet more terrible are the memories with which the next hall, the Hall of the Three, is associated. In one of its side walls is the narrow passage or throat with which the Lion's Mouth outside communicated. May we be preserved



THE DUCAL PALACE VENICE



1000





THE DOGANA. VENICE.

in every land which calls itself Christian from a repetition of the scenes enacted here !

Leading from the Hall of the Ten is a door opening into the passage called the Bridge of Sighs—well named. Never did that door close upon a man with life and hope in him. Once in that passage, he was on his way to “that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns.” Going over this short bridge, to the other side of the narrow canal, we came to the Prison. “Never did a prison deserve its name more thoroughly than this—never did a house look more inhospitable, or more suggestive of a tomb for living men than this ‘Gaol of the Sea.’” After we had gone down into some of the awful dungeons, some of them below the level of the water, reeking with slime and filth, and had seen the hole where men who were not wanted met their fate by being silently dropped into the sea, we left to take a row down the Grand Canal.

The Grand Canal is the finest street in Venice. Paved with water, with a row of stately palaces on either hand, this famous thoroughfare separates the city into two equal parts, its course resembling the letter S. One hundred and forty-seven smaller streets or streams branch off this great canal and intersect each other in every direction, passing under three hundred and seventy-eight bridges, which connect two thousand one hundred and ninety-four minor streets and the two hundred and ninety-four squares of this singular city.

There is a sort of extraordinary excitement in being rowed in a gondola. The novel mode of rowing, and the luxurious ease with which one may recline, the swift and noiseless motion of the boat, combined with the constant risk of being suddenly run into from behind a corner, make up the enjoyment. Moving down the canal, past the Custom House, the Mint, and the Church of Sta. Maria della Salute, we come to the Palazzo Pesaro, a truly noble pile. John Ruskin in his “Stones of Venice,” describes it as “the most powerful and impressive in effect of all the palaces of the Grotesque Renaissance.” The Pesaro

family came to Venice in 1225. The palace took thirty years to build, and cost 500,000 ducats. It contains some splendid pictures and fine and peculiar furniture. This is one of the palaces which is as yet preserved from the utilitarianism of the age, for most of

“Her palaces are crammed with goods galore,” the majority of them being now used as warehouses for the reviving trade of Venice.

Embarking once more we were rowed on till we came to the Church of the Scalzi, or Barefooted Friars. The altar piece, by Giovanni Bellini, is a masterpiece. This Church is remarkably profuse in marbles, and the workmanship is excellent. The Rialto bridge next came before our eyes, and we soon came up to it. It spans the Canal with a single arch, and has shops on either side, with a passage down the centre. Shakspeare when he makes Shylock in the “Merchant of Venice” say—

“Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
On the Rialto, you have rated me
About my moneys,”

does not mean this bridge, as is so often thought, but the district of Rialto, where the merchants and money-lenders had their shops. Rialto is a corruption of Riva Alto, the “high shore”—the name given to the highest part of Venice.

After going down as far as the railway bridge we were rowed back to the hotel. After lunch we again hied us in a gondola to the Academy of Fine Arts on the Grand Canal. This building was formerly the Convent of the Carità. The picture which struck us most was the Assumption of the Virgin, by Titian. The celestial light around the Virgin and the solemn grandeur of the group of figures below are very impressive. There were also very many other objects of interest both in painting and in sculpture, but too numerous and varied either to remember or describe.

Next morning we went to the Piazza San Marco, and ascended the Campanile. This is the highest monument in Venice. On the summit is a statue in gilt copper. Four walls in the interior run parallel to those on the

outside. The ascent is made by means of an inclined plane, and then by a few steps to the belfry, whence we obtained a most extensive and beautiful view of the city. The morning is a particularly favourable time to see it, as the horizontal rays of the sun bring out every part. We descended and went back to the hotel, packed up our baggage, were rowed down to the railway station, got into the train, started, crossed the bridge over the lagoon,

took a last long look, and thus left Venice.

“ But unto *us* she hath a charm beyond
 Her name in story, and her long array
 Of mighty shadows, whose dim forms despond
 Above the Dogeless city's vanished sway ;
 Ours is a trophy which will not decay
 With the Rialto ; Shylock, and the Moor,
 And Pierre, cannot be swept or worn away—
 The keystones of the arch ! though all
 were o'er,
 For *us* repeopled were the solitary shore.”
 —*Byron.*

MUSK GULLY, DROMANA.

By J. STEELE ROBERTSON.

Far o'er the mountain summit lies
 A vale of gladness, ever green,
 Where feathery ferns and moss have been
 From long-forgotten centuries :
 There Beauty lives, nor ever dies ;
 But summer after summer comes,
 And clothes again the mountain domes
 With sweetness ; and a soft wind sighs,
 While down the gully runs a rill
 Of pearly water, leaping, falling
 O'er rocks and stones, and singing, calling
 To ferns and wild musk of the hill.
 Unto the gentle voice they bow
 Saying forever, saying now,
 “ Behold us ! here is Nature still ! ”

Here Nature singeth, loud and strong,
 A strain begot of lovely places !
 And woodland elves show laughing faces ;
 To them the place doth still belong.
 It knows not right, it knows not wrong ;
 But singeth aye a song of gladness.
 To it there cometh one in sadness
 And sadness flieth at the song.
 He looks, and straight on Eden thinks,
 And woes are lost in woodland runes ;
 His soul with Nature's soul communes ;
 His mind the draught of Lethe drinks.
 He thanks the Power who reigns above
 Who left to join us, in His love,
 To Heaven, spots like these as links !

SOWN IN INFAMY—REAPED IN FAME.

By I.O.U.

"Oh, she was good as she was fair,
None, none on earth above her!
As pure in thought as angels are,
To know her was to love her.
Her every gesture said 'rejoice!'
Her coming was a gladness."
—*Rogers.*

In a certain corner of this our sunny land the people are to-day singing the praises of an unknown and mysterious somebody who had some time before given into the hands of trustees a munificent sum of money to be devoted to building a hall where the boys who stand at our street-corners at night might spend their evenings with profit and pleasure. The building, or rather pile of buildings, for it comprises a hall for amusements, a reading-room, and coffee-room, is to-day complete, and its work has begun.

The questions all ask now are:—"Who has been so generous as to do this noble thing, and why does he wish to conceal his identity?" "What a splendid fellow he must be, and how modesty is coupled with his generosity," his admirers exclaim.

I, the splendid, generous fellow, sit alone in my room to-night. Gloomy musings of the past fill my mind. I hear the questions of the people, and answer not; I hear their lavish praises, and am mute.

And why? Because if they could follow me along the tortuous path which has led up to this seemingly disinterested and generous act of mine, their praises would be changed to groans, and they would despise me.

To all of us who have fairly embarked on life's journey there comes occasionally a pause, a time when we can neither retreat nor go forward, but just stand still and wait for circumstances to show us in what direction we are to take the next step.

Such a pause has come to me, and I to-night will take advantage of it, and

write an account of the last few chapters of my life.

Are they worth recording? Well, I think so, for there are very few chapters in the life of a man that are really remarkable or interesting, and these of mine have been crowded with events unusually romantic and tragic.

I will begin at a time six years ago, when the world seemed very bright to me.

I was then a young man of five-and-twenty, well-developed and vigorous; I gloried in my physical strength and powerful frame, and having just been called to the Bar felt ready to begin the world in real earnest.

Bright dreams of a glorious future were mine, and I was indulging in such dreams one day when my friend, Roy Morresby, sauntered into my room.

"Paul," he said, "I am going home for a month, the old man is ill, and fancies he would like to see me, so I will be off to-morrow; will you accompany me?"

It was a tempting offer; for I was tired to death of hot dusty Melbourne, and I knew that the large station upon which Morresby senior resided was one of the most beautiful spots to be found in Australia, and just the place in which to spend a most enjoyable month.

I agreed to accompany my friend, and we started on the morrow in high spirits.

After long hours of tedious travelling by rail we reached our destination, Roy's beautiful home.

Everything to charm the eye and please the most fastidious taste was there, and I could not help expressing to Roy my astonishment "that he should ever wish to exchange such a paradise for a city life."

He answered carelessly, "The old man and I don't hit it exactly. I find

it anything but a paradise sometimes ; but I am glad you like it, old fellow. I suppose we shall be able to exist here for a month anyhow. Come now and I will introduce you to my sister."

His sister—yes, I had heard often of her. Roy had told me of her beauty, her gentleness, and her goodness over and over again. She was the only creature the selfish, careless fellow loved ; she was his ideal of womanly excellence. As I followed him from the house and out into the spacious grounds, I wondered if I should find Ruth all her brother had painted her, or if I would find her many charms and excellencies existing only in the imagination of Roy.

We came upon her at last, a vision fair indeed.

On a mossy lawn that extended like a sheet of vivid green, with here and there rich piles of foliage in the shape of clumps of trees, she stood. She was lovelier, far lovelier, than I had imagined. Her face and head seemed almost perfect, and her shape was girlish, light, and pliant, and appeared to me to wear a goddess' grace.

She had been gathering flowers, some of which she held with a fair hand in her dainty apron. The scene altogether was one of captivating loveliness, and I laid my hand on the arm of Roy and stood still, filled with a mute and exquisite delight, revelling in the luxury of mere sensation.

The clouds in the direction of the westering sun were a mass of burning gold, which gradually gave place to crimson, and the sky to a great extent became a blaze of living light.

Over everything there hung a broken, varied light, that clothed objects with a strange beauty, and seemed to make them fit to figure in a scene of which Ruth was the centre.

She turned and saw us, and the delicate tinge of pink that was on either cheek deepened and grew brighter. Her magnificent eyes flashed a look at her brother, and spreading out both hands at the expense of the flowers she was holding, said, "Roy, my darling brother, I am glad you have come !"

Then, controlling herself, she with graceful ease of manner turned to me,

and as her brother introduced us our eyes met.

The glance was transient, but my nerves thrilled strangely ; it had an electric effect upon me that left my veins kindled and my soul insurgent, and before that evening was over I knew that I had come face to face with that not impossible "She, that should command my life and me." Yes, I was in love with Ruth, and as in the succeeding days and weeks I spent much time in her sweet presence, my love became a great absorbing passion. Trembling betwixt hope and fear, I ventured to declare my feelings on the eve of my departure for Melbourne. Ruth did not reject me, but to my intense joy promised to become my wife at no distant date.

I told Roy of my happiness, and also spoke to him of that sordid practical matter that was troubling me—namely, "the wherewithal to live on."

I could not take my darling from her luxurious home, and ask her to share poverty, so with a heavy heart I came to the conclusion "that I would have to win name and position before I could claim my bride." Roy remarked "that my misery need only be transient, for his father was not likely to live much longer, and upon his death Ruth would have wealth in abundance." This did not satisfy me, for the thought of my wife bestowing her riches upon me was unendurable. As things were I had nothing to lose in winning her—no sacrifice to make—it was all clear gain, and I felt a passionate wish that I were rich and she were lowly and poor.

We talked—Roy and I—until far into the night of our plans for the future, and of my projected journey on the morrow.

Alas ! before the sun rose an event occurred which frustrated all our plans, and overthrew all our arrangements. That night Mr. Morresby had a fit and died in a few hours.

In the midst of the trouble and confusion, Roy begged of me to stay with them a few days longer, and I acceded to his request and remained.

During the next few days Roy, I noticed, was in a state of feverish excitement, and he confided to me that

he wanted money desperately, and was anxious to know what his father had left, and how much would fall to his share.

When the will was read it was found—oh! horrible injustice—that the old man had bequeathed to his son an annuity of one hundred a year, and the same to his gentle and faithful daughter.

The whole of the rest of his property he left to his youngest daughter—Edith Mary Morrisby.

“What madness!” Roy gasped, “it is an unjust, shameful will, and must be set aside; my father must have been out of his mind.”

He was pale and haggard-looking, and I will never forget the expression that crept over the bloodless face, and into his eyes as he listened to the continuation of the will.

In the event of the death of Edith all the property, personal and otherwise, was to be equally divided between Ruth and Roy.

That put a somewhat different complexion upon the case, for the child was weakly and delicate, and could not live long, and Roy looked relieved.

And who was the fortunate legatee, Edith Morrisby? She was Roy's small stepsister, and was to him a constant source of annoyance and jealousy, and he had always spoken to me unkindly and impatiently of her, and of her dead mother, whom he had regarded as a usurper in his father's house.

Edith was a blue-eyed ethereal-looking little creature, somewhat deformed and very delicate; I had found her to be intelligent and original, and liked to listen to her bright chatter, and have her with me.

My little lady and I grew to be firm friends, and I marvelled at anyone having a nature so constituted as to feel anything but love and tenderness towards the tiny sufferer.

When the time came for me to take my leave and return to town, Roy said he would accompany me, and as Ruth had decided upon sending Edith to a friend in Melbourne for a short visit, it was arranged that the child and her nurse should go by the same train as we were going by.

As we stood on the station waiting for the train that was to bear me away from Ruth, an incident occurred that impressed me very much.

I was standing with Ruth a little apart from the others, when we were suddenly startled by a scream, “My doggie, oh, my doggie, he'll be killed,” said Edith, as she rushed to the edge of the platform, and would have sprung just in front of the train that was gliding into the station.

I snatched her back, but could do nothing for the little animal whose life she was going to try and save at the expense of her own.

The train stopped, and a man went on to the line and brought up the body of the dog, bleeding and horribly crushed; it was a sickening sight, and affected Roy intensely, for he turned white and faint, and looked as if he would fall.

I hurried him into a carriage, and as the train moved off, he said in a whisper—

“It was a horrible, horrible sight; I wish it had not happened.”

Yes, truly he had a sensitive nature, when the death of a dog could agitate him to such a degree.

When he got over his perturbation, and recovered his usual manner, he noticed that we had the carriage to ourselves, Edith and her nurse having gone lower down; and I suggested that we should get out and see how the little one was, after her fright, when the train reached a certain station.

He agreed, and we talked of various matters until the train stopped at that station.

We quickly found Edith, who was looking tired and very white.

She brightened up upon seeing me, and asked me to stay with her, or take her back to my carriage.

“Come along, little woman,” I said, “we will be glad to have you for the rest of the journey;” and turning to the nurse, I said, “Mr. Morrisby and I will see the child safely to her destination, so you need not trouble about her again to-night.”

The woman raised no objection, so I took Edith to my compartment, where her brother was already seated, and the train moved off.

The succeeding events seem to me now like a horrible nightmare, though indelibly impressed upon my memory.

Edith and I talked for a time, and then spent a long interval looking out of the window, until the gathering darkness made all objects indistinct.

The child seemed weary, so I took her in my arms, and in a short time she fell asleep.

Her brother looked at her white, unconscious face, and, seeming to feel a touch of pity, he said—

“Poor baby, the death of that wretched dog seems to have given her a greater turn than even I experienced.”

And then we were silent for a long time, each wrapped up in his own thoughts; until Roy broke the silence by letting down the window, saying, “It’s pitch dark and raining heavily.”

Edith awoke with a start, and struggled to her feet. “Let me look out, Roy,” she said, “are we nearly there yet?”

And then it happened. Oh, pity, pity! why was there no hand stretched out, nor warning voice to save, no impulse in my heart to make me hold that tiny creature tightly in my arms?

Roy drew in his head, which he had thrust out of the window, and lifted her up, saying—

“It’s raining, Edith, and there is nothing to be seen.”

It passed like a flash; I bent down to tie the string of my shoe, and hearing a sudden cry, looked up, and saw that the child had fallen out—out into the black night, and into that awful gulf of death.

Her fluttering form I caught a glimpse of, as it went whirling down to destruction; no chance of rescue—it was death, certain death, to fall from the top of that high embankment, and I felt powerless, stunned at the catastrophe, and turned in speechless horror to my companion.

To my utter astonishment, he was perfectly cool and collected, and spoke in his usual tone.

“You need not look as if you were going to have a fit, Paul; it cannot be helped now. It is a somewhat unfortunate accident, I must admit, and I can tell you, as the little one over-balanced herself and slipped from my grasp, my

feelings were anything but pleasant. But look here, old man, what is death to her will be life to you and me, and we ought to be grateful for having an obstacle so easily removed. A useless life has been ended a few weeks or months sooner than it would otherwise have ended—a life that stood between me and what was rightfully mine, and between you and happiness; so just look at the occurrence in that light, and remember that you can now marry my sister as soon as you like.”

His specious reasoning my soul revolted against, and there arose in my heart a feeling of contempt towards the man who had hitherto been my loved and trusted friend; and as he continued speaking in the same strain, and showing so little concern for the loss of human life, there flashed across my mind a suspicion that made the blood course wildly through my veins, and caused my heart to beat fiercely.

Could he have ended that life intentionally, and was the brother of my darling—a murderer? No! the thought was too horrible, and I dismissed it with a shudder, as I said—

“How can you dare to speak to me like that? Even if you feel as callous as you appear, you must surely be aware that I have only the nerves of an ordinary man, and that the event that has just occurred is to me an inexpressibly shocking thing. I do not want your sister and happiness at the expense of a human life; and I will get out at the next station and get aid to go and find the body of the child and see if there be yet a spark of life remaining.”

“Do nothing of the sort, Paul; I assure you it will be useless, and might be the means of getting you or me—perhaps both of us—into serious trouble. My plan is wiser, and quite safe. When we reach Melbourne we will just awaken from a long sleep and will discover that the child, much to our consternation, is missing. We report the fact, a search is instituted, and in the course of time the body is found lying at the foot of the embankment, the child having fallen from the train while we were asleep.”

His words maddened me, and I flew at him, grasped his throat with both

hands and furiously shook him. What would have been the result I know not, for just then the engine gave a wild shriek, there was a jerk, a sense of falling down, down—a crash, a struggle with icy waters, and darkness. A bridge had given way, and the engine had plunged into the river.

Oh, the groans, the moans of the sufferers, the intolerable agony, the cold, darkness, and misery of that fearful night—shall I ever forget it? I was almost submerged in water, with part of the carriage lying across me and holding me tightly down, and I discovered after a time that Roy was lying near me, crushed by the same weight.

“Paul,” he said, as my hand touched him, “I thought you were dead; oh, Paul, can you listen to me? Pity me, pity me, I am dying; swift has been my retribution, and deathless sorrow and pain will now be mine in that awful other world; for I am a—murderer! Listen, Paul; I intended to take the life of the child some time or other, and opportunity prompted me to do the diabolical deed sooner than I had intended. Ruth, poor Ruth! Paul, promise me you will do all in your power to keep from her the knowledge of what her brother was,” he continued, in a voice full of agony.

I promised, and tried to say something that might afford him a grain of comfort, but I failed, and sank into unconsciousness.

Help came at last, and we were dragged out—I badly injured, exhausted, and just alive; Roy, horribly disfigured, rigid, and dead.

After weary weeks and months of pain and helplessness I came slowly back to the realms of the living, and at last felt that a genuine material convalescence had begun. As I became capable of thinking and reasoning once more, a certain line of action presented itself to me.

I learned that the bodies of the child and her nurse were reported as missing. It was supposed that they had been drowned, and washed far down the river.

I determined not to contradict that supposition, for I had come to the conclusion that it would not be of the

least use now to report what had occurred previous to the accident on that dreadful night. It would give Ruth a terrible shock, and she might even think that I had a hand in crushing that frail life, as I was apparently the one who would benefit most by her death. If I told her the whole truth she could only believe me at the expense of acknowledging that her brother was a murderer; and at that rate she would never, I felt sure, consent to touch a penny of that money that was hers at such a price.

I wanted money badly, and I wanted Ruth worse, so I made up my mind to bury the past in oblivion and make Ruth my wife.

We were married; and as I had been advised to take a sea-voyage as a means of complete restoration to health, I started for England, taking with me my rich and beautiful wife.

We travelled for over a year, returned to Melbourne, bought a handsome residence, and settled down. Was I happy? No! 'Twas true, I had my darling, and money in abundance to open wide many of the gates that led to happiness; but in my cup of nectar there was a bitter drop—it was the thought that the pleasures I was enjoying were bought with the blood of that innocent child; and I shuddered to think how my wife's respect for me would dwindle away could she but know the secret I was keeping from her.

However, all things went well with me; I was courted, admired, flattered, envied, and thought by all to be a very lucky fellow.

I drifted along in blissful unconsciousness of the sword that was hanging over my head, and which, to my astonishment, one day fell. I do not care to dilate upon the events that occurred at that time, briefly I will state them:—The woman whom I had confidently believed to be dead, and who was the only person that could say “that the child was in my care when she met her death,” was alive.

She called at my house one day, was shown into a room where my wife and I were sitting, and was at once recognised by Ruth.

She told us she had left the train previous to the accident, and had remained hidden, for reasons of her own; heard of the body of the child being found under circumstances that pointed to foul play in connection with her death; and suspicion rested on her name.

She came to me for an explanation, and asked me to make a statement, saying the child had been in my charge at the time she fell from the train.

My wife was astounded, bewildered; the child's body had been found and she had not heard of it; she had not been in the accident at all, but had met her death by falling from the train some time before, while in the charge of her brother and myself—that much she gathered from the woman's words. But what terrible mystery was there in connection with it? Why, if the child had fallen out by accident, had I never spoken of it, but allowed the body to remain where it had fallen until found by strangers? She begged me to explain.

I did so, hiding nothing, excusing nothing; my unsupported word was taken, and Ruth implicitly believed me.

I came to a satisfactory arrangement with the woman, who said, for my

wife's sake she would leave the past undisturbed, and never speak a word that would bring dishonour upon the memory of Roy.

My wife, with her strict notions of right and wrong, acted as I had feared she would. She resolutely refused to retain the money, and said "the whole of it must be devoted to some charitable purpose—if possible, to begin a work of social reform."

After some time of investigation and inquiry, I handed the whole of the money (which had grown very dear to me) over to competent men, with full instructions to take the necessary steps for the reclamation and culture of the boys who haunt our street-corners after nightfall. These boys—as many of them as possible—were to be gathered in, and made amenable to instruction and discipline, and brought under influences both refining and elevating.

My instructions have been carried out; the work has begun, and I—the splendid fellow, who combined necessity with philanthropy—feel to-night, as I muse over the shadows of the past, that it is well sometimes to be the "Great Unknown," and determine to remain *incognito*.

CHILDHOOD.

Happy days of childhood,
How beautiful are they,
Passing clouds, then sunshine
To clear the gloom away;
Happy days of childhood,
That flit so strangely past,
Bright and glorious dreams,
Too beautiful to last.

Happy, happy childhood,
Life's fair unsullied page,
Its freshness and its beauty
Undimmed by doubting age.
Happy, joyous childhood!
How many wish in vain,
When weary of the world,
To be a child again!

—Mrs. Abbott.

ADVENTURES OF A PIONEER.

By W. LOCKHART MORTON.

No. XVIII.—BUSH LIFE IN VICTORIA.

Reports of the wonderful richness of the goldfields of Victoria soon reached every corner of the globe, and a mixed multitude from all nations began to arrive. The thousands daily coming could find no sufficient accommodation in Melbourne, and a suburb of the most extraordinary character was quickly established on the slope between the St. Kilda Road and the present Government House. This was designated "Canvas Town," and consisted of narrow streets and rows of tents. It was a sight never to be forgotten by an observer. Under any circumstances fresh arrivals coming to a far-off and comparatively unknown land are beset with doubts and perplexities respecting the future; and if the wanderers for a time settled in Canvas Town could have been received into the city, their anxieties and troubles would have been mitigated by converse with experienced colonists; but crowded as they were in uncomfortable tents, and all alike ignorant respecting what was the best movement to make, they merited the greatest sympathy and kindness. Who was there, however, to bestow either amidst the wild excitement and commotion everywhere prevailing? In the city and in the rough townships on the diggings everything was in a state of chaos. Such a state of confusion came upon the weak Government of the day, as a stream of lava from a volcano flows down into a valley where a mob of quiet and non-observant animals are asleep or feeding. Taking advantage of the opportunities offered, thieves and robbers infested the city. For a considerable period no man could walk the streets of Melbourne after nightfall without the risk of being garroted or

felled to the ground and robbed. The bush tracks to the diggings were also infested with bushrangers, who sometimes stripped their victims and then tied them to gum trees and left them. An able government foresees storms and dangers coming, and anticipates them; a weak government waits till they arrive, allows them to triumph, and then considers what should be done. Instead of protecting life and property, the police, in the early days of the goldfields, were employed in "digger hunting," that is, in hunting for diggers who had not taken out a license to dig. When any were caught they were marched to the "Camp," and if there was no room for them in the miserable log building provided for criminals they were chained to logs and trees. The license-fee system had always been very justly objected to. It was money payable in advance monthly, and thousands of men to whom digging was an entirely new experience had to pay the license-fees out of the small capital brought with them, till they gained the required knowledge. The tax was unfair in its incidence, for all had to pay alike—the tens who secured prizes and the hundreds who were unsuccessful.

With an increasing family, and no chance of getting suitable domestic servants, the situation we occupied in bush life had become disheartening. Without warning, our bush life was suddenly invaded by tens of thousands, "rushing" right past the very doors of the homestead from Bendigo, bound for the new rush to Korong. The River Loddon was moderately high, and there was no way of crossing except by our log punt. Engaging a sailor to work it, he was kept employed

from sunrise to sunset. A charge had to be made for crossing. The banks of the river were lit up by camp fires, and in some instances we found in the abandoned camps the legs of calves which had been appropriated. A party of four or five men, not caring to pay the small charge made for crossing, or perhaps with the intention of starting a punt for hire, took the wheels off their horse-cart and used the body as a punt. At the first venture it upset before it reached the main current, and one of them was drowned. If they had been men worthy of the name the unfortunate young man might have been rescued, for he sank in shallow water. They exhibited an entire want of feeling towards their mate by going on their way without attempting to recover the body. We had to perform this duty, and commit the body of the nameless stranger to a grave dug on a high sand-hill by the river bank.

On one occasion, when we had no domestic servant, a passing man and his wife were engaged. They had no certificate of character. In those times, even to ask for such a document would have been regarded as an insult to be resented. Both had undoubtedly been in the service of Her Majesty. We soon found that something wrong was going on. They were not constantly drunk, but always in that state called "muddled." An unusual quantity of brown sugar was used in the kitchen, and we discovered that they evidently were acquainted with the process of distillation. They were supposed to be in possession of a worm, which they fitted to an iron kettle, and thus distilled a kind of rum from the fermented solution of sugar.

In 1854, when riding at a smart canter over a plain on Bear's Serpentine station, the fore-feet of my horse broke through the apparently sound surface. He was an active and spirited horse, and he made two or three bounds to recover himself, and then came down more heavily in consequence. After hearing a great noise within my head I remembered nothing till I recovered consciousness next day. The gentleman who had been riding with me told me that when my horse fell he remained for a few seconds on his

back, and it seemed uncertain whether he would roll over on me or not. He then galloped off, and my companion had to follow him for two miles and catch him in a bend of the Serpentine. He had not stopped to see whether I had been hurt. He told me that when he returned with my horse he found me standing on the plain, that I mounted without assistance, and rode seven miles to Mr. Bear's homestead, but that when a trotting pace was attempted I became sick. On reaching the homestead, Dr. Edmonston, the resident surgeon of the district, was there. He had been in the navy, and knew his profession. He did nothing at first, but administered a tablespoonful of brandy, waited till my pulse rose, and then bled me from the arm till I fainted. He told me afterwards that in concussion of the brain, such as I had sustained, had he bled me when my pulse was low, my intellect might have been permanently impaired. For some weeks I had recurring threats of congestion of the brain, caused by the want of that peace and quiet which could not be secured amongst the worry and annoyance that station-owners were then subjected to. A blister applied to the back part of the head, and, taken internally, one single drop of croton oil, were the remedies for congestion of the brain.

On many of the plains in the interior, chiefly in New South Wales, there are patches of rotten ground, with holes of unknown depth. They are usually called crab-holes, but have not been made by land crabs. Their dwellings and water-tanks are plentiful on the ranges and hills in the eastern districts of Victoria, where they get rains to fill their tanks, and keep them full. The so-called crab-holes on the interior plains are made by water descending into beds of loose marl, some of which is carried downwards by the water. Such places are always dangerous to ride over at a fast pace, especially on a horse which has been accustomed to sound country. Where my horse fell on the Loddon Plains there was an uneven surface, but no visible hole. There was a cavity below, and the surface stratum giving way, both of

his fore feet went down fifteen or eighteen inches.

So far as my observation has extended, the level plains in Queensland, New South Wales, South Australia, and Victoria, consist of beds of marl, or a mixture of clay and lime-earth, with sometimes round, curiously-shaped pieces of coral, and small nodules of concretionary limestone. Near ranges and hills, particularly in Victoria, on account of the relative limited area of its plains, the beds of marl have been covered up by later deposits, which have been worn away and carried down from the ranges and hills, by the action of water, throughout recent ages.

Australian explorers frequently refer to "clay-pans" in reports of their travels. These are exceedingly numerous on the undulating dry country of New South Wales. Clay-pans vary in area from a few square yards to one or more square miles. The history of their original formation, with their unchanging character from age to age, are interesting. Their original formation depended on the undulating character of the surface. Hence, they are hardly ever met with on level salt-bush plains. On tracts, originally uneven, there were of course depressions into which storm-waters flowed after heavy falls of rain. Such waters carried with them, in mechanical suspension, more or less clay; sometimes red, but generally white—like pipe-clay. Such deposits have been made for untold ages; hence clay-pans, as we now see them, are areas either entirely destitute of any vegetation whatever, or they are covered with scattered clumps of cane-grass—a jointed grass resembling bamboo in miniature, and, like bamboo, coated with a thick skin of silica, the basis of quartz. It grows from three to six or more feet high; it is very hard and of no use except as thatch. Clay-pans are as level as the surface of a sheet of water, and whether they are dry or contain water are so sound that a horse's foot makes hardly any impression on them. The surface of clay-pans, when all water is evaporated, becomes beautifully marked with lines of minute cracks, the spaces being always hexagonal in form. I am not

aware that any attempt has been made by geologists to explain why basaltic rock is in hexagonal columns. I think that the same natural law operates alike on the two materials—clay and basaltic rock. The clay shrinks by the evaporation of moisture, the basalt shrinks on cooling, and in both cases the cracks will be in lines offering the least resistance. There is another kind of depression, the bottom of which is a bed of loose marl. Great bodies of water flow into such depressions, with clay in suspension, but both go downwards. Whilst they are dry they are loose like a ploughed field, and when they receive storm-waters, they become dangerous bogs. Before I had acquired sufficient colonial experience, I once rode into one of the latter. When the horse found himself sinking he rushed ahead till he was nearly out of sight in mud and water. Jerking the reins over his head I jumped off and was nearly bogged also. With wonderful instinct the horse rolled over upon his side. Pulling at the rein, I managed to slue him round, and as I pulled he worked his legs like oars. At last I got out and had then less difficulty in dragging him till he got his fore-feet on firm ground. My clothes were drenched, and we were both covered with mud. I had to ride fifteen miles in that condition, in winter weather—a heavy price to pay for experience, but I was none the worse for it.

But to return to the troubles of bush life in the golden age. All who have lived in the bush before the discoveries of gold in Victoria will admit that the happiness of station owners was not increased, but in a great measure destroyed by the discoveries. Between the squatting interest and the general population of the colony a hostile feeling arose, and was promoted mainly by the inability of the Government to perceive that the whole circumstances of the colony had been changed by the influx of a vast population. The pastoral interest had acquired a tenure of the pastoral lands, and stations possessed a recognised market value. Thousands of people were anxious to take up land to grow produce for the use of the mining

population, and the *Argus* kept uttering a persistent cry, "Unlock the Lands," but without effect. Why, even any cranky man—and there were plenty of them in those days, fresh from the sheep walks—could have told the Government what to do—namely, buy up whatever rights had been granted to the squatters at their market value, and then sell the land to the would-be farmers. Had a bold and manly policy been followed, the miners and all other classes would have been more prosperous, and the colony would have retained the many thousands who left our shores in disgust; and the unfriendly or hostile feelings which arose against the pastoral interest would never have been developed.

In 1854, considering my position good, I removed with my family to Brighton. Bush life had long been changed into bush worry. Situated between two diggings—Bendigo and Korong—men of all sorts were rushing backwards and forwards over the run and there was no peace for man or beast. On my way to town to arrange for our removal, when opposite to Mount Alexander, in an unfrequented part of the road, a fellow on horseback suddenly came up behind the buggy and began to threaten me. On looking back I recognised him. I pulled up, and told him that if he did not at once get in front of me I would shoot him. He did so, but swore that he would wait for me in the Black Forest. I reported the incident at the police station at Kyneton, but I might just as well have made a report to the first sleepy bullock I had seen by the way-side. I saw nothing more of the scoundrel. He was a man who had been engaged on the station to "tail a mob of cattle"—that is to take them out to grass by day, and put them into a stockyard by night. In a few days he put my saddle and bridle on a strange horse that had joined mine, took the cattle out and abandoned them. I went in pursuit, and apprehended him at Durham Ox, on the Serpentine. Sending for the police, the innkeeper, Mr. Henning, and I kept watch over him. Whilst in charge of Henning he got away, but was immediately missed. It was in the day-

time, and as open plains are on all sides of Durham Ox, we felt certain that he had got into concealment near. We found him in the top of a gum-tree by the edge of the lagoon. He was taken to Bendigo, and committed for trial. I thought he was in gaol awaiting his trial at the time he threatened me on the public highway. On subsequent enquiry I learned that the Attorney-General had refused to prosecute him, and had discharged him. The splendid horse he was riding he had no doubt stolen as soon as he had been set at liberty; and it is more than probable that he became one of the bushrangers who shortly afterwards infested the Mount Alexander Road, when, amongst other victims, the late John Orr, of the Coliban, was "bailed up" (a dairyman's expression, as when milch cows are secured with their neck in a "bail" whilst they are milked), robbed, stripped of all his clothes, tied up to a tree, and left. I had not pursued the rogue for the value of what he had stolen from me, but because it was my duty to the public, and it was rather disgusting to find that he had been turned loose on society by the will of one man, who had no good grounds for doing so. If he had been a digger, and not a rogue by profession, some trouble would have been taken to convict him, as was shown afterwards, when the most persistent and determined efforts were made by the Government, against whose tyranny they had rebelled, to put the Ballarat men within the walls of Pentridge, could a jury have been induced to convict them.

In 1854, Mr. Latrobe retired from his position as Governor of Victoria. For many years he had been superintendent of the Port Phillip district, under Sir George Gipps, the Governor of New South Wales; and when separation from that colony was granted, he became the first governor. There was not much demonstration on his departure, but an address, said to have been beautifully executed, was presented to him. Two years ago, I saw the penman who engrossed the address in the solitary and humble position of ostler at one of Cobb and Co.'s canvas camps on the coach track between Bulligal

and Wilcannia. Mr. Latrobe sailed from Hobson's Bay in a gale which swamped boats, causing the loss of one or more lives.

When Sir Charles Hotham came his arrival caused the wildest excitement. Thousands assembled at Sandridge to welcome him. He was the first governor that Victorians were about to welcome direct from the old country, and there was some excuse for a little display of excitement, bordering on madness. I drove with my family up to Sandridge and joined in the procession to Melbourne. I drew up in William Street, opposite to the Old Treasury, and Sir Charles came out upon the balcony over the porch and made a speech to the immense crowd, but I was too far off to hear more than an occasional word.

It was a very unfortunate circumstance for Sir Charles Hotham, that he merely inherited the position which Mr. Latrobe had vacated. When an active and able manager of a pastoral station takes charge of an establishment as successor to a less energetic and slower manager, he usually finds the subordinates unfit for their duties; and he has to put new life into the capable and dismiss "the crawlers"—a pas-

toral expression applicable to those sheep which are incapable of following the flock. Sir Charles would probably have become an esteemed and popular governor if he had been guided by his own judgment instead of following the lead of those about him; but then, such a lapse was an indication of a want of capacity, and it brought him into such trouble and reprobation as no doubt tended to shorten his life; whilst he and not the real offenders had to endure the blame. I see him now, on the pictured page of memory, standing behind the emblazoned coat of arms, fresh from the sea and wearing a brilliant scarlet scarf, receiving with evident exultation the great ovation bestowed upon him; and I see on other pages of various dates, first, the picture of a handsome gay young gentleman, of many transposable names; and then, on one of recent date, the picture of an elderly, care-worn, dilapidated, and unhappy gentleman, his names transposed almost beyond recognition. It would have been better for the originals of both pictures if they had never met; for perhaps a blood-stained page in Victorian history would not have been written.

VIOLETS.

A SONNET.

Beautiful are you in your lowliness;
 Bright in your hues, delicious in your scent,
 Lovely your modest blossoms downward bent,
 As shrinking from our gaze, yet prompt to bless
 The passer-by with fragrance, and express
 How gracefully, though mutely, eloquent
 Are unobtrusive worth, and meek content,
 Rejoicing in their own obscure recess.
 Delightful flowrets! at the voice of Spring
 Your buds unfolded to its sunbeams bright,
 And though your blossoms soon shall fade from sight,
 Above your lonely birth-place birds shall sing,
 And from your clustering leaves the glowworm fling
 The emerald glory of its earthborn light.

—*Barton.*

"RESTORED."

By MINA.

This day eight long years ago ! Oh, how my heart aches when I think of that afternoon in the merry month of May, when we stood together for the last time in the old orchard, under the apple trees, which seemed bent down with their weight of pink and white blossoms, the soft chirp and hum of birds and insects mingling dreamily in the warm golden sunshine, flickering in bright light and shadow on the grass. I can see it all now, as I sit here putting it down on paper. When I allow my mind to dwell upon that day, a kind of desperate longing and remorse comes over me, and I would gladly give ten of the best years of my life, if I could live but one short hour again. But it may not be ! The lost opportunity can never return ; the day that is past is gone for ever ; and the word once uttered cannot be recalled. There are times in our lives when a word spoken or left unsaid may alter the whole tenor of our future, when we hold the scales of destiny in our hands ; such a moment was mine, and now, eight years after, as I sit, pen in hand, thinking of the past, it seems to me as though it were but an occurrence of yesterday.

I was staying on a visit in the country with a married lady friend, and a happy visit it proved to me, for there I met Harold Longford, the hero of my life. It was a lovely evening when I saw him first, all nature looking her freshest in the spring sunshine. There was a visitor coming to Elmbank, "an old gentleman," my friend told me smiling, but she could give me no further information respecting him. I was upstairs dressing for dinner wondering somewhat as to what the visitor would be like, when Helen came into my room with some lovely roses, some of which she fastened in my hair, and some in my breast. Laughing she said, "It is all in honour of Mr. Longford,

my dear." She ran off then, and shortly afterwards, following her, I found them all assembled in the drawing-room ; Helen with her husband, Mr. Mathers ; beside him a tall, fine-looking man of about forty, and a young man of about twenty-five. Helen smiled mischievously at me, as I bowed in acknowledgment of the introductions, while her husband looked highly amused at the confusion visible in my face. I had expected "an old gentleman," instead of which were two distinguished-looking men, one quite young, and the other in the pride and prime of manhood. The little mystery was soon explained amidst much laughter. There was no "old Mr. Longford ;" it had been all Helen's fun, who seemed quite delighted at the success of her little plot. The laugh broke the ice, and we soon got on capitally together.

Mr. Longford was a tall, broad-shouldered man, with a kind open face, and pleasant brown eyes that contrasted forcibly with his fair hair and moustache ; not handsome as far as regularity of features went, but altogether brave and manly-looking, a man who one felt instinctively was to be honoured and trusted. Tom Longford, his nephew, was decidedly handsome, with straight classical features, easy and graceful in his movements, a man whom any girl would admire.

Time passes quickly, and a few weeks revealed to me the fact that I had never met a man like Mr. Longford, and probably never should again ; but what need is there to tell the dear old time-worn story, which has been written so often in poetry and prose, and which is being enacted in real life every day. It is enough to say that after six of the happiest weeks of my life, Mr. Longford asked me to be his wife. I was sitting at the open drawing-room window listening to Helen's

clear voice singing, thinking how very far off all trouble seemed to be. The three gentlemen were pacing up and down the terrace talking earnestly. Then as the evening shadows deepened, they paused, and looking in upon us Mr. Mathers called Helen to come and take a turn with him. I rose to follow but a hand was laid upon mine, and the voice that brought the quick blood to my face whispered low and earnestly. "Stay, please, I have something to say to you." Then they went, and we two were left alone in the fading twilight. Later in the evening Helen came and congratulated me. Eva, dear, I am so glad! Mr. Longford has just been telling us.

I dare not trust myself to write of those days of more than happiness, when to fulfil my lightest wish seemed the sole desire of a brave, noble heart—those days when side by side we paced the shady lanes, and thought that life itself was too short; for love gilded all, and earth to us seemed nothing short of a paradise. That happy time of light and sunshine, how it seemed to fly—how the glad sunny hours glided away. But afterwards they dragged slowly and wearily enough—those long summer days, and still longer nights. It seemed in the dark still hours that the dawn would never break and disperse the utter darkness, and in the long warm days I used to think the sun would never set behind the purple mountains; for the lengthening gloomy twilight was most grateful to my weary heart. Yet for all that followed, I can never blame him; not a doubt ought I to have cast upon him. It was all a chapter of accidents from beginning to end; but it blighted two lives, and struck the death-blow to all our bright hopes and fancies.

Helen had invited to stay with me a young friend, Myra Winniford, a girl who had been a school companion of hers, and soon after her arrival we became great chums. Myra's room was next to mine, and frequently, after retiring for the night, we sat together with open window, the soft midnight air cooling our heated faces, conversing on the events of the day past. Helen had promised us a dance; it was to be on rather an extensive scale,

and we had that morning been issuing the invitations which amounted to over a hundred; the following evening, as some of our guests were to remain, we were to have charades, in which Myra and I were to act conspicuous parts, and the day following our gaieties were to be concluded by a picnic, which, as I anticipated having Mr. Longford all to myself, would be the most enjoyable part of the festivities.

"What do you think of Tom Longford?" said Myra to me on the morning of the ball. I had noticed as I thought signs of preference between these two for each other, and I was glad, for in the fulness of my happiness I wanted others to be happy too; though inwardly as I spoke I could not help contrasting my Harold's noble manly face and form, and strength and integrity of purpose, with Tom's instability and want of character, although he was thoroughly a gentleman, and was much admired by the ladies. "I think he is decidedly a gentleman and very handsome," I replied. Myra looked at me thoughtfully; "You have won the hero, while his shadow is left for me," she said; "your life will be one long dream of happiness if you marry Mr. Longford." Somehow she laid a stress on the word "if" insomuch that I looked up wonderingly. Surely there was no doubt about the matter; was not the day already fixed for our wedding, and my trousseau already being made? "I do not think there is any *if* in the matter," I replied, somewhat testily, for I did not like the slightest shadow to come between me and Harold. "There is many a slip between the cup and the lip," she retorted, and then turned to the contemplation of our dresses for the dance, which had just arrived. Myra's was of white silk, beautifully made, relieved here and there by a few blush roses; she was darker than I, with a complexion like that of a damask rose; her features were far more classical than mine, and she was slightly taller. My dress consisted of a pale blue filmy material, with clouds of white lace, in which lilies of the valley were tastefully intermingled. "Who is to be the belle of the evening?" I said; "I think you will, Myra, for your dress is lovely,

and you are prettier than I." I said this without the slightest feeling of jealousy; I had Harold's love, and that was all in all to me; but I noticed on Myra's face a look as it were of triumph, and I smiled, for I thought, "to-night she will be engaged to Tom."

Evening came, and I was standing by the mirror surveying myself, as I clasped round my neck and arms the pearls given to me the day previously by Harold; he had gone up to town, and would not be down till rather late that evening. "Keep the first dance for me, Eva," had been his parting words, and though he had only been absent from me for a day, it seemed like a week. At last my toilette was complete, so I ran into Myra's room to see if I could offer her any assistance. She had gone, but what was this that I saw lying just inside her room, as if it had been dropped accidentally? What was this that sent the life blood from my lips, and seemed to turn me to stone, as I stooped to pick it up? Harold's likeness, in a beautiful gold locket, inlaid with pearls; it lay open, and as I picked it up I recognised the portrait as the counterpart of one he had given to me a week after our engagement; but the locket I had not seen, and a tide of tumultuous feelings swept over me as I turned it over and over, and wondered how it came into Myra's possession. However, I must go down now, as I heard the music commence, and solve the mystery if I could; so hastily endeavouring to recover myself, and to hide all traces of emotion, I ran downstairs. In the hall I found Helen's husband waiting for me. "You are late," he said, "Harold will soon be here." Soon my programme was filled with the exception of three dances, which I had reserved for Harold. I managed to secure a seat close to Myra; and taking the opportunity of slipping into her hand the locket, I said, "Myra, can you explain this to me, I found it just inside your room?" She hastily put her hand to her neck, as if feeling for the chain which had secured it, while she turned her face to mine with a look of such defiance as I shall never forget. She had not a moment to reply, for her

partner claimed her, and at the same moment I heard a voice at my side saying, "May I have the pleasure of this dance with you, Miss Wharton?" Quick as thought I remembered that I had promised to keep this first dance for Harold, but my pride gained the mastery, and as I rose and linked my arm in that of the gentleman who had asked me, I thought, "At least Harold shall see that I am not a mere school-girl to be trifled with; that others will be glad to win what he has lost." I well knew that for my present partner, a Mr. Rose, Harold had an intense dislike, and had always wished me to avoid him; so in this way I foolishly thought I would punish him. I threw myself into the dance with as much zest as I could, while undue excitement had lent an additional colour to my cheeks and brightness to my eyes; but in spite of my endeavours to appear myself my heart was aching bitterly. My idol seemed dashed to the ground, while all my most sacred feelings seemed to have been ruthlessly trampled upon, but never for a moment during the dance had I forgotten to watch the door by which I expected Harold to enter; and when Helen whispered as she passed me, "There he is," I turned my eyes haughtily to meet his. No! I could not master my feelings, and the locket was uppermost in my mind; I was only pleased when I saw a look of pain pass over his face, and then he crossed over to where Myra was sitting. The dance was just over; I saw Myra hand him her programme, and look up in his face in her most fascinating way; then the demon of jealousy wound more closely round my heart. "He did not seek me; he sought her first," I said to myself; he has deceived me from the beginning. So I went into the dancing still more eagerly, and tried to drown my thoughts; not once after this did I look at him, but strenuously avoided his eyes when I felt they were following mine. This could not last for ever, I knew, so I was but little surprised when I heard his voice close to me. "Eva, I want you for a few minutes; will you come into the conservatory?" Of course I took his arm and went with him; I could not let others see what was passing in my

mind, but as we entered the conservatory I drew my arm out of his and stood facing him with a look of defiance. "Eva," he said, "I want to know how it is that you danced with that man, and in my absence, too; I must know." "There is no 'must' in the matter," was my reply. "Eva," he said, with suppressed passion in his voice, enough of this nonsense! I insist upon knowing! I desire you to tell me."

"Insist! desire! It is rather too soon for that, I think," I replied, indignantly, turning crimson beneath his glance. His face softened; he went on in a lower tone. "Eva, dear, I have a reason; I would not ask it otherwise." As I glanced up into the face of my hero my great love for him rose up in my heart, and I longed to throw myself into his arms and make any concession if he would only take me to his heart and whisper that he loved me still; but the remembrance of the locket, and Myra's look of defiance, rose up before me. "Mr. Longford's request is not granted." For a moment we stood and looked straight into each other's eyes; each, I knew afterwards, misunderstanding the other. Then he spoke in a hurried voice; "Eva, you might trust me. Oh, my darling, come! come! surely there is some mistake." He held out his arms. Oh, the pathos, the yearning that one word "Eva" conveyed! Often and often since, in the still hours of the night, have I wept vain, useless tears at the thought of that last loving appeal which I rejected. Love was strong, but pride was stronger. Weak, foolish girl that I was! I felt proud of the storm I could raise, and resolved to bring him to my feet. I returned his loving entreaty with a little curtsey, and laughed—actually laughed!—in the face of the man whose noble heart prompted him to make the first overtures. Stung to the quick, he stood erect, his face whiter and sterner than I had seen it yet. I was afraid of him then, afraid to approach, afraid to speak. He spoke; slowly and distinctly came the words. "Heaven forgive you, Eva, for at this moment I feel as though I never could." Then he turned and went away, and I was left alone, too utterly

heart-broken to utter one word to stay him. He never looked back—never once. And so we parted.

How long I remained there I could not say, but Helen had been searching everywhere for me, when she discovered me, perfectly unconscious, lying on the floor, and when I awoke to a sense of my utter loneliness and misery she was standing beside me, bathing my temples with eau-de-cologne. From her I learned that Mr. Longford had left without one message or word for me, and she asked me for an explanation. To her I unburdened all my heart, and my fears respecting Myra. "Poor little Eva! he will come back to you, I am sure he will; as for Myra, I will unfathom that mystery."

Three long days came and went as I waited and watched for Harold's return, for I thought he would surely come back when in calm moments he reflected how little reason there was for our disagreement. "Here, Eva, is a letter for you," said Mr. Mather, tossing one across the table to me as we sat at breakfast one morning; "it is from Mr. Longford; I suppose he is writing to say when he will be back." I ran upstairs, and, with my door locked, I tore open the letter and read it through, and then sat still and tried to realise. "Good bye," were the last words, "Heaven bless you, perhaps some day we may meet again." As I read and re-read Harold's letter, I saw too late the game of cross-purposes we had been playing. Hour after hour passed unheeded, and each minute was bearing him farther away over the wide blue sea. Again and again did Helen implore me to let her in, but not even my dearest friend could see me in my first hours of sorrow. I never let anyone see how deeply I felt my grief; I hoped that some day Harold would return, and that then all would be explained. Myra had refused to give any explanation about the locket until she knew that Harold had really gone, not to return; then rapping at my door one evening, she entered. "Eva," she said, and there was the same defiant look in her eyes I had noticed on the night of the dance, "here is the locket which has wrought you so much mischief; I

bought the likeness and had it put into that locket. Mr. Longford knew nothing about it, but I loved him from the first, and was determined to win him from you if I could; your baby love was nothing compared to the great love which I have for him. However, if I have lost you have lost too, which is the only consolation I have. I leave here early in the morning." I sat stupified, petrified—not one word could I offer in return; my only thought was that my senseless jealousy had perhaps separated me for ever from the one I loved. Myra left the next morning, but I did not see her again. Eight years have since passed, and at the age of twenty-six I am still living on with a hope that has never quite died—the hope that I shall see Harold before I die.

* * * *

It is a glorious evening in the month of June. Eva is pacing up and down,

a strange weight of sadness on her heart. Large tears roll one by one down her pale cheeks. The soft breeze stirs the apple-blossoms, and the pure petals fall upon her bowed head. A hasty step falls upon the green turf, a hand is laid upon her shoulder, and a well-known voice whispers, "Eva." The strong arms support her now, the welcome voice is pouring incoherent explanations into her ear. All sorrow is forgotten. Everything is explained. And so, after eight long years they have met, never to be parted again in this life. They are to be married to-morrow. Myra had confessed everything to Tom, Mr. Longford's nephew, to whom she is now engaged; she had gone through much sorrow, and her character is now purified and chastened.

"Restored at last," says Eva, looking lovingly at Mr. Longford, "never to be parted."

THIN-SKINNED PEOPLE.

By MRS. DRUMMOND MACPHERSON.

In the shampooing-room of Turkish baths are to be seen various marble slabs, and on these slabs lie flesh-brushes of different degrees of hardness or softness. As each bather appears and is stretched helplessly on the marble, the experienced attendant knows at a glance which brush to use for the particular texture of skin submitted for manipulation. If it is dark and swarthy, he seizes a brush with strong, firm bristles, and scrubs vigorously; if of a moderate degree of duskiness, a medium brush is required. But in the case of persons with fair white skins only the softest of brushes is brought into use, and applied with care; for a fair skin is a fine one, and consequently tender and easily abraded. Now these last-mentioned bathers are *bodily* thin-skinned people, and the

wise shampooist knows how to treat them; but with the *mentally* thin-skinned it is much more difficult to cope, for we cannot tell at what moment we may have the misfortune to chafe their delicate organisation, or to tread on their susceptible toes.

Mrs. Tetchy, poor thing, belongs to this much-to-be-pitied class. With Dickens' "Mrs. Gummidge," she constantly sighs "Everything goes contrary wi' me." Attempt cordiality with her, she counts it familiarity; try polite reserve, she accuses you of neglect; talk to her of your own affairs, she thinks you egotistical; speak about her concerns, and she calls you intrusive. Poor Mrs. Tetchy! she is always on the look-out for slights, is neglected by her relations, unappreciated by her husband, and disregarded by her children.

Friends, she has none. What an unhappy life is hers! Can anything be done with such a nature? Is there any brush manufactured that could with safety be applied to this terribly thin skin? We fear not; all we can do is to leave her alone, and trust that time and experience may heal the soreness of her too easily irritated mental frame.

Mr. Morbid takes a very gloomy view of life—he is a disappointed man. Where he looks for bread, he will tell you he finds nothing but stones; and the sweetest of sugar or honey, to his distempered palate, tastes like the sharpest of vinegar or the bitterest of gall. If you try to show him a kindness, he fancies you are patronising him; make him a pleasant, complimentary little speech, and he thinks you are laughing at him; endeavour to extend hospitality to him, and he will always imagine himself in the way; offer him counsel or assistance, and he draws himself up like a snail into his shell, and makes you feel that you presume upon your acquaintance, and have taken an unwarrantable liberty. So you sigh profoundly, and leave him also alone.

Mr. Contra is another well-known person of tender skin. His peculiarity is touchiness in conversation. If you advance an argument, he flies out in contradiction; say a thing is right, he is sure to be of opinion that it is wrong; indeed, you have only to suggest that a certain matter is probably black to produce from him a positive assertion that it is of the snowiest whiteness. He is always on edge, and ready to dash off into irritating argument upon every subject under the sun, and jumps straightway down the throat of any one who is bold enough to hold an opinion against him. He has continually a grievance about something or other, and quarrels with his fellows right and left. Women avoid him, men detest him, so he thinks himself an ill-used and vastly unappreciated man. Supremely self-satisfied is he, and so we leave him.

Madame Hauteur is a lady of immense dignity and assumption, but, oh! so thin-skinned. She must be approached with much respect and deference, and woe betide the presumptuous youth or maiden who ventures to address or salute her high mightiness till she deigns to notice them. The veriest trifle she construes into an impertinence; the merest whisper in her presence she counts an insult. On the throne of her dignity she sits—approach ye toadies and bring your softest brushes; bend before her haughtiness and it will be well with you; for madame is but human, and her vulnerable point is “vanity.”

Miss Lachrymose Mimosa is another of the unhappy thin-skinned sisterhood. Very retiring, and terribly sensitive, is this poor young lady; sighs continually disturb her maidenly bosom, tears are ever ready to flow from her melancholy eyes. Limp, listless, and dejected—a word of reproof, a hint of annoyance, the merest iota of fault-finding, will send her into the deepest grief. Nobody understands the delicate organisation of this sensitive plant, which is ever ready to shrink up and wither at the smallest touch. Some say the poor girl is stupid, others that she is sulky; she herself will tell you that she is “misunderstood.” A brush for this delicate skin must be furnished with the invigorating bristles of human kindness, and applied with the firm yet gentle hand of sympathy—that so may be restored the circulation of this unhealthy and most despondent mind.

Among the thin-skinned fraternity one hateful disease prevails, and nothing but its complete removal and cure will restore a healthy and vigorous mental action. Mrs. Tetchy, Mr. Morbid, and the others of whom we have written, will tell you with complaisance that their troubles arise from their extreme “sensitiveness” and “acuteness of feeling.” May we venture to inform them that the disorder from which they suffer is nothing but MENTAL SELFISHNESS of the grossest and most unpleasing description?



BEFORE ALEXANDRIA.

By WM. ALLEN.

"The ships of the various European Powers. . . slunk away before the fight, and had not, after it was over, a cheer or a word of congratulation. The American ship went round our vessels after the bombardment, and loudly cheered the crews, the band on board playing 'God Save the Queen.' The ready tender of the service of the American marines to assist us on shore, and their assurance that 'they would stick by the Britishers to the last,' will be long remembered with gratitude by all Englishmen."

—*Newspaper Extract.*

"Stick by us to the last!" Brave words, well said;
 For you are of our own. Our England bred
 Your hero ancestors. They left their home
 To found another England o'er the foam.
 Our blood is in your veins. We breathe, like you,
 The vital air of freedom, though, 'tis true,
 Some feudal shackles wait to disappear.
 Not less our hearts are one, not less we hear
 Where from her heights the voice of Freedom calls,
 And shakes from roof to rampart castled walls
 Where cringing despots hide their impotence.
 And you, like our own hardy Northern sires
 (Stern sea-dogs nursed amid the battle's fires),
 Fear not to face the rudest storm that blows,
 Or where the fiercest front of battle shows.
 In you your country speaks. Ye will not bide
 That your free sail should fell assassins hide—
 The stealthy maker of the murderous bomb,
 The hedge-hid ruffian, flying from the doom
 That waits on crafty deeds of cruelty.
 Despite the raven-croaks of those who see
 The bloody communistic spectre rise
 To blast the great Republic's destinies,
 We dare to hope the expectant world shall know
 Through you what gifts great Freedom can bestow
 On those who faithful follow where she leads.
 Oh, heirs with us of all illustrious deeds
 That make the name of England great to-day!
 We will keep step where progress points the way,
 Jealous for nothing save each other's fame.
 So shall we put all carping tongues to shame,
 And "make ourselves an everlasting name."
 Let our ships ride together on the seas!
 Let our flags float together on the breeze!
 For we are one in speech, and blood, and heart,
 And bear in Empire's field a common part.
 Together great in art, and war, and song,
 Let us be great in hatred of the wrong,
 And we will lead the whole wide world along.

Neil Street, Carlton, 16th November, 1885.

ALL FOR A BAG OF GOLD.

By A. G.

CHAPTER I.

It was a hot summer night, late in December, and the bar of the "Traveler's Rest," Dodong, Victoria, was more than usually crowded. The occupants were composed principally of shearers, who, having finished their last jobs, had turned into the nearest public-house to knock down their cheques—a process which, being translated, means that the shearer delivers himself up to be shorn by the nearest publican, handing over his hard-earned cheque in exchange for an unspecified equivalent in rum, at the sole discretion of the publican. When this worthy has duly honoured the "rum account" to his own satisfaction, he turns his customers out, drunk and penniless, to amass more money for the benefit of himself and others like him.

Drinking and gambling were waxing fast and furious, and quite a small crowd had gathered round a table where five men were playing "nap."

"Who'll go what?" shouted the dealer, dashing down the last card, and calling at the same time for another glass.

"Two," said an ill-looking man in a red flannel shirt. "Pass," said the next player, and his chum.

The fourth, a young dissipated-looking man, whom his companions addressed as Thompson, held his cards tightly, and excitedly shouted, "I'll go nap!" "Phew!" whistled one or two, and an outsider, sitting at a distant table, called out, "I'll bet you don't win."

"What will you make it?" replied Thompson, "shall it be your cheque against my brown bag here?" opening as he spoke a small canvas bag, the contents of which gleamed yellow in the lamp light. "It's not empty, you see."

"Done!" shouted the other, handing his glass across the bar for another nobbler. "Here; my name's Bacon, for want of a better," said he, looking at Thompson, "I don't care what yours is."

The small crowd collected round the "nap" players now took more interest than ever, and, as the play went on, each card received its chorus of comment, Thompson becoming every moment more and more excited. Four tricks are his; now the final round begins.

A murmur of approval buzzes round as the first two cards are seen to be harmless; but, as the fourth card is played, Thompson rises, with an oath, knocks over the box on which he had been sitting, and seizing the brown bag, rushes from the room—closely followed, however, by the man with whom he had made the bet.

High words were heard outside; but the winner at length returned, carrying the bag, and dragging Thompson after him.

"Come along, mate," he said, "don't let's have a row; I'm going to stand drinks all round."

Many and frequent were the nobblers that night; dire the revenge on the forced temperance of a week ago, and few were sober enough next day to remember what had happened on the preceding evening.

The lucky backer of his opinion started home about one o'clock, the precious bag of gold safely stowed away in an inside pocket of his coat.

The night was oppressively hot, and the moon almost full, but clouds flitted over it, sometimes totally obscuring its rays. The road was a lonely one—a mere track, in fact, through thick scrub,

where fast going was difficult, owing to the heavy sand and frequent cart-ruts. Every now and again a mopoke's melancholy note broke the monotony of the surrounding silence, or a curlew's sudden shriek made horse and rider start; but Bacon was lost in thought and paid little attention to such accustomed sounds. Suddenly the horse pricked up its ears, and an undefined sense of coming danger thrilled through the rider.

Yes—certainly some one was following, riding fast, too. "Get up, old horse!" said Bacon, ramming his spurs home. Too late—or his spurs were blunt. Almost before there was time to decide on a course of action, a hand was on the horse's rein, and a voice, which was easily recognisable as Thompson's, said, "Throw up your hands, you robber, and hand over the swag!"

Instead, however, of complying, Bacon struck his assailant over the head with the switch he carried, put spurs afresh to his now frightened horse, and started on a race for life.

The flight was brief. Soon the two men were off their horses, fighting desperately, rolling on the ground, locked in deadly embrace. First one was under, then the other, while oaths and blows were freely exchanged; but at length Thompson got his man down, there was a gleam of steel, a gurgle, and the winner of the bag of gold lay on the sandy road—dead—his throat cut from ear to ear.

Thompson sprang up and seized the bag. Now, what was he to do? Both horses having disappeared, he must trust to his knowledge of the country and physical endurance. That the murder would be reported to the police before many hours were over he knew was quite certain; and then the native trackers, veritable human blood-hounds, would be put on to run him down, following every footstep as surely as the keenest-nosed dog ever whelped, slowly, perhaps, but none the less surely—a crushed leaf or broken twig telling them volumes, even the movements of birds or animals adding links in the chain of evidence. In fact, unless the path chosen was lined with paving stones, or heavy rain fell to

obliterate all tracks, escape was for him almost impossible. Where, therefore, could he find a better hiding place than in the seemingly endless scrub which bounded the road on either side? There he might baffle pursuit and eventually escape. A water-hole, he knew, lay some eight miles to his left; and from thence he could easily work his way to a railway station, and so reach Melbourne, and be lost, for a time at least, in the back-slums of the city.

Stooping over the corpse, from which even *he* recoiled in horror when he met its glazed stare reflected by the pale moonlight, he searched for fresh booty and found, in an inner pocket he had hitherto overlooked, a letter and some loose silver, which he speedily transferred to his own pockets.

The handwriting on the cover of the letter immediately struck him as strangely familiar, and he was in the act of tearing open the envelope when a shrill whistle and the sound of wheels fell on his ear. No time for reflection; so, cramming the letter into his pocket, he plunged heedlessly into the scrub.

Hardly had the bushes closed behind him when a man, carelessly driving a spring-cart, came round the corner. He was whistling and calling to his dog, the reins hanging loosely on the horse's back as he jogged steadily along through the heavy sand.

Of a sudden the horse shied sharply—snorting, backing, and almost throwing the driver from his seat. Startled, he grasped the loose reins—only to drop them again, as his own sudden motion revealed to view, lying below him on the ground in a pool of blood, a prostrate form—the head almost severed from the body.

An exclamation of horror burst from his lips, for at this moment the cloud wreath cleared away and the moon shone down clear and full on the ghastly sight.

"Good God, it's Tom Bacon!" he exclaimed, jumping down and stooping over the body. "Dead! ay murdered, surely; and not long ago neither. Oh, his poor wife and bits of children! Poor old 'Tom, what will they do without him?" and the strong man leant against the shaft of the cart, and

wiped the perspiration from his forehead. But there was no time to lose ; he must put the police on the track at once.

Reverently closing the staring eyes, he threw a horse-rug over the corpse to protect it from dingoes or wild cats ; and, turning his horse's head, drove to Dodong as fast as the state of the road permitted.

CHAPTER II.

Over the murdered man the moon kept silent watch ; the clouds, flitting by, stopped in their course to gaze on the prostrate form, and softly dropped their tears of sympathy and sorrow, washing from the ground all marks of strife and violence.

The tear-drops fell also on the murderer, as he groped his way through the ever thickening scrub. A sense of security filled his mind. "Done the police for once in their lives," he thought, triumphantly. "No tracker or even bloodhound could follow me now. With a snug sum of gold in my belt, Melbourne will be a better place than that slow hole, Dodong, any way ; but I must get a wash soon, for blood seems to be in my mouth as well as on my clothes." So thinking he hurried on ; but progress was slow, and fearful of losing his way, he rested under a tree to wait for morning.

Daylight came, but daylight with a fevered breath ; for the gentle breeze which had blown all night changed now into a parching hot wind, making travelling unendurable. Taking his bearings carefully by the sun, he plodded slowly on, determined to husband his strength, for after the night showers detection seemed improbable. Still, he instinctively quickened his pace, for a burning thirst was beginning to take possession of him, and as yet no water-hole appeared in sight. Strange, he must have walked about twelve miles, and the water-hole was only eight from the road he had quitted. Cursing his luck and the hot wind, he changed his course, and made for some rising ground a short distance off which seemed familiar to him ; then

on further, from rise to rise, but still no water-hole.

It was midday when he rested under the scanty shade of a half-grown tree, and scanned with feeble hope the view from the slight eminence—water nowhere to be seen—nothing but interminable scrub met his feverish gaze ; miles upon miles of it, green and cool to look on near at hand, blue as any summer sky as it receded, till an azure veil hid it from sight where it met the sky line. For a painter the scene was a fairy vision ; for a man starving for want of food and water it meant death or madness, perhaps both.

Hunger and thirst were becoming unbearable. The leaves he tried to eat were dry and unpalatable ; the stunted grass contained no moisture. The hot wind devoured him with its pitiless fire blast, while overhead the sun shone fiercely down, gloating as it were over his helpless misery.

Once more he struggled to his feet and crawled painfully on. The sun seemed a veritable "Will-o'-the-wisp," so he determined to disregard its course altogether and trust to luck. Long before sunset he knew the worst. He was lost—lost in the hush ! No doubt of it now. How had it happened ? Was he going round in a circle ? If so, the water-hole might be close by, and the cool of nightfall might give him strength to make one last effort. But a horrid suspicion struck him. Could he have mistaken the side of the road and wandered steadily away from his quest ? A red flush marked the place behind which the sun had just disappeared ; so, forcing himself to think quietly, he looked around. No need for a second glance. There, far behind in the line of the setting sun were the landmarks he had hoped to make. Yes, he had turned to the right instead of to the left. He saw it all now ; his resting-place must be his grave. His trembling limbs gave way beneath him, and he fell helplessly to the ground. Hope gone, his reason tottered. "Help, help," he shrieked : "take me away, give me water ! water !" No answer from the echoless solitude, where reigned a silence unbroken even by the flap of parrot's wing, or the rustle of the wallaby's

leap. Alone, yet not alone—the one face which had never left him was fast peopling the solitude with myriad images of death. Turn where he might, dead faces peered into his own; dead hands forced on him showers of gold. “Eat! drink!” chorussed dead voices to the swooning murderer. “Eat gold! drink gold! there is plenty. More! more! take it all!” Eagerly he devoured the glittering lumps, but as fast as he did so they melted into blood. His mouth was full of it, his eyes were lurid with it. “Enough, enough!” he shrieked aloud. His own shriek awoke him from his frenzied dream, and he sat up panting, breathless, shivering in every limb.

But what is it makes him start up once more, looking round anxiously every few minutes as if pursuers were gaining on him? Have the trackers run him to earth so soon, or is it only another fancy of his disordered brain? No—listen! on the still air comes a distant “caw—caw.” *Now* he knows it all. The crows—death’s scavengers—have scented him out.

Often has he heard described how the crows have followed a man lost in the bush, till, overcome with hunger and thirst, the wanderer has barely yielded his last breath before they have swooped down, picked out the poor unclosed eyes, and commenced their banquet on the yet warm flesh.

Nearer and yet nearer they come, their shining black feathers gleaming in the sun. Gently they perch on a shrub close by and “caw, caw” complacently. Maddened past endurance, Thompson raises himself, shouting, swearing, and throwing at them any stick, stone, or even lump of earth he can find; but they heed him not, for with a lazy flap of their glossy wings they evade his missiles and “caw, caw” out of reach of his feeble arm. All hope leaves him; death stares him in the face in its most hideous form. Would it not be better to put an end to life at once, instead of dragging on for a few more miserable hours? His hand steals to his knife, he shudders at the stain on the blade, and in turning his glance aside it falls on the letter which he had taken from the murdered man. It lies on the ground beside him. Ha! men

have been saved by a straw—by a thread—the letter may help him to life, who knows? But, good God! whose writing is that on the envelope? He tears it open. His head swims as he reads the first words:—“My Dear Son,—How long are you going to keep up your fancy for being called Bacon?”

He can read no more; he must turn to the end. He dare not—that handwriting. Yes, yes, he will, a thousand devils shan’t stop him. His shivering fingers can scarcely turn the page, a heavy mist floats before his eyes. Then, with a desperate effort, he nerves himself to read:—

“Your affectionate mother,

“ELIZABETH THOMPSON.”

Not a word—not a sound—the foam forms on his lips, the veins swell on his forehead, as he sways backwards and forwards, holding the letter in his convulsive grasp.

Then one last glimpse of reason, one last memory, one despairing shriek, and he falls backward—mad—mad unto death.

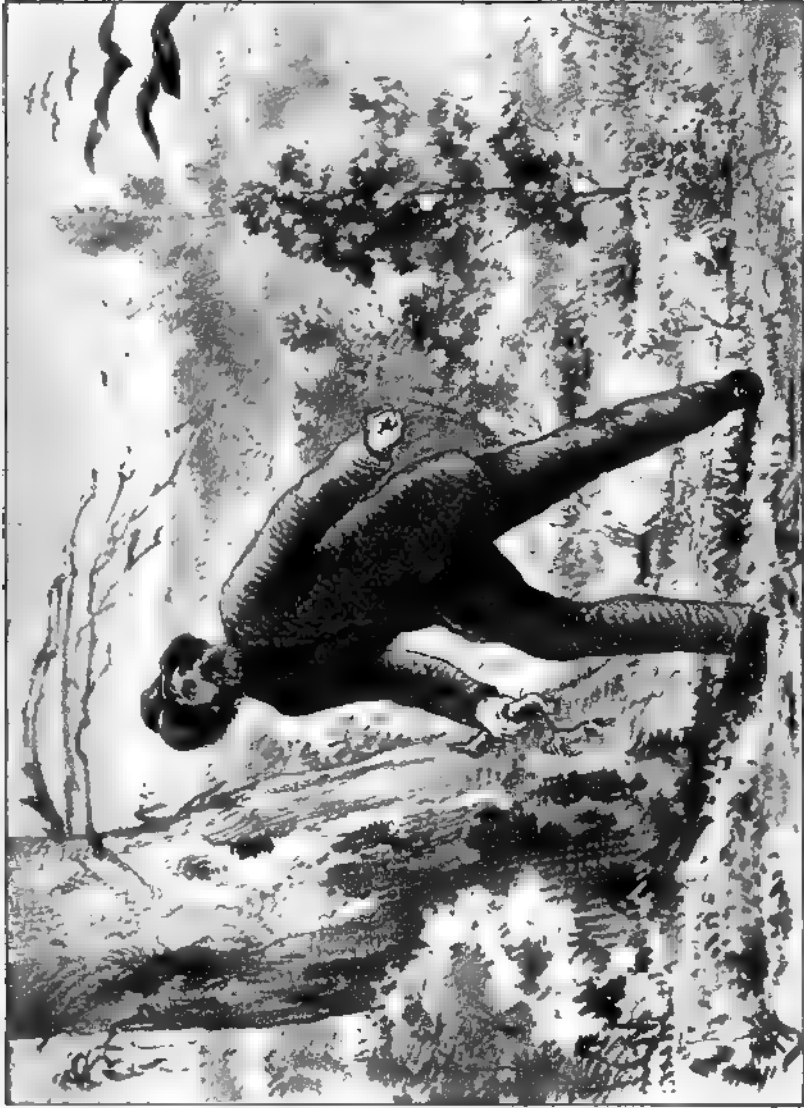
Needs it to describe the last scene of all—the vacant stare, the restless gestures, the sobs of pain, the hideous shouts and peals of laughter, the seemingly inexhaustible strength, followed by intervals of utter collapse?

It was then that he would lie on the ground and rave of the brother he had murdered, of his mother far away, of his sweetheart, of his past hopes—of anything, everything, and nothing, all jumbled up with wild public-house songs, convivial converse, curses, and oaths.

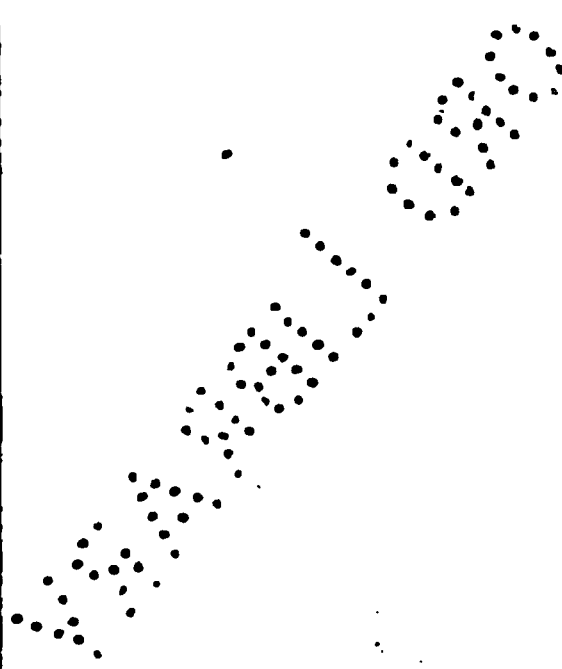
It was during these intervals of weakness, also, that the dead face haunted him most.

“There you are again!” he would scream; “don’t come near me, you are covered with blood! blood! blood! You know I never meant to kill you; how was I to remember your face after nearly fifteen years?”

Again, he would implore the vision to forgive him, offering it nobblers to go away quietly, and tell no one what he had done. Or, with maniacal fury he would rush at it, swearing horribly. “Liar, liar!” he shrieked, “you call yourself Bacon now, do you? I’ll swing for you yet! I swear I will!”



Thompson raises himself, shouting, swearing, and throwing at them.



All day long he wandered backwards, forwards, round and round, sometimes at a run, pursuing imaginary figures, sometimes crawling on all fours, clawing at the branches, tearing them with his teeth in his agony, at others just dragging one foot after another. Darkness came, but still he could not rest. Madness seemed to have given him renewed strength.

But the crows knew that the end was very near, and followed quietly.

Once in the moonlight he saw them close by, and laughed aloud. "Ha! ha! mutes for my funeral, eh? We'll dodge the troopers, though, and give them a run for nothing. But that bloody corpse will show them where I am. Up in the air there, can't you see

it? I'll have you down, and do for you properly this time;" and, snatching at his knife, he rushed wildly forward. The steel gleamed very faintly, being covered with rust and dry blood, but the edge was evidently unharmed, for as he ran, brandishing it above his head, he tripped, and the knife with which he had murdered his brother buried itself to the hilt in his heart.

* * * *

The morning sun, so bright, so strong, gazed fondly down on forest, flood, and field; but, ere he reached the highest vault of heaven, he drew a cloud across his face, for in the scrub below was one foul spot—the body of a man and the crows busy with their horrid task.

LET THEM DREAM.

Dreaming—dreaming! let them dream;
Wherefore should they waken?
Though things are not what they seem,
Leave their faith unshaken!
Bitter truth, be sure, ere long
Will surprise the sleeping,
And will change Hope's gayest song
To a wail of weeping.
Quickly cometh cark and care—
Wherefore mar the vision rare?

Dreaming—dreaming! let them dream;
Wherefore should they waken?
Though things are not what they seem,
Leave their faith unshaken!
Time shall teach them all the truth;
Time shall undeceive them;
They will learn it—learn by ruth;
When their dream shall leave them.
Quickly cometh cark and care—
Do not mar the vision rare!

Dreaming—dreaming! let them dream;
Wherefore should they waken?
Though things are not what they seem,
Leave their faith unshaken!
Hope shall end, and youth be gone,
And the world grow dreary;
They shall weep alone—alone,
Woe-begone and weary—
But, till cometh cark and care,
Childhood's day-dreams prithee spare!

—Miss Sarah Mills Boorman.

JACOBI'S WIFE.

BY ADELINE SERGEANT.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

A CUP OF TEA.

The solitary walk which Joan had taken gave her leisure to reflect upon the situation in which she now found herself, and the upshot of her reflections was, that she could not well decide whether or not it was her duty to surrender the papers that Clarice had placed in her hands, without ascertaining what they were. Accordingly, as Patty had reported, she occupied herself that evening in deliberately examining, for the first time, the papers fastened into the bag which she had guarded with such jealous care.

"It is for Geoffrey's sake I do it," she said to herself. "If these papers are dangerous to him, I have a right to see them. It is I who care for him now. No one else has the right."

And then she unfolded the papers and looked at them with care.

The letter written in Geoffrey's name, as well as that from the hospital secretary and the receipt, told her little; but there were a few words of explanation on a separate piece of paper—a sort of memorandum of the facts—by Sir Wilfred Vanborough, which made the story clear enough. And then it was that Joan wept, not over her lover's guilt, for of that no evidence could ever have convinced her, but over the occurrence of circumstances which had involved him in such misfortune. And when she had dried her tears, she sat still and thought intensely.

"I fancy that Mr. Jacobi has not all the power he boasts of," she said to herself, as she passed in review the details of his visit. "I do not believe that Sir Wilfred, cruel as he is, would permit these papers to become public

property. He has shielded Geoffrey so far; he will not bring shame upon him now that he is lying helpless on a sick bed. Mr. Jacobi might do that, but I do not think Sir Wilfred would. And Clarice knew what these papers were when she brought them to me. She thought they would be safe with me. And so they shall be."

She folded up the papers and replaced them in the bag. Her lips were set in a firm line of fixed determination. She took a needle and cotton from her work-box, and began to sew the edges of the little bag together.

"If Sir Wilfred sends for me and speaks to me himself," she thought, "I will make my own terms with him. But give them to Mr. Jacobi I will not. Let him do his worst; he cannot harm me much. I shall have due warning when they want me to give up the papers."

And then a daring notion flashed across her mind. Should she destroy them altogether? But this she shrank from doing—unless, indeed, Sir Wilfred should die; in which case she might possibly be justified in thus preserving Geoffrey from the malice of his enemies. At any rate she would not destroy papers which were not her own property until concealment was impossible. And, acting upon this decision, she hung the bag round her neck once more and went to bed.

Geoffrey was not left alone. On alternate nights old Anthony was sent from Beechhurst by his master to sit up with Captain Vanborough. On the nights when he was absent Joan and Mary Gray shared the watch between them. This was one of the nights on

which Anthony was in the house, and Joan therefore slumbered with a comparatively easy mind.

For the next day or two things went quietly. Jacobi came daily to the farm on the pretext of enquiring after Geoffrey, and his errand seemed so natural to the farmer and his son that they never gave his visits more than a passing thought. It was only Joan whom they inspired with a vague distrust. As long, however, as she could keep him out of Geoffrey's room she did not trouble herself concerning the length of his stay every morning, or the frequency of his interviews with Patty.

She did notice, however, that Patty's ornaments about this time greatly increased in number and value. She had always dressed gaily—much too gaily for a farmer's wife—in ribbons, laces, feathers, trinkets innumerable; but Joan's honest soul—careful yet generous as it was—was moved to dismay when she beheld her sister-in-law's gaudy earrings, brooches, and bracelets which Joan knew must have been recently purchased, and which she thought Seth could not well afford. To remonstrate was, however, an ungracious task, and one which for the present she thought she might defer until a more convenient season.

Patty herself at this time seemed unusually kind and amiable to Joan. She was constantly impressing upon her the necessity of walking and amusing herself as much as possible; constantly expressing anxiety lest sick-nursing should injure her health, and declaring her own willingness to watch by Captain Vanborough night and day should she be allowed to do so. Joan wondered a little at this change of sentiment on Patty's part, but accepted it in all good faith. She began to think that Patty had a kind heart after all.

The weather had grown very hot. It was the height of summer, and the days were close and oppressive. Old Anthony was to spend the night at the farm, and Joan, who had a bad headache, was almost glad for once to think that she had not to sit up with Geoffrey.

"You don't look at all well, Joan," said Patty, sympathetically. "Suppose

you go and lie down, and I'll bring you a cup of tea or something by-and-by."

"Thank you, I don't want anything," Joan answered. "But I think I will go and lie down; the weather makes one's head ache."

"Yes, it's the weather," said Patty, with rather an odd look, which, however, escaped Joan's observation. "There'll be a storm soon, I dare say. Good night, if you are going."

"Good night," said Joan. Then, moved by a sudden impulse, she put her arm round Patty and kissed her on the forehead. "You are very kind to me, dear," she said. "Thank you—and good night."

Patty did not return the kiss. She stood with her head studiously bent over her apron and made no answer. There was a tear in her blue eyes.

"I wish I hadn't promised, after all," she said to herself with some uneasiness, when Joan had left the room.

Farmer Darenth and his son had gone to a horse fair at some little distance from Charnwood. They would not be home until late. Patty first assured herself that the farm servants were all out of the way: then she tripped lightly down the garden path, crossed the orchard, and arrived at a little deserted building which had once been used as a hen-house, but was now in a very dilapidated condition. Here she tapped lightly with her fingers at the door. A key was turned in the lock from inside, and the door slightly opened. Patty pushed it further open, entered, and found herself face to face with Mr. Constantine Jacobi, who was smoking a cigarette.

"My goodness, Mr. Jacobi, you shouldn't smoke here," she said, with an affectation of alarm. "Suppose somebody came this way!"

"But you say that nobody does come this way, don't you?" said Jacobi. "Besides, people would think there was a tramp somewhere near—that would be all."

"Oh, yes, tramps smoke scented cigars, of course," said Patty, with what was intended to be withering sarcasm. "You'd better put it out if you want to be safe, Sir. I don't know what Seth would say to me, I'm sure, if he knew what I was doing."

"He would say you were as clever as you were pretty," said Jacobi, carelessly, "and that would be saying a good deal. Well, show me the hole in the wall you spoke of."

Patty moved to one side of the building and displaced some boards which covered a rather large aperture in the wall.

"There," she said. "Now, if anybody comes to the door and knocks it in—for the lock is not safe, you know—you can get away through that hole. Or if they come to the hole you can get away through the door. I don't think you'll be caught if you are careful."

"Thanks," said Jacobi. "This is a capital place of concealment. I shall be comfortable enough here for a few hours. And how is Joan?"

"Joan has a headache," said Patty, looking uneasy again.

"A headache? Of course, that is what I meant her to have. What did you do with the stuff I gave you, Patty?"

"I put it into her tea yesterday and to-day. It won't do her any harm, will it?"

"Of course not, you silly little creature. I don't want to do her any harm. I only wanted her to have a headache to-day, and you see I have accomplished my purpose."

"Yes, but you want me to give her something else, don't you?" said Patty, in a slightly reluctant tone.

"Only something to make her sleep a trifle more soundly than usual, my dear. You need not be afraid."

"You are sure it—it won't kill her?" said Patty, nervously. "She'll wake up all right, will she not?"

"Of course she will. What extraordinary ideas you have got in your mind," said Jacobi, with a glance which was not a particularly pleasant one. "It is the most common thing in the world to give people a little dose to make them sleep soundly. I often take one myself. I have often given one to Sir Wilfred and Miss Vanborough."

"Well, I don't know," Patty began, hesitatingly, but Jacobi interrupted her with some sharpness.

"Do you want the ten pounds I promised you, or do you not? If you do you must earn it."

Patty began to whimper. "I'm sure I'm ready enough to earn it," she said, plaintively. "It's only that I don't want to do any harm to Joan. If you're quite sure that she won't be hurt I don't mind."

"I did not know you were so fond of your precious sister-in-law," said Jacobi, with a sneer. "However, as you are so anxious about her welfare, I can assure you that my medicine will not have the slightest injurious effect. Now are you ready to do what I tell you?"

"Yes," said Patty, in a submissive tone.

Jacobi produced a tiny bottle from his pocket. "Look here. I have mixed the exact dose in this bottle. All you have to do is to pour it into her tea and let her drink it. There is neither taste nor smell, and she will never dream of anything being amiss. She will be fast asleep in half an hour, and will not wake till morning. In an hour's time from the moment when you give her the cup of tea, go to her, take the bag from her neck, and bring it to me."

"Suppose she wakes up?" said Patty, fearfully.

"She can't wake. She wouldn't wake if a waggon and four horses drove through the room. You needn't be afraid. Then bring the bag and all that it contains to me."

"But what shall I say in the morning?" said Mrs. Seth Darenth, in helpless tones. "She will ask if I came into her room—if I know anything about it; she will tell Father and Seth. What shall I do?"

"You little fool, you'll put the bag back when I have got out of it what I want. She will never know it has been touched unless she looks into it; and that perhaps she will never do. So calm your mind, Patty, my dear, and go and earn your ten pounds. It is half-past seven o'clock now. We shall not get our business done till nine. Your husband won't be home before half-past nine or ten. We have not too much time after all. Go and make her tea."

"When will you give me the ten pounds?"

"When you come back with the bag. See here," and Jacobi displayed upon

the palm of his hand ten golden sovereigns. "These will be yours, pretty Patty, as soon as you have earned them."

Patty smiled, nodded, and departed with the bottle hidden in her hand. Jacobi seated himself on a block of wood, and calmly resumed the smoking of his cigarette.

"I don't want any tea, really, Patty," said Joan some ten minutes later, when Patty appeared at the bedside with a cup and saucer in her hand, and a rather flushed, excited face.

"You must drink it now I've made it on purpose for you," said Patty, quickly. "Why, I thought you would be glad of it, Joan. I'm sure it would send you to sleep, and take your headache away."

"More likely it would keep me awake," said Joan, with a faint laugh. "Well, as you have so kindly made it, Patty, I will drink it."

She took the cup from Patty's hands and drank its contents thirstily. She was evidently a little feverish. Patty stood by and watched her with frightened eyes. There was something diabolical to her simple eyes in the notion of sending people to sleep against their will.

She said good night to Joan, and carried the cup and saucer downstairs, placing them carelessly in the scullery to be washed by one of the maids. Patty was not formed to be a conspirator. She suddenly remembered that she had left the little bottle upon the table after she had emptied it into the cup of tea, and she advanced hastily to the table in order to secrete it. But the bottle was not there.

Patty felt a sudden qualm of fright. Then she consoled herself quickly. One of the stupid servants must have been inside the parlour and taken it away. She called out angrily—

"Mary — Bessy — where are you?" And as Bessie, a red-cheeked damsel of sixteen, appeared, Mrs. Seth Darenth made her accusation. "How dare you take my things away? Where is the bottle I left on the table?"

"I hain't seen no bottle," said Bessy, opening her eyes. "What kind o' bottle was it, Mum?"

"The bottle I kept my—my toothache mixture in," said Patty, with a lie

ready to hand. "It was nearly empty, but I wanted to get it filled again. Be quick and look for it."

Bessy hunted everywhere for the missing bottle, but could not find it. And Patty was forced to relinquish her search for it at last, though not without misgivings that Mr. Jacobi would refuse her the ten pounds if she did not return him his bottle.

More than half an hour had elapsed since the administration of the sleeping draught. Patty thought that she would go upstairs and take a look at Joan through her peep-hole. She must be asleep by this time.

Curious fact! Joan did not appear to be asleep at all. She was turning restlessly upon her pillow, and sighing now and then. Patty watched her breathlessly. Surely Mr. Jacobi had not been mistaken? Was Joan not going to sleep after all?

There! now she was quieter. She had not moved for some minutes. Was she sinking into slumber at last? No, that she was not; she was sighing again, and turning restlessly as she had done before. Patty cast a frightened glance at a clock behind her. The time was speeding away, and Seth would soon be there. Could nothing be done to make Joan go to sleep?

She looked again. Joan was lying motionless upon her bed. "I believe she is asleep," said Patty to herself. "I've a good mind to go in now and take the bag."

But even as these thoughts passed through her mind, Joan stirred. She sat up erect, and called out in a firm, clear voice—

"Patty!"

Patty gave a sudden start. Her first impulse was to imagine that Joan had, in some occult way, become aware of her sister-in-law's watchful eye at the hole in the partition, and to answer humbly even from her point of vantage. After that first moment of alarm, however, she scrambled down from the chair on which she had been standing and stood in the middle of the room, her heart beating violently. And then her name was called again, and she collected herself so far as to respond, and to make her way tremblingly into the passage.

Joan appeared at the door of her own room, a tall, white figure, with her magnificent hair falling over her shoulders, and her eyes bright with unusual lustre.

"Patty," she said, "my headache is gone, but I feel as if I should never go to sleep again. I am wide awake. If you like to go to bed I will dress and sit up for Father and Seth. They are sure to be late."

Patty stared at Joan with guilty, dilated eyes, and did not speak.

"How white you look, Patty!" said her sister-in-law. "You have been too long alone. I will be down directly, and then you can go to bed as soon as you like."

She closed the door as she spoke. Patty stood for a moment transfixed by fright and astonishment, then ran softly downstairs, let herself out of the house, and sped towards the deserted building at the end of the orchard. Jacobi opened the door as soon as he heard her hasty tap.

"What a time you have been!" he said. "What has happened?"

In a few incoherent words she gave him the history of the experiment. He uttered a furious oath and ground his teeth with rage.

"I must try some other way, then," he said, his brow contracting ominously.

"And my ten pounds, Mr. Jacobi?" said Patty, nearly crying between vexation, disappointment, and fear. "I'm sure I've earned it, for it wasn't my fault if Joan didn't fall asleep."

"Oh, I dare say you spilt the mixture or spoilt it in some way," said Jacobi, coolly. "I'm not going to pay you when I haven't got what I came for, Mrs. Seth Darenth." Then, seeing that she was on the point of bursting into tears, he added, "There's a sovereign just now at any rate. We'll see about the rest later. Now you had better go home as quickly as you can or Joan will suspect something. I want to get out of this abominable place, too, as soon as possible."

Patty came in from the garden looking so confused and so anxious that a person must have been blind not to suspect that something was amiss. Joan wondered, but said nothing. She herself felt so restless and feverish that

she wandered out into the cool evening air for refreshment. The opiate had the only effect of making her wakeful for the whole night, and leaving her with a slight headache next morning.

Doctor Ambrose met her, as it happened, at the garden-gate, when he paid his daily visit to Geoffrey, and asked what ailed her. She told him that she had spent a wakeful night, and that was all.

"Wakeful nights don't generally leave you with such pale cheeks," said the doctor, regarding her with some keenness. "What kept you awake?"

"I don't know. I had a headache and went to bed early. I think a cup of tea that I drank must have had something to do with it," said Joan, smiling a little, for one of the doctor's pet theories was based on the evil effects of too much tea and coffee drinking.

"A bad thing—a bad thing," said Doctor Ambrose, seriously. "You will ruin your constitution, you know, if you *will* drink tea late at night, Joan. Now I must go and see my patient, I suppose."

Neither of them had noticed the near approach of a man who had been working in the garden while they talked. He had a dark, sullen expression of countenance, but it softened a little as he touched his cap to Joan. She recognised him at once as Patty's ne'er-do-weel cousin, Joel Price.

"Why, Joel," she said, "I did not know that you were working here. How is your rheumatism?"

"It's better, Miss, thankee."

"Did you rub your arm with the stuff I sent you? And did it do you good?"

The man grunted out a sulky assent. Joan moved forward to join the doctor, when she was arrested by a few words from Joel. "Look here," he said, "don't you go for to get Patty into trouble if I tells you something."

"No," said Joan. "You may trust me. What is it?"

"You was always kind to me," Joel went on, "and I don't like to see tricks played you. It was Patty as kept you awake. She put some stuff into your tea from a little bottle—I see her from the window—and then she

nodded to herself and said, 'That'll make her sleep now.' Here's the bottle that she poured it out of. I got it while she went upstairs with your tea. She was joking belike. She's played me many a trick afore now, and I thought I'd be even with her for once."

"Thank you, Joel," said Joan, taking the bottle from the man's hand quietly. "Don't say anything about it."

"Not I. You won't get her into trouble for it neither, will you?"

"Certainly not. I am much obliged to you."

Joan walked down the path and joined the doctor at the other end of the garden.

"Well," he said, in the tone, half-joking, half-friendly, in which he sometimes accosted her, "you look as if you had seen a ghost. What have you got there?"

"Could you tell me what has been inside that bottle, Doctor Ambrose?" she said.

The doctor took it from her hand and looked at it suspiciously. "I might be able to tell you to-morrow, he said. "Shall I take it home with me and see?"

"Yes, please. But you must promise not to say anything about it to anybody."

The doctor promised, wrapped the bottle in paper, and departed with it in his pocket. Joan awaited the result of his examination with some anxiety.

But when the morrow came, Doctor Ambrose's usual visit was omitted. On the following day, however, his assistant appeared in his place, with the news that the old doctor had been taken suddenly ill, and had been, for the last four-and-twenty hours, utterly incapable of movement or of speech.

CHAPTER XL.

NUMBER FIVE JOHN STREET, OLD FORD.

"A gentleman wants to know if he can see you, ma'am?" said the maid-servant, whose office it was to wait upon the lodgers at Number Five John Street, Old Ford.

"To see me?" repeated the lady addressed. "Did he give his name?"

"No, ma'am. He asked if Mrs. Wilson lodged here, and that was all."

The lady known as Mrs. Wilson flushed slightly, and rose from her chair. "Ask the gentleman's name, Maria," she said, quietly, "and his business. Or—wait a moment; Martha can go and see what he wants."

Old Martha, who had been sewing at the other end of the room, rose to obey the summons. A quick look passed between her and Mrs. Wilson before she quitted the room with the servant girl. As soon as the door was closed Mrs. Wilson turned quickly to the other occupant of the room.

"Carry, darling," she said, "you look tired. Go and lie down in the other room for half an hour. I will tell you when to come back."

The girl obeyed languidly and without remark. Thus left alone, Mrs. Wilson waited in an attitude of strained attention for Martha's return.

"It's a gentleman from America, Ma'am. He says his name is Doctor Burnaby Lynn, or something of that sort."

There was a moment's silence. "So soon!" was the half-breathed exclamation that Martha heard. And then—

"I suppose I must see him. Keep *her* out of the way, Martha, as long as he is here."

Martha nodded, and retired to summon the visitor to her mistress's presence. That mistress sat down and folded her hands before her with a weary sigh. The life of disguise, confinement, and ceaseless care that she was leading had begun to tell upon the nerves even of strong-willed Maddalena Vallor—otherwise Mrs. Wilson.

Doctor Burnett Lynn entered and greeted her with as much composure as if she had never forbidden him her presence, or sought to hide herself from him under an assumed name at all. Madame Vallor stood up to receive him, but did not hold out her hand or speak until Martha had retired. Then she said calmly—

"Do you think it a right thing, Doctor Burnett Lynn, to force your society upon a woman who has expressly desired you not to seek her out?"

"No," said Burnett Lynn, doggedly. "I call it a very wrong thing to do; only justifiable when a woman has chosen to break the promise she made a man."

"I broke it for your good," she said, her voice quivering a little.

"And I seek you out for your good," he answered. "Look, Maddalena, we are not in ordinary circumstances, you and I. You have, as you acknowledge, very few friends. Let me be one of them—openly and without disguise. I traced you, and now present myself to you on purpose to show that I will not be easily baffled. Believe me, I shall annoy you less and suffer less myself by being informed of your whereabouts than by having to spend half my life in seeking you out."

"You use a strange argument," she said.

"A very true one at any rate. Why should you hide yourself from me?"

Ah, why! But this she could not tell him yet. For some minutes the two were silent. They were like combatants, each waiting for the other to renew a fray which had been for a moment only interrupted. Madame Vallor was the first to speak.

"If I promise," she said, "not to leave this place without telling you when and where I go, will you be satisfied?"

He hesitated. "Not quite," he said, at length. "Am I never to see you?"

"You might see me," she went on, slowly, "if you would come only at certain times and go away when I wish it. But I am not always free to see you."

"I will agree to any conditions," he answered, rather sadly, "so long as you keep faith with me, Maddalena."

The fall in his voice touched her. She looked at him, then held out her hand.

"Forgive me," she said, "for trifling with you—for deceiving you. I will not do so again. Be my friend, if you will. I have few enough."

He grasped her hand and thanked her, but looked as if he could hardly believe that she meant what she said. "May I stay here now a little time?" he asked. The self-assertion which he had shown when she repelled him was succeeded by a certain humility of

manner now that she had complied with his request. He felt half ashamed of his own persistency.

"I will give you a quarter of an hour," she said, gently. "At present I have no more time to spare. Will you sit down?"

She took a chair herself and began working at some delicate embroidery. Burnett Lynn seated himself opposite to her, and was silent.

She saw his embarrassment and set herself to relieve it by talking on indifferent subjects. "You have spent the last few years in America, I think you said, did you not?" She would not let the conversation be anything but trivial.

"Yes," he said, rather glad of the opening. "In South America for the last two years. I was always something of a naturalist, and I went there to collect. Before that time I practised in the States and lectured at some of the colleges. I never stopped long anywhere."

"You are fond of wandering?"

"I liked it fairly well. I had another object besides the love of wandering or the desire of hunting up new species. I could not settle down in one place."

"That was a pity."

"Yes," he said, curtly, "it was a pity." And then there was silence.

In the pause that followed something unforeseen by Madame Vallor took place. The door of communication between the sitting-room and bedroom opened, and Clarice's pale face and slight figure presented themselves.

"I want my work," she said, without appearing to notice the presence of a stranger.

Madame Vallor rose precipitately. At the same moment old Martha's withered face appeared over Clarice's shoulder, with a look of consternation very visible upon it.

"Come back, my dear, come back," the old woman was heard to whisper; "I'll get your work for you; never mind."

Madame Vallor glanced involuntarily at Burnett Lynn. He had risen from his chair at the appearance of another lady, but there was not the slightest trace of recognition, or even of suspicion, on his face. Why should there

be? she asked herself the next moment. He had never seen Clarice Vanborough at Charnwood, and certainly the last place where he would have dreamt of seeking her was the lodging occupied by Jacobi's wife. Madame Vallor recovered her composure before Burnett Lynn even guessed that she had lost it.

"Do you want your work, Caroline?" she said, with admirable distinctness and self-possession. "I will bring it you, dear. Go and lie down again now, you are tired."

Clarice slowly withdrew. Madame Vallor rose and took some simple needlework from a table near the window, while she offered a quiet explanation of the girl's appearance.

"My niece Caroline lives with me," she said. "I found her out—and her brother—since my arrival in England, and persuaded them to make their home with me. She is very delicate in health, and her mind is unfortunately not very strong. She does not like seeing strangers, as a rule."

Then she took the needlework into the next room, and told him, on entering, that she had an engagement which compelled her to shorten his present visit, but that she would see him again in a week's time.

The day and hour of his visit being fixed, Burnett Lynn took his leave.

And then, after an hour's deep reflection, Madame Vallor sat down and wrote a letter, which she posted with her own hands, to Nigel Tremaine, the result of which was the appearance of Nigel Tremaine himself on the following evening.

When he entered the sitting-room he naturally looked round for Clarice, but she was not there. Madame Vallor was alone. Her embroidery lay upon her lap, but her hands were idle, and her face was singularly grave.

"You wanted to see me," Nigel began at once. "Is anything wrong? Is she ill?"

"No, she is better. But we are in danger."

"How?"

"You told me of the arrival of your friend, Doctor Burnett Lynn. You knew, I think, that he was an old friend of mine, too?"

"I supposed that you knew him very well at one time," said Nigel, with some hesitation.

"I never told you, however, that he met me one day in Mile End Road."

"No."

"He asked for my address," said Madame Vallor, with curious quietness of manner. "I promised—or half-promised—to send it him in a letter. I broke my word, and thought that he was effectually thrown off my track. But I find that I was mistaken."

Nigel's face had assumed a very intent expression. He did not speak, and presently Madame Vallor continued her narration.

"Yesterday he came here." The young man pulled his moustache rather hard, and leaned back in his chair. "I do not know how he discovered my address. I did not ask him. He came, and he saw Clarice."

"Saw Clarice? How was that?"

Madame Vallor told him the manner in which the girl had strayed into the room, looking for her needlework.

"Martha was careless," he said. It was the only comment that he made for some time, but Madame Vallor knew that he was perplexed and displeased.

"Why does he come?" was his next question. "He must have had information about Clarice."

"I do not think so. He is an old acquaintance of mine," said Madame Vallor, steadily; "he comes to see me."

"Does he know of your past residence at Charnwood Manor?"

"No; he does not guess that I am connected with you or with the Vanboroughs in any way."

"It is unfortunate," said Nigel, starting up; "he is strongly of opinion, I believe, that Clarice ought to be restored to her friends. Mrs. Gilbert Vanborough talked him over to her side. I expect that it would be impossible for him to take our view of the matter."

"Why not tell him all? He would never betray you."

"I know he would not. Still I cannot do that," Nigel answered, thinking of some words that had recently passed between himself and Burnett

Lynn. "Perhaps he will not come again."

"Yes, he is coming again next week." Then, as Nigel looked at her in surprise, she continued: "He knows that I wish to avoid him. He considers himself privileged by the circumstances of our friendship to take no notice of a wish that he thinks is scarcely for my good. He thinks it for my good that I should have a friend at hand. He says that if I remove secretly from this house he will track me as he did before."

"But that is ungentlemanly conduct," said Nigel, rather hotly. "It is sheer tyranny."

"It is tyranny," said Madame Vallor, with a faint smile. "Old friends are privileged to be tyrants sometimes, Mr. Tremaine."

"You don't object to the tyranny, then?"

"It is a serious inconvenience," said Madame Vallor. "But I think that in the present case it would be better to allow Doctor Burnett Lynn to call on me occasionally. I told him that Clarice was my niece, and he manifested neither surprise nor curiosity. When he comes again I shall take care that he does not see her. But if I decline to receive him I shall make him uneasy—perhaps suspicious. And, if I remove to another part of London, I am not at all sure that he will not find me out again. He will not come here without sending me due notice, and I shall take care that it is not at the time when you are visiting us yourself. The matter requires careful management, but I think I am choosing the lesser one of two evils."

"Perhaps so. It cannot be helped, I suppose," said Nigel, somewhat more gloomily than usual.

"And there are two other facts to which I want to draw your attention," said she. "One is the fact that Miss Vanborough will be of age next week; the other, that she is now so much better that her entire recovery is a mere matter of time."

"Yes?"

"We are in some danger, as you yourself say, from Doctor Burnett Lynn's suspicions. We had better make the concealment as short as possible."

"So I think," said Nigel, a slight flush crossing his fair, pale face. "I have already been considering a way out of the difficulty—one that you suggested some time ago."

"Suggest it yourself now," she said.

"When Clarice can answer me the question I mean to put to her one day, I shall do more than suggest it," he answered, with a sudden flash of his keen, blue eyes.

"I think," said Madame Vallor, "you will find that Clarice can answer any questions you may ask her—now."

He said nothing for some minutes. He seemed to be deeply engaged in studying the intricacies of the pattern of the carpet. Madame Vallor rose quietly and went into the other room.

In another moment the door opened, and Clarice appeared upon the threshold.

"Nigel!" she said, softly.

And as Nigel started forward to meet her, she blushed and gave him her hand, instead of lifting up her face as usual to be kissed in the fraternal fashion which had lately obtained between them. Nigel was startled by the change.

"Clarice," he said, enfolding her slender hand in both his, "what is the matter? Is anything wrong?"

"Oh, no," she answered.

"What is it, then? Won't you kiss me as you generally do?"

She raised her face to his at last, and then he was conscious that a change had passed over it during the week which had elapsed since he had seen her. It was no longer a pale and soulless mask; it was the soft, sweet, maidenly face, with its serious dark eyes and occasional wild-rose tinting, which had charmed him in the days of old. Every time he saw her of late she had grown more like herself; now it seemed as if the greatest change of all had come. Clarice remembered; and Clarice loved.

"What is it, my darling?" he said, drawing her close to him with his arm.

"Nigel," she whispered, "I do not know what I have been thinking of lately. It seems as if some long, bad dream had come between you and me. What is it?"

"It has been like a bad dream, certainly," said Nigel, quietly. "You have been ill, darling; that is all. You are stronger and better now."

"Yes, I am better. But even now, Nigel, I get so confused at times—I don't know where I am or what I am doing—and if she were not so kind—Mrs. Danvers—Aunt Mary—why do I call her Aunt Mary?" She stopped, and the troubled, puzzled look came again to her face, the look which Nigel did not like to see.

"Do you trust me, Clarice?" he asked her.

"Trust *you*, Nigel? With all my heart."

"Then will you remember when you see and hear things that puzzle you, that I know all about it, and that everything will come right in the end? Don't forget it, my darling. 'Nigel knows all about it, and everything will come right at last.' Say that to yourself, will you?"

She raised her eyes to his with a tranquil, contented look. "I will remember, Nigel," she said. "I am sure I shall remember that."

Presently Nigel spoke again.

"Your birthday comes next week, Clarice. You will be twenty-one."

"Yes," she said. "I had forgotten."

"At twenty-one you are your own mistress. And when you are your own mistress, Clarice, I want you to consider whether you can make up your mind to give yourself to me."

He spoke lightly and easily, for he did not want to alarm her by his proposal, but she received it in a way that astonished him. She lifted her head from his shoulder, and repeated the word "*Whether!*" in a tone that savoured almost of offence. Nigel was delighted.

"Well," he said, "alter the word 'whether' into 'when,' shall we? *When* will you give yourself to me, my Clarice?"

She was silent for a little space; but when he looked at her he found that tears and smiles were contending for the mastery in her beautiful face, and covering it with the loveliest rose-tints of returning happiness and health.

"Oh, Nigel," she said, at length, "I am so weak and foolish that I do not

think I am worth having at all. But if you want me—I will do exactly what you like."

And then, as if afraid that she had said too much, she broke from his encircling arms and hid herself in the next room; whence Madame Vallor presently emerged with a faint smile upon her lips, and found Nigel walking up and down the room at a very rapid pace.

He turned to meet her as she entered, and held out his hand.

"We have succeeded," he said; and, though he spoke calmly, he could not keep the exultant sparkle out of his eyes, nor the glow of triumph from his face.

"You have asked your question?" said Madame Vallor, withdrawing her hand from his close and friendly grasp and seating herself at her work.

"I have asked and been answered. She will be twenty-one on Sunday, will she? Then before the end of that week she shall be my wife."

"I am glad of that," she said, without looking at him. "I advised that course long ago, Mr. Tremaine. You must not be alarmed if you find her mind still apt to be weak and confused sometimes. You must keep her very tranquil, for any excitement throws her back at once. She grows stronger and better, on the whole, however, every day."

"I am not afraid," Nigel answered.

"And—another thing, Mr. Tremaine. Bring Mrs. Tremaine, your mother, to the wedding. Quiet as it may be, you must have witnesses of undoubted good faith; your mother and your sister, or some well-known and intimate friend."

Nigel consented cheerfully. He stayed some hours longer, and saw Clarice again in the course of the evening. It was while they were quietly, but very contentedly, talking to one another, that the servant brought in a letter "for Mrs. Wilson." Madame Vallor recognised the handwriting as that of her old acquaintance, Madame St. Pierre, of East Street. She turned away from her companions and tore open the envelope. It contained a letter from Joan. She read it, and her cheek paled as she read. The

attention of the young people was drawn to her at last. She sank into a chair, trembling violently, and looking as though she were about to faint.

Nigel summoned old Martha, who applied some restoratives, and Madame Vallor soon began to look less ghastly.

"Read! read!" she said to Nigel, thrusting the letter into his hands. Nigel read, and Clarice, almost unobserved, leaned against him and read too; for the letter was from Joan.

"You say you once knew Mr. Jacobi," Joan wrote, in a strain of despondency very unusual with her. "I wish you could tell me anything good of him, for I distrust him, and have reason to distrust him more than words can say. And yet he is always here—trying to see Captain Vanborough—trying to get me out of his room—trying to give him medicine. Can you tell me whether he is to be trusted or not? Does he hate Captain Vanborough? or is it only my fancy that he is trying to injure him?"

"My poor Joan!" Madame Vallor was saying. "And poor Geoffrey too! What will become of them if they have fallen into the hands of that wicked man?"

Meanwhile Clarice's face had grown pale, her eyes had assumed a startled, terrified expression.

"What does it all mean?" she said. "Where is Geoffrey, then? And who is Mr. Jacobi? Oh, I remember—I begin to remember now! Nigel, Nigel, save me! You will not surely let them take me away from you again!"

CHAPTER XLI.

CLARICE REMEMBERS.

"My darling, you are safe with me," cried Nigel, becoming conscious of his carelessness in allowing the events of the past to be so suddenly recalled to Clarice's remembrance.

"Try to think of what I told you. I know all about it; I am taking care of you."

She clung to him for a moment in an agony of fear. Madame Vallor, now quite herself again, united her

assurances to those of Nigel, and in a short time the paroxysm of terror seemed to abate. But she was still so much agitated that they persuaded her at last to go to bed. Madame Vallor went with her into her bedroom, and Nigel waited anxiously for her reappearance. When she came, however, it was only to tell him that the girl could not be left alone, or even with Martha, for more than two or three minutes; she did not like Madame Vallor to leave her side. "I am exceedingly sorry for this occurrence," Madame Vallor said to Nigel; "the more so that I feel my own weakness is to blame for it. The suggestion that Constantine Jacobi might even now be working harm to my cousin Joan, and to—to Captain Vanborough, overcame my self-control entirely. I can only beg you to forgive me, and to consider the matter very seriously yourself."

She spoke with her usual self-possession and grace of manner, but her face was very pale. Evidently Joan's letter had startled and alarmed her, even more than she had chosen to say.

"We must talk it over to-morrow morning," she went on. "To-night I dare not leave her. Good night, Mr. Tremaine. I trust that my weakness will not have worked any serious mischief."

"Or my carelessness," said Nigel, who was blaming himself far more than he blamed Madame Vallor.

But in the morning a surprise awaited him. After breakfast, when he was thinking that the promised consultation might now begin, Clarice came out of her room and spoke to him and to Madame Vallor together.

"You are trying to keep me in ignorance of what is happening," she said. "And though I cannot remember very well where I have been and what I have been doing since the beginning of my illness, I remember quite enough to know that your secret has something to do with *me*. Am I not right, Nigel?"

Nigel, feeling himself profoundly helpless under an appeal of this kind, glanced towards Madame Vallor for assistance. Clarice intercepted that glance.

"You need not ask Mrs. Danvers whether it is good for me to be told," she said, with a pretty touch of imperiousness. "Look at me. Try me, I will not be foolish, as I was last night; I am quite calm and brave this morning. I remember that you told me to trust you, Nigel, and I do. But I want to know why Joan wrote about Geoffrey. Is Geoffrey in England?"

Madame Vallor answered for Nigel. "Geoffrey is in England," she said, "but he has been ill, and Joan is nursing him."

"Oh, poor Geoffrey! I did not know he had been ill," said Clarice, musingly. Then, with a slight smile, "he will be glad to have Joan to nurse him."

Nigel looked at her with a sudden flash of comprehension and sympathy. She was remembering her old life, then, and she *knew*.

"What has been the matter with him?" she asked next. "Has he been ill long?"

"It was an accident," said Nigel, gently. "An accident on the railway, love. We hope he—will soon be—better." But he could not utter the sentence without hesitation.

Clarice grew a shade paler and was silent. She was standing at Nigel's side, and held her hand in his. He felt it trembled, and looked at her anxiously, but her face was tranquil and composed in expression, and she spoke again without undue agitation.

"And my father? and Gilbert? Are they well?"

"Fairly well, I believe," said Nigel.

"Nothing has happened to them? Papa is at Charnwood Manor, and Gilbert in London?"

"Gilbert and his wife have gone to visit your father at Charnwood."

"Then why am I here?"

It was the most simple and natural question in the world, and yet one that Madame Vallor and Nigel Tremaine found difficult to answer. Again Nigel consulted Madame Vallor with his eyes; again Clarice caught the glance and was annoyed by it.

"Why do you look at each other like that?" she said with some petulance. "You need not be afraid of telling me. I only want to know the

truth. Forgive me, Nigel, if I speak angrily. It is so hard to live in the midst of secrets and be told nothing. I cannot bear it." The tears shone in her eyes, the colour rushed into her cheeks, but she struggled to control herself. "Do as you think best, Nigel," she said, softly. "I will trust you."

Madame Vallor rose abruptly from her chair and went to the door. Here she turned round and addressed two words to Tremaine. "Tell her!" she said, sharply. Then she entered the next room and shut the door.

"Yes," said Clarice, turning round, and looking him in the face, "Tell me."

He made her sit down first upon a sofa, then sat down beside her and took her hand in his. He had a difficult task before him. He did not mean to tell her everything, and yet he knew that he must tell her sufficient to set her mind at rest.

"Do you remember anything about your leaving Charnwood?" he began.

"I have had bad dreams," she said. "I don't know which were true and which were false; help me to remember."

"Do you remember that your father wished you to marry his secretary—a man whom you did not love—instead of me?"

"Yes," she said, faintly. "I thought so."

"My darling, do not tremble so; the danger is over now. I discovered, fortunately, that this man's wife was still living, and I told your father of my discovery. But by that time you had grown so ill that we thought a complete change of air and scene would be good for you, so Mrs. Danvers, your companion, and I brought you up to London, and you have remained here—with old Martha, from Beechhurst, to wait upon you—for the last few weeks. Now do you understand?"

The truth, softened in this way, was not very terrible to Clarice's ears. Her mind was as yet hardly strong enough to distinguish the weak points in Nigel's story, nor to enquire into the reasons for his mode of action. He waited a little, and saw the frightened look disappear from her beautiful eyes and the colour return to her lips. Then he continued, cautiously—

"When we are married we will go and see Geoffrey and your father, if you like. Shall it be next week, Clarice?"

"If you like," she said, playing nervously with the folds of her dress.

"Will—will *he*—you know whom I mean—would he be there?"

"Not when *you* go," said Nigel, a trifle sternly. "I will take care of that."

She reflected awhile, and then said—

"But what is he doing to Joan and Geoffrey?"

He was again astonished by her returning powers of memory.

"We do not know," he answered.

"Geoffrey is at the Hillside Farm, and Joan is nursing him there. Why Jacobi should trouble *them* I cannot tell."

"Why is not Geoffrey at home?"

"Because, darling, your father is angry with him. Don't you remember that Geoffrey had to go away from England on account of some money difficulties—some papers——"

"Papers," she said, putting her hand to her forehead. "Don't tell me any more; I can't understand; I can't remember. Were those the papers that I took to Joan?"

"Papers that you took to Joan. What do you mean, dear?"

"Where is Mrs. Danvers? She would help me," said Clarice, gazing round her with a piteous look. "Please call her."

Nigel knocked hastily at the door and summoned Madame Vallor. It was to her that Clarice turned instinctively for aid.

"You know," she said, "that *he* told me that those papers had been Geoffrey's ruin—that he had Geoffrey in his power."

"Yes. I know. The papers in your father's desk."

"I took them out," said the girl, hesitatingly, yet with a clearer look upon her face, as if the light of memory were momentarily growing brighter. "I took them out of the desk. What did I do with them?"

Madame Vallor came a step nearer.

"You took out of the desk those papers relating to Geoffrey?" she said, eagerly. "The papers that would have disgraced him in the world's eyes? the evidence against him?"

"Did I do wrong?" said Clarice, faltering.

"No, my darling, no," said Nigel. "You did right. But what then became of the papers?"

"Wait a moment," said Madame Vallor, lifting a warning finger. "You took them out of the desk one night when you saw Constantine Jacobi alone in your father's study? He had taken opium, and fell asleep before your eyes. He had told you the story of your brother's crime; and you were anxious not to leave the proofs of it in his hands. Was this not so?"

"Yes, yes," said Clarice, eagerly. "Go on. I took the papers, and then—what did I do?"

"You left the house," said Madame Vallor, steadily. "You left Charnwood Manor in the middle of the night, and you made your way to the Darenth's farm. Joan took you in; Joan cared for you. You had the papers in your hand——"

"No," Clarice interrupted her. "I gave the papers to Joan, and told her to hide them. She promised; but I remember nothing more."

Suddenly her excitement overcame her. She turned round to Nigel with a quick movement, as if seeking for protection, and burst into a passion of tears. They dared not ask her anything more. Some hours of rest and quiet were needed before she would be in a fit state to hold further conversation upon a subject which affected her so painfully. But she had said enough to throw a new light upon the matter.

"Jacobi has obtained information as to the whereabouts of these papers, I suppose," said Nigel to Madame Vallor.

"If so," she said, slowly, "I tremble for Joan."

Then they began to consider what had better be done. To write to Joan would not be sufficient, Madame Vallor thought; she ought, if possible, to be relieved of the charge of the papers. But to whom would she give them except to Clarice or to Geoffrey himself? Maddalena, knowing the depth of Joan's affection for Geoffrey, spoke with decision upon this point. If Joan thought that she was doing

Geoffrey a service by concealing these papers, she would conceal them at any cost.

"The best plan would be for you to go to her, Mr. Tremaine, and get the papers," said Madame Vallor at last, "and put her on her guard."

"Do you think she would give them to me?" said Nigel, doubtfully.

"I think she would. Tell her you know where Clarice is, and that Clarice wants her to give them to you."

"Still, Jacobi will believe that she has them."

Madame Vallor deliberated for a few minutes. "Doctor Burnett Lynn is your friend, is he not?" she asked, abruptly.

"Yes." But there was a cold look in Nigel's eyes, of which she was not unmindful.

"You think he is not on our side? He would be so if we could but take him into full confidence. You will be very good friends again before long, Mr. Tremaine. Behave as though you were good friends now. Invite him to your house. Tell him that you fancy that Jacobi wants to try his drugs upon Geoffrey. All the instincts of his profession, as well as the claims of friendship, will be enlisted on Geoffrey's behalf. Set him to baffle Jacobi. If foul play is going on he will be the first to discover it. I will tell Joan to trust him."

"Will he do it?" said Nigel, again doubtful.

"Oh, yes," said Madame Vallor, "he will do it."

Nigel saw no other means of interference that were likely to be of any avail, so long as Madame Vallor herself absolutely refused to come forward and identify Jacobi as her husband, and he accordingly acted on her advice. On the following day he sought out Burnett Lynn, of whom he had seen little or nothing during the last few weeks, and invited him to Beechhurst.

The doctor replied that he was sorry to refuse, but that he had an engagement.

"If you could throw over your engagement you might do Vanborough a service," said Tremaine.

"Geoffrey Vanborough?"

Nigel nodded. "Look here," he said; "old Dr. Ambrose is ill, and

there is nobody looking after Geoffrey but that young whipper-snapper of an assistant of his."

"My dear fellow, I can't interfere," said Burnett Lynn, impetuously.

"I know you can't openly."

"Nor secretly either."

"Well, if *you* won't do it secretly somebody else will," said Nigel, lighting a cigar with a semblance of great indifference. "That man, Jacobi, is in and out of the house all day and every day, and Joan Darenth is afraid of his tampering with the patient."

"By Jove!" said Burnett Lynn. "And a very likely thing for him to do, too," he added.

"You might at least run down and look at him."

"Yes, I might. Miss Darenth spoke to you, I suppose?"

"No, I spoke to Miss Darenth."

He had been down to Charnwood on the previous afternoon, and had succeeded in gaining possession of the papers. Joan had acknowledged that they would be safer with him than with her, although she did not tell him the story of that cup of tea which Patty had administered only a few days before. She had confessed, however, to a feeling of nervousness, with which she had been unacquainted until lately, at seeing Jacobi so constantly about the premises. Doctor Ambrose was still unable to leave his bed, and the young assistant saw no harm in consulting with Mr. Jacobi—a man of undoubted medical skill and a trusted friend of Sir Wilfred's—upon any knotty point. Joan had been glad to hear that a doctor in whom Maddalena and Mr. Tremaine had both confidence would shortly be in the neighbourhood.

"So," Nigel continued, coolly, "She said she would be glad to see you."

"Oh, you told her I was coming."

"I thought you would not refuse."

"In plain words, what do you think Jacobi wants to do?"

"He has a spite against Geoffrey," said Nigel. "He is the sort of man who would do anything to get an enemy out of his way. How soon can you come down? To-day? I shall be running down myself this evening for a few days. I told my mother that I might possibly bring you down. She

is very anxious to make your acquaintance."

Burnett Lynn hesitated no longer. He wrote a note to Madame Vallor in order to explain to her what she knew already—the reason of his visit to Beechhurst—packed his portmanteau, and left London with Nigel by the evening train.

On the following morning the two friends went together to the farm. Here they saw Geoffrey, who, during all these five months, had lain in the same strange state of insensibility upon his bed, and here Burnett Lynn had a long talk with Joan. He speedily won her confidence, and she told him more concerning her fears of Jacobi, and the grounds upon which they were founded, than she had yet been able to confide to anyone else. Burnett Lynn looked very grave when he rejoined his friend.

"Tremaine," he said, "who is responsible for Vanborough's comfort and security?"

"Responsible? What do you mean? The Darenths, at present, I suppose."

"Who has authority to remove him from the care of the Darenths?"

"I don't know. I should say I have as much authority as anybody."

"Then why the —— don't you use it?" Burnett Lynn would sometimes use strong expressions when he was angry, and at present his face was a very angry one. "Why upon earth haven't you moved him from that place long ago?"

"Because I thought he was doing well there, because I was told he could not be moved," said Tremaine, looking dark in his turn. "What's wrong?"

"Well, if you don't remove him, there'll be murder in that house before very long. If it wasn't for that girl, Joan Darenth, who is worth her weight in gold, Geoffrey Vanborough would be dead and buried by this time. Of that I am fully convinced."

"Tell me exactly what you mean."

"Well, to begin with, Jacobi did his best to drug her little more than a week ago. She does not say so, but she says that that little sister-in-law of hers brought her some tea into which, as she has since been informed, the contents of a tiny glass bottle had been emptied. She had given the bottle to Ambrose,

just before he fell ill, to be examined, so she could not show it to me, but she described it as rather curious in colour—of a bluish-green tint—and with the name of a town stamped upon it. The town of Buenos Ayres. Now does that look as if Jacobi had had a hand in it, or does it not?"

"Did she drink the stuff?"

"Yes, but it made her desperately wide awake. A narcotic will do that sometimes, you know. Since that time she has either been very careful what she ate and drank, or else no more attempts have been made. Why Jacobi should have tried to drug her on a night when she was not sitting up with Vanborough I cannot understand. If she had been nursing him I should see the motive—he might want to get at Geoffrey quietly—but when she was not going near him——"

He stopped to ruminate, and was struck by Nigel's silence.

"Do *you* see the motive," he said, sharply.

"I can guess. Joan had some papers relating to Geoffrey's affairs of which Jacobi wanted to get hold."

"Did Joan tell you that?"

"No."

"I hate your confounded mysteries," said Burnett Lynn, viciously. "I wish I had not come down. I wish I was in South America again."

"Well—what else has Jacobi been doing?"

The doctor resumed his tale without further comment.

"He has been trying all he knew to get into Vanborough's room. Came in once with young Smiles, Ambrose's assistant, and wanted to change his medicine. Miss Darenth made no objection, but she watched Jacobi closely, and she is certain that she saw him shake a white powder into the milk with which, you know, they keep poor Geoffrey alive. She gave it to a cat afterwards."

"Well?" said Nigel, as Burnett Lynn paused.

"In an hour the animal was as dead as a door-nail. Of course, I can't tell whether or not it died from natural causes, or whether Joan herself may not have been deceived by an excited fancy. But since that time she has

kept close watch and ward. She has sat up every night, and has scarcely left his room. Jacobi prowls about the place like a wild beast, she says, in search of prey."

"But surely the fellow—scoundrel as he is—would not be foolhardy enough to poison Geoffrey in a manner which would rouse everybody's suspicions?"

"That is what I think. And that is why I am disposed to look on the white powder business as a figment of Miss Joan's imagination. Still—Jacobi might want to secure his revenge at any price. You may be pretty sure that he has provided the means of escape for himself so long as he gets two or three hours' start."

"Could Geoffrey be moved to Beechhurst without injury?"

"I think so. You would like him to-day?"

"Certainly."

"Then we had better turn back to the farm. I would send a note to your mother at once, if I were you. Can we get a carriage and horses at the inn?"

"Is it not a risk to move him without an invalid carriage or bed, or something of that kind?"

"Why?"

"Because I have been thinking that, if we could have managed to watch Geoffrey ourselves for a day or two, in company with Joan, we might have a chance of catching that villain at his work."

"I would give a good deal to do that," said Burnett Lynn.

"And so would I."

They had both halted in the road, and now stood silent for a minute or two.

"I'll tell you what we will do," said Burnett Lynn at last. "Go and consult Joan. I expect that her wits are as sharp as yours or mine."

"Sharper," said Nigel to himself, "where Geoffrey Vanborough is concerned, I fancy."

But this he did not say aloud.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE PAPER IN THE GUN-ROOM.

Merle and Gilbert were still at Charnwood Manor. Sir Wilfred had

expressed great reluctance to part with his daughter-in-law when there had been some talk of her going back to London; and it was finally decided that she should give up the rest of the season and remain at Charnwood, while Gilbert might go backwards and forwards to London as inclination prompted, or the exigencies of picture exhibitions required. Gilbert, however, did not avail himself much of the liberty granted him. He had fallen into a dejected and moody state of mind, and neglected his painting almost entirely. In May, Merle became seriously alarmed about his health, and persuaded him to go to Paris for a few weeks for rest and change; but he returned to her early in June looking so haggard and ill that she dared not repeat the experiment.

The conditions of life at Charnwood were perhaps harmfully depressing to him. His father was very feeble; Clarice was absent—lost, as it seemed, for ever; Geoffrey lay a mile off between life and death. Jacobi was always near at hand, although he did not live in the house, and the allusions which he chose to make sometimes to Gilbert's secret nearly drove the young man wild with rage and fear. No wonder, then, that he looked pale and worn, that his sleep was broken, and that the symptoms of his malady steadily increased.

Jacobi had waited for some time before making known to Sir Wilfred the loss of the papers relating to Geoffrey and the hospital. He dared not risk the avowal that he had himself discovered their disappearance; he merely mentioned them one day in an apparently careless manner, and suggested that it would be well for Sir Wilfred to assure himself of their safety. The old baronet grew anxious at once. He produced his keys, and begged Jacobi to open his desk for him. The spring of the private drawer was touched; it flew open, but the papers were not there.

Sir Wilfred's agitation on discovering the theft was shared by Gilbert, upon whom, however, Jacobi's well-acted surprise and sympathy did not produce the effect which they seemed calculated to produce. When the two were alone

together, Gilbert turned upon his enemy with sudden fierceness.

"What have you done with them? You have them yourself; I am sure of it."

"I wish I had," said Jacobi, shrugging his shoulders.

"What do you mean to do with them? From whom do you want to extort money now? Have *I* not given you enough?" cried Gilbert, with bitter emphasis. "There is one thing I will not bear. If you intend to disgrace Geoffrey before the world, I will tell the whole truth."

"That would be very generous of you," said Jacobi, coolly. And then he lounged away, not wishing to prolong the conversation, yet not ill-pleased that he had established another claim to Gilbert's subserviency.

He did not mention to Sir Wilfred his suspicion—nay, his certainty—that Joan Darenth had possession of the papers. In fact, his plans for getting them, through Patty's help, into his own hands had just received an unexpected check. Patty informed him that the bag had disappeared from Joan's neck, and that she seemed to have no papers of any kind about her. She had instituted a private search through Joan's boxes and drawers, but had found nothing. Joan had not been seen to secrete anything in any place, she had held no private interviews with anyone (for Patty had been out when Mr. Tremaine visited the farm), and altogether the trace of the missing papers seemed suddenly and irretrievably lost. Jacobi blamed himself for his slowness of action, and vowed that when he had another plan to carry out nobody should reproach him for slackness.

Was it possible, he asked himself, that he was losing nerve and resolution? He was not the man he used to be. He had to guard himself against frightful attacks of nervous pain by large doses of opium. In his waking hours he was conscious of lassitude and want of energy. He was a little too much disposed to let things slide.

Again and again it occurred to him that he had better abandon all hope of allying himself with the Vanboroughs and make good his flight to America

before old stories of his former life could be proved against him. Two causes of delay remained. He wanted to find Clarice Vanborough and he wanted to revenge himself upon Nigel Tremaine and Geoffrey. The latter motive was the stronger one. His hatred of these two men was beginning to pass all bounds.

Gilbert's harassed and agitated look did not escape his wife's notice. She asked him gently whether he was troubled by any new source of vexation. He answered readily—

"Yes, my father has lost some important papers. We think they must be stolen."

"Stolen!" said Merle, aghast. "But who would steal them?"

"That is just what we cannot tell, of course."

"Is it possible that they have been misplaced?"

"No; they were in my father's desk. Any one who misplaced them must have done so knowingly."

"It is a curious thing," said Merle, after a short pause, "that so many papers disappear, and nobody knows anything about them. Especially in this house."

"Why in this house?"

"I don't know, but I remember several instances. Clarice lost papers a great many times when I was here before; and, by-the-bye, Gilbert, you told me once that you lost an important paper here yourself."

"I," said Gilbert, flushing nervously. "What paper?"

"I don't remember. A letter, I think."

Then Merle remembered that the letter had been from Geoffrey, and was silent. A few words only had escaped Gilbert's lips on the subject of the farewell letter that Geoffrey had written to him when he left England; but from those few words Merle knew that this letter had been lost. Gilbert did not like the reminder. It set him wandering about the house, searching the rooms in an aimless, ineffective manner, tiring himself out with useless errands to places where he imagined papers might be kept. There were few things that he regretted so much as the loss of Geoffrey's letter.

Merle observed his restlessness with anxiety. She ventured to ask one day whether he was seeking for the documents that Sir Wilfred had lost or for Geoffrey's letter, and offered to join in the search, but was repulsed with a few irritable words concerning her "officiousness." Poor Merle was well used by this time to irritable and angry words from Gilbert, but these were uttered with peculiar bitterness. She did not dare to reopen the subject, but it dwelt in her memory, and she even spent a little time now and then in glancing through files of papers and piles of letters, with the hope that she might at least discover the letter from Geoffrey that seemed to be of so great importance in her husband's eyes.

It was a glorious summer day in June. Gilbert and his father had driven out together. These drives were apparently becoming the chief comfort of Sir Wilfred's life. He could not walk, and his infirmities were increasing to such a degree that it seemed probable that he would soon not be able even to use his hands or his eyes. He was testy and ill-humoured—not an agreeable companion, by any means; and it was seldom that Gilbert would consent to sit or drive with him—the nervous exhaustion produced by such attendance was too great for him, he used to say—but on this occasion he had been persuaded by Merle into accompanying Sir Wilfred upon his usual afternoon excursion, and she did not expect him to return until five o'clock.

She had two hours before her, and hardly knew how to occupy them. She was restless and weary; Gilbert had been suffering from pain and oppression of breathing, and she had not slept much during the previous night. She lay down upon a sofa in the drawing-room for a time, but did not remain there; she walked in the garden, but found the sun too hot; in short, she was in an unsatisfied and uncomfortable state of body and mind, which was very rare with her. At last she remembered that she had left a basket of flowers in the hall, and determined to give herself to the task of arranging them. And for this purpose she told one of the servants to bring some

water, a tray, and several vases into the gun-room, which was now little used except by Merle herself as a place wherein she transacted odd bits of business concerning the village people and the parish.

Her vases did not take long to arrange. She sent them away and prepared to return to the drawing-room, but something in the aspect of the room delayed her. It had a slightly disordered look, as if some one who had recently occupied it had pulled every article of furniture out of its place and forgotten to put it back again. Merle knew that her husband had been there that morning, and suspected that he had been seeking for the missing paper. She sighed a little as she began to put various smaller articles back into their places.

She came at last to a letter-rack stuffed full of papers. These had evidently been examined and thrust back carelessly; she straightened and refolded several of the papers. But the nail on which the letter-rack hung had been loosened; it gave way suddenly, and the letter-rack and papers came with a crash to the floor.

Merle went down on her knees to collect the scattered papers. They had all fallen loose—not one was left in the letter-rack itself. Ah, yes, one remained; one that had been slipped behind the others, and had caught upon a broken bit of wood. It would have escaped notice altogether if the letter-rack had not fallen to the floor.

Merle took out this paper and straightened it. And then her eyes fell upon the writing. Geoffrey's hand. Was this the letter of which Gilbert was in search? There was a date; yes, it was the date of the day before the one on which Geoffrey had sailed. Her eyes fell involuntarily upon the first few lines. She was in doubt as to whom it was addressed, as no name was given at the beginning. It opened thus abruptly—

"I do not wish to reproach you. If you had trusted me all might have been well. But you threw the burden of disgrace on my shoulders, and I had either to bear it or expose you. You knew that I would not do that."

Was it Geoffrey's handwriting? thought Merle. Yes, there could be no doubt of it? What did the letter mean? To whom had it been written? She read on—

"I will not betray you so long as you lead an honourable, upright life. But, for God's sake, take warning. Let this be your *last* act of dishonesty, at least. If I have sacrificed everything for you, don't let the sacrifice be in vain. We cannot see each other; but before I go I must write these few words. I have done my best for you, Gilbert. I can do nothing more."

The paper was signed merely with initials—"G. V." No address was given.

Merle felt suddenly sick and cold. She sat down quietly and tried to think, but her mind was in a whirl of doubt and perplexity. What was the full bearing of Geoffrey's letter? Was it possible that it had been addressed to Gilbert?

She turned the sheet of paper over as it lay upon her knee. Yes, there was the name plainly written on the back of the letter—"Gilbert Vanborough, Esquire."

She read it through once more, although her hands shook and her eyes were growing dim. She had no need to read it again. For the rest of her life the words of that letter were indelibly impressed upon her brain.

Then she rose up with a flash of impetuous indignation. The accusation had startled her for a moment, but of course it could not be true. Geoffrey was trying to throw the blame of his own wrongdoing upon Gilbert. And that was why Gilbert had shrunk from the mention of Geoffrey's name, and refused to write or see him. This was surely the case—was it not?

Little by little a terrible dread stole into Merle's heart. There was another interpretation quite possible of that letter and of Gilbert's conduct.

Her mind travelled back to the earliest days of her married life, two years before. She remembered that Gilbert had been taken ill about the time of Sir Wilfred's discovery of the embezzlement of his subscription to the hospital. The details of that first serious attack of illness came back to

her with great clearness. Gilbert's sick fancy, as she had then considered it, of asking Geoffrey's forgiveness for some unknown wrong that had been done him, his uneasiness of mind throughout the time intervening between the last interview and Geoffrey's departure, his subsequent depression and remorse—all these things recurred to her with new and startling significance. She had thought his self-depreciation exaggerated; in the light of this accusation she saw that what she had deemed a morbidly low estimate of himself was perhaps only a too terribly true one. Could it be possible that she had lived with him for days and months, and even years, and that he had told her nothing? A flood of unutterable desolation bowed her soul to the very dust. She had never known him aright; her trust had been misplaced, her admiration thrown away, her love wasted. A man who could see his brother suffering in his stead, and refuse to say a word to clear him from unjust suspicion and punishment—was this the man who had been the first love of her youth, the idolised husband of the last two years? The thought seemed to degrade her in her own eyes as much as it degraded him.

How the next hour passed she knew not. She was struggling with cold fear, sick depression, hot indignation, by turns. She sat with her hands clasped tightly before her over the letter; her face pale, her eyes somewhat dilated but tearless, her figure slightly bent. And it was thus that Gilbert found her when he returned from his drive at half-past five o'clock, and after looking for her in vain in her usual haunts, opened the gun-room door in search of her.

"Why are you here?" he began, fretfully. "I have been looking for you everywhere. My father——"

And then he stopped short, for he had seen her face.

She did not say anything; she scarcely even moved; but his eyes fell instinctively upon the paper which she held, as if he knew that the secret of her distress lay there.

With a face as pale as her own he snatched the paper from her nerveless fingers and glanced at it. She did not

try to prevent his doing so ; she hardly knew whether she wished to prevent it or not, but she felt that when he had seen the paper, and she had once looked into his eyes, she should know if he were innocent or guilty. And yet she did not dare to look. She heard the one broken exclamation that fell from his lips ; she saw that he staggered and put one hand against the wall in order to support himself ; and then she knew the worst. He had no denial ready ; he proffered no word of justification or of explanation.

"My God!" he said, with something between a sob and a groan, and that was all. Then he turned away and leaned on the mantelpiece, hiding his face in his hands. For some minutes neither of them spoke.

One of Gilbert's attacks of illness would almost have been welcome to both of them at that moment. It would have broken down the barrier—it would have given him a reason for claiming, and her for giving, the help and tender care which always marked her relations with him. But although he was conscious of the stabs of pain and throbbing pulses which excitement was wont to produce, and of a momentary deadly faintness, which made him seek some strong material support, although he felt himself thoroughly unnerved and unable to look his wife in the face, or even to open his lips to her until she spoke to him, there was something in the very tension of suspense, something in the very nature of the excitement, which gave him temporary strength to wait for the condemnation and the sentence certain to fall from Merle's truthful lips.

He could bear the silence at last no longer.

"Merle!" he said, "speak to me. Say something—for pity's sake."

There was a short pause. "What shall I say?" she then asked, in a low tone.

He made no answer.

Presently she rose, came to him, and laid her hand upon his arm.

"Gilbert," she said, in a voice which trembled in spite of her effort to make it calm, "is it—can it be—true?"

He winced at the question. It seemed to him impossible to answer.

But perhaps his silence told her all she wanted to know. She let her hand fall from his arm and sighed. Her voice was steady, but very low, when she spoke again.

"Gilbert," she said, gently, "you must tell me everything now."

"I can't tell you," he groaned. "It is too bad a story. I can't tell it you."

She waited a little before she said, "Is there anything worse than what I know already?"

He lifted his haggard face from his hands and looked at her.

"What do you know?" he said, hoarsely. "What did this—this letter—tell you?"

"It told me that Geoffrey was guiltless. That you—you—that it was you who——"

She broke down suddenly at this point. She turned away from him and grasped at the back of a chair with both hands.

"Oh, Gilbert," she said, with a catch in her voice which gave her words an indescribably pathetic sound, "my heart is breaking, I loved you so!"

Gilbert changed his position and glanced at her furtively. She stood like a statue, her hands still grasping the chair, her face pale, with tears dropping unheeded from her eyes. Gilbert misunderstood her emotion. It seemed to him that she was in a soft and tender mood ; she had not reproached him ; she would surely soon forgive him all. He made a step towards her ; he tried to put his arm round her.

"Merle," he said, softly, "you do not know how I have suffered. I have been punished. I have been the most miserable man on earth."

She drew back from his touch. Her tears were stanchd at once, as though the flame of the hot colour that overspread her face dried them.

"You talk of misery and punishment," she said, "while Geoffrey is banished from his father's house—for your sake?"

"I cannot help it," he said, weakly and sullenly. "*He* did it. He might have told. He——"

"Is it my husband who says these things to me?" said Merle, with curious intensity of feeling in her low voice.

"Is this the man whom I once thought the best and noblest in the world? Do you dare to throw the blame of your own cowardice upon your brother?"

She stopped short, as though she would not utter the words that hovered upon her lips; her face was haughty in its look of concentrated indignation.

Gilbert sank down upon a chair and again bowed his head upon his hands. "True enough," he muttered, with a sort of remorseful bitterness. "I am a coward; go on. It only remains for you to call me a liar and a thief; I am both, I suppose. There is nothing too bad for you to say of me. I have let Geoffrey bear the blame. I sacrificed Clarice to Jacobi, because *he* knew the truth, and I was afraid of his telling you. I think I could have borne anything, Merle, if it had not been for you. But to drag you down with me——"

"Oh," said Merle, with a ring of despairing scorn in her voice, "you do not see, then, that you have dragged me down to far greater depths by concealing the truth than by bravely bearing a punishment which I could have borne with you. This is far, far worse."

"Do you mean," said Gilbert, in almost a startled tone, "that you might have—perhaps—forgiven me, if I had cleared Geoffrey at the beginning?"

"I am sure I should."

"If I had told the truth—you——"

He hesitated. She said "Yes," simply, knowing what he meant.

"And *now*——?"

Merle turned away her face and did not speak.

"*Now?*" he repeated. "Merle, Merle, don't tell me that it is too late! Don't say that you will give me up—that you will leave me. Bear with me a little longer. I do not think"—and a shudder ran through his whole frame—"I do not think that it will be for long."

His words were broken by short sobbing breaths, which warned her that his agitation was harmful to him. As to his last words, they hardly moved her. A feeling of profound discouragement and doubt had seized her with regard to him. She could not tell whether he were sincere or not.

But at any rate he must be calmed; she answered gently, if a little coldly—

"I will not leave you, Gilbert. I never thought of doing so. Do not distress yourself in that way. Let us think of what ought to be done next."

CHAPTER XLIII.

A WOMAN'S LOVE.

Merle found herself in the presence of Dr. Burnett Lynn, who had come to see if it was possible to have Geoffrey removed to Charnwood, as he feared that attempts were being made to tamper with his medicine at Hillside Farm. Merle promised to try and persuade Sir Wilfred, and, having exchanged a few more sentences, Dr. Lynn took his leave. On going to Gilbert's room she found him quite prostrated, and drew him into her embrace, comforted him as a mother comforts her penitent child, and he yielded to the power of her tenderness. Then he fell into an agony of remorse and shame, and she feared its effect upon his health. But she was firmly resolved that he should tell the whole truth to his father. It was long before she could persuade him to do so, and not till she told him that if he refused she would leave him and return home to her Aunt Janet, that he said the words she had longed to hear.

"I will do what is right—what you tell me is right. I will clear Geoffrey. I will tell my father everything. And you will help me—to the end?"

"To the end," said Merle.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE NIGHT WATCH.

Burnett Lynn was surprised to find Merle willing to induce Sir Wilfred to relax his edict of banishment.

Nigel had gone to London that evening on "urgent business," promising to be back early next afternoon, and in the meantime committed the charge of Geoffrey to Burnett Lynn.

Neither they nor Joan were satisfied with things at the Farm. Dr. Ambrose could not be consulted. The young man who had taken his place Joan disliked and distrusted, and was only prevented by her father and brother from positively refusing to see Jacobi or to allow him into Geoffrey's room. On this particular evening Burnett Lynn was doubtful as to the reception he would get on his coming to announce that he would alone watch at the sick man's bedside. The night was dark and chilly, and a drizzling rain was falling. Moreover, it was late, and he knocked three times before there were sounds of footsteps, and the door was opened by a dark-faced man, with a hangdog expression and a sullen brow—Mrs. Seth Darenth's cousin Joel. His greeting was anything but cordial, and he refused obstinately to admit Burnett Lynn, till he accused him of being the man who had given Miss Darenth the bottle out of which Mrs. Seth had poured something into her cup of tea. He was too much taken back to further refuse, and warmly allied himself to Joan and her friend. It then transpired that he feared foul play, and for hours they watched, when suddenly a woman's sharp shrill cry for help rang in their ears, followed by other sounds, the opening of a door and the scuffling of feet. Burnett Lynn, quickly followed by Joel, rushed upstairs into Geoffrey Vanborough's room to find Jacobi's arms pinioned by the strong vigorous grasp of Joan Darenth, even as she had lifted up her voice and called for help. Joan had gone upstairs early that night, but was indignant at finding old Anthony, usually a faithful watcher, fast asleep. She was not long, however, in discovering that he had been drugged, and she therefore resolved to be on the alert. By-and-by she noticed that her lamp burned dimly, then went out, and at the same moment her ear was arrested with a sound proceeding from the window, and the figure of a man in the very act of opening it. Fearful of disturbing the invalid, and thinking the man was only a robber, she waited in the expectation of his crossing the room and letting himself out into the passage, as it was well known that

Farmer Darenth and his son were from home that night. But she heard the man mutter something to himself, and her blood ran cold as she recognised Jacobi's voice, and saw him stealthily advance to Geoffrey's bed, where he produced a small lantern, the beams from which he allowed to fall on his face as for a minute or two he gazed in silence, and then laughed a low malignant laugh, and drew from his breast something sharp and bright. And then with all her strength she lifted up her voice for help.

CHAPTER XLV.

VANQUISHED.

Jacobi was armed—his adversaries were not, but they were strong, and soon succeeded in tying his hands and feet. Jacobi was vanquished at last.

Burnett Lynn keenly examined the blade of the knife, and to his horror found it was wet; but on whom had it been used? Geoffrey had not been wounded, but a strange, indefinable change had come over him—consciousness and speech had returned, and the words "It is Joan who is hurt, Joan wounded," were distinctly uttered by him. Burnett Lynn immediately turned to her, and found that in the scuffle her arm had been scratched and was bleeding, and he was convinced that the blade of the knife had been dipped into very strong and deadly poison. By a little rough surgery, and by applying his lips to the wound he succeeded in extracting the poison. Joan was not frightened; but she felt it hard, after all her watching, that if the poison took effect she should die. But she had saved Geoffrey, and that thought gave her comfort. The doctor peremptorily ordered her to go to bed and rest, which she did, saying as she went that she would be ready at any moment if required.

Geoffrey meantime had fallen into a refreshing sleep. So Burnett went to the nearest magistrate, who, with two police officers, returned, and took Jacobi into custody. He chafed at Nigel's prolonged absence. He was also anxious

to see Maddalena before any report should reach her of her husband's arrest. He therefore resolved to catch the earliest train for London, and arrived at her house to find it in a state of commotion. To his amazement he found Nigel with his arm round Caroline, whom he now for the first time recognised, and Madame Vallor. Nigel informed him that he had that morning been married to Clarice Vanborough, and immediately introduced her as his wife. He now saw the deception that had been practised on him, and was deeply hurt at Maddalena's, as well as Nigel's, want of trust in him, and, therefore, only bowed coldly to the introduction. But Clarice was equal to the occasion, and, fixing her dark eyes steadily on the doctor, addressed herself to him, and having explained all the circumstances begged of him to be their warm friend. Burnett Lynn's brow cleared a little, and with considerable dexterity extricated himself from his embarrassing position. Nigel and his bride were just going to Charnwood, but the doctor detained them till he had informed them of the events of the previous night, and having done so he appealed to Madame Vallor to come forward at the trial. This she promised, "*if the trial ever took place.*"

CHAPTER XLVI.

DEATH.

Merle did not sleep much after her conversation with Gilbert, and rising early unrefreshed was surprised to find Burnett Lynn walking thus early to the house, and concluded that there was bad news of Geoffrey Vanborough. He hastened to reassure her—to tell her that Geoffrey was wonderfully better, and had regained consciousness and speech. And then he told her of the whole story of Jacobi's attempt upon Geoffrey's life, and of the way in which that attempt had been foiled by Joan Darenth, and of Jacobi being in safe custody. Having ascertained from Burnett that even a great shock to Sir Wilfred would not endanger his life she

bade him good morning, and proceeded to Sir Wilfred's room, where she confessed Gilbert's fault to him, instead of compelling him to go. As Gilbert was growing faint from suffering tortures of anxiety, she came to him white and spent, but calm, saying gently, "Dearest, I have told him." "Geoffrey is coming home to-day. I think your father will not suffer from the news. I never heard him speak so lovingly of Geoffrey before." Gilbert found voice at last to ask, "And ourselves? What does he say of me; what am I to do?"

There was a little silence. She tried to move to one side so that he should not see her face, but he prevented the movement. "My darling," she said at last, with infinite tenderness, sadness, and pity in her voice, "my own darling." And then she kissed him and laid her face to his. "Could you travel to London to-day, do you think?" she said wistfully. "We should be better at home. I have telegraphed already. . . ." And thus he learned that his father had refused to see or speak to him again.

The same afternoon found them in London; the old baronet on his way to Hillside Farm, where a complete reconciliation took place between father, son, and son-in-law, followed next day by a short visit from his long-lost daughter, now married to Nigel Tremaine. But not for several days could Geoffrey prevail upon his father to send a letter of forgiveness to Gilbert, and then he was too ill to travel. Nigel and Burnett hurried down to Chelsea, where they found Gilbert very low, but grateful to find that he was forgiven. As Nigel was leaving the room he heard the word "Good-bye," and then his head sank back on Merle's shoulder, and it was thus that Nigel saw them last together. When he and Lynn returned, a few hours after, Gilbert was dead.

* * * * *

Burnett Lynn had gone to find out Maddalena Vallor. He had not seen her since the day of her husband's arrest, and Jacobi was lying in Hertfordshire gaol awaiting his trial. While waiting at the station, Burnett purchased a copy of the *Echo*, and the

first words that met his eyes were these :—

"The prisoner, Jacobi or Vallor, who was awaiting his trial for attempted murder and robbery, was this morning found dead in his bed in the infirmary of X—— gaol. No further particulars are at present reported."

Burnett Lynn sat down on a bench and closed his eyes for a moment. What did this mean? Had Jacobi indeed killed himself? Was anyone else to blame?

He hastened to John Street, Old Ford, with all available speed. And here, almost to his surprise, he found Madame Vallor. She was dressed in bonnet and cloak, and seemed to be on the point of leaving the house.

"Maddalena, is this true?" he asked.

She glanced at him coldly, with a curious smile upon her lips. "Yes," she said, "it is true."

"How did it happen?"

She gave him another cold look. "Did you think," she said, "that I had killed him?"

"Don't torture me, Maddalena," Burnett Lynn said, in a low, quick voice. "I can't bear it."

"I did not mean to torture you," she answered, gently. "I will say no more. I must go to X—— at once. Like you, I have only just received the news."

"Go? Without another word?"

"I have nothing to say."

"Maddalena!"

"Nothing to say—yet. I will tell you all by-and-by. You shall be my priest; I will confess to you."

CHAPTERS XLVII.—XLIX.

MADDALENA'S STORY.

In fulfilment of her promise to Burnett Lynn, she wrote him a history of her life, with the particulars of which our readers are already familiar. It was a terrible story of mental suffering and of revenge, and of her interview with her husband in prison. She had gone to be revenged on him—the interview was long and dangerous to her, but she kept him in check, and the warder looked in opportunely as

Jacobi was once about to make a spring at her. But before she left him he begged of her to fill a little bottle that he drew from under his pillow with laudanum, without which he said he could not live. She promised, and though she had not thought at first that he intended to end his life thus, she resolved to leave him to choose his own path, and when his lawyer visited him he found him unable to speak coherently, and next day he was dead.

* * * * *

Madame Vallor waited for Burnett Lynn for a final interview, and a few minutes found him in her presence, beseeching her now, after all these years of waiting, to become his wife. But she was inexorable.

CHAPTER L.

FARE YOU WELL, MY TASK IS DONE.

Maddalena informed him that she was about to enter a nunnery, where she should spend the rest of her days. He begged and entreated, but though she was deeply moved, she did not yield, and at length left him, assuring him that it was better for him—better for her.

* * * * *

Sir Wilfred was amazed when he found that Geoffrey was deeply in love with Joan Darenth—had been for years. His opposition was not of long duration, and himself sent a note to Joan begging her to come and see Geoffrey. She was very unwilling to do so, but Clarice prevailed, and Geoffrey, invalided as he was, poured out his tale of love.

* * * * *

As soon as he was well enough they were married, and went abroad for some time.

* * * * *

Merle devoted herself to Sir Wilfred, who was very fond of her, and Burnett Lynn remembers some words of Maddalena's which were burnt on his memory, and some day—not yet—he thinks he will be able to tell his love to Merle Vanborough.

THE END.

“OUR DOCTOR.”

By “IATROS.”

SOME POPULAR PHYSIOLOGICAL ERRORS CONSIDERED.

(Continued.)

Concerning the functions of the spleen a large number of popular errors have arisen. The philosophers of old were wont to puzzle their brains over this mysterious organ; but, although they made theories enough, not one of them was sufficiently plausible to become generally accepted. One classical authority declared that he could find no use whatever for the organ, and that, therefore, it could be of no importance! Then again another tells us that the only use for the spleen is to serve as “a packing material” for the other abdominal structures, preserving them from changing their position during the movements of the body. But the theory which gained most adherents was that which accredited the spleen with the function of manufacturing the various “vile humours” which are supposed to sour the disposition of man. We can still trace in the metaphorical expressions of our literature this ancient belief. We frequently hear such expressions as “to vent one’s spleen,” “splenetic temperament.”

The discovery that the spleen may be removed from the bodies of the higher animals without causing any perceptible change in them, and without injury to health subsequently, did not tend to throw light on the functions of this organ. Modern science has, however, assigned a very important part in our mechanism to the spleen.

I must adopt rather a roundabout method to point out the part this organ plays in our system. The blood is, in reality, an almost colourless fluid, deriving its red colour from an immense number of minute red discs, the red

blood-corpuscles, which float in it. In addition to the red corpuscles there exist in the blood a very much smaller number of white corpuscles, which are of larger size and possess a small central particle—(nucleus)—which the red corpuscles are devoid of. It has been discovered that these red corpuscles are produced by the partial destruction of the white cells, the nucleus of the white appearing to us as red corpuscles after having either developed or taken up colouring matter. The spleen is the manufactory where these changes are being constantly carried on; and also where many of the white globules are themselves developed. It also seems probable, although not yet absolutely proved, that when the red corpuscles have served their end in the animal economy they are disintegrated in the spleen, and used up as pigments for the colouring of the various fluids and tissues of the body.

Phrenology is not nearly so commonly believed in now as it was a few years ago, but there are yet numerous advocates of this long since exploded “pseudo science.” I may as well, therefore, include a brief consideration of this subject in my list of popular errors. Granted that certain physical characteristics often indicate certain mental or moral qualities. Thus it is commonly agreed that a broad, high forehead promises intellectual capacities, firmly cut lips denote strength of character, large outstanding ears denote love of music. The idea that information as to a person’s mental qualities or idiosyncrasies, however, can be derived from an examination of cranial irregularities—“bumps”—is absurd.

The walls of the skull-cap are double, and, in front, over the most delicate and closely crowded nervous centres, these walls, technically termed "tables of the skull," are separated by a very considerable interval—the nasal air reservoir. The external table of this part is the location of the principal "bumps," and yet it is further from the brain than any other part of the skull-cap. How, then, can elevation or depression in this situation be considered to indicate a similar condition of the brain beneath?

Another favourite "bump" with phrenologists is the protuberance behind the ear; but this organ is merely caused by the separation of the "tables" of the skull to form a series of cells and sinuses for the lodgment of the air used in the auditory mechanism. And thus the skull being excessively thick here, the brain is a long distance from the "bumps." Besides air intervening, the pressure by the brain on the internal "table" would cause a different effect to that which it is alleged by believers in phrenology to have.

We might enumerate hundreds of other common physiological errors, but those we have considered are those which have come first to our mind, and will be sufficient for our purpose. Now our purpose is this. We want to show the necessity for the introduction of elementary science into our schools as a part of the ordinary curriculum. If this be done we shall be attacking many of the follies and monstrosities of living at the root—not merely lopping off the branches of our upas tree of disease as health lectures and hygienic exhibitions to adults can only do.

If our boys and girls leave school and go out into the world knowing some-

thing of their own bodily structure, they are already proof against many an error of physical life. And if they are taught the laws of health, even in a most elementary fashion, we will have no more chests compressed *à la mode* by the dressmaker, or feet distorted by bootmakers whose *diablerie* is worthy of a celestial's ingenuity.

Although many attempts have been made of late years to introduce the teaching of elementary science into schools such attempts have not met with much success. It is not difficult to discover a reason for this. It is because the men who have been entrusted to teach the subjects embraced by the term "elementary science," have not been trained for their work as classical masters have been trained for theirs. To be of profit ultimately, science must be taught less by means of text-books than by means of direct contact with the objects and forces which it undertakes to explain. And again, the pupil must not always be told what he is to observe, and what conclusions he is to draw from given premises.

The function of the teacher should rather be to put his pupils on the track by which they will be led to accurate results by their own efforts. Taught in this way science is a constant source of interest and instruction; taught in any other way it is among the most dreary and profitless of task-work. As we have said, health lectures and dress reform lectures, illustrated by the Venus de Milo, with her ample waist and rather large feet, are all very well in their way, but if reform is to begin and to last, the process of bending the twig must be begun when it is young, supple, and pliant.

"OUR GARDENER."

By DAVID A. CRICHTON.

There are a number of small alpine plants that are invaluable for flower gardens during the late winter and spring months, and more especially in

places of limited extent, where an attractive display is always an important consideration. Though this class of plants certainly finds a large

number of admirers, yet they do not, as a rule, receive so much attention as they deserve. This is probably owing to many of them not being able to stand our hot, dry summer well, but this is a difficulty that should not stand in the way, as with a little extra care they can be kept without much trouble. Prominent among these alpine plants are the various species of the Primrose family, some of which are popular flowers, but others are but little known to cultivators in this part of the world. The various beautiful varieties of the English Primrose (*Primula vulgaris*)—which, in addition to the pale yellow single-flowered original species, includes flowers of every shade of colour, from the purest white to the deepest yellow, red, crimson, purple, and violet—all will thrive well in the borders for the next four or five months, and their flowers will be no mean attraction for a considerable period. The Polyanthus makes a most effective border plant, and when grown in fairly good soil, its large trusses of brilliant flowers are very attractive. There are an immense number of varieties in cultivation, but growers should endeavour to obtain kinds of robust habit, that bloom freely, throw their flowers well above the leaves, with the colours distinct, bright, and clearly defined. The Japan Primrose (*Primula japonica*), a strong-growing species, makes an excellent border plant; but it is not so well known as it deserves to be. Several other species of the Primrose family may also be grown successfully as winter and spring border plants. Violets rank high as popular spring-flowering small border plants, but there is rather too much run upon the common type, *Viola odorata*, while the choice varieties are comparatively neglected. Among the many fine varieties that deserve more attention are the Neapolitan Violets, which have large pale-blue, highly-scented, double flowers, the colour being quite distinct from any other class. In the Russian section the Czar occupies a leading position, as it is a robust variety, and produces freely very large, highly-scented, dark-blue single flowers. The White Czar is similar in habit to the last-named variety, but the flowers are

white and somewhat smaller. There are several other kinds to be found in nurserymen's catalogues that are worthy of attention from cultivators. The Daisy is another plant that should not be ignored in making provision for winter and spring flowers. Among bulbous and tuberous-rooted plants, the cultivator may find a wealth of material for the ornamentation of gardens. The Narcissus family alone offers a wide field for selection, as there are several sections, and each embraces a large number of varieties. To this family belong the Daffodil, Jonquil, Polyanthus, Narcissus, and other types, all of which are very beautiful. The Anemone should be more generally cultivated, as it is one of our most attractive spring-flowering plants, and will thrive with an ordinary amount of care in most soils and localities.

Climbing plants may be used with advantage in most gardens, though they are too often ignored. Too frequently the eye is offended by the prospect of dreary blank walls, or bare verandah columns, which, by a little care, might easily be covered with masses of bright foliage and brilliant flowers. Then again, trellis-work and avenues for climbing plants may be introduced to many gardens with very good effect. There are many plants belonging to this class that are worth attention. Prominent among them are the Bignonias, a large family, embracing many showy species, the most noteworthy being *Lindleyana*, with blue and white flowers; *Venusta*, deep orange, flowering in the winter and spring; *Jasminoides*, a free-blooming Queensland species, with shining evergreen foliage, and purple and white flowers; and *Tweediania*, a hardy, quick-growing species, with deep-yellow flowers produced in great profusion. The Tacsonias and several of the Passifloras make admirable climbers for walls and fences, though they are rather too rampant in growth for verandahs. The *Bougainvilleas* are grand wall-plants, but they will not bloom freely except they are in a sunny situation. *Canavalia Bonariensis* is an excellent climber for localities where the frosts are not very severe, as it has handsome foliage, beautiful flowers, and grows very

rapidly. The Clematis and Lonicera families also afford a number of very handsome climbing plants. No time should be lost in making lawns or improving old grass-plats by means of top-dressings, or otherwise. In the choice of grasses for a lawn the nature of the soil and climate should be taken into consideration. Though in laying down lawns the most economical plan, as a rule, is to sow seed ; yet by far the quicker, and also the surest method, is to use turf whenever it can be obtained without much difficulty. Old-established lawns often get out of proper condition through the grass getting thin under neglect or poverty of the soil ; and when such is the case they should be top-dressed at once with well-decayed manure or rich soil, sowing at the same time a little grass-seed if necessary. The planting of Box and other evergreen edgings should be finished with all possible speed. Old edgings that have gaps in them, or are too thin in places, should have their deficiencies made good, as breaks in marginal lines always look unsightly. This is a very good time for clipping evergreen hedges or edgings, if they require trimming.

Plants in pots, whether under glass, in the bush-house, or fully exposed to the weather, must have unceasing attention to keep them in a clean and healthy condition. Insects should be kept down by close attention, and the plants must from time to time be cleansed from dust and dirt by washings and spongings. Cultivators must bear in mind that cleanliness is essential to the well-being of plants at all times, but more especially during the winter months. Whenever the pots begin to assume a green appearance they should be scrubbed, and decayed leaves and flowers must be promptly removed, as when allowed to remain on the plants they are apt to engender mildew. It is also advisable to keep the surface soil in the pots free from the growth of moss by frequent light stirrings. Plants under glass should have plenty of roof ventilation during the day, when the weather is favourable, but care must be taken to close early in the afternoon, to prevent the night temperature from falling too low. Hot-houses should have

a steady heat at night, and the more regular their temperature is kept the better. Water should now be supplied to plants under glass, or in bush houses, rather more sparingly than hitherto, and it will, if anything, be better to give too little than too much. It is a good plan during the winter to water during the early part of the day, so that the plants will have the chance of getting dry before evening. Winter flowering plants must have their particular requirements duly attended to, and should be supplied with manure water once or twice a week till they are in full bloom, but after that stage of growth is reached stimulants are not required, as they do more harm than good to plants that produce all their flowers at one period. As plenty of light is essential to the well-being of most plants during the winter months, climbers growing overhead should be removed, or the branches sufficiently trimmed back to effect the desired purpose. It will also be advisable to partially turn the pots round every week or ten days, to ensure regular growth by presenting in turn each side of the plant to the strongest light. Plants in bush-houses or shelter sheds should be stood on pieces of board, slate, or stone if they show any signs of suffering from excess of moisture at their roots. In some localities plants standing on the ground are liable to be troubled with worms at this time of the year, and when they are attacked in this way lime-water should be used occasionally. Prevention is, however, better than cure, and if the pots are stood upon a layer of ashes they will seldom be troubled with either worms or slugs. Plants growing in exposed situations must, as a rule, be freely supplied with water, as even in cold weather there is a heavy demand upon the soil through the evaporation from the surface and through the sides of the pots, caused by strong winds. There are many people who wish to make use of pot plants for the ornamentation of balconies, halls, and other places where they will be exposed to strong currents of air and great changes of temperature, and some care is necessary in making a selection. There are few plants cultivated for the sake of their flowers that can be utilised for

this purpose, and the same remark will apply to the majority of the ornamental foliage plants. It is only fairly hardy plants that can stand for any length of time in exposed places, and it is folly to select any others. In most cases the principal requirement is plants that have a neat and compact appearance, with bright cheerful foliage. Specimens of *Biota*, *Cupressus*, and other coniferous plants ranging from two to seven feet high, are very useful, as also is the more hardy *Dracoenas* and Palms. Shrubs with shining or variegated foliage, such as *Coprosma*, *Euonymas*, including the plain gold and silver varieties. English Laurel and similar plants may also be advantageously used for the purpose. These plants, when growing under the conditions described, must be watered judiciously, keeping the roots at all times fairly moist, but not allowing them to get soddened. In order to keep up their bright appearance, they should be thoroughly syringed at least once a week to wash off the dust that is sure to collect upon them.

Those who intend to plant fruit trees this season should lose no time in getting the ground prepared for them. This work should be done thoroughly, making due provision for drainage if necessary, and a proper supply of plant food for the support of the trees when the soil is poor. In preparing for a permanent crop like fruit trees, everything should be done to ensure success, as a favourable start and steady growth for a few years afterwards are matters of supreme importance to the cultivator. It is a pity that more attention is not paid to the growing of fruit trees by the owners and occupants of small gardens, as most of our popular kinds can be reared without much difficulty, and fruit is invaluable for family use. There are but few town and suburban gardens where a few fruit trees cannot be grown with advantage, if they are fairly tried. Those who are inclined to try them under such conditions should get the ground prepared as soon as possible, and decide upon what kinds are likely to suit them best. When the ground is of a light sandy nature it will be advisable, when practicable, to mix a good proportion of loam or clay with it, and also to use plenty of

manure. On the other hand, in very stiff and retentive soils the land should be ameliorated by the use of ashes, sand, or lime. For gardens of very limited extent it may be an advantage to grow apples and pears that have been grown on dwarfing stocks. Though deciduous trees may be planted at any time after they have cast their leaves, there is no advantage to be gained by shifting them early in the season. The trees will be as far advanced if planted in the latter end of July or beginning of August as if shifted this month, and there will be less risk of injury from heavy rains. Trees when moved must necessarily have a portion of their roots injured, and when these lay dormant in soddened ground for a few weeks they are liable to rot or become cankered. It is a common thing for those who are making a selection of fruit trees from the nursery to choose the largest ones, on the supposition that the older they are the sooner will they come into bearing. This conclusion would be sound enough if large trees that have been worked for several years could be taken up with all their roots intact. As a rule, however, in lifting trees the larger they are the greater will be the loss of roots, and those that remain will generally be disproportionate to the size of the heads. Under such conditions the large heads have to be cut severely back to restore the balance of power, and the trees will have the same amount of growth to make as younger ones. The common practice of heading back indiscriminately newly-planted fruit trees, without regard to their roots, is wrong. Sometimes trees can be shifted with but a slight loss of roots, and when this is the case the heads should not be materially reduced. On the other hand, however, when trees have lost a large proportion of their roots, which is generally the case with large trees, the heads must be cut back in proportion to preserve a good balance. In purchasing fruit trees care should be taken to select those only which have a good supply of sound roots in proportion to their tops.

Plantings and sowings of all the hardy vegetables should be made this

month, unless due provision was made for them earlier in the season. Vacant ground should be prepared for crops as opportunity offers, breaking the surface up roughly if the land is not required immediately, so that it will be fully exposed to the ameliorating effects of the atmosphere. As deep cultivation is essential to the well-being of most vegetable crops, it will be advisable in digging to send the spade or fork well into the ground, when practicable. In working a vegetable garden it is an excellent plan to divide the area into several compartments, one or more of which should be trenched every year. When this plan is adopted the whole of the ground gets a deep stirring every four or five years, and the most favourable conditions for the growth of crops are provided. If the ground is naturally shallow, and resting upon a bad sub-soil, as a matter of course, it will not be advisable to bring up a mass of inferior soil to the surface. Under such circumstances the depth must either be increased by the addition of fresh material, or by degrees in working the ground. Drainage is another subject that should receive due attention in working a vegetable garden, but unfortunately many cultivators in this part of the world do not attach so much importance to it as they ought to do. Effective drainage should be provided in all but the lightest soils, so that no matter how heavy the rainfall may be the ground will never get soddened with water. Crops cannot thrive when the roots of the plants are resting in ground that is soddened. In drained ground the temperature is also

somewhat higher in winter, and, therefore, more favourable to plant growth. Another sowing of peas should be made, choosing, when possible, a rather dry piece of land for them. Advancing crops should be earthed-up and supported by sticks when about six inches above ground. Cultivators should bear in mind that all Peas, even the dwarf kinds, require the support of sticks to keep them from lying on the ground. When supported they always yield better, and they are less liable to injury from storms or frosts. Sea-kale and Rhubarb should be planted for forcing, either in the ordinary way, as described last month, or planted thickly in hot-beds, with the lights thickly covered to exclude light. Globe Artichokes and Horse Radish should be planted at once, also Potato and Tree Onions, Shallots, and Garlic. Asparagus beds should have their annual dressings of manure without further delay, and fresh plantations may be made. Moderate sowings of Radish, Lettuce, and other small salad plants should be made every fortnight. If early Cucumbers are required preparations should now be made for them, if they are to be grown in ordinary hot-beds. These beds are made with stable manure in a state of fermentation, prepared by being turned several times, and watered when dry. When ready it is made into a bed of the required size, and the frame is put on. Leave the bed for a few days for the foul vapour to escape, and then put a layer of from six to eight inches of soil over the bed, and it will be ready for use.

"OUR COSTUMIER."

By "LUCIA."

As regards outdoor fashions we are somewhat at a standstill, the winter modes being fully established, and no further novelties making their appearance. We are told in the leading

drapery establishments that the spring goods will be on view before many more weeks have passed over our heads, and we feel disposed to parody the old proverb and exclaim, "It is

well to be off with the old season before you are on with the new." Why, the winter has only just well commenced, and we have barely completed the purchase of warm clothing, so we cannot be expected to take much interest at present in what is to be worn next season.

More reasonable is it to turn our attention to the subject of evening dress, as the ball season is at its height, and evening parties and entertainments of various kinds are in full swing. Nearly all the ball-gowns are made this season with low bodices, and as for sleeves they are becoming visibly less. There are various bodices of a dressy description provided for those ladies who do not affect low necks, and of these one of the prettiest is the satin or velvet corsage which meets at the collar and is then cut away into a deep square, which may be filled up with tulle or net, or else left open, according to taste. This style of bodice is, however, only suited to slight figures, as it appears ridiculous on anyone at all inclined to *embonpoint*. Although it was predicted that flowers would retire in favour of feathers and birds for the adornment of ball toilettes this season, this has not been the case, for floral garnitures are more profuse than ever. Lace skirts are very popular, and a new idea is to have different panels for them, so that they can be altered at will. For example, the newest have panels of plush edged with pearls or iridescent beads, while others have a flight of birds arranged on a panel, with a smaller one to correspond for the bodice. Elderly ladies patronise toilettes of black lace with panels of jet or steel beads, the bodice being in cuirass form and edged with large beads. Jet was never in greater favour than it is at the present day, stomachers of jet appearing on many of the bodices, and the outer edge of low bodices are usually finished with cut beads set together very closely. Corslet bodices of plush or velvet are worn over transparent bodices of lace made high to the throat, and this style looks very well with lace skirts. *Moiré* is revived for evening wear, and, combined with lace, forms very tasteful toilettes, the accompanying bodices

being generally made of plush or velvet.

There is a tendency towards simplicity in the styles adopted by young ladies for evening wear, and thin materials are the most popular. For full dress, such as ball-gowns, tulle and net are the materials employed, while for less dressy occasions, canvas, nun's veiling, and similar fabrics are most in vogue. For dancing, gowns are still worn short, but for receptions and other occasions of ceremony, trained skirts are patronised even by young ladies. The skirts still stand out, and are very full, but steels are dispensed with in most cases, stiff-flounced underskirts taking their place, with the addition of a small pad. This arrangement obviates that tendency to oscillation which is so frequent and so undesirable in the back of skirts when their wearers are dancing. Ballet skirts of tulle bid fair to become very popular for young girls, and their appearance is much enhanced by the elaborate designs with which they are embroidered and beaded. For young married ladies the tulle or net is generally intermingled with panels of satin or brocade, the bodice being formed of the silk material. Flowers and feathers, instead of being spread out on the front of low bodices, are usually worn in clusters or tufts on the left shoulder.

A graceful and uncommon drapery appears on some of the imported evening gowns this season. It consists of a loose scarf-like arrangement of *crêpe de chine*, beginning on the right shoulder, draped across the bodice, and fastened on the left hip, where it is lost in the draperies of the skirt. Fluffy ruchings of frayed *faille* and corded silk are employed for trimming crape gowns, and are most effective in showing up the rich velvet flowers, which are often arranged so as to nestle in them.

The hair is still worn high on the head, and as a natural consequence hair ornaments are in much demand, for this style of arrangement is specially adapted for the display of jewels, ornamental pins, etc. The exhibition of head-dresses, and fashion generally, which attended Madame Patti's appearance at the Eden Theatre, in Paris,

about two months ago, was something remarkable in the way of magnificence. The fair *Parisiennes*, always *bien coiffées*, on this occasion surpassed themselves. The majority of those present had their hair piled high on the crown of the head, after the manner of the First Empire, and three-fourths of them wore the charming little head-dress so popular in Paris. This dainty article consists principally of a cluster of roses with an aigrette in the centre; or else it is a modification of velvet bows and aigrettes of flowers, but no matter of what it is composed, it is generally adorned with sprays of diamonds. As to whether the brilliants are always genuine or not, I should not like to say, for the imitations are so deceptive, and are patronised by such *grandes dames*, that it is no easy matter to distinguish between the real stones and the paste ones.

In millinery there is nothing that is new, and the hats and bonnets worn vary little in shape from those of last season. Young ladies are wearing high-crowned hats of felt, straw, or stock-inette, the trimming being arranged in fan-shapes in the front. These shapes are also to be seen covered with plush and velvet. The little round turbans are confined to young girls, but toques are largely patronised. The hat and muff frequently correspond, the latter usually being a dainty confection of plush, ribbon, and lace. When the hat is bordered with astrakhan, the muff is often made of the same material, and a collarette, or throat-band, sometimes accompanies them.

Bonnets are, as a rule, small, and fitting close to the head, the brims being either more or less open, or else of the coronet shape. Small birds are largely employed for their adornment, and purl-edged silk ribbons generally form the strings. The Marie Stuart shape seems to be gaining favour as the season advances, and the brim is almost invariably edged with beads. A new *chapeau* of which English fashion journals tell us, but which we have not yet seen, is termed the "church-door." This name is given to it on account of its shape, which is doubtless uncommon rather than prepossessing. The bonnets for next season are said to be very airy constructions, one of the most popular models being a lattice-work of jet beads, lined with thin silk of some gay colour, and finished off in front with upright bows of satin ribbon the same shade.

In the department of *lingerie* much that is new is in course of preparation. There are all sorts of *gilets*, plastrons, and collarettes of soft surah and filmy lace—essentially feminine. And there are severe linen "fronts"—not simple collars, but "fronts"—with their sets of studs, and last, but not least, narrow linen cravats tied in bows. If these are not essentially masculine, it is difficult to say what are. Let us hope, however, that this style will die a natural death, and that the fair sex will maintain an air of femininity in their attire, and not appear as though they had recourse to the wardrobes of their male relations to aid their toilettes.

GRATITUDE.

What is grandeur? what is power?
 Heavier toil, superior pain.
 What the bright reward we gain?
 The grateful memory of the Good.
 Sweet is the breath of vernal flower,
 The bee's collected treasures sweet,
 Sweet music's melting fall, but sweeter yet
 The still small voice of Gratitude.

—Gray.

MONTHLY NOTES.

SCIENCE.

By R. L. J. Ellery.

More comets ! and still they come ! But a few years ago and even to the practical astronomer the advent of a comet was regarded as a great occasion and a comparatively rare event, while now they have become so numerous as to become almost a nuisance to observatories occupied with other matters. Are they, then, actually increasing in the solar system, that half a dozen are now discovered where scarcely one was found formerly ?

There is no reason to believe that comets are really becoming more numerous, but the number of telescopes nightly directed to the regions traversed by these bodies is at least a hundred times more than it was twenty years ago, and while few of the telescopes then at work were occupied solely in the search for comets, most of the hundreds now in the hands of private observers and amateur astronomers are almost solely devoted to that special purpose, in the hope to be the first to find and publish the place of these erratic visitors, and if it be a new one, thus win immortality by having his or her name for ever after used to denote that particular comet. There is now a society or association formed of private observers in Europe and America whose chief object is the search for comets. To each observer is allotted a certain portion of the heavens, which it is his duty to search over carefully at short intervals, and if any discovery of a new or "suspicious" body is made, it is immediately announced by telegraph all over the world, free of cost, by means of a special code, according to arrangements with and liberal concessions from the various telegraph and cable companies. It need, therefore, be no longer a matter for surprise that comets now come by *twos* and *threes*, for it must be remembered that most of them are so faint as to be only visible with good telescopes, and would certainly escape our notice unless systematically and specially searched for in the manner described ; we may reasonably conclude, therefore, that just as many comets existed formerly as now, only they were never found.

There are now three of these bodies under the view of astronomers—one discovered by Fabry in Paris in December last, after being visible as an extremely faint object for a month or two, vanished in the sun's rays, from which it emerged two or three weeks ago, and, making its nearest approach to us at the end of April, becomes bright enough to become conspicuous to the naked eye ; but it has receded, however, as rapidly as it approached, and has

at this time (15th May) become so distant as to be a faint object in a powerful telescope. Of the other two one was discovered also in December by Barnard in America, and was observed at Melbourne during that and the following month. It passed perihelion on 3rd May, and is now in the constellation "Triangula" and near the sun, but if it were farther from that body it would probably be visible without telescopes. The third was discovered by Brooks, in America, on 30th April, in the constellation "Pegasus." It is a very faint object, and is travelling north rapidly, and is out of reach of Melbourne telescopes.

The rapid extension of telephonic communication in large cities is developing a serious question, "how to dispose of the conducting wires." The usual system of suspending them overhead on poles is certainly fraught with considerable danger when the number of wires is large, and at the same time, no matter how artistically the supporting poles may be made or painted, they do not improve the appearance of towns. Numerous schemes for leading these wires underground instead of overhead have been patented or suggested, and some plans have actually been carried out with more or less success, but in most cases difficulties have arisen in practice which have prevented for the present the adoption of any general system of underground telephonage. A great practical difficulty arises from what is known as *induction* ; that is, the induction by an electric current traversing any wire, of another current running in an opposite direction in other wires running parallel and in proximity with that wire. Where telephone wires, therefore, are suspended parallel to one another in the air or lie parallel underground, a current going through one produces currents in the others, with the result that when people are conversing on any particular line the conversation can be heard—often distinctly, but always more feebly—on other lines, breaking down the privacy which is claimed for this mode of communication. The same induction occurs in some degree on ordinary telegraph lines, but, owing to the more powerful and different character of currents used, does not become sensible on the instruments. Now this defect, quite sensible when the wires are six to twelve inches apart in the air, is increased when they lie in closer proximity underground in pipes, etc., and has so far been a great hindrance to subterranean telephonage. It can be got over almost entirely

by using a double wire—one for the outgoing and another for the returning and induced current, but this, of course, adds very greatly to the cost of telephone lines. In Paris this plan is adopted successfully, and the subways under the footpaths of the principal streets afford the best possible mode for disposal of the wires, and so far as that city is concerned the difficulties appear to have been almost entirely surmounted.

The Melbourne telegraph and telephone poles are now loaded with wires, but the poles themselves are substantial and securely erected, and are quite safe so long as nothing unusual happens; a falling building, a little tornado, or a powerful lightning stroke might however at any moment, give up all these immense groups of wires to the mercy of gravitation, with a result, in our crowded streets, more easily imagined than described. It is to be hoped, therefore, that before our telephone system has increased its overhead dangers much more, some practical method of putting them under our feet will be devised; and if double wires get over the induction difficulty, they should undoubtedly be used.

At a meeting of the Royal Society a few nights ago the subject of a south polar ex-

ploring expedition was discussed. It was stated that such an undertaking was under the consideration of scientific men and naval authorities in England, and suggestions were made that Australia should offer her aid in the matter. Now, as it appears there are certain parts on the ice-bound coasts of the south polar regions where warm ocean currents impinge, rendering navigation possible much nearer to the pole in some places as compared with others, and that one of these spots is probably within the southward extension of Australian meridians; and further, as the discovery of any material resources in those regions would probably benefit Australia more than other countries, it would be not only within her province, but possibly very much to her future advantage to aid in such an undertaking. The immense supply of fish-food, fish-oils, etc., obtained in the open polar seas to the north encourages the hope that like resources exist in the southern polar seas, especially if the suspected existence of warm ocean currents trending far south, rendering accessible the shores of polar lands, should prove correct, and a new field for profitable commercial enterprise opened up, of which Australia should be the chief proprietor.

ART.

MELBOURNE.

By E.A.C.

In our last notes we mentioned the very successful opening of the Victorian Academy of Arts. The paintings in oils number nearly 100, and some extremely good work is to be found amongst the exhibits. It need hardly be said that Messrs. Dowling and J. Varley carry off the palm; the former showing "From Calvary to the Tomb" and "Daniel in the Den of Lions." The first-named has been already described in detail in these notes as a magnificent piece of work. The "Daniel" has been also mentioned as a grand exhibit. A critic of one of our morning papers has seen fit to run it down, calling Daniel's figure "mannered and theatrical," but in our opinion the artist has given a far more Scriptural rendering of the incident than Rivière has done.

J. Varley's two exhibits, Nos. 33 and 82, are both perfect gems, one being "A street in the Hassanayan Quarter, Cairo," and the other "The Tomb—a Sheik in the Desert to the south of Cairo." Both paintings show all the artist's well-known characteristics of style.

Amongst the Colonial works, Miss Alice Chapman (one of Mr. Folingsby's students) sends in three, all of great merit—18, "Sitting in State," being really a first-class painting. It represent a little girl (seated in a

large arm-chair) who is said to be the artist's young sister; 27, "Roses," from the same brush, is very well treated, as is also her study of "Fruit," 54.

Mr. Mather, as usual has numerous exhibits. His "Study on the Watts," No. 2, is very clever, and his "Haunts of the King-fisher," 13, a charming scene, though rather cold in tone. A good study of colour is No. 29, "In the Gloaming," and 74 and 75, "Summer" and an "Impression," are both pleasing, but taking his works altogether, we do not think them equal to those he has sent home to the Colonial Exhibition. His water-colour drawings will be mentioned in their turn.

Mr. and Miss Reilly, who are still in Queensland, send some good work; the former showing two views of scenery of that colony. In 25, "Down by the river at Glen Alpin," the artist has given one of the best bits we have seen from his hand; it is carefully and well executed, and the foliage is a noticeable feature of the work. Miss Reilly forwards a charming group of flowers, "Fresh Gathered," No. 85, the dew still resting on them, showing how true is the title. The young lady has greatly improved in her style since her residence in Queensland.

Signor Rolando has three very exquisite views of Watts River scenery, "Early Morning," 68, "After the Shower," 76, and "A Gleam of Sunshine," 83. The Signor has evidently fallen in love with Australian

scenery, and depicts it with an artistic hand and poetic heart, and shows all who examine his exhibits what "fairy-land" is in our colony, whilst also giving a faithful transcript of the particular landscape.

Mrs. William Ford is making rapid progress, some of her groups of flowers being highly meritorious. She is a thoroughly conscientious artist, and her study of her talented late husband's gems has not been without its good results.

Mr. Tom Roberts has a clever and life-like portrait in No. 35. He also sends in "The Old Sacramento," No. 19.

It is to be regretted that Signor Ugo Catani has only forwarded one painting, "Curiosity," No. 28, which is so good as to make the visitor wish for more from the same skilful hand. It represents one of his highly finished "Interiors," where the servant is listening to the conversation of some lovers in the adjoining room. Whilst on this subject we may mention that Senhor Loureiro (whose works we have so often and so favourably alluded to in our "Art Notes") has removed from his own studio to that recently occupied by Mr. Robert Dowling. It is shared by the Florentine artists, Signori Nerli and Catani, who intend holding classes for painting and drawing similar to those found in Continental art schools. It is to be hoped at the next exhibition that Signor Nerli will also show some of his good work.

The recently-elected Secretary of the Academy—Mr. C. V. Wilson—has but one exhibit, "Melrose Abbey," No. 6, in which the drawing is very accurate, though the tone throughout is somewhat too cold; this, however, may be perhaps attributable to the peculiar light of the building, as several other paintings appear to have the same defect.

N. Costelli has a clever painting in "Sad News," No. 7, many of the details being worked out with great skill, but the whole effect is not pleasing.

Mr. Walter Seehusen has no less than twelve exhibits, many of them of great merit, the colouring of "Mount Juliet," No. 34, being especially soft and pleasing. Some clever work is always to be found from this artist's brush, and he is evidently a true lover of nature, from the picturesque views he selects.

G. Guzzardi has one painting, 67, "Merri-ment," full of life and vigorously executed, but with the same touch of vulgarity to be noticed in those of F. R. Neydhart. The latter is, we fancy, a new exhibitor, who forwards three works—48, 86, and 88; they have all decided merit up to a certain point, but there is more disappointment than pleasure in examining them.

Mrs. A. M. Boyd (*née* A'Beckett) sends in several pleasing views of Gippsland scenery, and we are glad to see she has not relaxed her artistic efforts since her recent marriage.

Mr. Malcolm A. Campbell has, as usual, a scene from Williamstown, and has also a nice bit entitled "Moonlight," 59.

The water-colour drawings number some seventy-seven. Mr. J. W. Curtis has three exquisite cabinet bits—175, 176, 177; they are all glimpses of bush scenery in which

he is well known to excel, and certainly form a decided addition to the collection. The tramps by the fire, with the swamp, gums, and hot lurid sky, are graphically delineated, and the artist has the rare gift of making a lovely painting out of the simplest incidents, added to a fidelity to Nature not always seen on such occasions.

Mrs. George Parsons is as industrious as ever, sending in no less than ten pictures, the subjects taken from New Zealand, Marysville, Narbethong, Tasmania, etc., No. 166 and 171 being particularly good. This lady is always more successful in water-colour drawings than in any other style; 141, "Evening at Hepburn," is also a very nice bit.

Mr. G. W. Foster exhibits his usual artistic power in 159, "Slip at Williamstown," which has a good deal of clever work in it.

Mr. M. A. Campbell shows "Camomile Flowers," 165, which is very pleasingly treated; the subject seems a favourite one this season, as Mr. James Robertson has chosen the same at Kew.

The former Secretary—Mr. F. B. Gibbes—forwards six exhibits, a very pretty one being "A Peep Through the Sandhills near Point Lonsdale," 173; he also shows views of New Zealand scenery—167 and 108—and two from Tasmania—122 and 106. The latter is an exceedingly interesting painting, the artist having chosen a very singular subject at Eaglehawk, "A Natural Pavement," which almost looks as if laid down by human hands. Upon the opening day, Mr. F. B. Gibbes was congratulated by one of the visitors at the exhibition upon the great accuracy of the scene, which he instantly recognised. The atmospheric effects are very cleverly treated.

Four charming English views are shown by Felix Werry; 104, "River Lea, Broomfield," is one of those calm, lovely views so familiar and dear to all belonging to the old country; 121 shows a quaint Cornish country road; 123, "A Sketch on the Lea at Flood-time," and 125, a delightful bit of "Epping Forest in the Sunlight," the tones of which are exceedingly mellow and true to nature.

Mr. R. W. Bugg displays his usual refined style in his eight paintings, and is evidently making rapid strides in his profession, where he will doubtless gain a foremost place amongst our colonial water-colour artists.

The head master of St. James' Grammar School, Mr. J. Murray, sends in a capital bit of work which, though perhaps not exactly of the class of exhibits generally admitted at the academy, is yet so exceedingly good that one is glad to see it upon the walls. The subject is some shells in crayon, enlarged from nature, and is executed with great softness and accuracy.

An extremely clever view of "Winter Travelling in New Zealand," 139, is forwarded by Mr. Robert Thwaites, and Mr. C. D. Richardson has an exquisite bit, "Solitude," 150.

Some good designs for coffee palaces in Collins and King Streets, 147 and 148, are the work of Mr. de Lacy Evans, and Mr. Mather shows a very effective scene in 156, "Cast-away."

The gem of the water colours is, without doubt, J. Varley's "Street in Morocco," 113, which is a wonderful specimen of that great artist's power. Altogether, those interested in the Academy cannot but be well pleased at the Exhibition, and it is to be hoped that its dark days are over, as we have, we believe, already alluded to the promise made by the Premier to interest his colleagues on the subject.

Since our description of the exhibition by Mr. Folingsby's students, sixteen drawings in black and white have been added to it, and, we are informed, are to be forwarded to the Colonial and Indian Exhibition as specimens of the studies from life and the antique, by Mr. M'Cubbin (formerly a student, but at present assistant drawing master in the gallery), and six other of the most promising pupils.

MUSIC.

By E. A. C.

Musical Society is the title of a new monthly journal brought out by Messrs. Morley and Co. Some "eminent writers" are said to be on the list of contributors.

A child of eighteen months old is mentioned as the youngest performer on the London boards. It appears at nine every evening in the last act of "My Sweetheart," now being played at the Strand, and takes part in a baby song—half-an-hour later sees the little one again safe in bed. It is the fourteenth child of a working gun-maker in Edinburgh, and is said to earn more from its nightly efforts than its poor father does during the week! No good, however, can possibly result to the child from such an unhealthy state of things, though every care is alleged to be taken of it.

Miss B. Grosvenor Gooch has been awarded the "Maybrick Prize" for ballad singing, given by Trinity College, London.

At a musical lecture, "The Life and Character of Mendelssohn," delivered recently by Mr. F. G. Edwards, organist of St. John's Wood Presbyterian Church, the son-in-law and one of the grand-daughters of the composer were amongst the audience.

A Practical School of Music for Ladies has been started at King's College, London; lessons on the pianoforte, violoncello, violin, and singing will all be given. The plan is to be tried during the present term.

The Broadstairs Convalescent Home for sick children has issued an urgent request for £25, in order to enable them to start a "Choristers Cot."

A musical competition has been recently held, the prizes for which were given for the most suitable Whitsuntide hymn-tunes. The competition was in connection with the Manchester Sunday School Union. W. Spark, Mus. D., F.C.O., of Leeds, gained the first prize, the second being awarded to Adam Watson, Head Master of the Township Schools, Sale, Cheshire.

Drs. Hopkins, Longhurst, and Lott have received the degree of Mus. D., *honoris causa*, from the University of Trinity College, Toronto.

Messrs. W. E. Hill and Sons have become the fortunate possessors of the "Helier Stradi-

varius Violin;" it is one of the inlaid kind, and is considered nearly the most perfect of the maker's works. Only twelve are known to exist—indeed, some say not so many. It is to be regretted that a few years since, the original letter of Stradivarius, containing the price he received for it (£40), was lost. The date of the violin is 1679, and was bought in 1734, from the maker, by Sir Samuel Helier, and Messrs. Hill and Sons are the *third* owners of this musical treasure. The exhibition of ancient musical instruments, held in 1872 at South Kensington, was the first time it was shown in public.

The death is announced of Amilcare Ponchielli, on the 16th January. Italians thought highly of him, regarding him as the probable successor of Verdi. He was best known in England by his "Gioconda," which appeared in 1883, at Covent Garden.

It is proposed to erect a monument over the grave of Joseph Maas, and found a scholarship (to bear his name) in one of the English Musical Academies. There is no doubt but that large subscriptions will be sent in reply to the circular on the subject. Joseph Maas was for some time a pupil of Mrs. Galton, eldest sister of Louisa Pyne, at whose concerts, later on, he sang as a boy-treble. More than a thousand people assembled at the cemetery at West Hampton, on the day of the funeral. He was a truly charitable man, and his benevolent actions were numerous. His friends say, "His life was entirely blameless, all his actions were above board, and he took the most generous view of men and things. In private life he was greatly beloved."

A series of historical concerts is to be given at the Museum of Milan, and at the same time an exhibition of antique musical instruments will be thrown open to the public of that city.

It is said that Verdi does not intend his new work, "Iago," to be brought out in public, giving as his reason that he has simply written it for his personal enjoyment. A few friends of the *maestro* have seen the complete score. This news may be incorrect, as it is asserted in Paris that the opera will be

brought out this season, whilst it is also announced that it will not be heard until 1887, when it will be produced at La Scala, Milan.

The very intimate friend of Richard Wagner (well known in former days as a grand operatic tenor) died in his eightieth year at Dresden, on the 19th of January last. Joseph Aloys Tichatscheck was the ideal Tannhauser of Wagner's great composition. He had been an invalid for many years, and had received a pension from the Dresden Opera since 1870.

An electric whistle is in future to succeed the oboe, which has hitherto been used as the signal for the tuning of instruments of the orchestra of the Dresden Hof-Theater, and the French standard diapason is also to be introduced there.

The house at Coblenz in which Henrietta Sontag was born is to have a commemorative tablet placed against it, and Frederick Schneider, composer of oratorio works, (the centenary of whose birth was commemorated on the 3rd January), is also to have a monument erected at his birth-place, Dessau.

Herr Albert Becker, famous for his compositions of sacred music, composed a "Salvum fac regem," which was rendered at the *Garnison-Kirche*, Berlin, on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Kaiser's accession to the throne of Prussia.

The musical director of the Heidelberg University, Herr Wolfrum, has been chosen as the conductor of the newly-formed "Bach Society," which intends specially cultivating the compositions of that master.

An extremely good portrait of Paganini has just been issued by Carl Simon, of Berlin, taken from an original drawing belonging to Herr Rudolph Perschky.

Herr Buff has taken the name of "Gissen" as his *nom de Théâtre*.

A great-grandson of the prototype of "Charlotte" in Goethe's "Werther," has just made a most successful appearance as a tenor at the Dresden Hof-Theatre.

A work entitled "La opera española y la musica dramática en España," has just appeared; it is written in an interesting style by Señor Pena y Goni, the Spanish musical *savant*.

Messrs. Patey and Willis have issued a very pretty and rather uncommon song called "the Antiquary," and "Hidden Jewels" is a charming composition of a higher class, published by the same firm.

Paul Baudry, the well-known painter, died lately at Paris; his beautiful decorations of many parts of the Grand Opéra in that city need not be described.

Two new literary efforts have recently appeared in Paris: an "Encyclopædia of Science, Art, and Literature" (Monsieur Henri Lavoix contributing the musical notices), and a fortnightly journal called "Revue d'Art Dramatique," edited by M. Edmond Stoulig.

Herr Robert Fuchs has composed a symphony which has this year obtained the Beethoven Prize of the Vienna *Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde*.

The Council of the Society of Arts are going to adopt the French Normal Diapason, C=517.3 in lieu of C=528.

The Vocalion (which is something similar in effect to a pipe organ and, being combined with the size and cheapness of an "American," will doubtless become very popular) was introduced to the public on the 26th February, through the medium of a *Soirée d'Invitation*, which was given by the Marquis of Lorne. The instrument was invented by Mr. Baillie Hamilton.

The scale of charges for admittance at the Gloucester Festival has been lowered in many ways, and the more distant portion of the Cathedral will be opened at the low rate of one shilling. This will be a great boon to the public, as the music can be perfectly heard in that direction.

It is said that a pianist in St. Petersburg, who was well known in several of the most popular concert-rooms, and was earning a good income, was so broken down by his labours that he was pronounced to be in a rapid consumption. As a last hope, he consulted the Czar's body-physician, who told him to spend his days in the open air, sleep in a stable, and drink mare's milk. He at once obeyed the directions, hired himself out as a driver of the national vehicle, the droshky, and is now once more in perfect health. To keep up his musical talent he practises daily (whilst his horse is being fed) on a cottage piano, which is kept in his stable.

Several letters of Richard Wagner have been recently published for the first time; amongst the subjects mentioned are the erection of the Beyrout Theatre, the history of the foundation of the "Festspiele," etc. The critique on his first symphony (in 1833) has been "unearthed" by the *Monatshefte für Musikgeschichte*, and contains the following sentence:—"The new symphony of the youthful R. Wagner (barely twenty) was, with the exception of its second movement, most favourably received, as indeed it deserves to be. That which Herr Wagner already possesses cannot be *acquired* at all, since it must be born within the soul."

Herr Natter, the Austrian sculptor, is completing a statue of Joseph Haydn, which is to be placed this month (May) in the Esterhazy-gardens, in Vienna.

The following paragraph shows the Rev. Mr. Haweis in a rather conceited light:—"In those days it was of more or less advantage to me to get the editors to look at what I sent them. *Now* I do not care so much. They are *obliged* to read what I send them." No wonder that it is added—"Pity the poor editors who are *obliged to read* what the Rev. Mr. Haweis sends them!"

A singular anecdote is related about a manuscript of a complete, fully-scored opera, of which libretto and music were apparently by the same hand. It was found in a carriage of the express train between Venice and Bologna, but there was no name to indicate the composer, and no one has yet claimed it from the police. It is said to be a very meritorious work.

A most sensational arrangement has been made by Herr Munkacsy, who has had Mozart's "Requiem" played whilst exhibiting in Paris his latest painting, which represents

that composer listening to it in his dying moments.

The "Sleeping Beauty" and "Language of the Flowers," by F. H. Cowen, is announced for production in Paris, and his "Scandinavian" Symphony at Liège.

Owing to the immense demand for tickets on the occasion of the performance of Beethoven's ninth Symphony at Königsberg, it was given four times in one week.

On 13th July a Grand National Temperance fête in connection with the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, is to be held at the Crystal Palace. Dr. Stainer is to be judge in the choir contest.

The opera "Hérodiade," by Monsieur Massenet, has met with great opposition from the Archbishop of Lyons, who, in a letter to the former, declares it to be both a "travesty of the personality of St. John the Baptist, and the perversion of Biblical history."

A fortnightly journal has recently appeared which is likely to commend itself to young students; both vocal and pianoforte numbers appear in each issue. The *Musikalische Fugendt-post* is published at Cologne (P. J. Tonger.)

A practice which it is to be hoped will not become customary at public competitions in music or any other branch, took place some time since at Buckhurst Hill, where it is asserted that the occupants of the reserved seats "assisted" the judges in their decision. The unfairness of such a measure scarcely needs comment.

It is said that Balfe always worked out his ideas on a white porcelain slate ruled with the staves in red lines. This memento became the property of Mr. H. J. St. Leger, and the last musical thought of the composer was found upon it.

The French version of Wagner's drama, "Trestau und Isoldi," by Monsieur Victor Wilder is now in the press.

A monument is about to be raised at Königsberg to Carl Lörve; his works are now greatly in favour in concerts held in Germany.

It is mentioned that a dividend of thirty-two per cent. has been paid on account of the *Alhambra*. It has therefore been suggested that a statue of Terpsichore should replace that of Shakspeare, which is at present in front of the building!

A new symphony in E minor has been composed by Johannes Brahms; the key is one that has never been used for such a composition by Schubert, Mozart, Schumann, Mendelssohn, or Beethoven. The Austrian papers speak highly of its merits.

The death is announced of the Conservator of Musical Instruments at the Conservatoire, Paris. It occurred on 30th January. Monsieur Choquet was born at Havre in 1819.

The English papers mention the founding of the first chair of music in an Australian colony (Adelaide), and Mr. J. Ives having been appointed the first Professor of Music. As yet forty-two students have given in their names, and sixteen out of eighteen candidates passed the first examination for the degree of Mus. Bac. Both Sir H. Robinson and Sir Thomas Elder have been indefatigable in their efforts to make the attempt a success.

The musical critics in that colony seem to have peculiar notions, as, in one notice, it was said that the *choir* rendered the solo, "He was despised," in admirable style, and that the "Magnificat" was well sung at the *morn-ing* service! The other remarks were equally absurd.

Franz Liszt has written to the *Times* in the following words:—"I come to London as a *guest*; Bülow, Saint-Saëns, Rubinstein, and Walter Bache, play my compositions much better than my dilapidated self." The artist is seventy-five years of age.

Mr. A. Walker, of Brighton, and Mr. W. H. Hunt, of Birkenhead, have just received the first degrees of Doctor of Music, given by the University of London.

There is to be a large musical festival held next month in Toronto; "Israel in Egypt," and Gounod's "Mors et Vita," will be rendered. The choir will number 1000 voices, and the United States will furnish the orchestra with some of its best players. Over \$5000 has been raised as a guarantee fund against loss.

It is asserted that every twelvemonth the Italian theatres bring out, on an average, sixty new operatic works, whilst in Portugal such an event is of very rare occurrence.

Amongst those who invited Liszt to be their guest, were the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London. A reception was given to him at the Royal Academy of Music, when a concert with full orchestra was held, and previous to the overture the famous composer ascended the platform and played two of his own pieces, much to the delight of the students. He was also presented with a floral lyre, decorated with ribbons of his own national colours. During the reception Sir George Macfarren received a cheque for £1000, intended to found a Liszt scholarship at the Academy. It is forty-five years since the Abbé was in England.

A work entitled "Musical Life" is now in the press. The authoress, Mrs. Oscar Beringer, has made Liszt one of her principal characters, and has dedicated the book to him.

A Tonic Sol-Fa festival and choral competition is to take place on 5th June at the Crystal Palace, Dr. Bridge being one of the judges.

The annual report for 1885 of the Kyrle Society mentions that several performances of sacred music have been given without charge.

The new series of the present oldest musical journal was issued at a lower price on the 2nd January last. It is much enlarged since Mr. Hueffer has undertaken the editorship. The *Musical World* was established in 1836 by Mr. J. A. Novello.

Musical Society is a new monthly published by Messrs. W. Morley and Co., and several well known in the musical world contribute to it.

On the 6th February was held the seventh annual dinner of the South London Musical Club, Sir George Grove, D.L.L., Principal of the Royal College of Music, was in the chair, and, in his speech, said that he had never received a musical education, as it was

proposed to bring him up as an engineer ; it was when he was secretary to the Crystal Palace Company that he began to write the analytical remarks on the programmes of the Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts, and he was glad to learn that they had been of use to many amateurs, as he had written purposely for their instruction.

Great preparations are said to be going on for the German festival that has been announced for performance in July at Milwaukee ; the cantata "Columbus" will be rendered at it. Our readers may remember that the Festival Association offered a prize of \$1000 for

such a composition, and that it was gained by Herr Brambach, of Bonn.

"Music Study in Germany" by Miss Fay, is said to be a charming work, and well worth perusal.

At the last open monthly meeting of the session of "The Sette of Odd Volumes," an instructive paper by Mr. Burnham Horner was read on "Old Organ Music," containing a *résumé* of the lives of composers of music for that instrument, principally in the last century, and dealing with the improvements from time to time and the changes in the music adapted to its use.

L I T E R A T U R E.

By "Gleaner."

The famous old book, Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," one of our great store-houses of learning, is to be issued in the form of a choice three-volume edition by Mr. J. C. Nimmo, of Edinburgh.

Mr. A. Gardner, of Paisley, has just published "The King's Quhair," written by James I., King of Scotland. It is a quaint and remarkable book, and has been translated into English by Mr. W. McKean.

The series of wonderfully cheap and excellent volumes now being published by Messrs. Cassell and Co., under the general title of Cassell's National Library, is meeting with general approval. Already a considerable number of volumes have been issued, and the price places them within the reach of all.

Messrs. Routledge and Co., of London, are publishing a series of admirable volumes under the general title of the World's Library. Of this series we have seen only two volumes, namely, Auster's translation of Goethe's "Faust," and Mr. Allen's finely written "Life of Nelson." These volumes, like those published in Cassell's National Library, may be purchased for threepence each unbound, or sixpence neatly bound in cloth.

Not to be beat by other publishers, Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co. have commenced the issue of a series of standard works under the title of the "New Popular Library." The first issue, Emerson's Essays, is noticed elsewhere. Other volumes, including Macaulay's Essays, Longfellow's "Voices of the Night," and Plutarch's "Lives of Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar, and Pompey" are already published. The whole get-up of the volumes is excellent, and the price is only threepence each, or sixpence handsomely bound in cloth.

Messrs. T. Y. Crowell and Co., of New York, have just published "Anna Karenina," by Count Leo Tolstoi, translated complete from the Russian by Mr. N. H. Dole. It is Count Tolstoi's latest, and said to be his greatest, work of fiction.

The series of able and important articles by the Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, which appeared

recently in the New York *Christian Union* under the name of "Aids to Faith," have been revised by the author, and are now published in book form under the title "In Aid of Faith." The articles, as they appeared weekly, attracted considerable attention, and from personal knowledge of their value we commend the volume to the attention of thoughtful readers. The small volume is published by Messrs. E. P. Dutton and Co., New York, and may be easily obtained through any Melbourne bookseller.

The venerable American poet Whittier has chosen as the title of his new volume of poetry "Saint Gregory's Guest and Recent Poems." The volume includes the poems written since 1883.

Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons announce for immediate publication a volume entitled "Persia, the Land of the Imans." The author, Rev. James Bassett, was for many years a missionary of the Presbyterian Church in Persia, and traversed the length and breadth of the land, making a close study of the country and of the people.

The same publishers announce as ready a volume by Mr. Andrew Carnegie, entitled "Triumphant Democracy." The announcement naturally excited a good deal of curiosity.

The Hon. Roden Noel, author of "Livingstone in Africa" and other excellent volumes, has a new work in the press. The title is "Essays on Poetry and Poets." One of the essays is devoted to the poetry of Mr. Robert Buchanan.

Mr. Martin F. Tupper, the poet, has just completed his autobiography. He has made a book of nearly 500 octavo pages, reviewing every detail of his life.

A monthly magazine, entitled *The Path*, is soon to be started in New York, devoted to the interests of Theosophy. This periodical will have the benefit of the support of the Aryan Theosophical Society of New York. *The Path* will contain articles on Buddhism, Occultism, Sanscrit literature, the Jewish

Kaballah, and Theosophy, by Brahmins and students of Eastern wisdom.

Professor Schaff, the well-known expositor and ecclesiastical historian, has recently published a small volume of great interest. It contains biographies of three kindred spirits, who, though lying widely apart in the history of the world and in the Church of Christ, flow together happily in such a biography, and conspire to produce an inspiring impression. The three are Augustine, Melancthon, and Neander.

The Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge announces the purpose of publishing a series of new original novels by well-known writers. The books will be printed on good paper at a penny each. The first two authors secured are Mr. Farjeon and the Rev. Baring Gould.

We have rarely seen a more beautiful or attractive little book than "My Friends' Birthdays," just published by Mr. J. E. Hawkins, of London, and on sale at Mr. M. L. Hutchinson's, Collins Street. Each page is embellished with a chaste design in colours, and contains four passages of Scripture, with a date, and space between for inserting the name of a friend. The book is published at a moderate price, and neatly bound. It is every way a gem.

"Medical Missions: Their Place and Power" is the title of a volume announced as ready for publication by Mr. T. F. Unwin, of London. The author is the Rev. John Lowe, secretary of the Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society. The volume will contain an introduction by Sir William Muir.

Mr. T. F. Unwin will publish shortly a "Memoir of Ole Bull, the Famous Norwegian Violinist." Besides a full biography the book will contain Ole Bull's "Violin Notes," and also reminiscences of Litz, Chopin, Wagner, Paganini, and other celebrities.

The Religious Tract Society has just issued a cheap edition of "Christie Redfern's Troubles," a book which had a large circulation when it was first published. It may now be obtained at Mr. Hutchinson's store for threepence. We read the first edition many years ago with great pleasure, and can give it a most hearty commendation. It is a story that will please alike the young and old.

"Bible Helps for Busy Men" is the title of a neat and useful little volume, obtainable at Mr. Hutchinson's store, Collins Street, at the moderate price of one shilling. The compiler, Mr. A. C. P. Coote, has evidently given much time and labour to his work, and has carefully arranged the texts of Scripture bearing upon special subjects. In our brief notes we cannot venture on quotation; we have examined the book and can see its value. To all students of the Bible it will be helpful. We may add that the little volume has reached a second edition.

Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier, of Edinburgh, who have for many years issued good and instructive books for the young, announce two new volumes. The first is entitled "Neil Wilcox," a story of Edinburgh in the days of Queen Marie, by Jessie McLaren; and the second is "Thomas Dry-

burgh's Dream," a story of the Sick Children's Hospital, by Annie S. Swan.

Messrs. Kegan, Paul, Trench and Co. announce the twentieth edition of Mr. Lewis Morris' "Epic of Hades," and the fifth edition of his last work, "Songs Unsung."

Mr. Elliot Stock announces a second edition of "The Wit and Humour of Life," by the late Rev. Dr. Standford.

The Council of the London Chamber of Commerce offer a prize of £50 for the best essay on the means whereby Imperial Federation can be practically carried into effect. Essays are to be sent in by 31st August.

It is in contemplation to publish a collected edition of the writings of Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Mr. M. W. Rossetti will edit the volumes.

In the volume of the Encyclopædia Britannica just published, among many important articles, two are likely to excite much interest, especially among theologians, namely, "Psalms," by Professor Robertson Smith, and "Religions," by Professor C. P. Tiele, of Leyden.

During the last year fifty-one grants, amounting to £2265, were made to authors from the Royal Literary Fund. The grants ranged from £10 to £120, and were distributed among thirty-five men and sixteen women.

Mr. Elliot Stock, of London, announces that he will publish shortly a volume entitled "Our Forefathers in the Dark Ages." The author is Mr. R. G. Blunt.

Messrs. S. W. Partridge and Co., of London, have just published a beautiful and interesting volume, entitled "Queen Victoria: Scenes and Incidents of Her Life and Reign." The writer, Mr. T. F. Bull, does not profess to give a full history of the Queen, but a selection of facts and circumstances; his object being to give his readers "some personal idea of the illustrious lady who rules over our island home." The volume is divided into twenty-one chapters. The first gives an account of the old palace at Kensington, and the last is filled with anecdotes nearly all well known. The volume is well printed, strongly bound in ornamental cloth, and profusely illustrated. Many of the illustrations—of which there are eighty-eight—are good. The book is well suited for young people, to whom it will be an acceptable present, and it might be well for Sunday school teachers to place it in any school library. The volume is on sale by Mr. Hutchinson, Collins Street, at the moderate price of two shillings and sixpence.

Messrs. Kegan, Paul, and Co. have just issued, in two large and handsome volumes, the long-expected "Life of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow." The volumes are occupied by the poet's own letters and journal, and the editor, Samuel Longfellow, having abundant material at his command has used it with wisdom and care. To the admirers of the departed poet the biography will afford much delightful reading.

Messrs. James Clarke and Co., of London, have just published a new story by Mrs. Amelia E. Barr, whose previous volume, "Jan Vedder's Wife," attracted much attention, was highly commended by reviewers,

and has attained a wide circulation. The title of the new volume is "A Daughter of Fife." We have read every page of the volume with pleasure. The story from beginning to end is interesting. The principal characters—Maggie Promoter, and her brother David, Allan Campbell, and his cousin Mary—are capitably unfolded. To readers who can understand the dialect of "auld Scotland" there are bits in the book that will specially delight, but few who commence reading the story will be inclined to lay the volume down until they reach the close. We heartily commend "A Daughter of Fife" to our readers. The volume is published at three shillings and sixpence, and is on sale at Mr. Hutchinson's, Collins Street West.

Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co., London, have commenced the publication of a series of volumes under the general title of "Literary Treasures." The volumes are published weekly, and already about a dozen have been issued. We have received from Mr. Hutchinson the first of the series, a volume containing Ralph Waldo Emerson's "Representative Men and English Traits." One hundred and fifty-six closely-printed columns, nicely bound in ornamental cloth, and published at sixpence. No man need fail to secure a large store of first-class books for a few shillings.

Mr. M. L. Hutchinson, of Collins Street West, has just published a small, beautifully got-up volume, entitled "Wreaths of Love: or, Musings from the Manse." The author, the Rev. Alexander McNicol, has been for upwards of thirty years an earnest, hard-working, and esteemed minister of the Presbyterian Church in Victoria. Amid the pressure of other duties, Mr. McNicol employed brief seasons of rest in writing verse, expressing his thoughts on various Scripture subjects. Through infirm health the once laborious country pastor has for a considerable time been laid aside from pastoral work, and has employed himself pleasantly in adding to his store of poetic manuscripts. Many friends having expressed an earnest desire that he should publish a selection of his poems, Mr. McNicol has issued this volume. The subjects are, for the most part, scriptural, and are treated in a very simple and pleasing style. Many of the pieces selected for publication were intended for particular families and individuals, and must have been very acceptable to the parties, and many young readers, we may hope, will be delighted and profited by the "Musings from the Manse." The author himself acknowledges that he is "no poet born," but he can rhyme generally well. In our brief notes we can give no quotations. The volume of over 300 pages is nicely printed, handsomely bound, and worthy of a place in any school or family library. We trust that a large sale will cheer the heart of the old minister.

The Australian denominational magazines for May are all good average numbers. The *Presbyterian Monthly*, published by Messrs. William Inglis and Co., contains a large amount of religious intelligence and a great variety of interesting and instructive reading. The "Current Notes" deal with many topics,

and are well written. The readings from the American papers and magazines are instructive and well selected, and all the other departments of the journal, original or selected, are well worth reading. The editor knows what will gratify young people, and is careful to provide for them a good supply of interesting reading. The frontispiece of the number is a portrait of an old pioneer, the venerable Dr. Nicholson, of Hobart. The journal reflects credit on all connected with it, but it can never remunerate the publishers unless it attain a great circulation.

The *Victorian Freeman* contains a large amount of denominational intelligence, and a number of well-selected articles. To many readers the most interesting papers in the number will be those referring to the funeral of the late venerable Isaac New, and the death of Hugh Stowell Brown, of Liverpool. The editor is careful to provide for the young. The magazine would be greatly improved if the editor were more fully aided by his brethren in the ministry of the denomination.

In the *Victorian Independent* a large share is given to a record of the proceedings at the half-yearly meetings of the Congregational Union at Kyneton. The excellent address of the chairman, Rev. William Allen, is fully reported, and the thoughtful sermon delivered by the Rev. J. H. Toms on "The Church according to the New Testament Ideal" is also given, we believe, verbatim. The journal contains, besides the usual amount of denominational intelligence, a great variety of original and selected articles, poetry, and book notices. The editorial notes are numerous and well written. The magazine is every way worthy of the denomination, and deserves to be well sustained.

The *Australian Standard* contains a full report of the Annual Conference of the Churches of Christ in Victoria, held at the close of April in Melbourne. The report and the statistical tables must be gratifying to the members of the denomination, as they show progress in every department. The usual amount of varied and instructive reading is given in the present number. The editors seem to have an abundance of able and willing contributors. This is encouraging, and will tend to the success and circulation of this well-edited and cheap monthly journal. Paper of better quality would add to the beauty of the *Standard*.

The April number of *The Nineteenth Century* has a great variety of excellent and instructive articles. The initial paper is a continuation of Professor Huxley's discussion of "The Evolution of Theology." It is a very able and interesting paper, and will be found worthy even of the attention of those who have no sympathy with the opinions of the learned writer. The articles on "Thrift among the Children," and "Three Attempts to Rule Ireland Justly," contain a large amount of information, and though the subjects of which they treat are widely different, both are worthy of consideration. We may commend to the attention of the admirers of Goethe, Professor Blackie's fine article on Sir Theodore Martin's translation of the second

part of "Faust." It gives an analysis of the poem or tragedy, and offers some critical remarks; the last part of the article is enriched by a few choice quotations. Mr. Herbert Spencer contributes a long article on "The Factors of Organic Evolution." It is solid and rather heavy reading, but contains much that is interesting, and will afford pleasure to such as prize something that requires earnest attention to understand. The other articles in the number do not require any special mention.

In the April number of the *English Illustrated Magazine* two serial stories are commenced. The first, "My Friend Jim," is written by Mr. W. E. Norris, and the second, "The Unequal Yoke," by a writer whose name is not given. The introductory chapters are well written and the stories interesting. Mr. E. A. Parry contributes a complete story entitled, "Dorothy Osborne." "The London Charterhouse" is the title of a fine historical and biographical article, giving an account of the famous old Carthusian monastery, its founders, and the various changes it has experienced. "A North-Country Fishing Town" is a nice bit of reading, and abounds in descriptive sketches. Both articles are profusely illustrated. The gem of the number is the reprint from Addison's *Spectator* of "A Country Sunday." The illustrations are excellent, especially the engravings of the old country church, the weekly instruction in the tunes of the Psalms, and Sir Roger de Coverley standing up to count the congregation. The poetical contributions are, as usual, good. "The Statue in the Sea Wood" is very beautiful, and tells of one who

"In this Sea Wood sits alone,
By men forgotten and unknown,
A soul struck suddenly to stone."

"The Flood of is in Brittany" is full of power, and tells in an impressive manner a story of sorrow and death.

A very large portion of the April number of *Longman's Magazine* is devoted to fiction. Mr. Walter Besant contributes several chapters of his novel, "The Children of Gibeon." Mr. W. E. Norris gives us a complete and very good story, entitled, "A Diplomatic Victory," and Mr. Charlton Adams supplies a story about fishing in the Shannon, entitled, "A Shannon Forty-Pounder." The article entitled "At Head-Quarters" gives a long and interesting account of a Free Church of England orphanage in Randolph Gardens, in the East of London. The article abounds in valuable information. Mr. Andrew Lang's contributions under the title of "At the Sign of the Ship" are, as usual, varied, good, instructive, and amusing. We should like to give one of Mr. Lang's poetic contributions without abridgment, but space forbids, and a part must suffice. It is entitled "Ballade of the Southern Cross." The lines refer to Australia. Mr. Lang admits that the old lands must dwindle and decrease, and then adds, "We shall not perish unconsolated."

"Nay, still shall Freedom keep her hold,
Within the Sea's inviolate force,
And boast her sons of English mould,
In Islands of the Southern Cross!"
* * * *

"Britannia, when thy hearth is cold,
When o'er thy grave has grown the moss,
Still Rule Australia shall be trolled
In Islands of the Southern Cross."

The April number of *The Andover Review* contains many valuable papers suited to the tastes of various classes of readers. To those who are interested in present day topics, the article on "The Spiritual Problem of the Manufacturing Town," by Dr. W. W. Adams, will be found full of instruction. Theologians will read with pleasure and profit the Rev. J. M. Hark's article on "The Rite of Blood-Covenanting and the Doctrine of Atonement." Many will find much that is of great interest in the article by Dr. W. C. Langdon on "The Possibilities of Religious Reform in Italy." Clergymen of all denominations will be sure to derive much instruction from the thoughtful and suggestive editorial article on "The Bible a theme for the Pulpit." We earnestly wish we had the opportunity of reprinting this article unabridged. It is full of wise and weighty utterances. Under the heading of Theological and Religious Intelligence much valuable information is given respecting the Turkish Empire and Persia. The department devoted to Biblical and historical criticism contains a review of the "Didache" in relation to other writings, and an article on the last chapter of "The Teaching of the Twelve Apostles," illustrated from passages in the early Christian Fathers. A considerable space is devoted to reviews and notices of new books in various departments of literature. This ably conducted review, we fear, is not widely known in Victoria. We venture to commend it to the attention of ministers of all denominations, and assure them they will find in it monthly a store of good things.

The lovers of fiction will find in the April number of *Harper's Magazine* enough to satisfy and gratify. In addition to the serial "East Angels," and another beautiful story by the late Mrs. H. H. Jackson, two new novels are commenced by well-known and popular English writers, namely, "Springhaven," by Mr. R. D. Blackmore, and "King Arthur," by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." Among the other contents of the number may be named "Their Pilgrimage," a finely-written article by Mr. C. D. Warner, which is profusely illustrated. "Neapolitan Sketches," by Miss M. Vandyne, and the continuation of "She Stoops to Conquer." All the other departments of the magazine are as usual crowded with interesting and instructive reading. The frontispiece, "The Fair Vale of Springhaven," is a beautiful engraving.

In the April number of *The Century Illustrated Magazine* the serial stories, "The Minister's Charge," and "John Bodewin's Testimony," are continued. A large space is devoted to the war articles, of which "Life on the 'Alabama'" is most likely to interest many readers. Among numerous other articles may be named as worthy of special attention, "Christianity and Popular Education," by the Rev. Washington Gladden; "Strikes, Lock-outs, and Arbitration," by G. M. Powell; and "Glimpses of Longfellow in Social Life,"

by Mrs. Annie Fields. A great variety of other topics are discussed in the April number. The illustrations are very numerous and generally good, and include a fine portrait of Henry W. Longfellow.

The *North American Review* for April is occupied entirely with articles referring to American subjects with two exceptions. Madame Adam gives a long and interesting account of "Gambetta's Electoral Tour," and Amrita Lal Roy contributes a long article on "English Rule in India." The spirit and object of the article will be apparent from the following sentences:—"India has given to England wealth and fame; England has brought upon India penury and shame. Instead of being a means of civilisation, English rule in India is almost an excuse to keep up barbarism in the nineteenth century." The

most interesting paper in the number is that which is made up of extracts from the Arctic journal of Dr. Octave Pavy, who was medical officer in the Greely expedition. The article on "The Progress of Kansas" is a record of amazing progress and prosperity during a period of about twenty years. Some of the statistics are remarkable. In 1865 the population of the State was 140,179, in 1886 it is 1,350,000. The farmers of Kansas have produced, in twenty years, crops the value of which aggregates the enormous sum of £192,600,000. In 1860 the State had twenty-seven newspapers, and in 1885 the number had increased to 581. During the same period the churches have grown in number from ninety-seven to 3115. Other articles call for no special notice. A few of the "Notes and Comments" are good.

CURRENT EVENTS.

By E. A. C.

The sixth annual *Conversazione* of the Field Naturalists' Club was held at the Royal Society's Hall, on the evening of the 20th April, and was largely attended by members, their friends, and visitors. The annual address was delivered by the president, the Rev. J. J. Halley, at a quarter past eight o'clock, in which he spoke of the papers read, the work the club had done the past year, its growing popularity, success, etc.; he also called the attention of his hearers to the soothing influence the study of natural science had on the minds of care-worn and wearied citizens, and touched upon the new worlds the microscope and telescope had revealed. A few remarks were then made by Baron von Mueller, Government Botanist, and the Rev. Mr. Cresswell, of St. John's, Camberwell. An illustrated lecture was afterwards given by Mr. C. A. Topp, M.A., superintendent of the Government Training Institute, and was listened to with marked attention, the subject chosen being "An Old Rail." In the intervals between the address and lecture, and at the conclusion of the latter, the numerous visitors closely inspected the vast collection of exhibits in the different rooms. Amongst the principal exhibitors were Mr. D. Best, who showed eight cases of Victorian Coleoptera or Beetles, and one of Australian Wasps, Bees, etc. Mr. J. E. Sherrard, the courteous and obliging director of the Aquarium, furnished two Saltwater Aquaria stocked with Sea-Porcupine, Hermit Crab, Cow Fish, Leather Jacket, Zebra Fish, etc., which were constantly surrounded by groups of wondering and admiring visitors. Mr. Barnard, the indefatigable secretary of the club, forwarded living ferns in fine condition, and insects set with his usual skill and care—this gentleman also showed an interesting collection of autographs

of eminent scientists. Miss Campbell, of South Yarra, exhibited no less than 350 specimens of Australian woods, besides Japanese fossil woods, lichens, British plants, etc. Mr. Caire, some beautifully-executed and mounted photographs of Victorian scenery; Mr. Campbell, of Armadale, several charmingly-arranged groups of Australian birds, male and female; the "sun birds" and *swallow dicæums*, having beside them their purse-like nests, and the "satin bower bird" its bower. Mr. Coles exhibited European and Australian birds, shells, etc.; Mr. Coghill, orchids in bloom; Mr. Dattari, exotic insects and dried ferns; Mr. Dixon, Victorian birds' skins and insect-architecture, amongst which was that of the curious Queensland "trap-door spider." Mr. French, of the Botanic Museum, sent Australian and exotic beetles and lepidoptera with dried Victorian orchids; Masters C. and G. French, fossils and seeds. Mr. Frost, some British butterflies, scorpions, fossils, etc. Masters Hill, lepidoptera, shells, and coleoptera. Mr. Johnson, Victorian bird's skins. Mr. McKilbin, beetles and butterflies; Mr. Kershaw, Australian and exotic lepidoptera, and Dr. Lucas, a most extensive and unique collection of the former, ranging from the great "timber feeding moths" to the smallest species, not much larger than the horrid and much dreaded *pulex irritans*, unfortunately too common in Victoria. Dr. Lucas' Australian entomological collection is decidedly the best private one we have ever seen and does him great credit for the untiring skill and labour he has bestowed upon it, and none could have failed to be delighted with the gorgeous hues of his Queensland butterflies. Mr. T. A. Forbes Leith (vice-president), exhibited birds from all the five divisions of the world, and his paradise birds from New Guinea

and the Aru Isles, his bower birds and the rare wingless and tailless Mantelli Apteryx of New Zealand, were greatly admired and examined with wonder. The success of the entertainment and its artistic arrangements were mainly due to the kindly superintendence of this gentleman. Mr. A. H. S. Lucas, M.A., B.S., of Trinity and Wesley Colleges, showed a fine collection of Victorian horny sponges, the cup ones exciting much attraction, some visitors still doubting whether sponges belong to the animal or vegetable kingdom, or step in between the two. Mr. S. H. Wintle, F.L.S., forwarded Tasmanian tin stone, buroxide of tin, topazes (amongst which was his unique immense one which has created so much wonder and is being sent to England), also fossils, crystals, and microscopical preparations, fungi, etc. Mr. Worcester, a fine collection of several families of sea shells, and the Rev. C. Yelland, various objects of natural history; Mr. Thie, native weapons of Australia, South Seas, etc.; and Mr. Pitcher, dried ferns of Victoria. There were many other exhibits too numerous to mention, but which were quite worthy of the notice they received.

Visitors to the Aquarium will be pleased to find some valuable additions which have lately been made to the collection. They are some Siamese gold fish, whose peculiarity consists in the tail being half as long again as its body. The tail instead of laying vertically, is in a horizontal position. Beside these, are two

fighting ones, who well deserve their name, as no fish appears to intimidate them. They are said to be kept by the Princes of Siam for the purpose of sport. Mr. E. J. Sherrard, director of the Aquarium, has been fortunate enough to obtain all four from Mr. R. E. Minichier, of the Adelaide Zoological Gardens, by whom they were brought from Siam.

A new society is about to be formed by the students of Ormond College under the title of "Ormond College Literary and Debating Society." All members of the University, or of the affiliated colleges, will be admitted as members. The honorary president is, of course, Mr. Francis Ormond, M.L.C., and the president, the head-master of the College, Mr. J. H. Macfarlane.

A gift of five guineas has been given by Mr. F. Henty for the purpose of improving the grounds of "The Old Colonists' Home." The following gentlemen were recently chosen as members:—Messrs. P. Stevens, T. Peters, James Jeans, R. Pringle, J. Donaghy, M.L.A., W. H. Dardel, and T. Parker.

The Continental Concerts, to which we referred in last month's "Current Events" as perhaps likely to be continued through the winter, have, we think wisely, been closed for the season, the last having taken place on the 1st inst. Sir Henry and Lady Loch were present on the occasion, and a capital programme was carried out by Herr Siede's military orchestra.

REVIEW.

A SHORT HISTORY OF NAPOLEON THE FIRST. By John Robert Seeley, Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge. Melbourne: M. L. Hutchinson, Collins Street West.

This new volume by Professor Seeley is sure to be welcomed by a large class of readers. Though entitled only "A Short History of Napoleon," it is a valuable contribution to history, and every way worthy of the author of such valuable works as "The Expansion of England" and "The Life and Times of Stein." In a brief preface Professor Seeley states that he recently prepared for the "Encyclopædia Britannica" a life of Napoleon which extended to thirty-six pages, and that the substance of that article is incorporated in this volume. He adds that "The Life of Napoleon now given to the public is, if not absolutely short, yet, measured by the space allotted in it to each incident, almost as short as the obituary notices of a newspaper. It dismisses more than one great campaign with a sentence, more than one famous battle with a line." The author does not profess to give anything like a complete portraiture of the great French soldier and Emperor, but he has brought within the compass of a little over

300 pages a vast amount of information, and given thousands an opportunity of becoming familiar with the leading incidents in the eventful life of a wonderful man, whose time is so limited as to render the study of larger works well nigh impossible.

The volume is divided into two parts. In the first Professor Seeley notices the principal events in the career of Napoleon from his birth to his death; and in the second part, Napoleon's Place in History. Three chapters are devoted to the consideration of the following points:—1. How far Napoleon was favoured by circumstances; 2. How far Napoleon was shaped by circumstances; and, 3. What Napoleon was in himself. A brief outline of the contents of the volume and a few short quotations is all that our space will allow.

In the first chapter Professor Seeley tells us some interesting things respecting the ancestry of Napoleon. The family was of Tuscan origin. A branch of it was settled in Corsica at least as early as the sixteenth century. They had an ancient title of nobility from the Genoese republic, and Napoleon's grandfather obtained letters of nobility also from the Grand Duke of Tuscany. It is the accepted opinion

that Napoleon was born at Ajaccio on 15th August, 1769. Of the early life of the future Emperor of the French nation an interesting account is given, up to the time when he became a lieutenant of artillery in the service of Louis XVI. At this period, that is, between 1787 and 1791, he wrote a little, and of his writings it is said, "As the compositions of a boy they are indeed remarkable for their precocious seriousness; but what strikes the reader most in them is a sort of suppressed passion that marks the style—a fierce impatience, as if the writer knew already how much he had to get through in a short life."

After noticing what he names the Corsican period, that is from 1789 to 1795, in which many stirring incidents occurred, Professor Seeley passes on to the period when Napoleon joined the Army of Italy, and records the events that followed to the time of his marriage with Josephine de Beauharnais. On the day of his marriage he had already been appointed to the command of the Army of Italy. At this point his great European career begins. We may quote what the author says of the marriage of Napoleon, and the description of the bride: "Even if he was really attached to Josephine, we must not think of the match as one of merely unworldly affection. It was scarcely less splendid for the young General Buonaparte than his second match was for the Emperor Napoleon. Josephine was prominent in Parisian society, and for the lonely Corsican, so completely without connections in Paris, or even in France, such an alliance was of priceless value. She had not much either of character or intellect, but real sweetness of disposition. Her personal charm was not so much that of beauty as of grace, social tact, and taste in dress."

Chapter ii. is headed "General Buonaparte," and gives an account of the Italian campaign; the action of the conqueror in Italy; the revolution of Fructidor, 4th September, 1797; the return of Buonaparte to Paris; the Egyptian expedition; the return to France; and the revolution of Brumaire, 9th and 10th November. All the exciting events of the period are noticed within about forty pages, yet nothing seems to be omitted by the historian.

In chapter iii. we find Buonaparte First Consul, his associates being Cambacérès, an eminent legist, and Lebrun, an old official of Louis XV.'s time. "The party of Brumaire had intended to set up a republic, but this constitution created a strong monarchy under the thinnest disguise." Very clearly does the author describe the events that followed, Buonaparte's jealousy of Moreau, the campaign of Marengo, and other incidents, terminating in the treaty of Amiens. Then we have a graphic account of the rupture with England, and the elevation of Buonaparte to royal authority as Emperor. The chapter is a thoroughly interesting bit of history.

Chapters iv. and vi. carry on the history from the elevation of Buonaparte to his fall. Professor Seeley has the pen of a ready writer and with clearness and brevity carries us onward through a long series of eventful years. The last chapter—in which we have an account of the wars with Russia, Prussia, and Austria;

the invasion of France by the allies; the abdication of the Emperor and retirement to Elba; the return to France, the battle of Waterloo, the surrender to England, and the Emperor's exile and death at St. Helena—is a fine example of what an able, practised, and accomplished writer can do in a brief space.

To many readers the most interesting portion of the volume will be that in which the author treats of "Napoleon's place in history." This part of the book is divided into three chapters, in which the able writer notices—1, How far Napoleon was favoured by circumstances; 2, How far Napoleon was shaped by circumstances; and 3, What Napoleon was in himself. It would be easy to quote from this part numerous paragraphs that would interest and gratify our readers, but space forbids. One short paragraph, however, we must quote. "The series of Napoleon's successes is absolutely the most marvellous in history. No one can question that he leaves far behind him the Turennes, Marlboroughs, and Fredericks; but when we bring up for comparison an Alexander, a Hannibal, a Cæsar, a Charles, we find in the single point of marvellousness Napoleon surpassing them all. Every one of those heroes was born to a position of exceptional advantage. Two of them inherited thrones; Hannibal inherited a position royal in all but the name; Cæsar inherited an eminent position in a great empire. But Napoleon, who rose as high as any of them, began life as an obscure provincial, almost as a man without a country. It is this marvellousness which paralyses our judgment. We seem to see at once a genius beyond all estimate, a unique character, and a fortune utterly unaccountable."

There are thousands who have never had the leisure or opportunity to read such works as M. Thiers' great work on the "Consulate and Empire" and other large and expensive volumes of a like character. All such will find enough to satisfy in Professor Seeley's history. The volume is handsomely got up, and is published at a moderate price. We have read it with great interest, and heartily commend it to the attention of all our readers.

SONGS OF EARTH AND HEAVEN. By Newman Hall, LL.B. Melbourne; A. J. Smith, Swanston Street.

The Rev. Newman Hall, of Christchurch, London, is probably more widely known as an eloquent, popular, and most useful and successful preacher than as a poet, but the handsome volume now before us gives abundant evidence that he can give expression to his views and feelings in poetry as well as in prose. Many years ago a small volume entitled "Pilgrim Songs in Cloud and Sunshine" was issued by the author, and met with a favourable reception. That volume has been long out of print, but many of the sonnets and hymns are again reprinted in this volume. Not a few of the sonnets are very beautiful, and the "Metrical Musings," which occupy over 120 pages, will afford pleasure to many readers, especially such as are descriptive of places visited by the writer in Palestine and various parts of Europe. More than 100 pages

of the volume are occupied with "Hymns of Praise" and "Hymns of Christian Faith and Holiness." The sorrowing and suffering are not forgotten, and for these we have a few choice "Hymns of Consolation." Nor is Mr. Hall forgetful of the children, but seeks to please and instruct by a few simple hymns, some of which, it may be predicted, will become favourites and be committed to memory. As a specimen of the "Sonnets," we quote the following, "Suggested by a Walk on the Righi :"—

"The soaring summit, and each swelling brow
That high above the level landscape rise
Command a wider view of earth and skies
Than the deep gully, which doth humbly bow,
As low beneath their loftiness it lies ;
They oft are gazed at with admiring eyes,
Stand forth as landmarks, earlier catch the light
Glowing with roseate splendours to the sight.
But while all bleak and bare they brave the blast,
In yonder lowly, unambitious dell,
Ferns, shadeful trees, sweet fruits and flowerets dwell,
And streamlets flow to fill the peasant's well.
Let none repine whose lot in vales is cast ;
In Grace, as Nature, oft the first are last."

The volume, we may add, is nicely got up and published at a moderate price.

RANDOM RHYMES. By the Rev. William Allen. Melbourne : A. and W. Bruce, Elizabeth Street.

Professor Gosman introduces the "Random Rhymes" of his former pupil—now pastor of the Independent Church, Carlton—by a brief and kindly-worded preface which it is gratifying to read. The little book of twenty-five pages contains much true poetry, many fine thoughts beautifully expressed, and not a little that is fitted to stimulate and encourage amid the difficulties and trials of daily life. Such poems as "Do the best you can" and "Modern Saintship" have the right ring in them, and the poem entitled "The Vision of God" is worthy of very special notice. The sonnets are excellent, and among the short poems we are delighted with "The Song of Hope" and "Our Own."

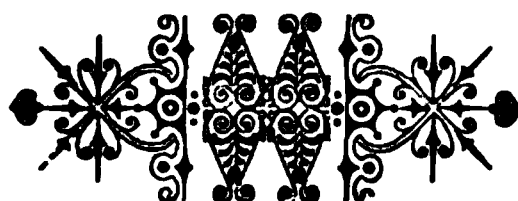
THE ILIAD OF HOMER, DONE INTO ENGLISH VERSE. By Arthur S. Way, M.A., Head Master of Wesley College, Melbourne. Vol. I., Books I.—XII.

There are many translations of Homer's Iliad, of more or less merit. Men of eminence in every rank of English literature have been attracted to the task. Hobbes, "the philosopher of Malmsbury," gave the story of the Iliad with sufficient faithfulness, in rhymed prose cast into the mould of elegiac verse. Among the poets Pope reduced the old-world poem to an English epic, to which he imparted all the characteristics of his own peculiarly elegant style. Cowper, with greater adherence to his original, gave to the world a blank-verse translation of great merit, though

marked in many passages by a disappointing tameness. These are the most widely-known of English versions. But before their day Chapman had translated the Iliad into ballad measure, furnishing in some respects a better and more characteristic idea of Homer than either Pope or Cowper, and Dryden also tried his hand on the first book ; while, since their time, the translations of Sotheby, Newman, and the Earl of Derby have deservedly gained the largest measure of attention. It will thus be perceived that to produce now a new translation, which shall after all merit a place in literature, is no easy task. Yet it is not a superfluous, nor even a hopeless one. Even the best of Homer's translators have left something to be desired. One has exhibited one excellence, and another has shown another, but no single version has included all the characteristics of the old rhapsodist. Most have been hampered by the fetters of rhyme, or at least by the requirements of English versification. Chapman and Newman are the only two who have disregarded these, and the result has been very satisfactory. Mr. Way has gone farther than either in emancipating himself, and for this his translation is all the better. He has chosen an irregular anapæstic measure, and though he has adopted rhyme, he has not confined himself to couplets, and so has gained greater liberty. Altogether, we have no hesitation in saying that his versification gives an English reader a better notion of the thunderous roll and multitudinous rattle of the Homeric hexameters than any we have met with before.

Mr. Way's translation is characterised by great faithfulness to his original. To gain this he has not scrupled to employ old words and new-coined epithets, in many instances very happily, by which he has also succeeded in imitating more closely the dialect of Greek in which the Iliad is composed. Homer is remarkable for making the sound an echo to the sense. Every translator has endeavoured to imitate this peculiarity. Mr. Way has not lost sight of it, and has been very successful in his attempts to reproduce it. We have not room for extracts, and must refer our readers to the work itself.

Mr. Way has shown the fullest appreciation of the ideas of the great poet, even in matters the most minute. Professor Wilson has remarked that the first line in the Iliad gives the text of the poem—the *wrath* of Achilles—and that an opening line which does not present this in the very first instance is imperfect. Even in this minute matter Mr. Way has succeeded in a manner which would have pleased Christopher North. In the sublimer passages, and no less in the more homely, he has done justice to his original. Altogether, this translation is worthy of a place at least beside the very best of those that have gone before it.



THE HUMOURIST.

AN APPROPRIATE MOTTO.

The Garrick Club was desirous of purchasing Charles Matthews' gallery of theatrical portraits, but had no funds to devote to such a purpose; while in order to secure the purchase the money was wanted at once. In a committee of ways and means, one of the members, with more generosity than prudence, offered to advance the amount—£1000. The offer was warmly eulogised, and it was resolved that on the money being handed over a piece of plate should be presented to the gentleman, with an appropriate motto from Shakspeare. James Smith (of the "Rejected Addresses") was consulted, and being aware of the imprudence of the offer, said to the chairman, with great gravity, "I think, Sir, if the motto be taken from Shakspeare, the following would be particularly appropriate: *Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.*"

A NARROW ESCAPE.

When the Ministry of "All the Talents" came into power under George III., they displaced every one they could, even Lord Sandwich, the Master of the Buckhounds. Soon after, the king met his lordship. "How do, how do?" said his majesty. "So they have turned you off? It was not my fault, I assure you; it was quite as much as I could do to keep my own place."

PERFECTLY NEUTRAL.

Two Jacobins, disputing in a coffee house, agreed to refer the question to a third party, who was quietly sitting at another table. "Are you an atheist or a deist, Sir?" inquired one of the disputants. "Neither one nor the other," replied the man; "I am a dentist."

A LOWER NOTE.

At a party in Haarlem on New Year's eve a young lady began a song—"The autumn days have come; ten thousand leaves are falling." She began too high. "Ten thousand!" she screamed, then stopped. "Start her at five thousand!" cried an auctioneer present.

A SOLID CONCLUSION.

Mr. Lincoln, when he was a lawyer in Springfield, Ill., happening to be present at a debate where a gentleman, getting up, repeated the words "*I build*" several times without being able to proceed with the thread of his argument, remarked in a rather loud whisper, "The gentleman is stopped in his *building* for want of *materials*."

THE INFINITELY LITTLE.

"I've taken to the study of my own heart," said an old miser. "Well," said his nephew, "I never supposed *you'd* spend money for a *microscope*."

A CONCLUSIVE REFUTATION.

George Selwyn once affirmed in company that no woman ever wrote a letter without a postscript. "My next letter shall refute you," said Lady G. Selwyn soon after received a

letter from her ladyship, where, after her signature, stood the postscript, "P.S.—Who is right now, you or I?"

JUSTIFYING BAIL.

A man of very bad character, but covered with gold lace, as was then the fashion among the rich, was brought before Lord Mansfield to justify bail for £50. The counsel asked the usual question, if he were worth £50 after all his just debts were paid. "Why do you ask him that question?" said his Lordship; "don't you see he would *burn* for as much?"

A DIFFERENT TURN TO IT.

The keeper of a gin-shop in Golden Lane, advertising the death of his wife in the *Times*, quoted the couplet,

"She was—but words are wanting to say what,
Think what a wife *should be*, and she was that."

On which a wag observed that, on his own showing, his wife was "no better than she should be."

THE WRONG BOOK.

It is told of Madame Talleyrand that one day her husband, having told her that Denon, the French *savant*, was coming to dinner, bid her read a little of his book on Egypt, just published, in order that she might be able to say something civil to him upon it, adding that he would leave the volume for her on his study table. He forgot this, however, and Madame, upon going into the study, found a volume of "Robinson Crusoe" on the table instead, which having read very attentively, she was not long in opening upon Denon after dinner about the desert island, his manner of living, etc., to the astonishment of poor Denon, who could not make head or tail of what she meant. At last upon her saying, "*Et puis, ce cher Vendredi!*" he perceived that she took him for no less a person than Robinson Crusoe.

A SUBJECT FOR A DEBATING SOCIETY.

Major Premiss.—Lord Coke asserts in his Reports (10 Rep. 32) that "a corporation has no soul."

Minor Premiss.—Judge Blackstone says in his Commentaries (Vol. I., chap. xviii., p. 369) that "every bishop, parson, or vicar is a corporation."

Conclusion.—Bishops, parsons, and vicars have no souls.

Quære: Is this conclusion legitimate? If not, wherein lies the fallacy?

QUITE EXCUSABLE.

During the riots of 1780 a magistrate, being asked why he did not call out the *posse comitatus*, replied that he would have done so, but did not know his address.

PROFITABLE INVESTMENT.

First Matron.—"Aye, an' Mrs. Tamson's lost her husband again." *Second Do*.—"Dear me, is this ane awa' tae?" *First Do*.—"O aye, But she'll likely hae anither ane yet." (After a pause) "She insures a' her husbands."

WOMANHOOD.

Marriage, the goal of every good woman's ambition, is, at best, not a surfeit of sweets. There are knobs and excrescences and queer unsightly edges to the most beautiful tree; and she who has reared a family has passed through a career of anxieties such as the superficial thinker cannot realise. Ah! the mother's joys may be great—but her griefs are many. When Tom goes wrong, or Nelly runs away with the dancing master, and she has to defend her erring ones against the cruel taunts and passionate resentment of her husband, their father, the woman has a hard time of it. How patient she is; how gentle her submission; how sweet her resignation! But who shall say how she suffers beneath that calm exterior? Arriving at that period of life, too, when all women undergo that mysterious and perilous transition of physical force, known as change of life. As her past health has been, so will she pass through the ordeal before her. Thousands of women succumb, because they take no steps to secure their strength, and to fortify their system and eradicate the effects of prior ailments. This transition period is marked by a total revolution of her life forces. All the organs of her body are affected, because her blood is changed. Her nervous system is strained; her brain is taxed. And yet ninety-nine of such women go along with their duties in patient suffering; or, if they *do* complain, meet with scant sympathy from those around them. However, in these times, when the laws of our being are taught to young women, we may hope that all this will be changed.

In the meantime, it is gratifying to know the great good that is being accomplished among sick and ailing women by the use of Warner's safe cure. Among the latest testimonials to this effect is the following:—"Alfred Street, St. Leonards, East, North Shore, Sydney, N.S.W., 8th March, 1886. About three years ago I suffered very much from my liver and kidneys. I did not suffer much acute pain, but I was nevertheless not at all inclined, and not fit, to attend to my household affairs, suffering greatly from a dull, heavy pain across my back and loins, and between my shoulders, with severe headaches. At the time I commenced Warner's safe cure I was also suffering from erysipelas in my foot, which completely disappeared after I had taken but one bottle. I took five more, and am now quite well. Mrs. Mary Wilkins." Now here we behold a very common state of affairs. Thousands of people are in the strait this lady describes—suffering from no acute pain, but affected by an indescribable depression, want of energy, and depression of spirits. As a general thing this is thought to be a matter of "nerves," and resort is had to stimulants or drug tonics, only to effect temporary relief, and intensify the evil. Warner's safe cure strikes at the root of the evil by removing the conditions of disease, and re-establishing those of health. Ladies, therefore, whether maids or matrons, spinsters, widows, or mothers-in-law, may well read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest these facts, to their *great* profit and happiness.

NEARLY BOWLED OUT.

People who disregard sanitary precautions at the present time are either wofully ignorant of the peril they run, or are shamefully reckless. Typhoid, which is spreading its octopus feelers in all directions, is a terrible disease. It is not that its immediate action is specially dangerous to life; the real evil lies in the debility which it leaves behind. Ask the physician and he will give you a grim list of the ailments which follow on the track of this pestilence. Deafness, dimness of sight, softening of the brain, muscular and nervous atony, idiocy, or imbecility—these are some of the disasters which threaten the unhappy victim of typhoid attack. It is thus apparent that what we have to guard against is not so much typhoid itself, but the consequences which result from it. Nevertheless, "when the devil is about the saint often smells brimstone," as the Spaniards say, and when typhoid is in the air, lurks in the dust-bin, is hidden in our drinking water, and contaminates, more or less, the whole of our surroundings, we must prepare to be smitten. It is well, in such case, to know of a restorative agent, which, if taken when the patient is suffering the dire after effects of the attack, returns to the blood those saline elements which have been lost, and enables nature to throw off the poisons

that have been accumulated in the system. Mr. C. Walker, who resides at 48 Mount Street, Pyrmont, Sydney, N.S.W., writes under date 22nd March of this year as follows:—"Having suffered from typhoid fever for seven months, during which time I had four relapses, I need not say how prostrated I was, but I must say Warner's Safe Cure has been to me both safe, and speedy, and certain. I am now quite well, and enjoy a cricket match as much as before my illness." Mr. Walker, being fond of out-door sports, and well braced by exercise, was naturally better enabled to fight against the terrible odds which would have sent most people to the cemetery. But in the end he would have fallen into a lamentable condition had he not resorted to the agent which has once more restored him to health and the cricket field. The lesson this teaches should not be lost upon others, who, perchance, having less vital power of resistance to disease, need, all the more, the help of this exceptional remedy. In the case we refer to, Mr. Walker was playing a losing game, and that swiftest of bowlers, death, had nearly taken his wicket. He gratefully records that he owes it to the above-named means that he was enabled to win the match.

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The Reading Room is connected by telephone with the Melbourne Exchange, so that this suburb is thus practically brought into closer connection with the city than any other. Two Asphalte Tennis Courts have been completed, and it is also proposed to form a Cricket Ground and Archery in connection with the Reading Room, as the residents increase in number.

Having a large interest in this locality, the proprietors have determined to make MENTONE a centre of attraction, and will continually have in view the addition of such improvements as the occasion may demand.

There can be little doubt that from its many natural advantages, as well as from the special improvements that have been and will continue to be effected, MENTONE will in a few years become, without exception, the prettiest and most fashionable suburb of Melbourne; and that, having in view the high prices that are now being paid for eligible allotments in St. Kilda, Brighton, and even the more distant Queenscliff, those who take the opportunity of purchasing, before the general public are alive to the advantages of the site, will find their property ere long considerably enhanced in value.

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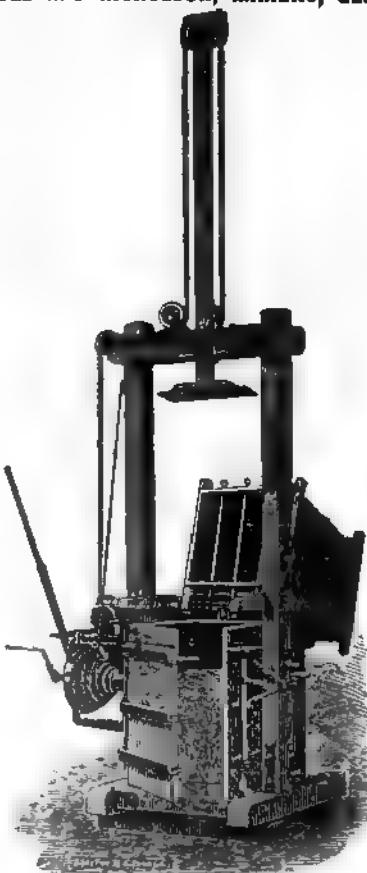
The usual screw is dispensed with, and the pressure brought to bear by means of a strong rope or chain, working in sheave pulleys overhead, attached to a ram, and winding on a fusee, which is made in the shape of a suddenly-tapered screw.

The rope works on the large part of the fusee when the pressure is light, and passes down to the taper end as the pressure increases, being worked by a lever fixed on the centre spindle.

The top box is hinged to side brackets, and turns down on to the floor, which greatly facilitates the putting in of the wool, and renders any second floor unnecessary, and when filled is easily placed back in position.

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No. I.

JANUARY 1, 1886.

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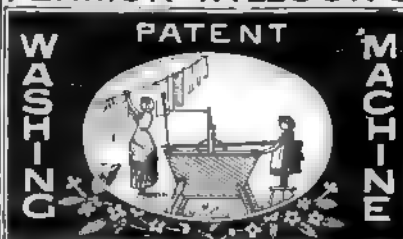
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first. I have since
kept the remedy in the
house but I am thankful
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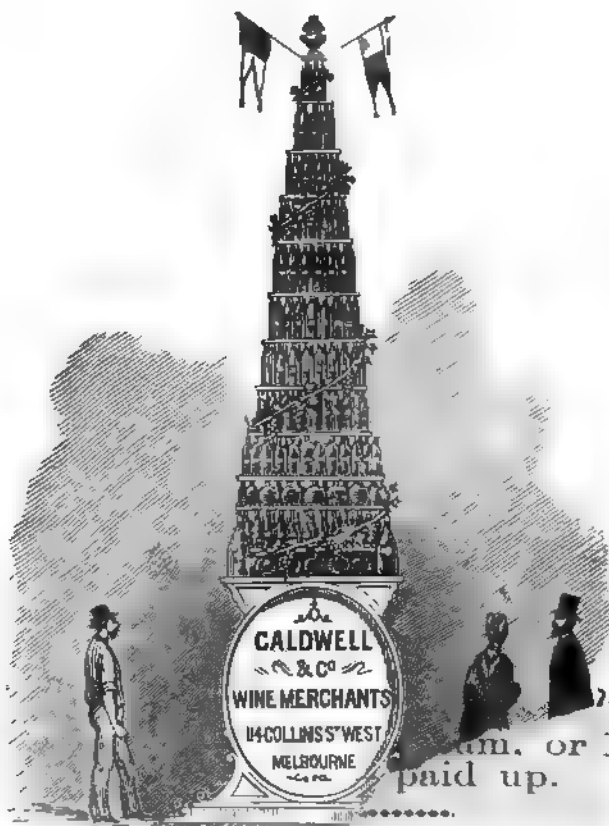
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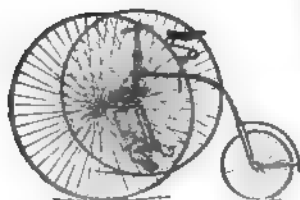
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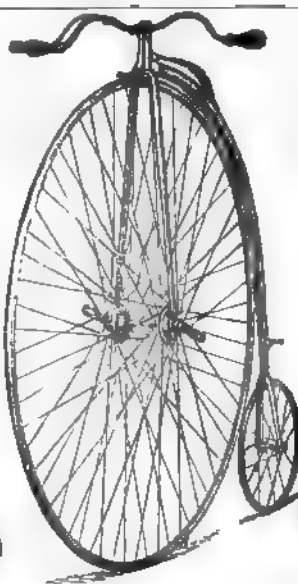
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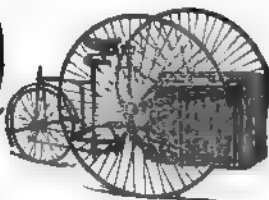
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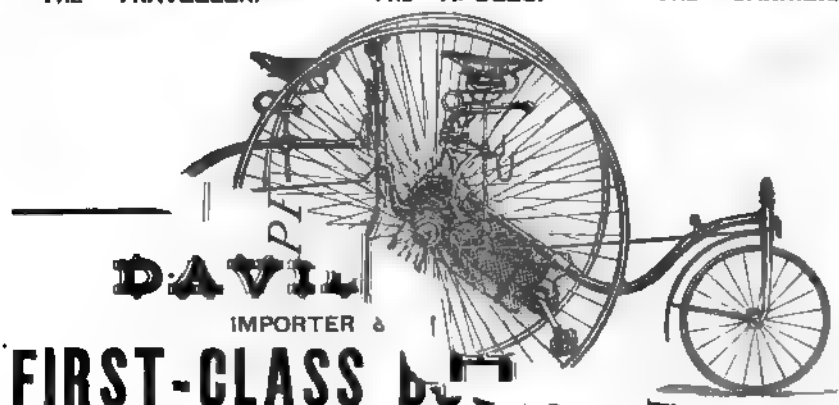
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D.D. (Frontispiece to Vol.).

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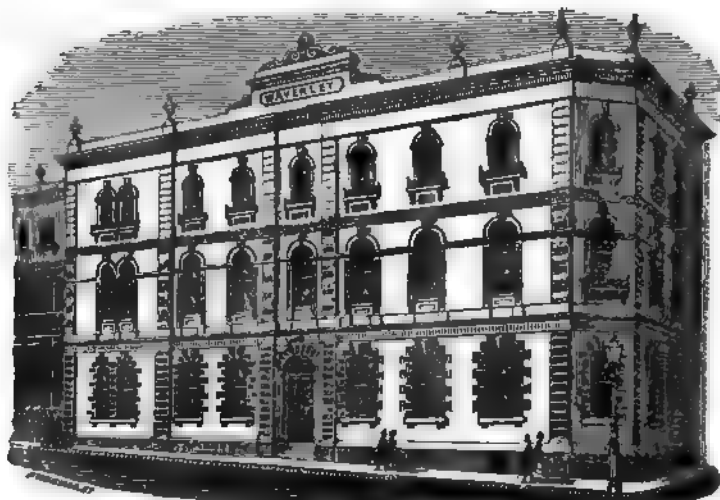
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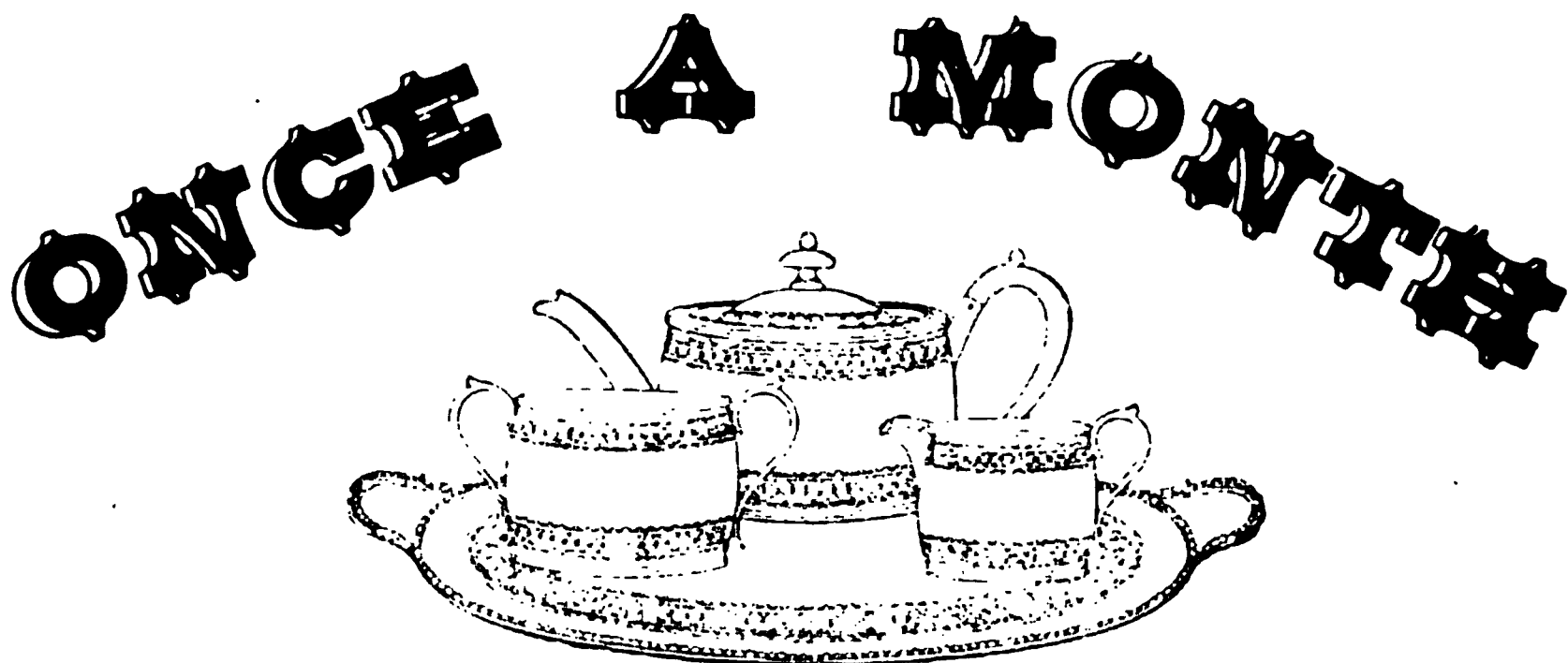
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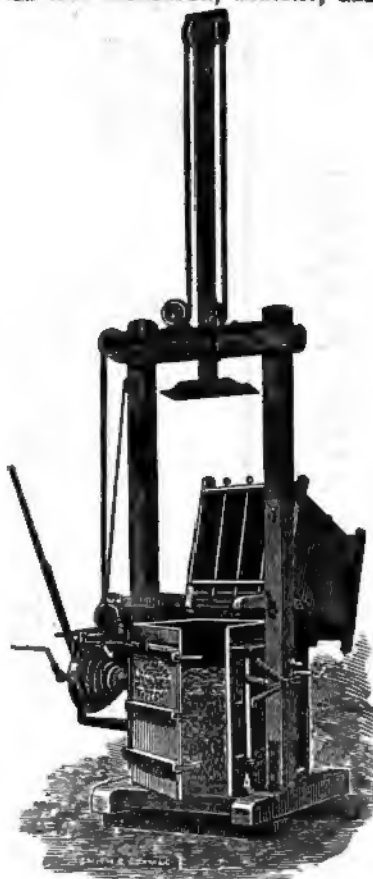
The usual screw is dispensed with, and the pressure brought to bear by means of a strong rope or chain, working in sheave pulleys overhead, attached to a ram, and winding on a fusse, which is made in the shape of a suddenly-tapered screw.

The rope works on the large part of the fusse when the pressure is light, and passes down to the taper end as the pressure increases, being worked by a lever fixed on the centre spindle.

The top box is hinged to side brackets, and turns down on to the floor, which greatly facilitates the putting in of the wool, and renders any second floor unnecessary, and when filled is easily placed back in position.

When the bale is pressed and the sides sewn, the ram is lifted by a small rope from the fusse, turned by a handle.

It will be understood how very much quicker the power is brought into application by this means than by the ordinary screw press, and doubt the work is got through by the same number of men.



Special attention is directed to the fastening of the packs before the wool is put in, which is done in an exceedingly quick and simple manner; four pieces of wood are fitted into the recesses of doors, which hold the pack securely in position, and to the side catches for fastening the doors, which are held in position by a vertical bar, and relieves them simultaneously.

The side door is also held in its place by a catch, which at any time can be relieved instantly, the door falling back and allowing the bale to be removed.

At the Melbourne Exhibition competition this Press turned out 8 Bales of Scoured Wool in 23 minutes, being considerably less than any other Press, although one had the advantage of being driven by steam.

We have added several important improvements to the above Press, which make it considerably stronger.

TESTIMONIALS.

To Messrs. HUMBLE and NICHOLSON.

Dear Sirs,—I may tell you that one of D. Ferrier's Wool-presses sent to me has exceeded my expectations, and that it makes wool-pressing, from being the hardest, one of the lightest jobs in the shed. I may also say that I get it done 25 per cent. cheaper than formerly by a screw press; also, we are able to get more into the bales with less work. I am, &c.,

Extract from letter, re Wool-press, from J. L. Brown, The Brigalows Station, Warren, to F. Lassetter & Co. Messrs. F. Lassetter & Co., Sydney.

Dear Sirs,—The Ferrier Wool-press works well, and is the PRESS OF THE DAY. One man is doing all my pressing, with the help of a little boy to hand him the fleeces. My bales all go 4 cwt. to 4½ cwt. of very clean greasy wool, and is no trouble for the man to press down, and the speed of putting the ram-head up after the bale is sewn is simply incredible. The tumbling-box is also a grand improvement on the travelling-box principle, for it saves any climbing to begin the work, and, when filled, is only the work of half a minute to wind into its place, ready for action. I have just finished a bale of clean, sorted locks, which took two men on the lever bar to press, and it weighs 10 cwt. 27 lb. This I did to test the heavy chain; the smaller chain had a flaw in one of the links, and gave way the second day of work. If any fault can be found in this new Press, it is with the boxes splitting with the excessive heat of this part; otherwise, the mechanism, simplicity, power, and speed is all that can be desired, and I am sure this will be the result with anyone who uses them; and I feel proud of having selected a FERRIER, for, with ordinary care, it will last a lifetime. Respectfully yours, (Signed) JNO. L. BROWN.

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R. H. RHODES, Jun.

The Brigalows, October 22, 1884.

